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Harvard Class of 1917
Twenty-fifth Anniversary Report



HARVARD CLASS
OF 1917

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CAMBRIDGE
The Memorial Church
Printed for the Class

1942



The Memorial Church

[Rittase]

HARVARD CLASS
OF 1917

Twenty-fifth Anniversary Report



CAMBRIDGE
Printed for the Class
1942

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Foreword

THIS Report is much more than a directory of the members of the Harvard Class of 1917. It is a stirring narrative of our friends, our class, our era. In it you will find a great deal of yourself reflected in the lives of others. Therefore, it is your book.

One of the outstanding features of these lives is the spirit of cheerfulness. No matter how tough the going has been, there are no complaints, no seeking of pity or of sympathy. Surely our Class has been tested by the fires of war and depression and has emerged with self-reliant attitude, unafraid of the future.

No doubt some of you became annoyed at my goads, letters, 'phone calls, and telegrams, but I hope that this book will vindicate my methods. Out of a total class list of six hundred and eighty-six men, ninety-four are dead, four are invalids, and nine are lost. This leaves an active list of five hundred and seventy-nine. Of these, five hundred and thirty-nine have replied.

The short editorial introductions to the individual lives follow a style last employed in Twenty-fifth Anniversary Reports by the Classes of 1901 and 1902. In the present book such introductions appear in italics in order that no reader may confuse the Secretary's indiscretions with the confessions of a classmate himself. In cases where no life was submitted, the facts from previous reports are briefly summarized.

I hope that you will enjoy this Report, and I want to thank those men who have written so interestingly. I also want to acknowledge my appreciation of the help that George Hartwell has given me, and also the members of my Report Committee — Gene Morton, Harry Feinberg, King Hoyt, George Cobb, Pat Geraghty, and Les Morgan. I am also indebted to David W. Bailey, the University's publication agent, and his able staff — particularly Miss Ruth Mahoney — for their editorial help; to Bachrach for assistance in obtaining the pictures; and to the Harvard University Printing Office for the fine printing job.

I hope that this Report will serve to re-acquaint old friends and

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be the means by which you will all know the rest of your Class better. It has been a deep source of pride and satisfaction to be your secretary, and I know that Ed Whitney before me had the same feeling.

CLEMENT K. STODDER,
Secretary

Cambridge, Massachusetts,
May 22, 1942.

Harvard Class of 1917

Records of the Class

GEORGE EZRA ABBOT

HOME ADDRESS: 10 Circuit Rd., Chestnut Hill, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Harriman Ripley & Co., Inc., 10 Post Office Sq., Boston, Mass.

BORN: March 22, 1896, Melrose, Mass. PARENTS: George Abbot, Agnes Margaret Radford.

PREPARED AT: Noble and Greenough School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Anglesea Hewlett, Oct. 3, 1922, Lawrence, Long Island, N. Y.

CHILDREN: Sarah Willets, Oct. 29, 1923; George Hewlett, Aug. 9, 1930.

HARVARD BROTHER: John Radford Abbot, '14.

OCCUPATION: Investment Banking; Vice-president, Harriman Ripley & Company, Incorporated.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 1st lieutenant Infantry Aug. 15; assigned to Headquarters Company, 301st Infantry, 76th Division; sailed for France June 28, 1918; transferred to 1st Infantry Replacement Depot, Saint-Aignan, Dec. 25; detailed to American Students' Detachment, University of Paris, March 15, 1919; discharged Aug. 1, 1919. Captain Company B, 1st Military Police Battalion, Massachusetts State Guard, 1941.

OFFICES HELD: Director, Tyer Rubber Company, Andover, Mass.; incorporator, Andover Savings Bank; trustee, Abbot Academy, Andover, Noble and Greenough School; trustee and treasurer, Dexter School, Brookline, Mass.

MEMBER OF: The Country Club, Brookline, Mass.; Union Club of Boston.

AND lo! George Abbot's name is like Abou Ben Adhem's. In College he was vice-president of the Class in our Sophomore year, and captain of the baseball team in our Senior year. Now he is vice-president of a financial company and an enthusiastic tennis player. His story:

I APPROACH the problem of this "obituary notice" with more than the usual reluctance, for my life has been thoroughly prosaic — particularly when set against the background of the

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swift-moving quarter-century since 1917. However, our Secretary says he must have something from me if for no other reason than that the accident of my name places me at the head of the Class and it would be bad composition to begin a Class Book with a blank.

After returning from France in 1919 — the war years were as unspectacular as the rest, my service including no front-line action although I had fourteen months overseas as a lieutenant of Infantry — I entered the banking business with Brown Brothers & Company in New York with a view to gaining a commercial and foreign banking education preparatory to returning to the Boston office. Back to Boston I came in the fall of 1923 with a wife and daughter — the only valuable assets obtained during those four years of immersion in the metropolis — and continued my career with Brown Brothers & Company, with which firm my father had long been associated. But income failing to keep pace with the needs of the family, I shifted from commercial banking to the securities side of the business, becoming a bond salesman in 1926 and thus entering the one field of endeavor I had sworn to avoid upon graduation nine years earlier. Luck was with me and I advanced successively to the positions of sales manager, manager, and vice-president, all with the Boston office of Brown Brothers & Company, or its successors, Brown Brothers Harriman & Company, Brown Harriman & Company, Incorporated, and Harriman Ripley & Company, Incorporated. I am still at the old stand (though the underpinning is a bit wobbly at the moment), getting modest satisfaction from the knowledge that I at least provide a living for my family, and real enjoyment from the administrative and personnel side of my work.

Family and friends have provided the satisfactory background of my life. I now have a son of eleven to join the daughter of eighteen and both outrank the old man, Sally being president of the Senior Class at Miss Winsor's and George president of the Senior Class at Dexter. Hobbies in the strict sense I have none, but plenty of minor interests, so that if any classmate wants to endow my declining years, I have no fear that time would hang heavy on my hands. I like games of almost any sort and have had enough success as a doubles player in local tennis circles (first with W. W. Weld, 1916, and then with R. L. Tower, 1930)

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to gain a little store of trophies impressive at least to my children. I enjoy the out-of-doors, although by no means qualifying as an expert woodsman or camper. I like to draw, but have no talent, and I can always amuse myself with a good book.

Outside of such personal pursuits there are always small jobs that can be done for the community in which one lives. Somehow I seem to have had a run on schools and am a trustee of three of them — a type of service which I very much enjoy for the stimulating contact it brings with people outside the business world — and I am also a director of a business enterprise or two in Andover, the home town of my family for several generations.

Politically, I consider myself a liberal despite the fact that I voted for Hoover in 1928 and 1932. I'm proud of whole-hearted support of Woodrow Wilson and the League of Nations; I still believe the old war was fought for fine ideals and the fruits of victory tossed aside by narrow-minded and self-seeking politicians; I can't stomach F. D. R. (although I followed him hopefully during the first two years of his first administration); and I have faith that after the war I shall live to see social reform happily grafted on to the traditionally democratic and individualistic American way of life.

The present war is very much on my nerves. To me the issue is starkly simple — not alone physical life or death for this nation and its people, but spiritual life or death for the plain people of the world everywhere. Holding such beliefs I should be in active service somewhere, but, not being an expert in anything, I have so far been unable to convince myself that a shift to the public payroll would benefit the country very materially. And so I hang on at my present job, serving in my spare time as an officer of the Massachusetts State Guard. You can picture me as the worried little guy in the political cartoons labelled "Taxpayer," but you would be wrong if you thought there wasn't still room for a lot of fun in life.

THOMAS JAMES ABERNETHY

HOME ADDRESS: 23 Marden St., Cranston, R. I. (temporary); Westfield, Mass. (permanent).

OFFICE ADDRESS: Headquarters, Providence Military District, 328 P. O. Annex,

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Providence, R. I. (temporary); Westfield High School, Westfield, Mass. (permanent).

BORN: Sept. 24, 1895, Perry, Maine. PARENTS: James Abernethy, Mary Grainger Young.

PREPARED AT: Pembroke High School, Pembroke, Maine; East Maine Conference Seminary, Bucksport, Maine.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; ED.M. (Boston Univ.), 1934; ED.D. (ibid.), 1940.

MARRIED: Edna Clarice Stoddard, Feb. 25, 1918, New York, N. Y. CHILDREN: Thomas James, Jr., June 14, 1920; Mary Grainger, Sept. 7, 1925.

OCCUPATION: Major, Infantry, United States Army (at present); principal, Westfield High School.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private 1st class Aviation Section, Signal Corps July 26, 1917; detailed to School of Military Aëronautics, University of Toronto; later stationed at Fort Worth, Texas; commissioned 2d lieutenant Aviation Section, Signal Corps Feb. 13, 1918; sailed for France March 6; detailed to 3d Aviation Instruction Center, Issoudun; assigned to 147th Aëro Squadron, 1st Pursuit Group, May 10; attached to General Headquarters A.E.F., Chaumont, Jan. 1, 1919; promoted 1st lieutenant Air Service, Military Aëronautics May 16; discharged July 12, 1919. Engagements: Champagne-Marne defensive, Marne-Aisne, Saint-Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne offensives. Officially credited with the destruction of three enemy airplanes. Awarded Distinguished Service Cross, and Croix de Guerre. Commissioned 1st lieutenant, Air Reserve, Aug. 15, 1922, now major, Infantry Reserve. On extended active duty as major, Infantry, since Dec. 2, 1940.

OFFICES HELD: President, Massachusetts High School Principals' Association; similar offices in various local educational organizations.

MEMBER OF: Masonic bodies; American Legion.

PUBLICATIONS: "A Study of Homogeneous Grouping on the Basis of Intelligence Quotients" (doctoral dissertation).

ABERNETHY mentions that some years ago he transferred from the Reserve Corps of the Air Service to the Infantry and is now on active duty with the latter branch of the service. Classmate E. Waldo Long wrote, about a year ago, "Ab, in spite of his six feet four inches, was a combat pilot in World War Number One. Assigning him to the Infantry is a waste of talent; anybody who could fit six feet four inches into a Spad is a natural-born engineer." Abernethy's "Life":

THE summer of 1917 found me in the Air Service in Canada, Texas, and France, with a stop-over in New York long enough to acquire a wife on my way overseas. Various things held me in France until the summer of 1919, when I returned

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to the small Maine town where I expected to spend a good share of my life in business.

Again one thing and another intervened, and in 1921 I found myself principal of a small eastern Maine high school, discovering that here was a profession that was to challenge me for the next twenty years, at least. Four years in that school, three in a larger one, then thirteen in Westfield, Massachusetts, where I have an ideal-sized high school of something over a thousand pupils, which furnished all the problems and all the opportunities, that the high school administrator could desire, is the vocational story to date. The work has naturally meant professional study, and I have accumulated the usual degrees in the field of education.

Meanwhile we were acquiring two children, a boy and a girl, and enjoying all the happiness, headaches, and what have you, that go with bringing up a generation that doesn't think the way you do and is glad it doesn't. We have had a lot of fun together, and the long summer vacations, one of the real compensations of teaching, spent mostly on the Maine coast, have been high spots through the years.

Socially, we move in a rather quiet set, as befits the status of the school head. While wise high-school principals keep their political and religious convictions pretty much to themselves, it is no secret that we vote Republican and attend the Congregational church.

I have had two hobbies. One is the mild pursuit of genealogical research. It is a real thrill to catch the old Hingham town clerk of two hundred years ago in an error in his records, or to have a shot in the dark in the form of a letter to a name taken almost at random from the list of parish officials in a small Shetland fishing village turn out to be a bull's eye on a second cousin, hitherto unknown. The other hobby has been my military work in the Organized Reserves of the United States Army. Years ago I transferred from Air Service to Infantry, and have kept up my activities pretty faithfully with the result that late in November of 1940 I received a telegram ordering me to shut up shop and report for active duty on December 2. We packed up, bag and baggage, and were on our way. We are still here, and anybody's guess as to when we get out is as good as mine.

I feel rather strongly on the matter of the responsibilities of

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this country in the present emergency, but don't get me started on that.

Our two youngsters are growing up. Tom is majoring in music in college, with leanings towards serious composition, and is in a fair way to become a fairly competent concert pianist. He has recently enlisted in the Air Corps as a flying cadet. Mary has caused us many anxious moments since last June, when she was kicked in the face by her horse after a riding accident, but the only ones worrying now are the doctors, who will eventually be paid. We have our daughter safe and sound, and almost as good as new.

We have never had money enough to do many of the things we should like to do. We never will have enough, in the school business. On the other hand, we have had enough to get a lot of fun out of life, or the sort that we enjoy. We are looking forward to the day when we shall stop soldiering, and high-school administering, and go back to the little place we bought a few years ago in East Boothbay, Maine, and putter around in that congenial atmosphere for the rest of our days.

All in all, it has been a pretty good life, so far.

ARTHUR WILLIAMS ADAMS, JR.

HOME ADDRESS: 1 Parker St., Malden, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Hoosac School, P. O. Box 117, Hoosick, N. Y.

BORN: Jan. 16, 1896, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Arthur Williams Adams, Rose Alma Tuttle.

PREPARED AT: Public Latin School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; A.M. (Columbia Univ.), 1923.

MARRIED: Emily Frances Parent, June 25, 1923, Everett, Mass. CHILDREN: Evangeline Mae, March 31, 1924; Robert Laing, June 4, 1926.

OCCUPATION: Teacher of Latin and French.

OFFICES HELD: Senior Master, Hoosac School.

ARTHUR ADAMS admits that he has been "extremely happy" during the last twenty-five years, and he attributes this to his family. His story:

DURING the past twenty-five years I have been teaching foreign languages at the Hoosac School, a boys' preparatory school located in the Berkshire Hills at Hoosick, New York.

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In 1923 I received an A.M. from Teachers' College, Columbia University, for work done there during summer sessions. Since 1923 — the year of my marriage — I have been the senior master at Hoosac School.

My work has consisted chiefly in teaching Latin and French to the boys who have attended Hoosac School to prepare for college. Viewed from a financial standpoint, the life of a teacher is not a wealthy life. However, I have discovered many compensations for this lack of riches, with the result that I can look back over the past twenty-five years and admit to myself that I have been extremely happy. This last applies not only to me personally, but to my family as a whole. What more could one desire from life? Yes, the Adamses, all four of us, are happy — and the credit for this I give whole-heartedly to my wife, a true helpmate in every sense of the word.

Hence, in my opinion all humans should endeavor in every possible way to crown life with that priceless possession — a happy family. Such an ambition fulfilled will in each individual instance contribute in no small measure toward making this a better world for all concerned with the business of living.

✦ BRIGGS KILBURN ADAMS

BORN: May 6, 1893, Montclair, N. J. PARENTS: Washington Irving Lincoln Adams, Grace Wilson.

PREPARED AT: Montclair High School, Montclair, N. J.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted cadet Royal Flying Corps, British Army, May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant R. F. C. in November; sailed for England Dec. 17; completed training at Aërial Gunnery School, Turnberry, Scotland; went to France Feb., 1918; assigned to 18th Squadron, R. F. C., British Expeditionary Forces; killed in action March 14, 1918, near St. Omer, France.

DIED: March 14, 1918, near St. Omer, France.

FATHER: W. I. Lincoln Adams, 45 Church St., Montclair, N. J.

DURING his undergraduate days Adams's outside interests were largely musical. He was a member of the Varsity Musical Clubs, a director of the Banjo and Mandolin Clubs, and as a Senior he led the University Musical Clubs. During the summer following Junior year he drove an ambulance in France and en-

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rolled for future service with the Lafayette Escadrille. He left College in April, 1917, having attained a scholastic standing which entitled him to an A.B. degree.

Failing to gain entrance to our own aviation service, he went to Canada, became a British subject, and in August, 1917, joined the Royal Flying Corps of which he remained a member until his death. His training began at the Flying Camp in Ontario and was continued at the University of Toronto, other Canadian camps, Fort Worth, Texas, in England, Scotland, and finally France, where he had been only a fortnight when he died. He worked with intense interest and application. He wrote frequent letters to his family, telling not only of the outward circumstances of his life, but his spiritual experiences making them distinctive. Passages from them were printed first in the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, later in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and then were assembled in a book, *The American Spirit*. M. A. DeWolfe Howe in his *Memoirs of the Harvard Dead in the War Against Germany* says of these letters: "His letters constitute a remarkable biography of the spirit, a document deserving a high and permanent place among the chronicles of youth and the war. The facts embodied in them are of less importance than their spontaneous revelation of their writer's nature."

Quotations from these letters can give a better picture of Adams than the words others might have written about him. While still in training at the University of Toronto he wrote:

"I make it a practice to think only in the present, getting what little I can out of it and taking whatever is handed out, without comment or question, and doing it in a sort of mechanical way. . . . Most of the things that one thinks offhand are impossible are perfectly possible if one will just go ahead and make the effort that is necessary."

Writing from Scotland in February, 1918, he philosophizes on the effect the War might have on those who fought in it:

"I have often wondered what we shall do when it is over and we go back to the little things. I don't think the new growth and breadth it gives will be lost in a reaction of apathy. I believe after the war this energy will keep on and will never be lost. It will be turned toward making the little things of life bigger in each individual's case, and we shall see a rate of progress and

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achievement in the peaceful work of the world never before approached." And again in the same vein he writes:

"I sometimes feel as if I am taking too much good out of such a rotten thing as war. But still if we all do, then it will be worth the cost, and there must not be another."

In a letter to a younger brother he gives him the following excellent advice:

"You must remember to be cautious, and not be content, or relax after one week of good record; it means day after day, month after month, never relaxing your pace, to get anywhere near the top. The man who is at the top has no better equipment than you have, but merely used what he had to the utmost; and you must learn that there is absolutely nothing you cannot do if you set your mind to it. It is a case of ambition and desire sufficiently strong to make untiring effort worth while . . . you must remember that a succession of spurts will never win the race. That just wears you out. It is the steady pace, which all the time grows a little stronger, that pulls you out ahead. Stick to it!"

One week before he met his death Adams reassured his mother with respect to the safety of his work at the front, as he was constantly doing, as follows:

"You see, Mother, no matter what the odds, we have all the advantage. At their worst you see you have little to worry about, and they are seldom at their worst. Also we never fight except defensively, only when they interfere with our work or try to keep us from getting home, and then they regret it, for we are well equipped for defense. . . . I want you to know all about the work and yet see in it the small element of danger and the very great interest."

In the Preface to *The American Spirit* Arthur Stanwood Pier, '95, records Adams's death as follows:

"On March 14, a stormy and misty day, Briggs Adams was flying at the front with a comrade of his squadron. The comrade missed him, and, descending, found him dead in his airplane in a field. It is not known whether he was brought down by an enemy projectile, or was the victim of an accident. All that is certain is that he was killed in active service, while flying on the battle front."

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CLAUDE ABRAHAM ADLER

ADDRESS: 1400 Van Buren St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

BORN: Oct. 10, 1894, Washington, D. C. PARENTS: Victor Elias Adler, Ada Solomon.

PREPARED AT: McKinley Manual Training School, Washington, D. C.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1915-1917. DEGREE: S.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Helen Quimby, Aug. 11, 1934, Rockville, Md.

OCCUPATION: Retired Advertising and Publicity Executive.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Private Signal Corps; assigned to Company 13, 2d Motor Mechanics Regiment; sailed for France; promoted corporal; detailed to American Students' Detachment, University of Paris.

MEMBER OF: Almas Temple, A. A. O. N. M. S.; Scottish Rite; Osiris Lodge No. 26, F. A. & A. M.; Harvard Club of Washington; Vincent B. Costello Post No. 15, American Legion.

THIS is the first time that Adler has sent in a report since graduation and we are glad to hear from him. He adds nothing to these statistics except that he was forced to retire from business because of his health.

EDWARD FREDERICK ADOLPH

HOME ADDRESS: 353 Barrington St., Rochester, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: School of Medicine and Dentistry, University of Rochester, Rochester, N. Y.

BORN: July 5, 1895, Philadelphia, Pa. PARENTS: William Adolph, Wilhelmina Julia Fleischmann.

PREPARED AT: Central High School, Philadelphia, Pa.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREES: A.B. *magna cum laude*, 1917 (16); PH.D., 1920.

MARRIED: Mary Grace Bagg, April 4, 1921, Philadelphia, Pa. CHILDREN: Jean, Jan. 11, 1923; Ruth, Dec. 12, 1925; Carl, Jan. 19, 1931.

OCCUPATION: Associate Professor of Physiology.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Medical Department April 9, 1918; assigned to General Hospital No. 1, New York; detailed to Yale Army Laboratory School, New Haven, Conn., Aug. 30; transferred to Base Hospital, Camp Lee, Va., Dec. 20; discharged June 28, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: President, Section of Society for Experimental Biology and Medicine, 1939-1942; consulting physiologist, United States Bureau of Mines, 1922-1924; member, White House Conference on Child Health, 1930-1931.

MEMBER OF: American Physiological Society; American Society of Zoölogists; American Society of Naturalists; Society for Experimental Biology and Medicine; Society for the Study of Growth; American Association for the Advancement of Science.

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PUBLICATIONS: "The Regulation of Size in Unicellular Organisms"; "Physiological Regulations."

ED ADOLPH thinks "it no sin to be a biologist at all hours and all weekends." He therefore speaks of rats and men, pitcher plants, owls, chipmunks, and babies:

MY life since graduation from College. Twenty-five years in one minute. Well, there's biology. The study of living things has occupied me for 8,000 days. The first 15,000 days, I hear, are the training period; I'm still learning how to study life. Physiological investigation, they call it. Quantitative measurements of how animals do things. How a rat or man keeps on going through a life-span. Why doesn't he go bankrupt for body heat on these cold days, get flooded with too much water in this wet world? I think I know one per cent of the answers, but it would take two or three years to record them all. If you must know them now, some would be found buried in my seventy-five papers in journals and in my two books in octavo; but I hope in future years to reduce their contents to a divine simplicity.

Second, there's professorship. How to be a leader to students is learned only by varied experience. I sampled the behaviors of professors at Yale, Oxford, Hopkins, and Berlin. I have taught at the University of Pittsburgh, Woods Hole, and University of Rochester. I discovered that professors don't do their chief work when lecturing, or when conferring with students. They do it in the small hours when others are asleep. One's syntheses of known facts must come clean from the mental digest, and new every year and even every day. That's something my medical students and graduate students do not appreciate yet.

And there's home. What an intangible treasure after twenty-one years of daily bread and daily thought. Remember the wedding? We looked at no grey hairs then. Remember when we brought home the first baby? It's her college term bill that concerns us now. Remember how we tiptoed around even for the second baby? She has "dates" now. Remember the new year when we announced a boy? He tells us the details of modern aëronautics now. Where is home? Wherever we are, and it's always right here. But mostly we're proud of our country vacations.

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Finally, there's avocation. Where can a naturalist-professor draw the line from vocation? When others come home to forget their work, I come home to begin my reading. What an event when I come across a gem of wisdom hidden in a volume of biological detail. Who can be a biologist without getting outdoors? There are lady's-slippers and pitcher plants in the swamp, snakes and owls on the hill, lizards and chipmunks in the desert. No one has compared in detail what they do to keep going, with what a human individual in the physiological laboratory lives by. The world is big enough to keep me exploring its secrets, especially after the whistle blows.

FRANKLIN PEVERIL AITON

HOME ADDRESS: 240 N. Forest St., Melrose, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Trimont Mfg. Co., 55 Amory St., Roxbury, Mass.

BORN: June 13, 1893, Sussex, N. B., Can. PARENTS: William Aiton, Julia Jane Sharp.

PREPARED AT: Melrose High School, Melrose, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREES: S.B., 1917; M.B.A., 1918.

MARRIED: Gladys Arline Hill, Aug. 3, 1918, Stoneham, Mass. CHILD: Alan Gordon, June 28, 1927.

OCCUPATION: Accountant.

OFFICES HELD: Notary Public (Massachusetts).

MEMBER OF: National Association of Cost Accountants (Boston Chapter).

FRANKLIN AITON has appreciated the helping hands that have been extended to him and now makes it a practice to extend a helping hand to the younger men who work with him. He writes:

TWENTY-FIVE years once seemed a long time ahead — when I was looking forward to college. My father had hoped to send me to Harvard, no doubt thinking that I might be as good a scholar as he had been in Dalhousie, where he won the gold medal presented by the Governor General of Canada. Then he had gone on to Edinburgh for further study. From there he returned to New Brunswick to enter the ministry of the Anglican Church and to marry Julia Jane Sharp. It was my misfortune to lose him when I was seven years old, and my mother brought me to Massachusetts, which has since been home to me.

We lived in Watertown only a little way from Harvard Col-

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lege, and in those days as always, the influence of older boys made itself felt. We played baseball and football among ourselves, and then on the days when Yale played Harvard we would go down in a body to the stadium where we stood outside listening to the cheering spectators and wondering if any of us would ever be able to attend a college.

But again all the ties were broken and for four years I went to Melrose High School. Then came the entrance examinations, and a renewal of friendships as many friends came together again. For three years I studied at Harvard, and in the fall of 1916 I entered the Business School. My finances were very low. My mother had helped me all she could, and I was ready to go to work in 1917, the year our College Class graduated.

Then it was I felt the warm hand of Harvard extended, and for that help I shall always be grateful. I was appointed assistant to Professor William Zebina Ripley in Economics 4, and that meant I could complete my course in the Business School. Today I treasure the kind, appreciative letter which Professor Ripley sent to me when the course was over, as something for my son also to treasure.

The World War passed me by as physically unfit. In August, 1918, I was married and for awhile we lived in New York City. I worked for the American Telephone and Telegraph Company in the traffic department, but the salary was small and I wanted accounting experience. My wife obtained a position with the Board of Foreign Missions, and I changed my job to the United States Food Administration Grain Corporation.

My wife had gone to work because we were almost penniless, but now we began to earn something above our expenses. I found a place on the staff of a public accounting firm, Ernst & Ernst. We came back to Massachusetts, for I was attached to the Boston office. In 1920 a client of Ernst & Ernst, the Trimont Manufacturing Company, wanted an accountant and took me. I have been here ever since.

For the past ten years my wife has suffered from arthritis, and it is only recently that she has begun to walk a little with assistance. We lost two of our children, Audrey Patricia and Bruce. Alan Gordon is left to us, and now is in his first year at Melrose High School.

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There are many times when a boy needs a manager to quicken him along the proper course. I know that from experience. There have been countless times when I would, as a boy, have liked to have my father at hand to advise me. Men at work over younger men can often give those younger men a little help which will make their lives richer and which will make them eager in turn to help someone else. That is one of the pleasures of business life. To have one of those boys come back from somewhere and seek you out, not to thank you, but just to shake your hand or spend an hour with you—that makes you feel that the deficit is all wiped out and that there is once again a surplus available for dividends.

Sometimes I attend the meetings of the National Association of Cost Accountants. It helps to keep the cobwebs from my brain to hear men discuss their technical problems, for it makes my own problems seem simple by comparison. Last year I attempted the Certified Public Accountant examination in Boston and passed the law, about which I know nothing, but I failed to pass the accounting about which I must know less than nothing.

This, in short, is the story of my life. I have never been in jail and I have never been drunk, so I still have a future to which to look forward.

CRAIG ALDEN

HOME ADDRESS: 133 Bigelow Rd., West Newton, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 73 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: July 3, 1893, Minneapolis, Minn. PARENTS: John Willard Alden, Rachel Craig.

PREPARED AT: Public Latin School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913–1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; LL.B., 1925.

UNMARRIED.

OCCUPATION: Lawyer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Quartermaster Corps Aug. 15; assigned to 151st Depot Brigade, Camp Devens, Mass., Aug. 28; on duty in Office of Quartermaster General, Washington, D. C., March 15 to Aug. 10; sailed for France Aug. 22; stationed at Saveny; assigned to Renting, Requisition and Claims Service Nov. 1; stationed at Tours, Bressuire and Cholet; appointed zone major, Cholet area, March 10, 1919; discharged in France Aug. 7, 1919.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of Boston.

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IN College Craig Alden and Bob Leland were in the same fraternity. Today they are in the same law office. Alden writes:

AFTER College and the first World War I spent two years in the United States consular service. I then returned to Cambridge and attended the Law School. For two years after graduation and admission to the Bar I was associated with a Boston law firm. Since then I have had my office in association with our classmate, Robert Sanger Leland.

For several years my home has been in Newton, whence I commute to Boston.

GRAHAM ALDIS

HOME ADDRESS: 135 E. Deerpath, Lake Forest, Ill.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Aldis & Co., 53 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

BORN: Nov. 12, 1895, Chicago, Ill. PARENTS: Arthur Taylor Aldis, Mary Duncan Reynolds.

PREPARED AT: Cloyne School, Newport, R. I.; Groton School, Groton, Mass.; Lake Placid School, Lake Placid, N. Y.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREES: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917 (16); A.M., 1917.

MARRIED: Dorothy Keeley, June 15, 1922, Chicago, Ill. CHILDREN: Mary Cornelia, July 13, 1923; Owen, April 12, 1926, Ruth and Peggy (twins), April 11, 1928.

OCCUPATION: Real Estate.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Fort Sheridan, Ill., May, 1917; commissioned 1st lieutenant Infantry Nov. 27; attached to 319th Infantry, 80th Division, Camp Lee, Va., Dec. 15; assigned to Company C, 55th Pioneer Infantry, Camp Wadsworth, S. C., Feb. 28, 1918; transferred to Headquarters 76th Division July 4 and appointed aide-de-camp to commanding general; sailed for France July 5; detailed to Army School of the Line, Langres; assigned to 52d Infantry, 6th Division, Jan. 1, 1919; with Army of Occupation, Germany; discharged July 21, 1919. Captain, Military Intelligence Reserve, called to extended active duty Feb. 10, 1941; assigned as real estate director for 6th Construction Zone, Quartermaster Corps, U. S. Army, April 30, 1941.

OFFICES HELD: President, Building Managers' Association of Chicago, 1934-1939, Civic Federation of Chicago, 1940-1941; vice-president, Chicago Real Estate Board, 1939, National Association of Building Owners and Managers, 1930-1931 and 1937-1938; vice-president and treasurer, National Conference of Real Estate Taxpayers, 1939-1941; secretary, Chicago Zoölogical Society; director, First Federal Savings and Loan Association of Chicago.

MEMBER OF: American Institute of Real Estate Appraisers; Commercial

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Club; University Club; Tavern Club; Arts Club of Chicago; Onwentsia Club, Lake Forest.

PUBLICATIONS: Various articles in *The Appraisal Journal*, *Real Estate*, *Skyscraper Management*, *Buildings and Building Management*, *Journal of Land and Public Utility Economics*, *Current History*, *Events*.

IN his Sexennial Report Graham Aldis wrote, "Since I have these six years resisted both the game of golf and the acquisition of an automobile, my hobbies can hardly be of sufficiently general appeal to require notice." We still do not know if he has succumbed to the lure of the links or the automotive urge. His story:

IN 1919 I joined the real estate firm of Aldis & Company. The most interesting part of our work has been the modernization of various older office buildings. Even Boston once thought of doing something along these lines and called me in as a consultant, but nothing came of it.

Gradually I discovered that not only individual buildings, but also whole cities need remodelling — physically, financially, governmentally, and psychologically — if they are not to fall into decay, and investments in their central areas become a total loss. As a result, I have been connected with associations and committees too numerous to mention, which have struggled with such problems in my native Chicago. All have long prepositional titles, involving "of this" and "of that," and longer-winded directors! Such means are doubtless the most effective at hand, but, alas, the men active in trade associations and chambers of commerce sometimes seem hardly more alert to the handwriting on the wall than was Chamberlain's England. •

As a result — at some degrees removed — of the latter lack of foresight, I was recalled to active duty as a reserve officer in February, 1941, and, upon the reorganization of the Real Estate Branch, Construction Division, Quartermaster Corps, last spring I was assigned as sixth zone real estate director. This keeps me travelling through Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin, coercing reluctant landowners on behalf of the Army and resisting eager ones, but whether it will permit travel to the Twenty-fifth Reunion is problematical.

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✠ GEORGE WASHINGTON ALDRIDGE, JR.

BORN: May 1, 1890, Rochester, N. Y. PARENTS: George Washington Aldridge, Mary Josephine Mack.

PREPARED AT: Browne and Nichols School, Cambridge, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: S.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Edith Brooks Hunt, April 20, 1918, Cambridge, Mass.

DIED: Dec. 30, 1934, Rochester, N. Y.

WIDOW: Mrs. George Washington Aldridge, Red Brick House, Monroe Ave., Pittsford, Monroe County, N. Y.

GEORGE WASHINGTON ALDRIDGE had served as county commissioner of jurors for Monroe County for several years before his death, which followed a surgical operation.

ROBERT HEWINS ALLEN

HOME ADDRESS: Eversole Rd., Route 13, Box 51, Cincinnati, Ohio.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Cincinnati Enquirer, 607 Vine St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

BORN: Jan. 8, 1897, West Roxbury, Mass. PARENTS: Francis Henry Allen, Margaret Hewins.

PREPARED AT: Roxbury Latin School, Roxbury, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Kathleen Elizabeth Rudd, March 6, 1936, Cincinnati, Ohio. CHILD: Margaret Rudd, Sept. 21, 1941.

OCCUPATION: Copyreader; occasionally Feature Writer and Reviewer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Medical Dept., June 4, 1918; assigned to Post Hospital, Fort Banks, Mass.; detailed to Medical Detachment, 7th Battalion, U. S. Guards, Fort Adams, R. I., June 21 to July 9; to Medical Detachment, 73d Coast Artillery, Fort Banks, Aug. 15 to Sept. 16; transferred to General Hospital No. 34 Oct. 16; discharged Jan. 13, 1919.

MEMBER OF: Consumers Union; Committee to Fight for Freedom.

BOB ALLEN was a teacher before he found his vocation as a newspaper man. He has done newspaper work all over the country and has had many and varied experiences. He writes:

I GREW up in a comfortable, not too stylish suburb next door first to one grandmother and then the other. Eight maiden aunts, all older than my mother, were around most of the time. Six of them were teachers and four coöperated on my education until I went to the all-uncle Roxbury Latin at the early age of ten. A married aunt went to live in England, and all their generation had been there once or several times, although the vital statistics

of which I am a product have been one hundred per cent American for nearly two centuries, beginning on the Mayflower. An uncle, after walking to Canada to learn of the Boston fire, and going to Europe to return with typhoid, never left his desk at Hewins & Hollis, or his garden, for a day. I had three younger sisters and numerous Dedham second cousins, mostly boys.

Outside the family circle I played with a bunch of boys who roamed over about every square foot of half of West Roxbury, and played tirelessly at every seasonable game, although few of us were star athletes. My allowance for many years was three cents a day — less if deficient in duties or manners, perhaps none if I was really naughty — and payable in old silver three-cent pieces or pre-Civil War cents. I increased my fortunes by garden chores at ten cents an hour or by walking home the five miles from school or bicycling to save the nickel carfare.

I led my class at Roxbury scholastically and rowed on the second crew. One summer at a boys' camp and another in Great Britain preceded my Harvard years. I understood much better the trend in my family from Unitarianism to Episcopalianism — the Phillips Brooks influence — than I did the plutocratic background of some of the girls at Miss Carroll's, Foster's, or the Brattle Hall dances. My father's interest in birds left him relatively unmoved by religion or riches, but I found no such certainty in a concentration in the classics, and ditched them in my Senior year for psychology, economics, biology, and military science. I had worked three summers at Miss Houghton's Dublin, New Hampshire, farm, drilled at Plattsburg, and with the Harvard Reserve Officers' Training Corps, taught for most of a year at Pomfret, served seven months as a medical private in New England posts, struggling with a mental disorder which I had hoped my enlistment would cure, spent my bonus on a cow and chickens, tried tutoring in the Maine woods for half a winter, taught with greater success at a progressive school in Brookline, and with less success at a Raleigh, North Carolina, academy, before I found my vocation as a newspaperman. For four years I was a reporter on the *Transcript* when it really was a paper under the Mandells, with Frank Bowker as city editor. Facing a fifth Lent of noonday services and Griggs lectures, I fled to New York and in ten weeks earned \$55 by book reviews and

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articles, thanks largely to Brooks Atkinson and to Anne Carroll Moore of the *Tribune* children's book page.

Then a Denver publisher, whose grandfather, a Napoleonic refugee, had married a great-great-aunt of mine, gave me a job on his paper, and I learned Hearstian technique, even to picture thieving with skeleton keys, tried being an art critic for the masses, tramped the foothills, and toured I. W. W. strike zones on my off days, saw the Taos Indians dance, took a bus to Los Angeles, where I attended a symphony, an opera, and a Cathay Circle opening, explored the Meir woods at night with a borrowed flashlight, returned to Denver three weeks before the paper closed, hitchhiked to Chicago, worked for a day on the *American* and, encouraged by Joe Austin, landed on the copy desk of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, where I still am.

I have done a good deal of book reviewing and some music reviewing — lately war reviewing — but I consorted more with artists and have learned to enjoy Kentucky folk music with my Coventry-born, Huyton-educated wife.

My pet aversions are Hitler, America First, the Dies Committee, ragwood, and crabgrass.

[Ed. note: Allen added at the end of his "Life": We have a daughter, Margaret Rudd Allen, born September 21, 1941, since the preceding was written. If she's not the Class baby, she may be the only one to have interrupted a Class Life!]

CHARLES EDGAR AMES

HOME ADDRESS: Laurel Hollow, Syosset, Long Island, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Kean, Taylor & Co., 14 Wall St., New York, N. Y.

BORN: May 3, 1895, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Oakes Ames, Florence Ingalls.

PREPARED AT: Milton Academy, Milton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Eleanor Erving King, May 10, 1924, New York, N. Y. CHILDREN: Charles Oakes, Oct. 28, 1926; Cornelia King, May 11, 1928; Eleanor Erving, May 4, 1931.

HARVARD BROTHER: Oakes Ingalls Ames, '15.

OCCUPATION: Partner, Kean, Taylor & Company, dealers and brokers in securities, and member of the New York Stock Exchange since 1925.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Aug. 15; assigned to Company D, 101st Machine Gun Battalion, 26th Division, Sept. 1; sailed for France Oct. 10; transferred with Company to 103d Machine

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Gun Battalion, 26th Division, Jan. 18, 1918; wounded Sept. 12; discharged May 17, 1919. Engagements: Chemin des Dames sector, La Reine sector, Pas Fini sector, Château-Thierry, Marne-Aisne offensive, Rupt sector, Saint-Mihiel offensive, Troyon sector, Meuse-Argonne offensive. Cited in general orders Headquarters 26th Division, A. E. F. Private 101st Cavalry (Squadron A), 27th Division, 1921-1923; commander, Flotilla 1206 New York District, U. S. Coast Guard Auxiliary, 1941.

OFFICES HELD: Mayor and/or trustee, Incorporated Village of Laurel Hollow since 1934; director and member executive committee, Kansas City Southern Railway since 1932; director and president, Allied International Investing Corporation, 1927-1937; member executive board, Boy Scouts of Greater New York, 1933-1939; trustee, Milton Academy since 1940; director, Non-Partisan Civic Association, Nassau County, New York.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of New York; The Lunch Club, New York City; Cold Spring Harbor Beach Club; Beaver Dam Winter Sports Club; Amateur Ski Club of New York.

CHARLIE AMES is an ardent yachtsman in the "Atlantic Class" at Cold Spring Harbor. It is therefore natural that, despite his cavalry and infantry training, he is now a commander in the United States Coast Guard Auxiliary. He writes:

CLEM, your goads and that guilty feeling have driven me to sending you something besides the pink sheet with the statistics on it.

Even before returning in 1919 from a session in France, I knew that finance in general, particularly where some international flavor was injected, was to be the field of my choice in business. Pulling up home stakes and moving to the financial center, then, was not such a hurdle as otherwise it might have been to a good Bostonian, particularly after nearly two years abroad with the Army. In any event, the move may have been fortunate in more than one way. My first regular job was with the American International Corporation, which theoretically ideal organization, before it blew up with the deflation of 1921, kindly provided me with a sort of business-school education, with the difference that I was on the receiving end both ways. I thereupon found a job, perhaps I might say a profession, much to my liking with Messrs. Kean, Taylor & Company, with whom I have been associated ever since. Here I was free to carry on with some of my original ideas, with the result that, among other things, I have made many interesting business trips to Britain and the Continent,

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and found some very real friends among the investing institutions and firms on the other side, particularly in Scotland. My work has been confined mostly to problems of investment in securities, particularly domestic equities, and I am now occupied more with the investment advisory and brokerage end.

But, best stroke of all, I soon found for my life partner, a good New Yorker, and that simply clinched the matter. After seven winters in the city, we built a home with plenty of space about us in Laurel Hollow, in 1931, between Oyster Bay and Cold Spring Harbor, and there we have remained, winter and summer, ever since and ask only that we be allowed to stay there for keeps. We are living more simply than we were some ten or fifteen years ago, but what Wall Street man isn't? As long as we don't try to look too far ahead, we manage to avoid worrying — except perhaps about this war, which to me seems horridly like a continuation of the old one which played no trivial part in my life.

My travels have taught me to appreciate my home better, and I spend most of my spare time there, puttering about the place and enjoying the young. However, the oldest is already off to school at Milton. Since moving out here near this perfect piece of water, I have become greatly intrigued by small sailboat-racing and nautical life in general. Certainly, sailing is my main hobby, as my family will testify! Luckily for me, all four of them enjoy it, too. Now the Coast Guard work seems to fit into the shape of things nicely. Tennis, swimming, and definitely moderate skiing are my next favorite sports. I have always kept up photography to a certain amateurish degree. Local affairs, rather than those of the city, get most of the time left. I like life in the country. None of us would want to live in the city, even if we could.

I voted for Willkie with more than intense enthusiasm. But now I certainly can't quarrel with this administration's desire to bat down Hitlerism. Sooner will be better than later. . . . But that's a good place to end this.

[While this Report was at the press, a letter from Ames, dated May 18, 1942, informed us that he has been commissioned a lieutenant commander, United States Naval Reserve, ordered to active duty under the chief of naval operations. — *Secretary.*]

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HUBERT ELMORE AMES

HOME ADDRESS: 11 Woodland Rd., Auburndale, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: N. E. Tel. & Tel. Co., 50 Oliver St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: July 5, 1893, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Edward Elmore Ames, Louise Winifred Betts.

PREPARED AT: Somerville High School, Somerville, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Emily Louise Sweeney, Sept. 23, 1923, Winthrop, Mass. (died Oct. 18, 1929); Ruth Allen, Nov. 17, 1933, New York, N. Y. CHILDREN: Elinor Louise, Jan. 10, 1925; Cynthia, Oct. 17, 1934.

OCCUPATION: Traffic Engineer, New England Telephone & Telegraph Company.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Harvard Unit, Students' Army Training Corps, Oct. 19, 1918; detailed to Coast Artillery Officers' Training Camp, Fort Monroe, Va., Nov. 8; discharged Feb. 7, 1919, and commissioned 2d lieutenant Coast Artillery Officers' Reserve Corps.

OFFICES HELD: Associate member, Advisory Draft Board, Newton, Massachusetts; treasurer, Auburndale Men's Club.

MEMBER OF: Charity Lodge, A.F. & A.M.; Winthrop Council; Winthrop Chapter; Winthrop Commandery; Auburndale Men's Club.

HUBERT AMES says, "I have lived an average life for twenty-five years — average work, average salary, average health, average-size family, average pleasures, etc., etc." His story:

AFTER graduation in 1917 I worked in the laboratory of the Massachusetts Public Health Department for a few months, then worked for George William Bentley Company, State Street, Boston, merchandise brokers. After a few months I volunteered for service in the first World War at the Students' Army Training Corps unit at Harvard and later transferred to the Officers' Training Camp at Fort Monroe, Virginia. I was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Coast Artillery Reserve Corps. After dismissal from service I worked for H. D. Brewer & Company in Worcester, Massachusetts, for a few months and then went out West on a sheep ranch in Wyoming for a year. In October, 1920, I got a job with the New England Telephone & Telegraph Company and have been with them ever since. My work for most of the time has been traffic engineering, particularly in connection with the dial system.

I have a nice family with wife and two daughters. I expect to send my daughters to college if the taxes don't drain me dry. I

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own my home in Auburndale. This past year I bought an old deserted farmhouse and barn in southern New Hampshire. I plan to renovate it, so that I can spend my vacations there and retire to it in my old age.

I play some golf and enjoy driving my automobile. I belong to the Auburndale Congregational Church and am fairly active in church affairs.

✠ OLIVER AMES, JR.

BORN: April 8, 1895, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Oliver Ames, Elise West.

PREPARED AT: St. Mark's School, Southboro, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Caroline Lee Fessenden, Oct. 6, 1917. CHILD: Olivia.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Aug. 15, and assigned to 151st Depot Brigade, Camp Devens, Mass.; transferred to Company A, 165th Infantry, 42d Division, in September; sailed for France in October; killed in action July 28, 1918, at Meurcy Farm, France. Engagements: Lunéville sector, Baccarat sector, Champagne-Marne defensive, Marne-Aisne offensive. Awarded Distinguished Service Cross.

DIED: July 28, 1918, Meurcy Farm, France.

MOTHER: Mrs. Oliver Ames, 15 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass.

BEFORE coming to Harvard Oliver Ames had made an enviable name for himself at St. Mark's, where for three successive years he was a "St. Mark's Scholar," and in his second form year "head of the school." He took a prominent part in athletics, playing football, baseball, and hockey. At College he played on the Freshman football and baseball teams, and in his Sophomore, Junior and Senior years, on the second University baseball team. He was a member of the Institute of 1770, the D. K. E., the Stylus, S. K., Hasty Pudding, and Porcellian Clubs. Throughout his undergraduate days he exerted a compelling influence because of his peculiar personal charm. He possessed unbounded vitality and enthusiasm and an enjoyment of living, and he derived great satisfaction and pleasure from being with his friends.

As a member of the Harvard Regiment and of the 1916 Plattsburg Camp, Ames learned the rudiments of military discipline. In May, 1917, he entered the Officers' Training Camp at Platts-

burg. At the end of the Plattsburg Camp he was commissioned second lieutenant of Infantry and assigned to the 151st Depot Brigade at Camp Devens. He later was transferred to Company A, 165th Infantry, 42nd (Rainbow) Division. He continued his training for the front until the regiment received orders to sail overseas. He sailed for France on November 11, 1917. He served for the most part in the Lunéville sector, the Baccarat sector, the Espérance-Souain sector, the Champagne-Marne defensive and the Aisne-Marne offensive. His eagerness to get into actual fighting is evidenced in a letter to his wife in which he wrote that he was "wild to get into it at once. I feel so enthusiastically young and inexperienced," he continued. "It's the first time since I left home that I've felt really enthusiastic about anything." And again in a letter to his mother his enthusiasm and confidence are revealed: "Our influence so far has been but a drop in a bucket, we're of no assistance save morally just now; it will be a long, long pull, lots and lots of us will be killed, but if we stick to it and stick to it, we're going to win in the end even though it takes twelve years."

Ames was later made battalion adjutant and as such endeared himself to his officers and men. His thorough and serious application to his work evoked the following praise from his superior officer: "His work is done well, conscientiously, and tactfully. He is enthusiastic, full of energy and spirit. There is no doubt of his courage and more — his good sense."

Ames died on July 28, 1918, on the fourth day of a series of bitter engagements which marked the turning of the tide against the Germans. He lost his life in the volunteered personal service of his superior officer. In a letter to his widow Brigadier-General McCoy wrote: "Lieutenant Ames had just been promoted to 1st lieutenant on the recommendations of all three battalion commanders, and since his death has been awarded the D. S. C. by the Commander-in-Chief, also on the decided recommendations of his immediate commanders."

The Distinguished Service Cross, in which Ames's ultimate act of valor received its formal recognition, was awarded in the following terms: "During the fighting at Meurcy Farm, near Villers-sur-Fère, France, July 27-28, 1918, his heroic leadership was an inspiration to his command. He fought gallantly until on

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the last day he was killed while going forward voluntarily through machine gun and sniper's fire to the assistance of his battalion commander."

In the city of Boston the open space at the intersection of Commonwealth Avenue with the Fenway has received the name of "Oliver Ames, Jr., Square."

FRANCIS INMAN AMORY

HOME ADDRESS: 858 Hale St., Beverly Farms, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: c/o General Capital Corp., 80 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: May 16, 1895, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Francis Inman Amory, Grace Josephine Minot.

PREPARED AT: Groton School, Groton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Margaret Perin, Jan. 6, 1921, New York, N. Y. CHILDREN: Francis Inman, Jr., April 3, 1922; Mary, May 10, 1924; Margaret, July 15, 1926.

HARVARD SON: Francis Inman Amory, Jr., '44.

HARVARD BROTHER: Charles Minot Amory, '12 (deceased).

OCCUPATION: Vice-president, General Capital Corporation.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Ensign U. S. Naval Reserve Force; called to active duty April 17, 1917, and assigned to Navy Yard, Boston, Mass.; transferred to Toronto, Canada, for flying training under Royal Flying Corps; to Washington, D. C.; to Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Fla.; to Long Island, N. Y.; to Naval Aviation Detachment, Mass. Inst. Tech.; promoted lieutenant (junior grade) June, 1918; senior grade, fall of 1918; released from active duty Dec. 20, 1918.

FRANCIS AMORY is a man of few words and few regrets. His "Life":

IN 1917 I cut the midyears and went to Aiken. On my return I joined the Naval Aviation and was made an ensign from what I had learned in the Harvard Flying outfit at Buffalo the year before with Eben Draper, Freddie Allen, Ham Coolidge, and others, and went to Canada, Washington, Hampton Roads, Pensacola, etc. Very pleasant life.

Afterwards pursued the will-'o-the-wisp in Boston financial circles for many years, finally ending with a title in General Capital.

Outside of business, the Red Cross is now giving me the opportunity to be of service in this emergency.

To count my blessings, I am endowed with a life partner who

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has supported me through thick and thin. I have two girls, and my oldest child, a boy, is now a sophomore at Harvard. I am looking forward to seeing him take his place in whatever direction fate may lead him.

ALFRED SIGER ANDERSON

HOME ADDRESS: 5 Midland Terr., Summit, N. J.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 21 Maple St., Summit, N. J.

BORN: Dec. 23, 1894, Concord, Mass. PARENTS: Benjamin Anderson, Rangna Severinsen.

PREPARED AT: Concord High School, Concord, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917.

MARRIED: Louise Elizabeth Cowan, June 6, 1931, Newark, N. J. CHILD: Noel Cowan (boy), Dec. 25, 1941.

OCCUPATION: Real Estate Broker and Building Contractor.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Aug. 15; assigned to Company K, 166th Infantry, 42d Division; sailed for France Oct. 29; wounded July 28, 1918; with Army of Occupation, Germany; discharged March 26, 1919. Engagement: Marne-Aisne offensive. Member Officers' Reserve Corps several years with duty at Citizens' Military Training Camps — summer camps, Plattsburg, etc.

MEMBER OF: Overlook Lodge No. 163, F. & A.M., Summit, N. J.; Real Estate Board, Summit, N. J.; American Legion; Rainbow Division Veterans.

HOUSING was in his blood so Alfred Anderson, after about sixteen years with a telephone company, changed to real estate and building, just as his relatives had always predicted. He writes:

WITH many others of the Class, I left Cambridge early in May, 1917, for the First Officers' Training Camp at Plattsburg. I was assigned in September to the 166th Infantry, 42nd Division (Rainbow) at Camp Mills, Long Island, and served with the Rainbow until March, 1919, mostly in France. I was fortunate in being commander of the same infantry platoon, the second of Company K, during training at Camp Mills and in France and for a year of active service at the front ending in the Argonne and in Germany with the Army of Occupation — except for three months spent in hospitals because of a bullet wound received at Château-Thierry. This war experience with a fighting platoon of about seventy fine young men, through months of intensive training, several major engagements in which over half

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our men were killed or wounded, numerous patrols through No Man's Land and behind the enemy lines, and finally the Armistice with our company right at the front in the Argonne and then the long march into Germany, I still regard as one of life's greatest possible experiences. Naturally I follow the present war with deep interest, particularly General MacArthur's great stand in the Philippines. He was in command of the Rainbow during the last war.

After the War I returned to Cambridge for a year at the Engineering School and then joined the American Telephone and Telegraph Company to start thirteen years of service with the Bell System in New York and New Jersey. About seven years ago, after considerable preparation for such a drastic change, including two years of evening study of real property law and contracts at New Jersey Law School, and other allied subjects elsewhere, I resigned from the Bell System and started a building and real estate business in Summit, New Jersey. It had been predicted by some of my relatives that I would some day return to the business of my father, who, as a building contractor for nearly fifty years, built up much of the town where we lived in Massachusetts. I am now happily engaged in this business and am concerned only over the readjustments in building brought about by the war. But this being a large and flexible field, the opportunities are many and varied.

The family, which consisted for ten years only of my wife and myself, has just had a most welcome addition. Last Christmas morning a baby boy arrived to change our entire lives. Everything now centers about that eleven pounds of attraction. My main ambition now will be to send him through Harvard and to attend his graduation in 1962 or 1963. It is a large but not impossible order.

While life at times has not seemed as successful, interesting, or varied as it might, it has been fuller than I realized as it passed. I have managed to see a little of the world — France and most of Europe during the last war, Canada, Mexico, Panama, and nearly all the States numerous times since then. My hobbies have been few. They include golf and other sports, of course, public speaking for several years, and considerable photography with the main interest right now in baby pictures. Like many others I spend

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much time in following the present war very closely and hope to do much more than the present air raid warden assignment calls for, which seems so minute in this time of world upheaval.

HAROLD STEPHEN ANDERSON

HOME ADDRESS: 99 Mountain Ave., St. Cloud, West Orange, N. J.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Research Dept., General Division, Thomas A. Edison, Inc., West Orange, N. J.

BORN: May 6, 1895, Thompsonville, Mich. PARENTS: William Merritt Anderson, Minnie Emily Cosens.

PREPARED AT: Cadillac High School, Cadillac, Mich.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917.

MARRIED: Dorothy Josephine Holland, April 8, 1921, New York, N. Y.

CHILDREN: Henry Holland, Nov. 7, 1922; Richard Cosens, June 18, 1924; Stephen Sanford, June 19, 1932.

OCCUPATION: Manufacturing; Member, Research Department, Thomas A. Edison, Incorporated, and Assistant Secretary, Calibron Products, Incorporated.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Medical Department June 1, 1917; assigned to 15th Engineers June 15; sailed for France July 9; promoted sergeant Feb. 20, 1918; discharged April 15, 1919. Engagement: Meuse-Argonne offensive.

OFFICES HELD: Treasurer, assistant secretary, Calibron Products, Incorporated.

AT one time forty loaves were no better than none to Harold Anderson. He writes:

LIKE many a classmate, I was far from Cambridge on Class Day, 1917. Rejected in April by the Reserve Officers' Training Corps for flat feet, in spite of — maybe because of — the many miles I had tramped with the Harvard Regiment, I joined a Neuilly Ambulance unit, transferred to the Medical Department of the Regular Army, flat feet and all, and in July, 1917, I reached France with the 15th United States Engineers, a railway regiment. At first we were building supply bases far in the rear for the coming American Expeditionary Forces, but later we moved up to the "flickering horizon in the east," and the Armistice found us repairing Jerry-wrecked railroads close on the heels of the advancing doughboys north of the Argonne. We continued forward after the Armistice, linking up broken rail lines across the former No-Man's-Land north of Verdun towards Coblenz.

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In April, 1919, I was on my precarious own again, after the relative security of Uncle Sam's payroll. Army pay savings had all gone for college debts, so I was ready for the first job to be had. I found it in my home town high school, where a teacher had conveniently married and orphaned her classes in English. I boldly took them over, along with some algebra, and finished out the year. That was the beginning and end of my professional teaching career. Having since acquired three sons, I fervently hope that I have had some success as mentor in a field more vital than the classroom.

During the summer of 1919 I was baker (*sic*) at the Bear Mountain summer camp of a Brooklyn settlement house, which was managed by a singularly trusting Harvard '15 friend of mine. My first batch of twenty loaves of bread made excellent fuel under the oven for my second batch. This too went for fuel, but the third batch was edible. Most of the campers survived the summer. In the fall chance and the Help Wanted column ushered me into the wholesale stationery business in New York City, where I learned the rudiments of commerce by day, and dabbled by night in chemistry at Columbia University. Under the academic stimulus of the chemistry laboratory my pre-war ambitions for a medical career revived sufficiently so that I deserted the marketplace in the fall of 1920 and entered Columbia's College of Physicians and Surgeons. Dissection of human cadavers proved too much for a stomach none too well fortified from a lean purse, and after four months, hoping that humanity would somehow survive without my medical ministrations, I went back to the inkwells and paper clips and started up the ladder again.

In 1924 my stationery firm sold out to a competitor and did not include me with the assets. At that time Thomas A. Edison, with his Edison Questionnaire, was having great fun exposing some of the inadequacies of our higher institutions of learning. I stumbled into the execution chamber through a blind want ad, went under the axe, and came out, to my own surprise and to the vindication of Harvard, an Edison employee. For two years I had the very great privilege of working directly under the inventor himself, investigating various phases of the manufacture and marketing of phonographs and records. Then I graduated into the business organization of Thomas A. Edison, Incorporated,

where I am today. In 1931 I was present at the birth and christening of a new company — Calibron Products, Incorporated, of West Orange, New Jersey. This company was organized by Theodore M. Edison, youngest son of the inventor and head of the Research Engineering Department of Thomas A. Edison, Incorporated, to “specialize in industrial physics and offer a guaranteed research service” to industry. (Advt.) For eight years I served as treasurer and have continued since as assistant secretary.

One very important development of the past twenty-five years, from my point of view, has been my family. Mrs. Anderson is a Sargent graduate, which may have something to do with the huskiness of our three sons, and the fact that their bringing-up, along with that of their father, has been attended by good health as well as by a very considerable amount of happiness. Our home is in a bit of near-wilderness on the edge of the metropolitan area. Here my youngest son keeps ducks and builds dams across the family brook, while I cut down trees and saw them into wood for the fireplaces that warm our house when the winter sun swings low. (This primitive necessity may entitle me to the Class medal for frontiersmanship, or something, in these oil-heated times.) Despite the long drouth in real estate I still dream of a pleasant time to come when we shall build homes for others on our three woodland acres, and so begin to pay off the mortgage. My eldest son is making excellent progress in his sophomore year at Stevens Institute of Technology. My second son finished high school this year, and also seems headed for a technical career. While my contribution to the next generation is not without sacrifice of a sort, the compensations are incalculable; and I find it hard to believe that any ordinary man’s life can be really full and satisfactory without wife and children to share it — without having given these hostages to fortune, however dearly ransomed.

Harvard’s contribution to my life is not easy to describe. Presumably it does not show on my income tax return, but it cannot be measured in such terms, nor would I trade it for a gift that could be. Acquaintanceship with much of the best in past and present, a kinship with — at least an appreciation of — those who have fed and renewed and passed on the torch from Time’s beginning, a personal share in the spiritual and intellectual as well as in the physical heritage of the ages, a sympathetic and tolerant

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interest in the countless varieties of activity of our fellow-beings, freedom and skill to voyage beyond the time and space that prison this generation — these are things that Harvard has given, and they remain with her sons as long as life itself. For them I am grateful, and eternally indebted.

Politically, I was born a Republican, but I vote as I please. I can accept the objectives and principles of the New Deal almost intact, while rejecting its methods and practices almost equally intact. Economically, I am too illiterate to fathom the reasoning that will destroy or lock up “surpluses” of food and cotton for lack of which our own and other peoples starve and freeze; nor do I understand the possibility of overproduction of anything useful to the welfare of man, so long as such products have not been distributed wherever they are needed and wanted, even to the ends of the earth. I suppose that the problem to be solved is distribution.

The essence of religion I believe to be contained in three words from a great Jewish teacher — “Love thy neighbor” — and best practised by sharing with one’s neighbor. The world’s flagrant disregard of this injunction ever since the Great War has no doubt been a major factor in permitting the present planetary struggle to develop. When the fighting ceases this time and we stand victorious amid the world’s ruins, surveying the frightful cost of man’s inhumanity to man, surely we shall so order the peace that we shall hear no more of “Deutschland über alles” or “America first!” but only a universal watchword of brotherhood, “Humanity first and always!” For the mechanism, my choice is federal union of all self-governing peoples — a big problem, but solvable.

It is February, 1942, as I write. These are dark days, and few are venturing to promise brighter days by the time these lines will be printed. But fewer still do not expect the tide to turn; our minds refuse to contemplate a future without victory. Perhaps therein lies a subtle danger. Maybe we need to lose some of our faith in the future. We may have too much of it, and too little reliance on the present. If our confidence in the impossibility of ultimate defeat fosters an insidious acceptance of today’s retreats, then we are guilty of the complacency with which we are charged from all sides. Until we face the fact that ours must

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be a do-or-die effort, the desperate effort of cornered men staving off annihilation by their own unaided strength, the furious effort of a Douglas MacArthur on Bataan, time may not be on our side. While we have thrilled to the heroic stand of MacArthur and his men, it has been as a spectacle apart from ourselves. The sooner we realize that his situation is our own, the sooner we put all that we have — not just all that we can spare — into the fight, the sooner will the war cease to lengthen, and begin to shorten. It may well be that what we do, or what we fail to do, in the next twenty-five weeks will shape the world of our children more than all we have done in the twenty-five years upon which we now look back.

CHARLES HENRY ANDREWS

ADDRESS: Robertson Paper Box Co., 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.
BORN: Oct. 17, 1893, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Charles Salvador Andrews, Annie Paul.
PREPARED AT: Private Tutor.
YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917.
OCCUPATION: Manufacturing.

IN our Vicennial Report Charlie Andrews was listed as a "lost" man. About a year ago we found him. He is now in the New York office of the Robertson Paper Box Company of Montville, Connecticut. The president is Ralph A. Powers, '14, and class-mate Joe Crowley is also associated with the company. Both these men were asked to goad Charlie but no answer has been received from either. Hence they are still in a box concern, and we are in a box and concerned.

WILLIAM CHANNING APPLETON, JR.

HOME ADDRESS: R. F. D. 5, West Chester, Pa.
OFFICE ADDRESS: American Viscose Corp., 362 Delaware Trust Bldg., Wilmington, Del.
BORN: March 15, 1897, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: William Channing Appleton, Edna Marion Turner.
PREPARED AT: Noble and Greenough School, Boston, Mass.
YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.
MARRIED: Ellen Rockwood Sherman, May 8, 1920, Boston, Mass. (divorced July, 1933); Loraine C. Sinsabaugh, March 24, 1934, New York, N. Y.

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CHILDREN: Anna Turner, Nov. 16, 1925; Sarah S., April 14, 1930; Betsey G., Dec. 28, 1934; Loraine C., June 26, 1937.

OCCUPATION: Manufacturer of Rayon Yarn and Staple Fibre; President, American Viscose Corporation.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Camion driver, American Field Service, Motor Transport Units 133 and 526 (Réserve Mallet), May to Nov., 1917, with French Army on Aisne and Chemin des Dames fronts. Enlisted private 1st class Aviation Section, Signal Corps Dec. 3, 1917, in France; stationed at Paris, Tours, and Saint-Maixent Dec., 1917, to April, 1918; commissioned 2d lieutenant Air Service, Military Aëronautics May 18; detailed to 2d Aviation Instruction Center, Tours, June 11; to 3d Aviation Instruction Center, Issoudun, in August; to Aërial Gunnery School, Cazaux; assigned to 103d Aëro Squadron, 3d Pursuit Group, Oct. 13; detailed to 3d Aviation Instruction Center in December; discharged Feb. 7, 1919. Engagement: Meuse-Argonne offensive.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of New York; University Club of New York; Agawam Hunt Club, Providence, R. I.; Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club; Gibson Island Club; Merchants Club; Wilmington Club; Wilmington Country Club; Concord County Club; Vicmead Hunt Club; Audubon Society; Society for Preservation of New England Antiquities.

BILL APPLETON, like Spencer Love, has become one of the leaders in the rayon industry. They both were born within a few miles of Harvard, but now one lives in Pennsylvania and the other in North Carolina. Bill's story:

HAVING no particular leanings of a practical sort, the question of making a living was my main worry after getting out of the Army in 1919. The question was distasteful but obviously necessary to answer. As clothes always wear out, the textile business seemed to offer possibilities of continuing for some time, so through a cousin in the cotton mill business I got a chance to start in a New Bedford mill opening cotton bales. Through this connection I was able to work in all the departments of the mill and later to get work in woolen and worsted mills in New England, and finally a decent job in New Bedford. My present connections with the rayon industry were made in 1925 — anyone who was in a New Bedford mill at that time won't blame me for switching to rayon.

The history and growth of the rayon business in this country is now rather generally known. As to the company with which I am connected, it had the good fortune to be the first successful one in the field here and has managed to remain the largest de-

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spite some interesting and strong competition. We keep the words "pioneer," "fair dealing," and "progress" as keynotes to the business. We employ about 19,000 people. The company was formerly British-owned but now, as some may know, is owned by the American public, because of the British government's forcing its sale to procure cash in the spring of 1941.

They say having daughters keeps a father young but gives him gray hairs. I am not so sure of the former, but the gray hairs are increasing. We live on our 130-acre farm in Chester County, Pennsylvania, and thoroughly enjoy it. Incidentally, the farm doesn't lose money. We put hay in cows and somehow or other they manage to give us milk, which pays for their keep and leaves something for ourselves.

As to travel, I have managed to cover England and a little of various parts of Europe and Canada and also Bermuda. I spent a day in North Africa and the Azores, and took a month's trip to the Hawaiian Islands. I have covered the east and west coasts of the United States, particularly the former.

My childhood and present hobby, which I unfortunately could not turn to to make a living is boats (sail). Mine is at present kept on Chesapeake Bay for convenience. I should prefer the Maine Coast. I am glad to say that the whole family enjoys the same hobby and the members are all good sailors.

You suggest remarks as to social, political, or religious convictions. I am not one who feels that the human world can be remade by using any particular formula. It apparently is set on making life as complicated for itself as possible and is particularly busy in this direction at the moment. No convictions I may have would appear to offer an early solution to our difficulties.

✠ ADAIR PLEASANTS ARCHER

BORN: Aug. 31, 1894, Richmond, Va. PARENTS: William Wharton Archer, Rosalie Harrison Pleasants.

PREPARED AT: Jefferson School, Charlottesville, Va.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1915-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private May, 1918; detailed to Officers' Training School, Camp Devens, Mass.; promoted sergeant in September; died of pneumonia Oct. 6, 1918, at Camp Grant, Ill.

DIED: Oct. 6, 1918, Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill.

FATHER: William Wharton Archer, 808 E. Franklin St., Richmond, Va.

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IN an obituary written for our Triennial Report by our classmate, James William Davenport Seymour, Archer's unusual personality is described as follows:

"Living in the world of humans, with abundant sympathies for their strivings and a real understanding of their dreams, Adair Archer lived within himself in a universe of his own devising, apart from other men and their modes of thought. He was a poet at heart, a musician, and a dreamer. Yet he loved people and had ability to make his visioning actuality. Adair was gifted in many lines: his pen was a golden one, his instinct for song and melody was very sure, his judgment in the affairs of men was incisive, and his ideals of faith and belief in things of the spirit were very beautiful. . . . He entered at once into the life of the University in its literary and artistic phases. In his last year his study of the drama in history and construction was intensive, and he shared in the labors of the 47 Workshop. There were no hesitations in his writings, or in his living. He drove as strongly and as straight at the goal of his intention as his powers allowed. He was the type that would burn himself out in striving, however hopelessly, for an end which he deemed righteous."

The developing of this personality was started in early childhood when Archer revealed a remarkable gift for music and a quick response to poetry, romance, and beauty in books, nature, and art. He was possessed of a spirit of adventure, exercised through adventures of the spirit more than of the body. The realm of his own fancies was a world of reality to him. Plays, stories, records of natural objects gave him subjects for self-expression. At an early age he became interested in the occult and in witchcraft, which led finally to psychical research. During much of his boyhood his health was such as to permit no formal schooling in regular course. He spent many months in Richmond and at Sherwood Forest, the Virginia country place of the family of President Tyler, where he made many friends among the negroes, acquiring a broad "conjur" knowledge.

In the winter between his two years at the University of Virginia he obtained employment as an Indian agent, and was stationed in Arizona and Oklahoma. He attended many Indian ceremonies where he was the only white man, and he learned

their music and could sing it in Indian fashion. His love and appreciation of the Indians shows in his Indian poems.

After a summer spent in Europe and another year at the University of Virginia he entered Harvard, quite different from the average youth at Harvard. He entered heartily into his studies, with special interest in art, letters, and the drama. He was very much interested in the work of the 47 Workshop and wrote a short play of his own. His fellow-students found him to be an unusual and delightful companion. He possessed a keen sense of fun, a sympathetic understanding of young and old, an unconventional relation with the world, a genuine and comprehending interest in human character, and a fundamentally religious attitude towards life.

In the spring of 1917 Archer suffered a bitter disappointment in being rejected for the Officers' Training Camp because he was underweight. He therefore accepted the editorship of the training-camp paper, *Trench and Camp*, at Camp Lee, Virginia, becoming a Y.M.C.A. secretary. He soon realized the need of the men in training for some recreative pleasure. Both his natural tastes and his Harvard training with the 47 Workshop qualified him especially for the direction of dramatics. Becoming ill, he went to Richmond for rest and recovery. During this time he gave lectures on the modern drama at the invitation of a small group of interested persons. The result of these talks was the formation of the Richmond Little Theatre League, whose activities were suspended because of the war, but not before Archer had created a standard of production and performance.

While he was in Richmond Archer received the eagerly awaited summons to enter the Fourth Officers' Training Camp at Camp Devens, Massachusetts. Here he found himself once more in the companionship of Harvard friends with whom he had already spent the happiest days of his life. He was transferred to Camp Lee, and after receiving a corporalcy was assigned to the Infantry Replacement and Training Troops at Camp Grant, Illinois. A month later he was promoted to sergeant and after three weeks in camp was recommended for a commission. Two or three days later, however, he fell ill with influenza which developed into pneumonia and caused his death.

"It is impossible to estimate what would have come to Adair

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Archer with longer life," Seymour wrote in his obituary. "The future was pregnant with possibilities for one with his many-sided genius. Unhesitatingly he gave up dreams and future for the present of his duty."

✦ CHARLES EDWARD ARNOLD

BORN: Aug. 5, 1891, Savannah, Ga. PARENTS: Rev. George Washington Arnold, Emma Washington Pierce.

PREPARED AT: Clark University High School, Atlanta, Ga.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1915-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Roberta S. Williams, June 10, 1924, Augusta, Ga. CHILDREN: Roberta Williams, May 29, 1925; another daughter and a son.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered service Jan. 28, 1918; assigned to Company A, 325th Field Signal Battalion, Camp Merritt, N. J.; discharged sergeant June 4, 1919.

DIED: Nov. 4, 1928, Atlanta, Ga.

WIDOW: Mrs. Charles Edward Arnold, 1106 Ridge Ave., S.W., Atlanta, Ga.

BEFORE entering Harvard Arnold had taught for three years at Clark University. In June, 1918, he began working in the auditing department of the Standard Life Insurance Company in Atlanta, and in January, 1921, he was made assistant secretary of the company. When the business of that institution was taken over by the National Benefit Life Insurance Company of Washington, D. C., in March, 1927, he was made manager of the underwriting.

Arnold's death followed an appendectomy.

WILLIAM RAY ASHFORD

HOME ADDRESS: Gambier, Ohio.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio.

BORN: Jan. 5, 1895, Chicago, Ill. PARENTS: William Thomas Ashford, Louisa Elizabeth Woodward.

PREPARED AT: Polo High School, Polo, Ill.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B. *magna cum laude*, 1917; PH.D. (Univ. of Chicago), 1932.

UNMARRIED.

OCCUPATION: Professor of Spanish and French; Chairman of the Modern Language Department.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Secretary, U. S. Military Missions in Portugal, Greece, and Yugoslavia, 1918-1922.

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MEMBER OF: Modern Language Association of America; several other professional organizations.

PUBLICATIONS: Editor of the Old French poem *La Conception Nostre Dame of Wace*, 1933.

WILLIAM ASHFORD changed from the diplomatic service to the teaching profession. His ideal day of recreation would be a morning of horseback riding and an afternoon of painting in oils. He writes:

IN the year 1917-1918, immediately after graduation, I taught French and Spanish at what is now the California Institute of Technology, but which was then called Throop College of Technology. During that year I tried to get into several branches of the Army or Navy, but was consistently refused because of physical defects.

Finally, however, in May, 1918, on the strength of my knowledge of several languages, I received an appointment in the intelligence branch of the Army and was at once sent to Portugal to act as the secretary to the military attaché to the United States legation at Lisbon. Early in 1920 I was transferred to the office of the military attaché to the United States legations at Athens and Belgrade, and from 1920 to 1922 I divided my time between those two capitals. During this period of diplomatic service I was constantly required to travel about the countries in which I was stationed and was frequently sent on duty to other countries. I thus had an opportunity to see and study all the countries of Europe, with the exception of Russia, and also Asia Minor and northern Africa.

In 1922, at the request of my parents, I gave up what was gradually developing into a very pleasant career in the diplomatic service, and returned to the United States. From 1922 to 1924 I was head of the department of modern languages in the State Teachers' College at Kirksville, Missouri. Since the autumn of 1924 I have taught Romance languages at Kenyon College, first as assistant professor, and since 1934 as full professor. In 1936 I became head of the modern language department.

From 1925 to 1932 I spent my summers at the University of Chicago working towards a Doctor's degree in Romance languages, and I took the degree in 1932. My special field was Old French.

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As a dissertation I presented a critical edition of the poem by the Old French poet, Wace, known as *La Conception Nostre Dame*. At various times during the last twenty years I have taken graduate work at Ohio State University and at the Universities of Lisbon, Belgrade, Athens, Paris, and Dijon. I have written articles and papers on Old French and other Romance-language subjects and am at present planning an edition of one of the Old French rimed chronicles. I find, however, that my scholarly interests are turning more and more towards Spanish and Portuguese subjects, especially towards Ibero-American literature. As an act of piety towards Professor Babbitt, who influenced my thinking very much, even too much, I must say that I have never lost an interest instilled by him in the history and analysis of literary ideas, and I find perhaps more pleasure in teaching courses in literary criticism than in teaching any others.

I am unmarried, a fact that bothers my friends much more than it does me. I console myself by rationalizing my misfortune into the belief that teachers, like priests and artists, should be free to devote themselves entirely to their learning and their students.

I have many interests outside my profession and am constantly seeking new ones. I am especially fond of horses and of painting in oils. I never fail to take in any horse show or art exhibit within driving distance. I fence a bit and play a fair hand of bridge. Chiefly for the sake of the necessary exercise I find pleasure in what used to be called botanizing. I like to watch athletic contests and sports events, such as football and prize fights. I detest baseball and have never seen a big-league game. I like the theatre and music and try to take in all the dramatic and musical attractions that come to this part of Ohio. At present much of my leisure time is devoted to problems connected with national defense.

I travel whenever I can. I go to Florida for the winter holidays and to Kentucky for the Easter recess. Before 1939 I went to Europe every other summer and to the West in the intervening years. Last summer I travelled in Mexico for the first time and was so charmed by the people, the scenery, and the art of that country that I am sorry that I did not begin going there years ago. I hope to spend the next three or four summers in Mexico, painting landscape and studying literature and architecture.

I was taught in early childhood to distrust the Democratic party.

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Nothing that that party has done in the last nine years has served to remove my inherited prejudices against it. I am, then, a Republican, and if the Republican party under its present inept leadership does not completely disintegrate, I shall remain a member of it until the end of my days. Despite my ordinary partisanship, however, I do most heartily support the vigorous foreign policy of President Roosevelt, and I hope that it will become more and more militant.

In religion I am an Episcopalian of the high and narrow variety, and I feel sorry for people of other views.

RAYMOND ELLIOT ASHLEY

HOME ADDRESS: 102 Nehoiden Rd., Waban, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Gregg, Storer & Co., Inc., 35 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Jan. 26, 1893, New Bedford, Mass. PARENTS: Abiel Davis Ashley, Caroline Morse.

PREPARED AT: New Bedford High School, New Bedford, Mass.; Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, N. H.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917 (19).

MARRIED: Hilda Fletcher Brazer, Sept. 24, 1921, Brookline, Mass. (died March 28, 1927); Elizabeth Ingeborg Hudson, June 18, 1928, South Devonshire, England. CHILDREN: Raymond Elliot, Jr., Sept. 29, 1922; Davis Morse, July 21, 1924; Fletcher, May 28, 1926; Eleanor Hudson, Aug. 4, 1931; Peter Olsen, July 4, 1936.

OCCUPATION: Investments.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled electrician 3d class (radio) U. S. Naval Reserve Force May 31, 1917; assigned to Naval Radio School, Cambridge, Mass.; appointed ensign Feb. 11, 1918; assigned to U. S. S. *Utah*; to Submarine Chaser No. 190 Aug. 3 as executive officer; overseas September to December; released from active duty March 25, 1919. Promoted lieutenant (junior grade) U. S. Naval Reserve Force July, 1919.

MEMBER OF: University Club of Boston; Appalachian Mountain Club; Naval Order of the United States; (former member, Harvard Clubs of New Jersey, New York, and Boston).

IT is not surprising that Ray Ashley, who was a member of the Glee Club, still likes to sing. Inasmuch as his wife and four of his five children play the piano, he should never be in want for an accompanist. He writes:

COMING from New Bedford and having been on the water enough to enjoy it, I joined the United States Naval Reserve in May, 1917, before final examinations and graduation. I

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returned in 1919 for two examinations which completed the requirements for a regular degree. I then went to New York City and entered the employ of Watts, Stebbens & Company (later called Ridley, Watts & Company), selling agents for cotton mills. I sold manufacturers and retailers in New York City and New York State, and exporters in New York City. I made a selling trip to the West Indies, spending one month in Haiti and one month in the Dominican Republic, putting my college French and Spanish to an acid test. That was in July and August of 1920. I was to have spent a year thereafter in South America, but the cotton market had dropped and export business died, so I was put into the department handling the sale of Wamsutta sheets and pillow cases. About 1934 I shifted to Bliss, Fabyan & Company, and remained there until the summer of 1927, working on Pepperell sheets and pillow cases, Bates bedspreads, etc.

In the fall of 1927 I moved my three sons to New England and worked for Frigidaire until a bond class was started by the Old Colony Trust Company in February, 1928. I have been in the investment business ever since, and am glad that I have kept sufficiently athletic to enjoy skiing, badminton, squash, golf, surf-boarding at Ogunquit in cold water, and hiking in the White Mountains. In the summers of 1928, 1929, 1932, 1934, and 1937 I became acquainted with England, where my present wife has numerous relatives. In 1937 we visited Norway, leaving the children, excepting the oldest boy, in Devonshire, some enjoying mumps, some quarantined. That summer I met President Conant at the Harvard Club of London at a dinner given in his honor.

My summers in this country have been spent at Ogunquit, Maine. Two of my older sons have studied painting there, and my wife and daughter paint naturally. The four older children and Mrs. Ashley play the piano. I am tolerated for brief moments. I enjoy Spanish and Scotch songs, particularly when I sing them. We have picnic parties and indoor get-togethers for group singing.

In Waban I accept jobs on church, neighborhood club, and community chest teams and committees, and more recently have become an Air Raid Precaution warden.

At the moment the five children are students, the oldest at Williams, in spite of my efforts (but I have three more bets for

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Harvard). All are healthy and are considered good children even if they don't always put away their clothes, etc., etc. — things which we shall not remember ten years from now. We believe in our boys working part of each summer vacation, so our oldest has been a camp junior counsellor and has worked in a machine shop on defense orders. I wish I had his aptitude. I am sure that my boys know that they must have their feet on the ground and will adjust themselves to a world which has many of us buffaloed.

JUSTIN BROOKS ATKINSON

HOME ADDRESS: 160 Riverside Drive, New York, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: New York Times, 229 W. 43rd St., New York, N. Y.

BORN: Nov. 28, 1894, Melrose, Mass. PARENTS: Jonathan Henry Atkinson, Garafelia Taylor.

PREPARED AT: Melrose High School, Melrose, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; L.H.D. (Williams Coll.), 1941.

MARRIED: Mrs. Oriana (Torrey) MacIlveen, Aug. 18, 1926, New York, N. Y.

CHILD: Bruce Torrey MacIlveen, Sept. 20, 1913 (stepchild).

HARVARD SON: Bruce Torrey MacIlveen, '36.

OCCUPATION: Drama Critic, *New York Times*.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered service private Sept. 5, 1918; assigned to 152d Depot Brigade, Camp Upton, N. Y.; promoted corporal Company Y, Development Battalion Oct. 5; discharged Dec. 5, 1918.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of New York.

PUBLICATIONS: *Skyline Promenades*; *Henry Thoreau, the Cosmic Yankee; East of the Hudson*; *The Cingalese Prince*; *Cleo For Short*; *Walden and Other Writings of Thoreau* (editor); *The Complete Essays and Other Writings of Emerson* (editor).

BROOKS ATKINSON, one of the foremost American dramatic critics, reviews the last twenty-five years and finds he still has faith in human nature. He writes:

I SUPPOSE every member of this Class is struck by one thing: on the twenty-fifth anniversary of our graduation our country faces a situation appallingly similar to the situation which prevailed in 1917. Although the shooting has not begun at the moment when I am writing these lines (August, 1941), the young men are in the Army and the industries are rumbling with war production. Naturally we all ask ourselves: "Have we learned anything? Have we done anything?"

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Although the world situation is even more perilous than it was in 1917 and the facts seem to be against me, I find that I cannot answer those questions in the negative. My reasons, I suspect, are pretty philosophical. I believe that we have grown in consciousness, which is always the highest achievement of civilized human beings. I know for my own part that I understand the principles at stake in this war much more completely than I did in 1917, and I also have a firmer grasp on the realities. If it is true that knowledge releases men from intellectual and spiritual bondage, I think that the bitter experiences of these past twenty-five years have given us a wider understanding of the truth and to that extent have knocked out of our heads some of the nonsense we were carrying around in them in 1917. From my point of view — which, as I say, is pretty philosophical — the past twenty-five years have been a painful but powerful education in the ordinary humanities.

Whether or not the world will survive this second ordeal is something no one can say. The facts are laden with foreboding. The only answer anyone can give is one of faith. And here again I find that I am on the positive side. Perhaps it is merely a question of personal health, inheritance, or environment. But whatever the reason, I have an unconquerable faith in human nature. I cannot help believing that love is a more creative force than hatred, and that forms of life that are derived from love are the enduring ones.

Well, I guess that's enough of that. On the whole my personal life in the past quarter of a century has been a good one. My family life has been rich. My professional life has been all right for me. Ever since I was a boy I have enjoyed newspapers; and for the past twenty years I have been working for one that I like and respect. Some day I should like to get hold of a tremendous creative idea. In the meantime things are going O.K.

JOSEPH ATWOOD

HOME ADDRESS: 72 Banks Rd., Swampscott, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: William A. Muller & Co. Corp., 99 Water St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: NOV. 11, 1895, Lynn, Mass. PARENTS: Luther Atwood, '83, Nellie Josephine Taylor.

PREPARED AT: Lynn Classical High School, Lynn, Mass.

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YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Marion J. Rowen, March 31, 1923, Swampscott, Mass. CHILDREN: Elaine Marion, April 23, 1924; Joseph Rowen, Jan. 3, 1928.

OCCUPATION: Fire Insurance Broker and Engineer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Quartermaster Corps Aug. 15; assigned to Mechanical Repair Shops No. 303 Sept. 17; sailed for France Jan. 17, 1918; detailed as assistant railhead officer, 77th Division, in August; stationed at Château-Thierry in October; transferred to Office of Port Commander, 3d Army, Coblenz, Germany, Feb., 1919; discharged July 25, 1919. Engagement: Aisne-Oise offensive. Retired in 1940 as 1st lieutenant, U. S. Reserve.

OFFICES HELD: Member Finance Committee and Town Meeting Representative, Swampscott, Massachusetts; former vice-president, Sons of the American Revolution (Massachusetts Society).

MEMBER OF: Masons; Roosevelt Club (T. R.); Republican Club of Massachusetts; Whiting Club; Harvard Club of Lynn; Military Order of the World War; Colonial Wars Society; American Legion; Sons of the American Revolution.

JOE ATWOOD discloses that he was almost "another M.D." Here's his story:

MY first job was at the First Plattsburg Officers' Training Camp. I received my diploma *in absentia* and spent four months in Washington, D. C., where I roomed with Lucian Rocke, '17, one of my Senior-year roommates. My greatest thrill to date was hearing "Present Arms" called by White House guards when I walked by the White House as a shavetail. (I spared them the effort after a couple of times.) My next thrill was the first pair of gold second-lieutenant's bars ever worn (pair of silver first-lieutenant's bars, gold-plated, ready to spring on M Day).

I sailed for England in January, 1918, on the *Celtic* (part of a convoy which gathered at Halifax), passed through Winchester, England, with its famous preparatory school, and crossed the Channel to Le Havre at night. I was the only one on board to go below and sleep. I was with the Motor Transport shops near Nevers, and railhead officer at Château-Thierry. I was in the officers' mess with Junius Beebe, '16. I visited the grave of Paul Cody Bentley, '17, one of my roommates who was killed in the ambulance service. "Never mind me. Look after my stretcher

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cases." To think of that sacred soil now overrun once more by the Huns! The Armistice was signed on my birthday.

I experienced three springs in successive months — February on the Riviera on leave, March in Paris, and April in Andernach, Germany, in the Army of Occupation (which should have been maintained indefinitely to avoid this world disaster). I returned home after an eighteen months' foreign tour at Uncle Sam's expense.

Although I was entered and accepted for Harvard Medical School at graduation, two years' sojourn in the Army deprived the world of another M.D. My first civilian job was with the Boston Board of Fire Underwriters. Since 1923 I have been assistant secretary and engineer of the William A. Muller & Company Corporation and of the Dorchester Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

Marriage to Marion Rowen of Swampscott, followed in due course by the births of a daughter and a son, have anchored me to Swampscott. My business is one that keeps me out-of-doors considerably and affords occasional trips from Provincetown to Presque Isle. Along with insurance problems, I mix in building appraisals and real estate management. I spent three summer vacations at Reserve Officers' Camps at Baltimore and in New Jersey.

For the past ten years I have been a long-distance summer commuter to Boston from our summer cottage on Kingston Lake, New Hampshire. A seaplane would come in handy. I have travelled to Quebec and around the Gaspé. I went to Florida by auto in July. There we found the nights delightful with the trade winds. I took a cross-continent airline flight to Los Angeles with stopovers at Denver, a trip up Mount Evans, a swim in Salt Lake, a quick freeze in San Francisco, and an early morning hop to Los Angeles with more mountains in sight than I believed could be located in all forty-eight states. I was a delegate to an insurance convention and enjoyed the diversions of Hollywood and a swim in the Pacific, a visit to the Grand Canyon and down to earth again all in ten days, thoroughly sold on the advantages of flying.

My son threatens to be an Annapolis admiral, but I think he will end up at Harvard, as my father and I both did. My daugh-

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ter is a student at Cushing Academy. You can't pry this family loose from Massachusetts since Saltonstall overcame his handicaps of birth and education by winning gubernatorial honors.

My hobbies are travel, flying (if I could afford it), and swimming. My religion is Universalist. My pet aversions are New Dealers. My principal conclusion from life, arrived at in 1918, was that this world would never be safe for democracy and decency until Germany was absolutely and completely defeated.

[Atwood reported to the *Bulletin*, after writing the above, that he is a lieutenant in the Quartermaster Corps at Camp Lee, Virginia. — *Secretary*.]

JOSEPH AUSLANDER

ADDRESS: Congressional Library, Washington, D. C.

BORN: Oct. 11, 1895, Philadelphia, Pa. PARENTS: Louis Auslander, Frances Martha Asyueck.

PREPARED AT: Eastern District High School.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914–1918. DEGREE: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917 (18).

MARRIED: Svanhild Kreutz, May 8, 1930 (died Jan., 1931); Audrey Wurde-
mann, May 17, 1933, Greenwich, Conn. CHILD: Svanhild Frances Martha,
Jan. 9, 1931.

OCCUPATION: Writer and Lecturer.

OFFICES HELD: Instructor, Harvard University, 1919–1923; lecturer in poetry,
Columbia University, since 1929; consultant in English poetry, Library
of Congress, 1937.

MEMBER OF: Poets, Playwrights, Editors, Essayists and Novelists; Poetry
Society of America; Hispanic Society of America (corresponding
member).

PUBLICATIONS: *Sunrise Trumpets* (verse), 1924; *Cyclops' Eye* (verse), 1926;
The Winged Horse (with Frank Ernest Hill), 1927; *Hell in Harness*
(verse), 1930; *Letters to Women*, 1930; *No Traveler Returns* (verse),
1933 (anthology) *Song of America* (with wife), 1934; *Will Shake-
speare*, 1934; *Prose Cavalcade*, 1934; *More than Bread* (verse), 1936;
Riders at the Gate (verse), 1939. Editor, *The Winged Horse Anthology*
(with Frank Ernest Hill), 1928; *Shakespeare's Sonnets*, 1931. Trans-
lator, *The Fables of La Fontaine* (Books 1–6), 1930; *The Vigil of Venus*,
1931; *The Sonnets of Petrarch*, 1931. Poetry editor, *North American
Review*, 1936–1939.

JOSEPH AUSLANDER is now playing in the big league reports so we shall have to quote from the latest edition of "Who's Who." From 1918 to 1924 he did graduate work at Harvard. From 1921 to 1922 he was at the Sorbonne in Paris. He has been a lecturer

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in poetry at Columbia since 1929, and has served as consultant in English poetry at the Library of Congress.

JOSEPH WHITE AUSTIN

HOME ADDRESS: 1738 Laurelwood Circle, Cincinnati, Ohio.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 817 Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

BORN: Oct. 2, 1895, Winton Place, Ohio. PARENTS: Alpheus Benjamin Austin, Fannie Wilshire White.

PREPARED AT: Madisonville High School, Cincinnati, Ohio.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; C.L.U. (American Coll. of Life Underwriters), 1931.

MARRIED: Dorothy Helmers, Oct. 6, 1927, Cincinnati, Ohio.

OCCUPATION: General Agent, National Life Insurance Company.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled seaman 2d class U. S. Naval Reserve Force June 29, 1917; assigned to Naval Aviation Detachment, Mass. Inst. of Tech., Oct. 1; transferred to Naval Air Station, Hampton Roads, Va., Nov. 26; to Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Fla., Jan. 14, 1918; appointed ensign March 23; transferred to Naval Air Station, Miami, Fla., April 24; commissioned 2d lieutenant U. S. Marine Corps May 23; stationed at Marine Flying Field, Miami; served overseas with 1st Marine Aviation Force, Northern Bombing Group, July 18 to Dec. 20; transferred to Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Norfolk, Va., Dec. 21; released from active duty Jan. 30, 1919; 2d lieutenant, U. S. Marine Reserve, 1919-1927.

JOE AUSTIN began his business career in Ohio. Before entering the life insurance business, he was connected first with a lumber company and then a soap company.

WALTER LINDSAY AVERY

HOME ADDRESS: 21 Owen Drive, Maplewood, N. J.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Eastern Air Lines, 10 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y.

BORN: Dec. 10, 1892, Columbus, Ohio. PARENTS: Frank Elmer Avery, Jessie Williams.

PREPARED AT: East High School, Columbus, Ohio.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1915-1917. DEGREE: S.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Harriet Sturm, July 15, 1919, Columbus, Ohio. CHILDREN: Walter Sturm, Oct. 18, 1921; Betty Virginia, April 13, 1925.

OCCUPATION: Superintendent of Passenger Service, Eastern Air Lines.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private 1st class Aviation Section, Signal Corps June 14, 1917; sailed for France Sept. 9; detailed to 2d Aviation Instruction Center, Tours, Sept. 29; commissioned 1st lieutenant Aviation Section, Signal Corps Feb. 11, 1918; attached to French Squadron No. 471 April 7; assigned to 95th Aëro Squadron, 1st Pursuit Group, July 21;

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taken prisoner Oct. 3 when plane was shot down at Dun-sur-Meuse; released Dec. 1; discharged March 22, 1919. Engagements: Château-Thierry, Marne-Aisne offensive (Vesle River), Saint-Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne offensives. Officially credited with the destruction of two enemy airplanes and one balloon. Awarded Distinguished Service Cross and Croix de Guerre.

MEMBER OF: Maplewood Country Club; Raritan Yacht Club.

WALTER AVERY was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross "For extraordinary heroism in action north of Château-Thierry, France, July 25, 1918. While on his first patrol over the enemy's lines, Lieutenant Avery attacked an enemy two-seater biplane. While thus occupied he was vigorously attacked by another enemy plane, but by a quick turn, skillful maneuvering, and accurate shooting, he drove the second plane to the American side of the lines, where it crashed into the woods. Lieutenant Avery's motor had been badly damaged by bullets, but he made a successful landing back of our lines, where he learned that the enemy pilot who had been made prisoner was a German ace with sixteen victories. Lieutenant Avery's conduct was especially commendable because his plane had been seriously damaged at the beginning of the combat." In 1920 he was living in Paris. In 1923 he was with the Pure Oil Company of Columbus, Ohio. In 1927 he was an automobile dealer in Columbus, and in 1937 he was superintendent of the Eastern Air Lines in New York, where he is still employed.

ROBERT WITBECK BABCOCK

HOME ADDRESS: 1705 Hill St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Wayne University, Detroit, Mich.

BORN: July 26, 1895, Albany, N. Y. PARENTS: Dr. Robert Babcock, Maria Witbeck.

PREPARED AT: Albany Academy, Albany, N. Y.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917; A.M. (Univ. of Wisconsin), 1923; PH.D. (Univ. of Chicago), 1929.

UNMARRIED.

OCCUPATION: College Professor.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Aug. 13, 1918; detailed to Infantry Central Officers' Training School, Camp Lee, Va.; discharged Nov. 30, 1918, and commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Officers' Reserve Corps. Member Citizens' Military Training Camp, special course, Fort Sheridan, Ill., 1940.

OFFICES HELD: Secretary and chairman of English XIV, Modern Language Association, 1933 and 1934.

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MEMBER OF: Michigan Academy; Modern Language Association; Modern Humanities Research Association; University Club of Ann Arbor; Phi Beta Kappa.

PUBLICATIONS: *The Genesis of Shakespeare Idolatry*, University of North Carolina Press, 1931; *Creative Writing for College Students*, American Book Company, 1938 (in collaboration with Professors R. D. Horn and T. H. English); *Elements of Composition*, American Book Company, 1939 (with same collaborators); many articles on Shakespeare and eighteenth-century writings.

BOB BABCOCK tells his story from "Proem" through "Antistrophe" to "Epilogue:"

PROEM

AS I sit in this lonely University Club late at night and look back on twenty-five years, it seems as if a ghost life has gone by — utterly unreal and often quite futile. Only yesterday Bancroft, Whitehouse, and I were climbing Belmont Hill against Yale, and I've never seen them since. Ashley used to wake me up late at night talking and fighting in his sleep. Not a line from him, either, in twenty-five years. So also North, Woodbridge, Bob Cook, etc. I guess I've been a ghost for twenty-five years!

ANTISTROPHE

(See Hillyer)

After a complete physical crack-up in 1917-1918, I finally got in the Army for a few months in 1918, in the Central Officers' Training School at Camp Lee, Virginia. Our company commander, Langdon Simon, Harvard '18, who had been initiated on the *Advocate* the same night I was, stopped me in the company street one boiling hot Virginia afternoon, looked around warily, and told me I'd get a commission if I didn't make a damned ass of myself. I did — get a commission, I mean — but the war stopped just at that tremendous moment.

Then I tried a government job in Washington, business with Joseph Husband, Harvard '08, in Chicago, and ended up teaching freshmen in Wisconsin in 1919, a diluted English A (from that Harvard blackish notebook we had as Freshmen under Greenough, Hersey, and Company). I've been teaching English — often freshmen — ever since. I have forty-six in one class right now,

and they are so damn *young*! Or maybe I'm *old*! I'm forty-six myself.

The University Club life in Madison — Alex Small, '16, was there, among others from Haavuud — was splendid. But I had a bad time with a mincing ass of a professor in charge of freshman English, and left for the University of Iowa in 1921. Friendly people, lazy life. Finally I was chased to Chicago by Professor Hardin Craig to get a degree — that is, a Ph.D.

I've been lucky at this degree business. I picked up an A.M. in Wisconsin because they were flunking every other one that day and I got sandwiched in between two "flunkees." In Chicago Professor R. S. Crane rode me like all four horsemen for four years, off and on, and I came out with a thesis — *The Genesis of Shakespeare Idolatry* — and a Ph.D., which I have lived on ever since. So I can thank that Crane for another lift (what a pun!). Only last month (September, 1941) he told me I hadn't had an idea since I left him. Maybe he's right!

Incidentally, I've been in Jamaica, Bermuda, Cuba, and Puerto Rico, but the drinks are all about the same. I made no further investigations.

I published a couple of freshman textbooks in 1938 and 1939, with the very great help of two other absent-minded professors, one in Georgia, and one in Oregon, but the executive job of managing those manuscripts (I was literally in the middle, with the American Book Company prodding my rear end) laid me low with pneumonia in 1940. I lost seven months' salary, to say nothing of my dignity on a horse in Arizona.

I suppose I'd like to live these twenty-five years all over again, but I suspect I'd be the same damn fool all over again, too.

I voted three times for Roosevelt and once, believe it or not, for Coolidge, because the Iowa Phi Gams had made me a Fiji. At odd moments I've collected stamps (especially in England — but I'm not passing any around in June) and seventeenth- and eighteenth-century drama quartos (some firsts), chiefly in England, also. I pass them vaingloriously around classes and so far haven't lost a one. I have no family, no social life, no religious convictions, and no violent political leanings. I have been tremendously interested in research for many years, and the Michigan Library here in Ann Arbor is very valuable, but my colleagues tell me

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it's pure sublimation, nothing else. Now and then I do find a baser instinct cropping up.

I have no particular aversions. That Wisconsin professor has long been forgotten, though I wrote a novel once to roast him. I have never dared to publish it, but the world has lost nothing by this. I do still dislike seeing these midwestern "atheletic" kids wear their letter-sweaters rightside out, mainly, I suppose, because I missed mine in that last fatal Yale race. By the way, I hope Bingham has changed that asinine method of giving letters by Yale meets only. Coeducation I took in stride, I think, and now these "fluffy little balls of loveliness" (with thanks to H. C. Hutchins of Yale) on the campus are very invigorating, especially in middle age.

EPILOGUE

In full retrospect this life of mine for the last twenty-five years looks pretty futile. But when you consider the fact that in 1918 I was put away in a sanitarium with an "abandon-hope-all-ye-who-enter-here" motif, perhaps I haven't done so badly after all. At least I've kept struggling. I had to give up journalism and business as too vigorous for me, and though I went into teaching with fearful bitterness and disgust, I've come to love it — though I do not like Detroit at present. Actually, it saved my life. But the Damocles-sword of 1917-1918 has always been over me. In 1927 I cracked completely in Chicago; in 1931 and 1935 I went to England to save myself; in 1939-1940 I finally had to give up work and go to Arizona to recuperate (if one can call it that in such heat).

'Way back in the Sexennial Report I wrote, "I hope to catch up with the rest of the Class by 1950." Well, I have nine more years, at the moment. But it's not easy. Maybe I have no right to come forth as a member of 1917 next June. Perhaps not — yet? But I've done the best I could in the face of that 1917-1918 collapse. I wonder, meanwhile, what the next twenty-five years will bring — if anything?

MALCOLM PALMER BAIL

HOME ADDRESS: 355 Cabot St., Newtonville, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 56 Batterymarch St., Boston, Mass.

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917

BORN: April 1, 1895, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: William George Bail, Marietta King Palmer.

PREPARED AT: Public Latin School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. War Certificate, 1918.

MARRIED: Mary B. Kimball, Nov. 8, 1923, Newton, Mass. CHILDREN: Janice, March 23, 1925; Jocelyn, May 20, 1931.

HARVARD BROTHER: Hamilton Vaughan Bail, '13.

OCCUPATION: Insurance Broker.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Aug. 15; assigned to 30th Infantry, 3d Division; commissioned provisional 2d lieutenant Infantry, Regular Army, Oct. 26, 1917; sailed for France April 1, 1918; transferred to 102d Infantry, 26th Division, July 16; wounded July 23 at Epieds; promoted provisional 1st lieutenant Aug. 1 to date from Oct. 26, 1917; resignation accepted April 4, 1919. Engagements: Champagne-Marne defensive, Marne-Aisne, Saint-Mihiel, and Meuse-Argonne offensives.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of Boston.

BEFORE going into the insurance business, Mal Bail was interested in cotton, possibly, as he intimated in his report for the Sexennial, because his surname sounded similar to the unit of that commodity. He writes:

THE first World War took two years of my life after I left College in May, 1917. I was commissioned at Plattsburg in August, 1917, and was stationed in New York State and North Carolina for a few months prior to joining the American Expeditionary Forces in England and France. I served at the front with the 30th and 102d Infantry, 3d and 26th Divisions. Although I won no medals, and deserved none, it is a certain satisfaction to know that I was there. The memories of those war days cannot be erased entirely.

My first jobs after the war took me to all the New England and most of the southern states for a few years. My work during this period can be put down in the record as just so much experience and education. Travel is a means of growing up, so I am told. Since 1925 insurance has been my occupation, and in 1929 I went into business for myself as a general insurance broker.

Like many other individuals I have identified myself during my married life with the community interests and activities of the city in which I live. Collecting funds, for instance, for the usual annual appeals has not escaped me, and membership on the local

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Republican City Committee has kept me busy at election time. My latest venture has been concerned with civilian defense. I attended the first Air Raid Precaution School in Boston last June, and the knowledge which I have acquired might come in handy in case we are bombed.

As to hobbies, my chief interest for many years has been that of book-collecting, while stamps, photography, and various sports have taken some of my time. I am particularly interested in books relating to the last war. My library, while small, contains many books, pamphlets, and war posters issued by all the belligerent countries, including many German proclamations. I have derived a great deal of pleasure from correspondence on the subject with many interesting people in the country.

We have no son to send to Harvard but, if all goes well, my older daughter will enter Smith, her mother's Alma Mater, next fall.

As to aversions — well, live and let live!

THEODORE LITCHFIELD BAILEY

HOME ADDRESS: 14723 Drexmore Rd., Shaker Heights, Cleveland, Ohio.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Otis & Co., 2000 Terminal Tower, Cleveland, Ohio.

BORN: Sept. 13, 1894, North Scituate, Mass. PARENTS: Henry Turner Bailey, Josephine Maria Litchfield.

PREPARED AT: Scituate High School, Scituate, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B. *magna cum laude*, 1917.

MARRIED: Helen Louise Moyle, Oct. 5, 1920, Plymouth, Pa. CHILDREN: James Moyle, Jan. 31, 1923; John Turner, Dec. 2, 1926; Jean, April 1, 1928.

OCCUPATION: Investment Banker.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered service private Aug. 29, 1918; assigned to Headquarters Company, 152d Depot Brigade, Camp Upton, N. Y.; discharged Dec. 9, 1918.

TED BAILEY has had an interesting career as a newspaper reporter and has interviewed many famous men. After three years of this kind of life he became interested in investment banking and still is. Red figures, unless they are Harvard red, do not perturb him, as he is color blind. He writes:

MY first three years out of College were spent in the newspaper business as a reporter for various publications including the *Jamestown* (New York) *Journal*, the *Jamestown*

Post, the *Chautauquan* (New York) *Daily*, the *Cleveland Press*, the *Cleveland News*, and the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*. One of my city editors is said to have been the original of the hard-boiled managing editor in *The Front Page*. For these various newspapers I covered all sorts of assignments and "beats," from music criticism and the church column on the one hand to baseball and the police station on the other, and learned a few things which Harvard had failed to teach, to say nothing of un-learning some others, including my "Harvard accent" which the cops and dicks ridiculed.

Among those whom I interviewed were Franklin Delano Roosevelt, when he was assistant secretary of the Navy; Count Tolstoy, son of the famous Russian novelist; Otto Kahn, a financial leader of an era that has gone; Russell Conwell, of *Acres of Diamonds* fame; Opie Read, the newspaper man; "Tay Pay" O'Connor, the Irish nationalist; Vachel Lindsay, the poet; and various and sundry politicians, murderers, and assorted citizens. Mr. Roosevelt, in commenting on the unpreparedness of the Navy at the outbreak of World War I, told of an admiral having a message wigwagged to a nearby battleship and getting this reply: "Crew is ashore buying a newspaper. He will carry out your orders as soon as he returns." As to "Tay Pay" O'Connor, I was told by an old-time New York City newspaperman that it was impossible to interview him. I found him in bed at his hotel, and he suggested that I write out my questions and wait in the lobby for the answers. I waited only an hour but it took me three hours to decipher the three or four pages of his handwritten answers. I was assigned to cover a series of readings by Vachel Lindsay over a period of a week and found this one of the most stimulating of my newspaper contacts.

After these three years I became associated with Otis & Company, investment bankers in Cleveland, and have been with them ever since, except for two years in the depths of the Depression. My work, originally consisting of the preparation of circulars descriptive of new offerings of securities, has (under the Securities Act of 1933, the Securities Exchange Act of 1934, the Public Utility Holding Company Act of 1935, and the Trust Indenture Act of 1939) developed into the somewhat complicated task of registration statements and prospectuses, lightened by the much

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more interesting and sometimes spectacular job of handling publicity.

During the two years I was away from Otis & Company I spent part of the time as special assistant to the president of Chautauqua Institution, Chautauqua, New York, devoting my time to budgetary and other financial matters. Incidentally, I have spent part or all of every summer at Chautauqua, except one, since 1909, and met my wife there seven years before we were married. This is the original Chautauqua from which the various travelling chautauquas derived their name. I was an early enough Chautauquan to have known Bishop John H. Vincent, one of the co-founders, and his son George H. Vincent of the Rockefeller Foundations. George Vincent was, by the way, one of the most dynamic, forceful, and rapid public speakers I have ever heard and it took two of us working simultaneously to cover his lectures back in 1917 and 1918. We each took down every other sentence, not knowing shorthand, and patched the two sets of notes together afterwards.

My life as a private in the Army was most delightful, with no reveille and no drills, but only "paper work," with regular office hours of 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., together with many salutes from raw recruits who thought because I wore glasses that I was an officer and consequently decided to take no chances. Incidentally, one of my office associates in the Army was a business partner of Charlie Fabens, '13, who was president of the Harvard Chess Club during one of the years I was a member. Charlie was president either before or after brain-truster A. A. Berle.

My hobbies are either sedentary or cheap, or both. I have carried on in chess and have played in inter-club tournaments in Cleveland. I have also kept up the interest in Shakespeare which was given a tremendous impetus in College by the late George Lyman Kittredge, from whom I have had several delightful and characteristic letters over the last twenty-five years. In spite of the handicap of a certain amount of color blindness, I am an amateur ornithologist, after a fashion. I know that a blue jay is blue, for example, but if he were merely known as a jay, I would be forced to say that he is either blue or purple, the red rays in the purple not registering any too well on the rods and cones of my retina. There has been a lot of red ink in financial state-

ments over the past decade and, unless such figures have been in Harvard red, I have had to consult my associates or take the trouble of adding up a whole column in order to be sure certain figures were red and not gray.

If I have any chief "intellectual" hobby, it is Henry David Thoreau. In this connection I have run into Odell Shepard again. Shepard was an instructor, in my day, in one of Professor Schofield's courses in early English literature, and is now Lieutenant Governor of the State of Connecticut. Last year I carried on a one-man campaign to get Thoreau into the Hall of Fame, but failed by half a dozen votes. Elections are quinquennial so I have five years to work before the next election. I am a member of the national committee selected at Concord, Massachusetts, on Thoreau's birthday in 1941 to formulate plans for a national Thoreau society and to report at Concord on Thoreau's birthday in 1942.

Although I have two sons (to say nothing of a daughter), I regret that I could not enter the name of either of the boys under the heading "Harvard Sons" in the Questionnaire for the Twenty-fifth Anniversary Report. One of the boys is in the Class of 1944 at the Case School of Applied Science, while the other, who will be graduated from the Shaker Heights High School in a couple of years, seems to dismiss automatically the name of Harvard in considering possible college connections. My wife's influence over the children must be somewhat stronger than mine because my daughter will undoubtedly go to her mother's college, Bucknell University.

As for politics, I am the first Democrat in three centuries of Scituate (Massachusetts) Baileys. This makes one of my pet aversions (suggested as a possible topic for the Class Life) Republicans, others being swing music, tripe, most movies, and the "stream of consciousness" school of writing, together with modern poetry in the obscure manner.

"Early in the rest of my life," as someone has happily phrased it, I hope to intensify the hobbies which have kept me going during the past twenty-five years. See the Fiftieth Anniversary Report for results.

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT

EDWIN OSBORNE BAKER

HOME ADDRESS: 189 Canton Ave., Milton, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Preston, Moss & Co., 24 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Feb. 21, 1896, Cambridge, Mass. PARENTS: George Pierce Baker, Christina Hopkinson.

PREPARED AT: Cambridge Latin School, Cambridge, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917.

MARRIED: Ewing Adams, Oct. 25, 1917, St. Louis, Mo. CHILDREN: Patricia, Sept. 4, 1918; Christina, Aug. 17, 1922; Edwine, June 14, 1924.

HARVARD BROTHERS: John Hopkinson Baker, '15; Myles Pierce Baker, '22, M.D., '28; George Pierce Baker, '25, A.M., '30, PH.D., '34.

OCCUPATION: Investment Banker.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled pay clerk, Pay Corps, U. S. Naval Reserve Force, May 2, 1917; assigned to Naval Cost Inspection Office, Fore River Shipbuilding Corporation, Quincy, Mass., May 14; appointed ensign Nov. 28; released from active duty May 1, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Warrant Committee, Town of Milton, Mass., 1938-1939; secretary, Union for Good Works, New Bedford, Mass., 1926-1929; president, Friends Academy, New Bedford, 1927-1929.

MEMBER OF: Milton Club; Downtown Club; Bond Club of Boston; Municipal Bond Club of Boston.

NED BAKER believes that a college does not offer the best kind of training for thousands of boys. He writes:

LIKE many others, I left College in the spring of 1917 to chase submarines, but after joining the Navy, I was never actually on a vessel, save when it was safely tied to a dock. My belligerency was confined to cruising by motor and train to Charlestown Navy Yard, Fore River, Squantum, New York, Washington, and way stations, this travel being on the financial side of destroyer and submarine construction.

After the war I obtained a job with the United Shoe Machinery Corporation in Boston and ran into real warfare between employee factions. So much so, in fact, that I was instructed to keep away from the office until matters were settled. Much time, on the payroll, was spent at the ball park. From this pleasant work I moved to New Bedford, Massachusetts, and for the next ten years lived there as manager of a cotton merchant's office, a lazy, pleasant life for awhile, and then a troublesome one as mill after mill went out of business. The cotton business having more or less given up the ghost, I made Wall Street my next

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stop. Arriving there in the spring of 1929, I had just begun to realize how little I knew when the crash proved my growing belief to be quite correct.

In 1931 I moved back to Boston and settled in Milton. My three daughters have gone to Milton Academy, the youngest finishing this year. The last eleven years have been spent in the investment banking business with three firms, but since 1934 with Preston, Moss & Company. My partners are Jerome Preston, Harvard 1919, James W. Moss, Yale 1921, Foster M. Trainer, Harvard 1919, and James G. Hinkle, Yale 1921. The ratio of three to two seems a satisfactory basis. The politicians say an active minority is essential. Perhaps so, if one is of the majority.

Among my few remaining convictions I might mention, first, my belief that thousands of boys would be better equipped for life if they went to technical or trade schools rather than academic colleges, and second, that the college course provides two choices: (1) of two years with a degree similar to the present one, and (2) of four years with a degree indicative of real achievement.

FARNSWORTH KEITH BAKER

HOME ADDRESS: Clinton Ave., Falmouth, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Lawrence High School, Falmouth, Mass.

BORN: Aug. 6, 1894, Brookline, Mass. PARENTS: Edward Farnsworth Baker, Mabel Keith.

PREPARED AT: Pomfret School, Pomfret, Conn.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Anne Goodnow, Aug. 14, 1917, Newton, Mass. CHILDREN: Nancy Goodnow, Nov. 10, 1922; Farnsworth Keith, Jr., July 29, 1932.

OCCUPATION: Teacher of Mathematics and Latin.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Aviation Section, Signal Corps, May 18, 1917; detailed to School of Military Aëronautics, Mass. Inst. Tech.; to Mineola, N. Y., July 13; honorably discharged July 28, 1917. Enlisted private Motor Transport Corps Nov. 27, 1917; assigned to Company C, Motor Supply Train, 5th Division, Jan. 5, 1918; sailed for France June 10; promoted corporal June 23; transferred to Motor Supply Train, 7th Army Corps, in October; with Army of Occupation, Germany; discharged July 8, 1919.

FARNIE BAKER left the wholesale grain business to teach school on Cape Cod. He writes:

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MY life history is uneventful but Clem says he must have it, so here it is. I was married in August, 1917, and enlisted in the Army in the same year. I went overseas in June, 1918, and returned in July, 1919. I took a course in business administration and for the next seven years was in the wholesale grain business in Boston.

I lived in Jamaica Plain, where my daughter, Nancy, was born. We spent our summers in Falmouth on Cape Cod and in the fall of 1927 I decided to become a year-round resident. I became a teacher in the Falmouth schools, first in the Junior High and later in the High School, where I teach mathematics and Latin and where I am a director of guidance. I attended Harvard Graduate School for several summers and since then have spent a great deal of my leisure time sailing, fishing, and cruising, but that will probably be over for the duration.

My son was a depression baby, born in 1932, and keeps me young and active.

We are what you might call war-minded here. Although I am not yet in the Army again, my daughter's husband is in the Yankee Division as are many of my friends and neighbors. We have been as a community actively engaged in civilian defense this winter. I have taken courses in air raid prevention, first aid, and radio, and am a post warden for my district.

Nineteen-seventeen is certainly a war class and it is impossible to tell what we shall all be doing by June, but Hitler and the Japs permitting, I'll be in Cambridge, where I hope to find many of the rest of you.

GEORGE FREDERICK BAKER

HOME ADDRESS: 425 Riverside Drive, New York, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Electrolux Corp., 274 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

BORN: Jan. 25, 1896, West Roxbury, Mass. PARENTS: George Taylor Baker, Marienne Webster Johnson.

PREPARED AT: Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Helen Seymour, Nov. 16, 1919, Cambridge, Mass. CHILD: Richard Seymour, March 9, 1921.

OCCUPATION: Salesman.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled seaman 2d class U. S. Naval Reserve Force June 25, 1917; assigned to Naval Aviation Detachment, Mass.

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Inst. Tech., Aug. 8; transferred to Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Fla., Oct. 2; qualified as Naval Aviator; appointed ensign Feb. 13, 1918; sailed for overseas service March 15; assigned to Officers' Bombing School, Moutchic, France, April 6; served as instructor; transferred to Naval Dirigible Station, Guipavas, Oct. 23 as instructor; to U. S. S. *Northern Pacific* on transport duty Nov. 22; released from active duty Jan. 8, 1919.

AFTER he got out of the Navy George Baker was for a number of years with an exporting and importing concern in New York. In 1927 he was a crude rubber broker in New York, and in 1937 he was with his present company.

HENRY BAKER

HOME ADDRESS: 4 Greenway Ct., Brookline, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 483 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: May 10, 1894, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Jacob K. Baker, Rose Weiss.

PREPARED AT: English High School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914-1918. DEGREES: A.B., 1917 (18); M.D., 1922.

UNMARRIED.

OCCUPATION: Physician; Professor of Clinical Medicine, Tufts College Medical School.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Medical Enlisted Reserve Corps July 29, 1918; not called to active duty; discharged Dec. 21, 1918.

OFFICES HELD: Member Board of Directors, Allerton Hospital, Jewish Memorial Hospital, Leo Levi Memorial Hospital, Hot Springs, Ark., Boston Gastroenterological Society, Hyam Solomon Lodge, B'nai B'rith, Congregation Beth Israel; member senior visiting staff, Boston City Hospital; member senior staff, Jewish Memorial Hospital; member staff, Beth Israel Hospital; consultant to Evangeline Booth Hospital, Allerton Hospital; chief, Heart Clinic of Boston City Hospital.

MEMBER OF: American Board of Internal Medicine; American Medical Association; Massachusetts Medical Society; Knights of Pythias; several local medical societies.

PUBLICATIONS: Several scientific papers on diabetes and heart disease.

EVIDENTLY Henry Baker has been "busy" during the last twenty-five years. He writes:

UNDER present war conditions with rationing of essentials, especially paper, wouldn't it be more patriotic to leave out our useless tales of what happened to us after Commencement? But if you insist, here is the story, provided there is no plagiarism

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and none of the following important historic data is used for another *H. M. Pulham, Esq.*

The mysteries of science lured me back to Cambridge, and I found myself at the Graduate School studying hygiene and sanitation. A year later I was enrolled at the Harvard Medical School. As the war was still on, I combined anatomy, etc., with calisthenics by joining the Medical Reserve Corps for students. I received my M.D. in 1922 and started my medical internship at the Boston City Hospital. Just before completing this work, I was appointed assistant at the Tufts Medical School. I was kept busy. Maybe it was the result of that thing loosely called "ambition," or whatever it was, that I was later elected instructor, then assistant professor, and now professor of clinical medicine at Tufts Medical School. The American Board of Internal Medicine certified me as a specialist in internal medicine. As you can see, I was pretty busy. In the meantime, I became a member of various medical and social organizations such as the American Medical Association, the Massachusetts Medical Society, the New England Heart Association, the Greater Boston Medical Society, the Knights of Pythias, and a member of the board of directors of the Boston Chapter of National Gastroenterological Society, the Leo Levi Memorial, the Allerton Hospital, the Jewish Memorial Hospital, B'nai B'rith, and the Congregation Beth Israel — which keeps me busy. As a result of my work, I became a member of the senior staff of the Boston City Hospital. I am also consultant physician at the Evangeline Booth Hospital, the Jewish Memorial Hospital, the Allerton Hospital, and am on the staff of the Beth Israel Hospital. In addition, I am in charge of the heart clinic at the Boston City Hospital. You see, I keep busy.

I have had some of my papers published on my research work, and I've lectured in and out of this Commonwealth on various subjects, but mostly on diseases of the heart, diabetes, and endocrine disorders. All of which keeps me sort of busy. In between times I attempt to maintain an active practice at 483 Beacon Street in Boston (plug) while living in Brookline.

Oh yes, "busy." The absent-minded professor forgot to get married — or was he too busy? Will have to call upon the '17 men for help.

In my spare time, if and when I can find some, I play a very

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remarkable game of golf. I have finally been able to break 250 for eighteen holes while losing only thirty balls, and at the same time developing a magnificent vocabulary of cuss words. I also seem to do a great deal of exploring in the rough country adjacent to the fairway. The trouble must be with my golf clubs!

JOSHUA BAKER, JR.

HOME ADDRESS: 360 Putnam Rd., Union, Union Co., N. J.

OFFICE ADDRESS: c/o Loizeaux Builders Supply Co., 140 Third St., Elizabeth, N. J.

BORN: Jan. 26, 1894, Newton, Mass. PARENTS: Joshua Baker, Lucy Arnold Shaw.

PREPARED AT: St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Theodora Muldaur, May 6, 1922, Elizabeth, N. J. CHILD: John Seaward, March 22, 1923.

OCCUPATION: Retail Dealer in Building Materials.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted April 7, 1917, in U. S. N. R. F. as seaman; commissioned ensign in Aug., 1918; served in Cruiser and Transport Force on U. S. S. *Von Steuben*; released from active service in April, 1919.

OUR thanks to Josh Baker for these few lines written against his will:

I HAVE tried to avoid writing my "Life" which sounds too much like "My Day," but our long-suffering Class Secretary has insisted so patiently that I have finally broken down to avoid another of his pathetic appeals. However, these few lines are written against my will, because I think such things are not usually of general interest.

With many others I left College in April, 1917, and spent two years in the Navy with service in Boston Harbor and at sea with the Cruiser and Transport Force.

In 1919 I moved to Elizabeth, New Jersey, and although I did not like this change at first, it was fortunate, for here I found that it was a much happier life not to be single.

My work for most of these years has been in metallurgy including a most interesting year in Swansea, Wales, in 1927. Since 1936 I have been in the building material business, now principally occupied with supplying war industries — and wondering if I would be of any use to the Navy this time.

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ROBERT BALDWIN

HOME ADDRESS: 91 Somerset St., Belmont, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Second National Bank of Boston, 111 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: April 9, 1895, Wellesley Hills, Mass. PARENTS: Frank Fenno Baldwin, Lucy Cushing Nash.

PREPARED AT: Volkmann School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Frances Benedict, June 5, 1918, Cambridge, Mass. CHILDREN: George Benedict, April 25, 1920; David, Feb. 9, 1922; Robert, Jr., May 1, 1924; Nancy, Sept. 20, 1926.

HARVARD SON: David Baldwin, '44.

HARVARD BROTHERS: Roger Nash Baldwin, '05; Herbert Nash Baldwin, '13.

OCCUPATION: Vice-president, Second National Bank of Boston.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 1st lieutenant Infantry Aug. 15; assigned to Machine Gun Company 301st Infantry, 76th Division; sailed for France June 28, 1918; transferred to 1st Provisional Machine Gun Regiment, 76th Division, in Oct.; to Prisoner of War Escort Company No. 231 in December; attached to American Commission to Negotiate Peace, Paris, May, 1919; discharged July 9, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Vice-president, Second National Bank of Boston; director, Hunt-Spiller Manufacturing Company, Boston, Yuba Consolidated Gold-fields, Incorporated, Animal Rescue League; Town Meeting Member, Town of Belmont; Warrant (Finance) Committee, Town of Belmont (five years); trustee and treasurer, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Shady Hill School, Cambridge (formerly); president, Bond Club of Boston, Corporate Fiduciaries Association of Boston (formerly); trustee, Boston Young Men's Christian Union; corporation member, Northeastern University.

MEMBER OF: Concord Country Club; Harvard Club of Belmont.

BOB BALDWIN's sympathetic and kindly disposition makes him an ideal person to help in "other people's affairs and worries." Bob started his training as a banker when he became a member of our Freshman Finance Committee. He writes:

WHILE no one expects a banker's life to prove exactly exciting, looked at objectively, my first ten years in the investment banking field, and the subsequent dozen or so in trust work for a commercial bank, have offered sufficient surprises and changes to make me now practically unsurprisable — and the process has not been uncolorful. It seems that my investment banking experience carried an optimistic note which was rather

rudely shocked after ten years of groping for security. Escape to the seemingly more legitimate banking field has not quite eliminated all care, but that nonsense about the possibility of calm security for anyone has been well dispersed.

Interesting as well as delightful associations in business have given me much satisfaction, and just where to locate the myriad of knaves who supposedly infest the business world somehow puzzles me.

For sidelines, I've gotten a kick out of being connected with the development of an elementary school whose pattern of education seems to possess certain features too often neglected in our colleges. I've dabbled in various and sundry charitable fields, and have served my town as a town-meeting-member, as well as a member of its finance committee, for some years, seeing how the New England idea of democracy works and occasionally stumbles. My knowledge of art certainly cannot be blamed for my recently acquired job as treasurer and trustee of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston — but it's something which seems to carry a satisfying reward to the soul, particularly during these ghastly times of destruction of beauty in the Old World.

Topping all interests, however, has been my family. Its growth, education, and varied interests, including its normal appetites, have furnished plenty in the way of joys, surprises, occasional consternation — and always the necessity of working for the wherewithal, as my good fortune seems not to have centered itself upon things material. Perhaps that in itself is a major piece of good luck, for I can continue to concentrate unhampered upon other people's affairs and worries, and not be concerned that the supply will run out.

As for the Big Worry, Chapter II of World War the First, dwarfing all other concerns, we Seventeeners seem to have timed our efforts so successfully that we find ourselves in the same spot after twenty-five years. Still, I'm for leaving the word "progress" in the dictionary, even if we have to fight to keep it there.

SUMMERFIELD BALDWIN, III

HOME ADDRESS: 1818 Beresford Rd., East Cleveland, Ohio.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio.

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BORN: Sept. 4, 1896, Washington, D. C. PARENTS: William Woodward Baldwin, Katherine Willard.

PREPARED AT: Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, N. H.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREES: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917; A.M., 1917; PH.D., 1928.

MARRIED: Rosamond Wilder Smith, April 28, 1927, New York, N. Y. CHILDREN: Patricia Woodward, Nov. 12, 1928; Mary Willard, Dec. 8, 1931; William Woodward, 2d, Nov. 9, 1935.

OCCUPATION: Assistant Professor of History.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private U. S. Army Ambulance Service June 13, 1917; assigned to Section 510; sailed for France in August; with Army of Occupation, Germany; discharged April 28, 1919. Engagements: Verdun and Argonne fronts, Marne-Aisne offensive. Awarded Croix de Guerre.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of New York.

PUBLICATIONS: *The Organization of Medieval Christianity*, 1929; *Business in the Middle Ages*, 1937; "God and the Secular Power," in *Essays in History and Political Theory in Honor of C. H. McIlwain*, 1936.

SUMMERFIELD BALDWIN has a unique chronological way of recording his life. His explanation of the use of Roman numerals may be confusing to the reader who needs only to understand that Baldwin begins his saga with his twenty-second year and progresses to his forty-sixth. His saga:

MY life years, like the academic years which have so long ruled my life, begin in Michaelmastide. I have documentary evidence, from a diary, as to how the first days of my twenty-second and twenty-third years were spent. The remainder of my annals will provide a hypothetical reconstruction of where and how I spent Michaelmas. The Roman numerals stand for years S.B. To reduce these to years A.D., add 1900 and subtract 4.672. (Example: XXII S.B. equals September 4, 1917 — September 3, 1918.)

XXII. Twenty-first birthday. Litter drill in morning. Eight-mile hike in afternoon. Read Racine's *Les Frères Ennemis* and played poker in evening.

XXIII. Twenty-second birthday. Morning in office. I accompanied Chase on search for new poste. We went to Large and got Captain Martin (see November 18). Then on to Cerceuil where long wait and wine with brancardiers and artillery adjutant. Daly arrived worried lest I had gone too far. We went on to the Vesle, and lay around in the open for about an hour, in full

view of Saucisse, looking out over Braisne and the Vesle valley. Then I returned to Cuiry-House and took charge of what little circulation there was. Slept with brancardiers. (N.B. These texts obviously offer such serious hermeneutic problems, and are so equivocal, that I shall not attempt to comment upon them.)

XXIV. Michaelmas. Arose in time to get to Browne and Nichols School for an eight o'clock. Was bullied by my future brother-in-law and other members of Form II. Wondered if I were cut out for a schoolmaster. Wonder if Mr. Reed wonders.

XXV. Ditto. Arrived in Paris as a Field Service Fellow in French Universities. Looked for winter quarters and found them at 50 Rue Madame, *chez* Mollet. Left for London, via Dieppe and Newhaven.

XXVI. Ditto. Charles Homer Haskins stopped me in the Yard and suggested that I become an assistant in History 1. I was greatly flattered and pleased and of course accepted. I had immediately to rearrange my schedule, and dropped, needless to say, the course on the Renaissance and the Reformation. — From *Memoirs*, entitled "Harvard in the Twenties."

XXVII. Ditto. I got an inordinate kick out of actually teaching at Harvard, and seeing my name in print on the section list. . . . Added to my privileges was that of a "pink stack card" which allowed me absolutely free access to the books in the Widener Library. I am afraid that I roamed the stacks a great deal, looking up things which had little to do with the fields I should have been preparing. — *Ibid.*

XXVIII. Ditto. We hear *Benedicamus Domino* at 4:30 A.M. . . . in time for Matins at five. The windows of my "cell" look out over the beautiful enclosure and tree-lined walk which borders Loch Ness. Walked with the other novices about ten miles in the afternoon, along the road from Fort Augustus to Fort William. Solemn vespers at five-thirty. Cigarettes! — From *Memoirs* entitled "Ten Years After."

XXIX. Ditto. Am living in a miserable little room on Kirkland Street, and am assisting Professor Lord in History 1 at Radcliffe. Still trying to nerve myself for German language exams and the Generals.

XXX. Ditto. Living in Fairfax Hall, and teaching history to

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prospective librarians and clothing experts. Spent evening with John W. Glynn. Doolin, Thomas, and Denis W. Brogan also in. He breakfasts on ice cream at The Merle.

XXXI. Ditto. Still live at Fairfax. Am writing for the magazines instead of for the University.

XXXII. Ditto. Spent the day puttering around a house in Arlington, of which I seem to have become the tenant. How can such things be?

XXXIII. Ditto. Here we are, all three of us, in a flat at 125 North Main Street, Greensburg, Pennsylvania. Classes in morning. Reading proofs in afternoon.

XXXIV. Ditto. Made a speech at Jefferson Day dinner this evening.

XXXV. Ditto. We have moved, but are still on North Main Street.

XXXVI. Ditto. Wrote a poem:

Hamilton, old Alexander,
Was an inflater and expander;
But Mellon, greatest in succession,
Achieved his glory by depression.

XXXVII. Ditto. Wrote another poem:

Of Presidents this is the plan,
As each advances to the bat:
Do nothing, if Republican;
Do anything, if Democrat.

XXXVIII. Ditto. Wrote another poem:

The recognition, long delayed,
Of Russia should encourage trade,
Provided that the Soviets,
Like other nations, pay no debts.

XXXIX. Ditto. Am now living on Cathedral Street, Baltimore, instead of North Main Street, Greensburg. Wrote a rhyming Epistle:

Dear *Pax*: Your reason has no flaw:
Against toy soldiers pass a law,
And so forever end the shame
Of making war seem like a game.
Yet why stop there? Let's onward press,
And outlaw hockey, football, chess;

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Bridge and backgammon furthermore —

Thus ending games that seem like war.

XL. Ditto. Typed an article for *The Commonwealth*.

XLI. Ditto. Am living in Bob Binkley's house on Windward Road, in outermost Cleveland. Read page proofs of *Business*.

XLII. Ditto. Brought the grand total of freshmen who have sat at my learned feet to an even 600, almost all girls.

XLIII. Ditto. Have moved from Cleveland to East Cleveland and am worn out.

XLIV. Ditto. Composed a hymn for my son, to be sung to the tune of *He Leadeth Me*:

A charlatan, a charlatan

Don't be a baby charlatan;

But be your mother's little man,

And not a baby charlatan.

XLV. Ditto. Bought four tons of coal.

XLVI. Ditto. Composed my Class Life. *In medio vitae, in morte sumus.*

SHREVE BALLARD

ADDRESS: 124 Miramar Ave., Santa Barbara, Calif.

BORN: April 5, 1894, Louisville, Ky. PARENTS: Bland Ballard, Adele Lawrence Shreve.

PREPARED AT: Thacher School, Ojai, Calif.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Annabel Noland, July 5, 1933, Ojai, Calif. CHILD: Pamela Shreve, April 9, 1942.

OCCUPATION: Portrait and Pictorial Photographer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered service private Feb. 25, 1918; assigned to Company C, 317th Field Signal Battalion, Camp Devens, Mass.; detailed to Madison Barracks, N. Y., May 5; to School of Aërial Photography, Rochester, N. Y., June 30; to School of Aërial Photography, Ithaca, N. Y., Aug. 5; discharged Dec. 11, 1918, and commissioned 2d lieutenant Air Service Officers' Reserve Corps; resigned from Reserve.

MEMBER OF: Montecito Country Club; Channel City Camera Club (president).

WE are glad to learn that Shreve Ballard has not given up the practice of "rope-spinning" with which he many times entertained the Class in College. He writes:

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AFTER a year of military service I came to California. I started with the Title Insurance and Trust Company of Los Angeles on May 26, 1919, became assistant secretary in 1923, I think, and stayed with that company in various capacities until 1936. My health broke down, so I resigned and did no work for a couple of years. In 1938 I resumed photography as a profession and am keeping up that work, liking it better all the time.

As for hobbies: I did rope-spinning in school and College and still do it. I am still planning to publish a book of detailed instruction for beginners and advanced ropers. I have been working sporadically on this for three years.

PHILIP BALTY

BORN: Aug. 1, 1894, Glasgow, Scotland. PARENTS: Bernard Moses Balty, Esther Lena Balty.

PREPARED AT: English High School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1914.

PHILIP BALTY is one of our "lost" men and the only information we have about him is the following which is taken from Seventeen Men: "Philip Balty was born in Glasgow and prepared for college at Boston English High School. He remained with the Class for a single year only. The Boston City Directory of 1915 reported that his family had moved to New York. Of three teachers in English High who recommended him for Price Greenleaf Aid, only one is now living and he remembers nothing about the boy. The family physician is dead. The last information on file about Balty at Harvard is contained in a letter which he wrote to Dean Yeomans on December 28, 1917, from 384 Mott Avenue, the Bronx. The registrars of motor vehicles in New York State and in Massachusetts have issued no driving license in this name."

AMOS ROBERTS BANCROFT

HOME ADDRESS: 3 Mortimer St., New Canaan, Conn.

OFFICE ADDRESS: First Boston Corp., 100 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

BORN: May 25, 1895, Newton, Mass. PARENTS: Frederick Bigelow Bancroft, Elizabeth Roberts.

PREPARED AT: Newton High School, Newton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

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MARRIED: Dorothy Stilson Bailey, June 29, 1927, New Bedford, Mass. CHILD: Richard Amos, July 11, 1930.

OCCUPATION: Advertising Manager, First Boston Corporation.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Aug. 15; assigned to 301st Infantry, 76th Division, Camp Devens, Mass.; detailed to School of Military Aëronautics, Austin, Texas, March 23, 1918; returned to Camp Devens May 29; detailed to School of Military Aëronautics, Princeton, N. J., June 6; to Aviation School, Chanute Field, Ill., July 15; qualified as Reserve Military Aviator October 18; ordered to Post Field, Okla., Oct. 27; discharged Jan. 6, 1919. Commissioned 2d lieutenant Air Service Officers' Reserve Corps; in U. S. Aviation Reserve to 1924.

OFFICES HELD: Vice-president, New York Financial Advertisers, 1936; advertising manager, First Boston Corporation, since 1928.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of New Canaan; Downtown Harvard Lunch Club.

BOB BANCROFT finds that it is a long way from Hell Gate to "The Nearest Station to Heaven." His "Life:"

THE Armistice found me at Post Field, Fort Sill, Oklahoma, and left me there until my discharge in 1919. I returned to Boston and entered the wool business with Crimmins & Peirce and later the investment business with Lee, Higginson & Company. In 1924 I joined the predecessor of the First Boston Corporation, then the affiliate of the First National Bank of Boston.

In 1926 a casual weekend in New Bedford developed into mid-week and weekend commuting. This addiction was satisfactorily overcome through the medium of a June wedding the following year. We lived in Weston for a year and then moved to Newton. Today my immediate ménage consists of the same wife, running-mate, or little woman, as the case may be, one male offspring, aged twelve, one Scottie dog, too much insurance, one spare tire, and three pounds of sugar.

In 1930 I was transferred to the New York office of the First Boston Corporation, where I am today specializing in the advertising, publicity, and sales promotion side of the business.

From 1930 to 1935 we lived in Montclair, New Jersey, where I was active in the affairs of the Harvard Club of New Jersey. For the next four years we were in Scarsdale, New York, and in 1939, because of my wife's health, we moved to New Canaan, Connecticut. New Canaan is identified on the mast-head of the

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town's newspaper as "The Nearest Station to Heaven," which may account for the fact that so many Harvard men make their homes there. (Note to Bostonians re commuting time to Wall Street:

Ninety minutes each way
Three hours every day
Try that on the B & A.)

My extracurricular pleasures seem to be antidotes for commuting and office work, to wit, exercise and fresh air. I enjoy tennis, swimming, golf, and hiking anywhere, but particularly in the White Mountains. In the winter time I enjoy ice hockey played in a conservative manner as befits one of my advanced years and bald pate.

So twenty-five years from graduation, up through the twenties, era of "wonderful nonsense," through the Depression into the New Deal and third term, our country again is at war against the same enemy — plus! Who doubts that the youngsters of today can do the same job that we were called upon to do? Who doubts that the productive genius of the United States will outdistance the enemy in the present mechanized war? And who doubts that the United States will be the leading nation of the world for centuries to come? It is up to Harvard and to us Harvard men and our children to do our part to insure leadership commensurate with this responsibility.

✦ WILLIAM TORREY BARKER

BORN: Aug. 18, 1895, Jamaica Plain, Mass. PARENTS: William Torrey Barker, Susan Withers Warden.

PREPARED AT: Middlesex School, Concord, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917 (16).

MARRIED: Ruth Jane Abbott, June 6, 1925, New York, N. Y. (divorced 1934).

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Detailed to Army Service School, Fort Leavenworth, Kans., Sept. 1, 1917; assigned to 11th Field Artillery, 6th Division, Nov. 15; detailed to Army Artillery School, Valdahon, France, a captain, Jan. 1, 1919; returned to United States; stationed at Camp Knox, Ky., discharged Aug. 4, 1919. Engagement: Meuse-Argonne offensive.

DIED: June 20, 1938, New Ipswich, N. H.

SISTER: Mrs. R. Heber Howe, 49 Tyler Rd., Belmont, Mass.

FOR twelve years before his death Barker had been a member of the faculty of the Belmont Hill School in Belmont, Massachusetts, holding the position of director of the Lower School at the time of his death.

Immediately after graduation he went to Kansas City, Missouri, where he worked in a bank for about a year. After serving in the Army until August, 1919, he went back to Kansas City, where he was employed by the American Sash and Door Company. From June, 1920, until September, 1921, he travelled around the world. Upon his return he entered the teaching profession, serving at the Middlesex School in Concord, Massachusetts, before going to the Belmont Hill School.

During his undergraduate years Barker was a member of the Freshman Mandolin Club, the A. D. Club, the Phoenix Club, the S. K. Club, the D. K. E., the Institute of 1770, and the Memorial Society.

From a tribute to Bill Barker appearing in the magazine published by the boys of Belmont Hill School and written by one who had known him intimately during his dozen years of devoted work there, our classmate, Robert Baldwin, quotes the following lines:

"Bill had at least two of the gifts that qualify a man for the difficult and exacting order of friendship. He could lead people to talk in a way that enabled them not only to express but to 'get onto' themselves; and he was interested in and fond of his friends for what they were, faults and all. He did not preach much, but he started them looking at themselves, as he did at them, in a complete picture with the wickedness included. He knew that no boy or man or woman can be truly mature without ripening all through like good fruit. Like a good teacher and a true friend Bill could give the reassurance of his affection and interest, while making a person recognize and accept his own weakness as part of a good and growing whole.

"His older friends valued these same qualities in Bill all the more because they knew that his own maturity had not come to him without pain and struggle. As a boy, and as a young man during and after the war, he suffered and fought with disillusionment and disgust; and his was always the private conflict of one who tries to reconcile a sensitive nature with a skeptical intelli-

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gence. He grew to great and wise tolerance of human failing, but preserved a shrivelling intolerance of anything he took to be a sham."

ARTHUR WILE BARUCH

HOME ADDRESS: 839 Mullen Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 413 S. Fairfax Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

BORN: Aug. 15, 1894, Los Angeles, Calif. PARENTS: Berthold Baruch, Rose Wile.

PREPARED AT: University of Southern California, Los Angeles, Calif.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916.

MARRIED: Adaline Anna Stenton, Feb. 14, 1922, Santa Ana, Calif. CHILDREN: Anne Rose; Stenton Arthur.

OCCUPATION: Mortgage Loans on Real Properties and Real Estate; General Insurance and Investments.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: United States Army, 1917-1921, A. E. F., Siberia; United States Army Intelligence Service - Foreign Service in Manila, Siberia, and the United States.

OFFICES HELD: United States Federal Grand Jury, 1941.

MEMBER OF: California Real Estate Association; National Association of Real Estate Boards; Interchange of Los Angeles.

BESIDES the above outline all we know about Arthur Baruch is that some time before 1927 he "travelled extensively during a two-year period throughout the Philippines, Borneo, Australia, Japan, China, Siam, Mongolia, Siberia, and adjacent countries." In 1927 he was with a wholesale baker in Los Angeles and in 1937 he was connected with a provision company of the same city.

CHARLES MATTHEW MOSES BASKIN

OFFICE ADDRESS: Imperial Oil Ltd., 56 Church St., Toronto, Ont., Can.

BORN: July 4, 1893, Moscow, Russia. PARENTS: Matthew Noah Baskin, Edith Ruskin.

PREPARED AT: Various night schools and private tutoring.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916.

MARRIED: Gertrude Dutrumblay, Feb. 12, 1922, New York, N. Y.

HARVARD BROTHER: Maurice Baskin, '11.

OCCUPATION: Asphalt Technologist.

OFFICES HELD: Vice-president, and at present member Board of Directors, Association of Asphalt Paving Technologists.

MEMBER OF: American Society for Testing Materials; American Chemical Society; American Petroleum Institute; Association of Asphalt Paving Technologists; Association of Professional Engineers of Ontario; Canadian Engineering Stdrs.; Chemists Club, New York City; International

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Club, Lima, Peru; Granite Club, Toronto; Mississauga Golf and Country Club, Toronto.

PUBLICATIONS: Technical articles in *Canadian Engineer, Chemical & Metallurgical Engineering*; technical papers read at meetings of engineering societies in Toronto and Montreal, published in proceedings, in *Roads and Bridges*, Toronto; papers on technical investigations at meeting of Asphalt Institute and Association of Paving Technologists — in proceeding.

SOMEONE once said, "This road is not passable, not even jack-assable." Charles Baskin's job has been to make such roads passable. He writes:

IN this limited space I shall attempt to hit the high spots of scattered past, a turbulent and disturbing present — even the most careless will not dare talk about the future.

Russia, 1905–1906, a period where mere youngsters were murdered for attempted assassinations. The 1905 abortive revolution was hardly ground into the blood-soaked Russian earth when, along with many others, I left for America. Ours was a most curious lot, dispossessed peasants, ruined merchants, revolutionaries with false passports and prices on their heads, and I, barely a youth, onward over the seas to far-away America. Now, with many others of my original fellow-travellers, I can claim the distinction of becoming an American of my own free will, not because my forefathers managed to crowd on the Mayflower or because my father chose Americanism for me.

From arrival in America (Boston) in 1906 on to 1913 there was a series of various jobs from running errands to virtually melting in a foundry, but on the whole, these few years were to me the most impressive. I never lacked work nor did type of work ever bother me as long as I had some leisure hours to hang around the Boston Common, the Public Library, or on the doorsteps of Symphony Hall. It is these leisure hours that linger longest in my memory, hours that imparted to those years a color that never fades.

I can hardly say that I had plans. The best I can recall is a series of ever-changing inclinations. With me I always carried an esteem, if not a will, for learning, but on the whole I wanted a bit of everything — letters, art, and philosophy, with a definite leaning towards science. So, from the time of my entering Har-

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vard, it was again a scattered career with a certain concentration on chemistry.

Here I must emphasize that I did not enter the University for the purpose of learning something with which to make a career. Whether I "got on" or just drifted along was of no particular importance to me. No doubt my Russian origin and my youth in a land and in an atmosphere that was seething with unrest and uncertainty somewhat accounts for such an attitude.

It is quite natural that by 1916 I should have become tremendously disturbed about the war. I finally left for Canada and in 1918 established myself with Imperial Oil Limited as chief chemist at their Montreal East Refinery. I can't say that I got in on the ground floor, but in 1918 petroleum technology was in its infancy. Today the very elements of petroleum refining would fill volumes. The chief requisite in 1918 was a technical background, a will to work, and above all, imagination. A riotous imagination, often a serious fault, was definitely an asset then, as the refiner of that day was hardly an imaginative creature. Add to this a will to work, and I unconsciously slipped into industrial development. The incidents of that period, the rapid and ever-multiplying vulgarities of the rough and tumble world of commercialism were both irritating and humorous. I must say, however, that the fascination of research, the occasional escapes to northland lakes, and snatches of music, altogether did much to tone down the crudities of a system and an atmosphere that outwardly had all the earmarks of a "dog fight." I happened to tangle up with a relatively new industry — asphalt from crude petroleum. The end of our lamented Great War synchronized with the rapid development of highway construction. "Flivvers" of all types spread over the land like locusts, and roads had to be built by the public for a rapidly growing mass of motorists.

Thus, I plunged with considerable gusto into the development and application of asphaltic materials. I virtually became too busy to think, still less to dream. My existence was entirely transformed. In previous years a job was a sort of a temporary means to obtain a livelihood so as to be able to read, to listen to music, to stay in the University. Now the job was the be-all. It couldn't be the end-all. Frankly, I never thought that there was or could be an end or a purpose.

So, along with many others, I merged into the Mad Twenties (1920-1929). The period was marvelous if only because of the utter insanity of the rising stock-market ballyhoo. I, too, would have drifted into this haze, the daily racket of trying to buy something for five cents and hope for a sucker to buy it back for a dollar, had it not been for a break. In the spring of 1926 I had a call from our parent company, the Standard Oil of New Jersey, to proceed to France. Paris became a sort of temporary headquarters, and from there I covered the whole of Europe on a survey of production and use of asphaltic materials for road construction.

This constitutes another milestone in my existence, a change lasting and unforgettable. The year 1926-1927 was spent in constant travel, sojourns in our various refineries, conferences with engineers and technicians of all European countries, and frequent returns to Paris. It all brought me back to the socially disturbed Russia of my youth.

Along with all this I had an ample gaze at what appeared as a rather new phenomenon in the European scene — the “whoopie-making American” flinging around the money made so easily on the stock market. It was utterly disheartening to see people with no understanding of and a disregard for a broken, war-torn Europe, going about flaunting prosperity amidst want and despair, virtually scoffing at a continent headed for disaster.

The most disturbing, however, were my sojourns and contacts in post-war Germany. There one could readily see the rapid advance of a type of mass insanity. Somehow post-war Germany struck me as different from and yet very similar to disorganized and crumbling Czarist Russia of 1905. Both countries developed an international viewpoint, and an international consciousness. Russia developed a movement to fight oppression and the slogan — if only a slogan — was “to liberate the oppressed in all countries.” In Germany one witnessed a rising tide to fight everybody and anybody outside Germany for the benefit and glorification of the Germans only. In Russia the movement was definitely to combine with the outside world. In Germany the movement was to set themselves apart and above the rest of the world, openly and shamelessly aiming at the making of others slaves to the Germans.

It is thus that I returned to Canada and to the States in 1928 in

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a mixed and disturbed state of mind. The rise of a brutish conception of life was very definite throughout Europe, emanating principally from Germany. Anything goes to gain one's end, and it is these very forces that swept everything aside — humanism, lofty tradition including religion, anything to find a victim to exploit, to deride, and to lord over. Particularly was it disturbing to see the industrial and financial powers make common cause with the shaky aristocracies, the tottering kings and kinglets, to utilize this rising tide of brutality for their own personal ends.

I was very happy to return, to hit New York, and to plunge into the American indefiniteness of 1928 with everybody on top of the world. No one apparently thought for a moment that if some are on top, some must be underneath — but who gives a damn?

Thus ends another chapter, brief in terms of time, but vast in impressions.

Back to Canada, where I established myself as asphalt technologist for Imperial Oil and associated concerns. Ever since 1918 I had developed rather close associations with a number of technological organizations in the States and Europe. In 1920 I joined the American Society for Testing Materials, later the American Chemical Society, coöperated with the Bureau of Public Roads, and interested myself in various technological investigations in road construction, roofing, and waterproofing in general. But my main concern became the technology and economics of highway construction. It was these activities that took me all over Canada and the States and finally, in 1930, to South America.

South America marks another landmark in my career, if one may wish to call it so. From 1930 to today nearly all my winter months were spent in surveys and developments of road construction in South American countries, notably on the West Coast. There was one break, in 1932–1933, when I went to Europe, visiting the British Isles, France, Germany, Sweden, and spending some three months travelling through the Soviet Union. The main purpose of the journey was to get some idea of technological developments in the U. S. S. R., but on my way through I spent three eventful weeks in Germany and saw at first-hand the culmination of a madness I observed developing in 1926 and 1927. Aided by science on the one hand and selfish interests on the other, brutal-

ity was finally on top. While the three months in the Soviet Union gave me a pretty good insight into the localized proletarian world revolution, the three weeks in Germany were possibly more impressive. There I witnessed the virtual breaking up of civilization, a civilization full of faults yet replete with hope. What hope is there with and under brutality?

In an attempt to forget, I spent several weeks travelling through the south of France, through that incomparably beautiful country, a trip everyone should have made if only to convince himself that the French were the really civilized people of Europe. Away from sophisticated Paris, the Frenchman had a basic tolerance, an ingrained sense of the rights of man which, no doubt, came down to him from the terrible days of the Grand Revolution.

One can readily see that, coming back to an America in the throes of an economic upheaval, nothing could surprise me — nothing.

From then on, in spite of interesting work, comfortable living, pleasant and entertaining associations, I was going about with a deep disturbance. Extensive travel through Central and South America, countries that have muddled through a maze of utter illogic, there, too, I traced the web of confusion spread by the intricate and superbly organized Nazi scourge. The Nazi battle-cry throughout the Latin Americas was "Uncle Sam — the Imperialist Despoiler," and the democracies, the Americans and the British (the French were already out of the picture) — well, I shall spare myself and the reader, whoever he may be.

Rather a dark picture, but I still have a few things to fall back on. First, I always was and still am convinced that a world scheme based on brutality is bound to break down. No matter what the Nazis do, it will break, even in Germany.

Second, that we shall not have to wait so very long for this break. It will be well within your day and mine.

Third, the sustaining influence of culture. There is still music and poetry and color, we can well immerse ourselves in all this, if only temporarily.

Fourth, Nature. Throughout my travels, some of the brightest moments were trips through southern jungles, through northern woods, through the mountains and along rivers and lakes. Weather and season permitting, one can always fish, and with fly and lures

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I have lashed all kinds of waters from the Arctic regions to Tierra Del Fuego.

Fifth, speaking of hobbies: I don't like hobbies because they denote something that one freezes onto, and then there is again the battle for perfection. I am frankly indolent. I like golf, a game I enjoy at all times with the score entirely incidental. I am still not clear as to whether I prefer drifting around a course by myself to having one or more tired business men make a lovely stroll into a competitive battle.

Beyond this, I can say little. The future is something one dares not talk about. One is left merely with hope, hope as in the folk songs of my early Russian youth, hope that somehow or other "everything will come out right and happiness will be ours."

EDMOND ELKINS BATES

HOME ADDRESS: 1230 Idlewood Rd., Glendale, Calif.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Lockheed Aircraft Corp., Burbank, Calif.

BORN: Oct. 13, 1895, Medford, Mass. PARENTS: Henry Dodge Bates, Carrie Bell Elkins.

PREPARED AT: Medford High School, Medford, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917.

MARRIED: Dorothea Norton, Oct. 8, 1924, Winchester, Mass. (divorced 1931); Maria Clark, June 16, 1934, Nashua, N. H. CHILD: Edmond Elkins, Jr., July 6, 1939.

OCCUPATION: Airplane Manufacturing.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted and appointed sergeant Aviation Section, Signal Corps March 13, 1917; detailed to Curtiss School of Aviation, Miami, Fla., March 20; to School of Military Aëronautics, Mass. Inst. Tech. June 4; sailed for France July 23; stationed at Paris Aug. 13 to Oct. 13; commissioned 1st lieutenant Aviation Section Signal Corps Sept. 28; detailed to 3d Aviation Instruction Center, Issoudun, Oct. 15 and placed in charge of flying; to 7th Aviation Instruction Center, Clermont-Ferrand, Feb. 18, 1918, and placed in charge of bombing; assigned to 96th Aëro Squadron, 1st Day Bombardment Group, April 15; wounded Sept. 12; discharged Feb. 5, 1919. Engagements: Saint-Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne offensives. Officially credited with the destruction of one enemy airplane.

EDMOND BATES took up flying in 1915 after several years of building flying models and gliders. In the Sexennial Report he said, "My hobby is aviation, first, last, and always." His story:

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MY connection with aviation has interfered with my college activities. I was called into active service in March of our Senior year as I happened to be one of the few actively flying at that time. Now it looks as though my work at Lockheed would prevent my being at our 25th Reunion.

My life since leaving College has been a series of ups and downs—the downs having a slight edge. After two years of active service in France with the Air Corps, I returned to find plane manufacturers retrenching, and it was two years before I made a contact to build planes. This was my first down, and although I tried hard, I couldn't seem to get started. The next two years were fine—definitely an up—and then the Disarmament Agreement put plane manufacturing on the rocks again, and I had another down.

A year later I gave up my ideas of aviation and joined the Tufts Meter Works, manufacturing gas meters. This was another up that lasted eleven years. I married Dorothea Norton in 1924, but after seven years we separated. Another up and a down.

In 1934 the Depression finally caught me and I had another down in business, but an up personally, as I married Maria Clark, who has made me a wonderful wife and borne me a son, now two and a half years old.

The next six years were spent trying to develop a patent against the opposition of a monopoly. It should have put me on Easy Street, instead of on the rocks. If anyone is interested in a good patent, I've got one. I finally gave up the fight and joined Lockheed as a system's analyst. It now looks like another up, but as things are today, who knows?

JARVIS THAYER BEAL, II

HOME ADDRESS: Pembroke, N. H.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Pembroke Academy, Suncook, N. H.

BORN: April 3, 1893, Newton Center, Mass. PARENTS: Abijah Thayer Beal, Ellen Eliza Bird.

PREPARED AT: Newton High School, Newton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1918. DEGREE: A.B., 1917 (28).

MARRIED: Florence Marion Nott, June 1, 1922, Norwich, Vt. CHILDREN: Pauline Bird, Sept. 7, 1923; Roger Frank, Nov. 13, 1928; Shirley Jane, Sept. 15, 1930.

OCCUPATION: Headmaster, Pembroke Academy.

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MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Sergeant, 301st Field Signal Battalion, 76th Division; overseas with A. E. F. July, 1918, to Aug., 1919; on detached service as student at Emmanuel College, Cambridge University, England, April, 1919 to July, 1919. Engagement: Saint-Mihiel offensive.

MEMBER OF: Masonic Fraternity; American Legion; National Education Association; National Association of Secondary School Principals.

BEAL was a modest and efficient athlete. He won his "H" in baseball, in which sport he held down third base. Although he says, "Like Babe Ruth, my legs have gone back on me so that I can't run bases as I used to do for Doc Sexton and Fred Mitchell back in 1917," we have no doubt that he could still turn in a better performance at this than could the majority of his classmates. His story:

AFTER graduation I went overseas, having enlisted at Camp Devens in the 301st Field Signal Battalion of the 76th Division. I saw active service in the Saint-Mihiel sector. I was sent on detached service to Emmanuel College (where John Harvard attended), Cambridge University, Cambridge, England, for three months.

After my discharge from the United States Army I taught in succession in the schools of Adams, Massachusetts, Barre, Vermont, and Milford and East Jaffrey, New Hampshire. My major field of preparation was chemistry. I taught many and various subjects in those days. Now I just teach pupils.

I am at present headmaster of Pembroke Academy in Suncook, New Hampshire, where I enjoy the simplicity of the small town life and at the same time appreciate my proximity to the capital city of Concord.

My eldest daughter plans to enter Bates College this fall to study music and library work. I hope that my boy will go to Harvard.

I am a family man and have not travelled as extensively as some Americans. My chief hobbies are Boy Scouts and music. I have enjoyed singing for a number of years in the Concord Community Chorus. I have attended the Harvard Graduate School of Education for three summers — 1925, 1926, and 1941.

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EARLE HENRY BEAN

HOME ADDRESS: 55 Long Ave., Belmont, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 209 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, Mass.

BORN: Oct. 11, 1894, Yarmouth, Maine. PARENTS: Henry Warren Bean, May Viola Brackett.

PREPARED AT: Melrose High School, Melrose, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Alvera Caroline Gustafson, Sept. 17, 1921, Florence, Mass. CHILDREN: Bernice Christine, Sept. 18, 1922; Orville Earle, Nov. 28, 1926.

OCCUPATION: Designer of Printed Advertising.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private 1st class Aviation Section, Signal Corps Aug. 8, 1917; detailed to School of Military Aëronautics, Mass. Inst. Tech., Aug. 13; sailed for France Oct. 18; detailed to 3d Aviation Instruction Center, Issoudun, Nov. 5; qualified as Reserve Military Aviator; commissioned 1st lieutenant Air Service, Military Aëronautics May 13, 1918; detailed to 3d Air Service Replacement and Construction Depot, Saint-Maixent, July 18 as instructor; transferred to Casual Officers' Camp, Angers, Dec. 28; discharged Feb. 13, 1919.

EARLE BEAN chronologically summarizes his twenty-five years according to what they have meant to him. His "Life":

AS I write (December 8, 1941) war has been thrust upon us, much as it was during our Senior year at Harvard. In calling the roll of the past twenty-five years, my thoughts turn towards the present undergraduates, some of whom are sons of 1917.

Let them be of good cheer — it's better to live exciting times while you're young; you'll have your share of luck, come war or peace. If you have the good fortune to live an average classmate's life, you, too, will look back on many priceless memories at your own twenty-fifth reunion. I can illustrate this by recounting my own "average" experiences since graduation.

1917 — War declared; graduation into uniform; off to France through submarine-infested waters.

1918 — Flying training on tiny French fighter planes; commissioned first lieutenant, Air Service; Paris during Armistice week; Thanksgiving on the Riviera.

1919 — Sailing into New York Harbor; civilian clothes; a job — any job.

1920 — A year in New York City (you have to be young to

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enjoy that); our first reunion, with many classmates missing — permanently.

1921 — A better job in Albany, New York; marriage to a graduate of the New England Conservatory of Music; I had met her when I was a Junior at Harvard.

1922 — Coolidge becomes President; I become a father.

1923 — We experience the thrill of building our own home; we get Chicago on our first crystal radio set.

1924 — The baby walks and talks; the years begin to fly.

1925 — We move to Boston; go to the football games once more.

1926 — We build our second home; my four-year-old daughter has a new brother; the movies "talk"; we get our first car.

1927 — Decennial Reunion; Harvard wins the ball game on Class Day with a home run in the last of the ninth, two out, bases full.

1928 — Daughter begins school; I lost my last grandparent.

1929 — I take my family on our first automobile vacation tour; we visit Washington, Virginia, North Carolina; Wall Street collapses.

1930 — Business on toboggan; take motor tour to Canada and feel prosperous by comparison.

1931 — Motor trip to Cleveland Air Races; see German flyer named Udet.

1932 — The Fifteenth Reunion at Rye, New Hampshire, success in spite of Prohibition; Roosevelt elected without my vote; no vacation tour this year.

1933 — Motor trip to Florida; friends think we're crazy to go in summer time, but have wonderful time; just miss a hurricane.

1934 — Auto trip to Chicago World's Fair.

1935 — Take family on 11,000-mile auto trip; Grand Canyon, Hollywood and the movie studios; San Diego Fair, Redwood Highway to Seattle, Salt Lake, Yellowstone; what a country we have to fight for!

1936 — Put car and family on boat and sail for France (no submarines this time); high spots of eleven weeks of travel: driving in Paris rush-hour traffic, visiting war-time friends near Bordeaux, a wedding party in Tours, the Corniche Road on the Riviera, rowing in Monte Carlo Harbor, arrested for blowing horn in

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Rome, Venice in the moonlight, the Austrian Tyrol, floodlighted towers of Lucerne, medieval Rothenburg, Olympic Week in Berlin, dodging bicycles in Copenhagen, visiting relatives in Sweden, a boat ride down Oslo fjord, driving in London's left-hand traffic.

1937 — The sober, but satisfying Twentieth Reunion; an auto tour up the coast of Maine and Canada.

1938 — Motor trip to Florida; get hurricane at home this time.

1939 — I lose my mother; family takes a hiking tour of the New York World's Fair just as war breaks out in Europe.

1940 — Motor trip to New Orleans with side trip into Texas; my son, now thirteen, becomes youngest licensed amateur radio "ham" in Massachusetts; my daughter enters Wellesley College; my father dies.

1941 — My son enters high school and passes old man in height; my daughter takes 190-mile hike and horseback tour of National Glacier Park, Montana; my wife and I visit the Fish Pier to meditate.

1942 — War; another class graduates into uniforms; the cycle repeats.

As for myself I can only wish them luck and the philosophy of the young man who dreamed he had a million dollars. "You must have been very disappointed when you woke up!" his friend remarked. "No," he replied, "I spent it."

HAROLD REIMERS BECHTEL

HOME ADDRESS: 2500 River Drive, Davenport, Iowa.

OFFICE ADDRESS: First Trust and Savings Bank, Davenport, Iowa.

BORN: Sept. 20, 1894, Davenport, Iowa. PARENTS: George Martin Bechtel, Martha Reimers.

PREPARED AT: Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, N. H.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Marie Huebotter, Sept. 29, 1917, Davenport, Iowa. CHILD: James Martin, Jan. 28, 1923.

OCCUPATION: Banker.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Fort Snelling, Minn., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Aug. 15; assigned to Company F, 41st Infantry, Fort Wayne, Mich., Aug. 29; commissioned provisional 1st lieutenant Infantry, Regular Army; transferred to 69th Infantry, Camp Funston, Kans., Oct. 10, 1918; resignation accepted Jan. 3, 1919.

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MEMBER OF: Union League Club, Chicago; Elks Club, Davenport; Masonic Orders.

WHEN he was in College Harold Bechtel was on the track and gymnastic teams. After leaving the Army he made tracks for his home town of Davenport and started wrestling with the investment business in which he was active for many years. In 1937 he was treasurer of the First Trust and Savings Bank of Davenport, Iowa, where he still is.

PIERRE BÉDARD

HOME ADDRESS: 137 E. 38th St., New York, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: French Institute, 22 E. 60th St., New York, N. Y.

BORN: May 23, 1895, Lynn, Mass. PARENTS: Joseph-Armand Bédard, Rose Louise Valiquet.

PREPARED AT: Stone School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Caroline Baker Pryor, June 30, 1932, New Orleans, La.

OCCUPATION: Educational Administrator and Radio News Analyst; Director, French Institute in the United States; Director of Lectures and Secretary General Federation of French Alliances in the United States and Canada.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Commissioned 2d lieutenant Ordnance Dept. Nov. 17, 1917; assigned to Office of Chief of Ordnance, Washington, D. C., Nov. 20; transferred to Army War College, Washington, D. C., Dec. 20; sailed for France Jan. 10, 1918; assigned to Staff of General Bliss, American Section, Supreme War Council, Versailles; promoted 1st lieutenant Feb. 10, 1919; discharged May 27, 1919, in France.

OFFICES HELD: Secretary-general, member Board of Directors, Federation of French Alliances in United States and Canada; member Board of Directors, France America Society; one of founders and treasurer until 1940, Lycée Français de New-York; member Advisory Board, New York School of Fine and Applied Art; director and secretary Executive Committee, Board of Trustees, Museum of French Art, French Institute in the United States.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of New York; New York Society Military and Naval Officers World Wars; The Coffee House.

PIERRE BÉDARD believes in atavism and is sure that his ability to speak French has helped open the doors of many jobs to him. His story:

MY people having been among the first French settlers in North America, the Bédards arriving in Quebec in 1665, and on my mother's side even earlier in Canada, French traditions

in my family were always strong and undoubtedly they have, as has a speaking knowledge of French, greatly influenced my life. My grandfather wrote a history in which are included the speeches of Pierre Bédard, a member of the first parliament of lower Canada. These speeches, which I was reading again not long ago, were obviously inspired by a passion for defending French minority interests in what had been New France. I could not help but think that it may be a bit of atavism that has directed my present activities which are mainly concerned with extending the knowledge of French civilization in the United States and Canada.

Perhaps one of the most unusual and least known features of the work in which I am engaged is that it is carried on by Americans with American funds only and without political ties or objects. This policy, which was laid down forty years ago and encouraged by two eminent and enlightened representatives of the French government in Washington, Messrs. Cambon and Jusserand, has indeed served us well in these recent troublous times. We have thus been able to avoid the dissensions which have embittered so many Frenchmen and American friends of France. I was able to say last spring at the annual meeting of the delegates of our many groups of the Federation throughout the United States and Canada the following, which is translated from the French: "Societies having no political or ideological object, societies of an entirely autonomous character and affiliated with the Federation of French Alliances in the United States and Canada, the independence of which, as stated in its by-laws, has always been officially recognized, receiving no subsidies, nor instructions regarding its course of action, from the French government, our societies, sheltered from the political storms of nations, have but one mission, that of devoting themselves to the study of a civilization stemming from the great ancient civilizations and of extending the knowledge of that civilization, of drawing from its spiritual treasures, and of sharing with others the riches of the French mind. Today to this mission we have a right and a duty to add another: that of safeguarding a friendship of over a century and a half and not suffering to be severed the bonds which unite us with France."

Whereas for a time one might have wondered if our work would survive the reaction that followed the Armistice in France

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a year ago last June, now I think I can safely say that the overwhelming majority of our members, in the various societies with which I work, understand and value the true character of our endeavors — for which I am of course deeply grateful and happy. My father was one of the founders of the Federation of French Alliances in the United States — the foundation of which is in a great measure due to a Harvard man, James Hazen Hyde — and I, modestly following in his footsteps, should have deplored an interruption in activities which have always seemed so natural in American cultural life and so close to the hearts of most Americans.

Although I also describe myself as a radio news analyst (or commentator), I am not for the time being occupied with this work, which was interrupted by the Armistice in France. I had been broadcasting in French from WABC of the Columbia Broadcasting System via transatlantic telephone over the French network of the P. T. T. every week for over three years and a half and speaking of the American political scene. I lived through many crises, sit-down strikes, elections, Supreme Court enlargement, Munich, etc., and tried to tell the story, not content with amplification of headlines — which would not have satisfied the kind of French listeners I had anyway — and apparently got away with it. In any event, I was proud and happy to receive (with the Columbia Broadcasting System official present, of all the luck!) the commendation and thanks of the Honorable Cordell Hull.

To justify, before closing, the statement to the effect that undoubtedly French traditions and a knowledge of French have greatly influenced my life, it is, for example, because I spoke French that I did not go into aviation in 1917 — I had passed the examinations and was waiting for a call to the Air Corps, but was told I could make myself more useful in a staff job in the Army. Hence my orders to Washington and to the War College with perhaps one of the most interesting positions (outside of combat troops, of course) which a young fellow could have. I went overseas in a military diplomatic mission, headed by General Tasker H. Bliss, and was stationed at Versailles at the inter-allied Supreme War Council, where I was assistant secretary, code officer, and interpreter. As a post of observation in the last war, and

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what immediately followed, there were, I daresay, few better — and that experience was due simply to my French. Later my job with the Shipping Board in France, then later with the Bankers Trust Company, and finally here as director of the French Institute to which I was called by a group of trustees, many of whom are Harvard men, who had learned I spoke French, all these various steps in my life were due to my being a bilingual — and a graduate of Harvard, for that too has been important.

HERBERT HAUGHTON BELL

HOME ADDRESS: 38 Grace Ct., Brooklyn, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 34 Nassau St., New York, N. Y.

BORN: Oct. 11, 1895, Cincinnati, Ohio. PARENTS: Dr. William Herbert Bell, Agnes Elizabeth Haughton.

PREPARED AT: Hughes High School, Cincinnati, Ohio.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913–1917. DEGREES: A.B. *magna cum laude*, 1917; LL.B. *cum laude*, 1922.

MARRIED: Helen Frances Locke, July 30, 1927, Lexington, Mass. CHILDREN: Malcolm Haughton, Sept. 2, 1931; David Procter, March 28, 1933; Richard Locke, Sept. 9, 1935; Mary Elizabeth, Dec. 26, 1941 (died Dec. 30, 1941).

HARVARD BROTHERS: William Procter Bell, '20; Samuel Winslow Bell, '25.

OCCUPATION: Lawyer, Assistant General Counsel of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Aug. 15; detailed to School of Trench Warfare, Harvard University, Aug. 19; assigned to 158th Depot Brigade, Camp Sherman, Ohio, Sept. 27; transferred to Company E, 802d Pioneer Infantry, July 1, 1918; promoted 1st lieutenant Aug. 14; sailed for France Sept. 1; discharged July 30, 1919. Engagement: Meuse-Argonne offensive.

OFFICES HELD: Vestryman, Church of the Holy Trinity; member Board of Governors, Brooklyn Heights Association; chairman, Civilian Defense Volunteer Council of the 84th (Police) Precinct, Brooklyn.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of New York; Downtown Harvard Lunch Club (president 1932–1933); Association of Life Insurance Counsel; Rembrandt Club; Heights Casino; Harvard Law Club of New York (secretary 1926–1927); American Bar Association; Association of the Bar of the City of New York.

HAUGHT BELL took a temporary job in 1933 and he is still with the same concern. He writes:

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I SUPPOSE that a good many young and unthinking undergraduates look upon a member — any member — of the Class returning for its Twenty-fifth Anniversary as having one foot in the grave. That is the way I, as a freshman, and possibly even later, regarded them. Now, of course, it is all different. I can't stay up as late and as often as I used to — at the office or elsewhere — without feeling it a little, and I am beginning to think that it may become prudent to give up singles on the hotter days of summer after a few more years, but on the whole I, like most of you fellow-classmates whom I run across from time to time, seem to be pretty well preserved and give the lie to what was plainly a prejudice of my youth.

Sometimes, when busy, it doesn't seem so very long ago that we were back in Cambridge as undergraduates. Perhaps that is because after the war I went back to Law School, and so didn't finally leave the University until five years after we graduated. Perhaps it is partly because of the all-too-fleeting earlier reunions we have had. But for whatever reason it usually doesn't seem so very long ago. I put in "usually," because when I sit down and begin to think about writing my "life," it does seem that a good deal has happened in twenty-five years.

When I graduated I was awarded a Carnegie Fellowship in international law, which I resigned on entering the Army. After the war and Law School I went back home to practise for a year in Cincinnati with the firm of Paxton, Warrington & Seasongood. But I was still interested in international law and one of the principal reasons I came to New York in 1923 was the hope that I might, in some way, reestablish contact with that branch of the law. Although with the firm of Root, Clark, Buckner & Ballantine I worked on some cases involving international relationships, they were comparatively few, and I was soon almost entirely absorbed in the general practice of a large and very busy downtown firm. It was a most congenial association with a number of contemporaries or near contemporaries, both from Cambridge and from other colleges and law schools.

In 1927 I married Helen Frances Locke, Radcliffe '22. Our honeymoon was one of the memorable periods during these last twenty-five years. We started out with a visit to relatives in the north of Ireland, and then bicycled in the south of France. On

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one trip we took an electric railroad to Luchon, high in the Pyrenees, climbed afoot for the better part of a day, and then coasted for nearly three hours from the Porte de Peyresourde to Lourdes, with only hand brakes.

In 1931 our eldest son, Malcolm, was born; David was next in 1933; and Richard arrived in 1935. We had a little daughter born the day after Christmas last year, but we lost her five days later. As the boys grew we began to go to Connecticut for the summer and last year was our ninth on a little place we have in Easton, just over the Redding boundary line. If the commuting weren't so far, and if it weren't quite so cold in the winter for our little old farmhouse, we'd probably live there the year 'round, but now we come into Brooklyn for the winter. Since our house in the city is only one stop by subway from the office, I find it very hard to get in a balanced reading of the daily papers summer and winter, and am much better informed on the news of the day in summer than in winter.

Meantime, in 1933, I came over to the Mutual Life "temporarily" to work on some railroad reorganizations in which the company was interested as a bondholder. My first title was assistant financial manager, but though a law school publication listed me as having deserted my profession, the job was almost entirely a legal one. I worked on railroad reorganizations nearly all the time until January, 1939, when I became assistant general counsel. In that capacity I did a good deal of work in connection with the Temporary National Economic Committee's investigation of life insurance. This work was intensely interesting and through it I began to get what little knowledge I have about life insurance.

As war work I am helping in the organization of civilian defense in the district along the waterfront in Brooklyn from the southern edge of the Navy Yard for about a mile in the direction of Governor's Island and back into the city for about the same distance. It's little enough, but it is an important district.

GEORGE WHEELER BENEDICT, JR.

HOME ADDRESS: 41 Atlantic Ave., Cohasset, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: c/o Loomis, Sayles & Co., Inc., 140 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

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BORN: Aug. 14, 1895, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: George Wheeler Benedict, Anna Louise Bull.

PREPARED AT: St. George's School, Newport, R. I.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Marjory Gray Pierce, June 1, 1921, Milton, Mass. CHILDREN: Dora, April 25, 1922; Margaret, May 3, 1923; George Wheeler, 3d, Sept. 25, 1925; Lawrence P., Aug. 21, 1928.

OCCUPATION: Investment Counsel.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private 1st class Aviation Section, Signal Corps July 7, 1917; detailed to School of Military Aëronautics, Mass. Inst. Tech., Aug. 20; sailed for France Nov. 14; detailed to Flying School, Châteauroux, March 23 to July 8, 1918; commissioned 1st lieutenant Air Service, Military Aëronautics May 18; detailed to 3d Aviation Instruction Center, Issoudun, July 15; attached to Observers' School, Tours, Aug. 17 as staff pilot; discharged April 1, 1919, in France.

OFFICES HELD: Member Finance Committee, Town of Cohasset (chairman, 1940-1942); trustee, Derby Academy, Hingham, Mass.

MEMBER OF: Cohasset Yacht Club (secretary-treasurer); Cohasset Golf Club.

GEORGE BENEDICT has the unique distinction of being the father of two college class presidents (f.). He writes:

IT'S within three or four months of twenty-five years since we had our final exams moved ahead, and I enlisted in army aviation in World War I. Now I am writing on January 17, 1942, from my local Defense Center as I stand by at four A.M. for air raid warnings in World War II. I haven't flown a plane since "our" war, but I'm sure I could do better at that today if I had to, than I could at those college exams.

After a year and a half with the Army in France, my business "life" started with three years with the Hood Rubber Company. My urge to be an architect caught up with me, however, and I made a beginning, only to decide that, having just been married, the beginning was a little too late. Five or six years in the wool business didn't get me very far, and I gave it up to try the comparatively new profession of investment counsel. In this field I have been with Loomis, Sayles & Company since 1927, have liked everything about the job, and consider myself lucky.

Our family consists of two girls and two boys. This year the girls happen to be their respective class presidents at Bryn Mawr and Smith. We're not expecting the boys to do likewise at Yale and Princeton (if they should be foolish enough to go there), but you never can tell.

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We live the year 'round near the sea in Cohasset and love the combination of country and seashore. As the kids have grown up, we've managed to work in quite a few family trips (such as Washington, Virginia, World's Fair, Brittany, and Wyoming), realizing that the family would begin to scatter all too soon and make it impossible to travel en masse.

You would not be impressed with my record of publications, public offices held, and such, but I do not feel that the past twenty-five years have been wasted. Maybe you can read all about me in *Who's Who* at the end of the next twenty-five, but I'll be very happy if they just work out as well as the last.

ROBERT MORRIS BENJAMIN

HOME ADDRESS: 45 E. 82nd St., New York, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Parker & Duryee, 20 Exchange Pl., New York, N. Y.

BORN: April 26, 1896, New York, N. Y. PARENTS: Morris Woolf Benjamin, Irma Davidson.

PREPARED AT: Mackenzie School, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917; LL.B. *cum laude*, 1922.

MARRIED: Helen Caroline Weil, Dec. 28, 1925, New York, N. Y. CHILDREN: Mary Helen, Oct. 26, 1926; Robert Morris, Jr., Nov. 2, 1927; Stephen, May 30, 1932.

HARVARD BROTHER: Dr. John Davidson Benjamin, '23.

OCCUPATION: Lawyer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned captain Infantry Aug. 15; assigned to Company H, 303d Infantry, 76th Division, in September; sailed for France July 5, 1918; transferred to Company D, 163d Infantry, 41st Division, Nov. 9, 1918; to Company D, 313th Infantry, 79th Division, Jan. 18, 1919; to 159th Infantry, 40th Division, Feb. 2; discharged April 5, 1919. Commissioned captain Infantry Officers' Reserve Corps May 6, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Secretary to Mr. Justice Holmes, United States Supreme Court, Sept., 1922-June, 1923; Moreland Act commissioner, appointed by the Governor of the State of New York under Section 8 of the Executive Law, to study and report on the quasi-judicial procedures of administrative agencies of the State, since March, 1939; member, Alien Enemy Hearing Board (No. 1) for the Southern District of New York, since December, 1941; trustee, Hudson Guild, New York City, Practising Law Institute, New York City.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of New York; City Midday Club; American Law Institute; New York Law Society; Association of the Bar of the

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City of New York and other bar associations; Planning Board, Conference on Democratic Processes in New York State.

PUBLICATIONS: "Administrative Adjudication in the State of New York," report, as Moreland Act Commissioner, to the Governor of the State of New York (1942).

BOB BENJAMIN is a brilliant lawyer who has devoted much of his time to "the problem of maintaining democratic traditions and standards of fair procedure." His "Life":

THERE is little to add to the foregoing summary of my activities and interests since graduation. Nearly two years in the Army, three years in the Law School, and a year as secretary to Mr. Justice Holmes brought me to the fall of 1923 and the practice of law in New York City, which I am still continuing.

I was associated with Root, Clark, Buckner & Howland until February, 1929, with a leave of absence during most of the year 1926 to start a local legal department for Dodge Brothers, Incorporated, in Detroit. In March, 1929, I joined Franklin E. Parker, Jr., '18, Lloyd K. Garrison, '19, Robert L. Finley, '21, and Philip C. Jessup in the firm of Parker & Garrison (later, when Garrison left us for academic and public life, Parker, Finley & Benjamin). In 1938 we combined with the firm of Duryee, Zunino & Amen to form my present firm, Parker & Duryee.

For the last three years I have spent little time in private practice. In the summer of 1938 the New York State Constitutional Convention proposed an amendment to the State Constitution to provide for broader judicial review of the quasi-judicial decisions of administrative agencies. The proposed amendment was defeated at the election in November of that year. In his message to the Legislature in January, 1939, Governor Lehman announced that he would appoint a commissioner under the executive law to make a detailed study of the quasi-judicial procedures of all the departments, boards, and commissions of the state government, and of the existing system of judicial review, and to make recommendations. The Governor appointed me to that job in March, 1939, and I have been working at it steadily since, assisted by a staff of eight other lawyers. Our method has included observation of administrative procedures in operation throughout the state with the administrative personnel and with bar associations, labor organizations, and business organizations.

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The procedures that we have studied include those dealing with taxation, public health, the regulation of banks, insurance companies, and public utilities, the construction of factories and mercantile establishments, and the safeguarding of machinery, workmen's compensation, unemployment insurance, labor relations (under a statute similar to the National Labor Relations Act), minimum wages, parole, and the issuance, suspension and revocation of a great variety of professional, occupational, and other licenses. I expect to submit my main over-all report to the Governor in March. The main report will be followed by a number of separate reports on the procedures of individual administrative agencies.

Since December, 1941, I have had an additional job as a member of one of the Alien Enemy Hearing Boards for the Southern District of New York. These boards hear the cases of enemy aliens who have been apprehended for temporary detention, and recommend to the attorney general whether they should be interned for the duration of the war, paroled, or released outright.

These official activities are related to my profession, but they are related also to the problem of maintaining democratic traditions and standards of fair procedure in a system of effective government. My unofficial activities, where they have not been primarily professional, have generally been in the same field.

I should add, to avoid the wrong emphasis, that I also enjoy dining, dancing, drinking, smoking, art, music, reading, conversation, the theatre, travel, swimming, boating, tennis, dogs, and other things unrelated to the law and government; but I do not think that a detailed accounting of the way in which I have developed these tastes is called for here.

HAROLD SHEPHERD BENNETT

HOME ADDRESS: Bristol, N. H.

OFFICE ADDRESS: c/o Navy Dept., Washington, D. C.

BORN: March 17, 1896, Malden, Mass. PARENTS: Charles Henry Bennett, Grace Emily Shepherd.

PREPARED AT: Malden High School, Malden, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B. *summa cum laude*, 1917; A.M., 1924.

MARRIED: Harriet Benshimol, June 28, 1930, Concord, N. H. CHILD: Jane Wilkins, April 26, 1934.

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OCCUPATION: Naval Research Analyst.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled seaman 1st class U. S. Naval Reserve Force April 25, 1917; assigned to Navy Yard, Boston, Mass.; promoted chief yeoman June 15; transferred to Cost Inspection School, Harvard University; appointed ensign Pay Corps Aug. 2; assigned to Bath Iron Works, Bath, Maine, Aug. 29; served as cost inspector; transferred to Falk Company, Milwaukee, Wis., as resident cost inspector; to Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Company, West Allis, Wis.; to Edward Valve and Manufacturing Company, Chicago, Ill., Dec. 1; released from active duty July 12, 1919.

HAROLD BENNETT has given us a sketchy synopsis of his life. We can add that during part of his time as ensign in the Navy, from 1917 to 1919, he had charge of three cost inspection offices — two in Milwaukee and one in Chicago. After his discharge he was senior cost accountant, Civil Service, 1919–1920, and was with the United States Rubber Company from 1920–1923. Since then, until he went back into the Navy in 1940, he had been an instructor at the Harvard Business School, Harvard College, Simmons College, and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. His brief story:

NAVY, business, teaching, farming, Navy: that just about covers the facts chronologically since 1917. The teaching was mostly at Harvard, the farming in the hills of New Hampshire.

HOWARD GORDON BENNETT

HOME ADDRESS: 448 S. Prospect St., Burlington, Vt.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Dept. of Music, University of Vermont, Burlington, Vt.

BORN: Oct. 3, 1894, New York, N. Y. PARENTS: Charles Alpheus Bennett, Clara Emily Blodgett.

PREPARED AT: Bradley Polytechnic Institute, Peoria, Ill.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1915–1917. DEGREES: A.B. *magna cum laude*, 1917; A.M., 1924.

MARRIED: Elsa Kremers, Aug. 9, 1924, Madison, Wis. CHILD: Elsa Laura, Sept. 16, 1931.

OCCUPATION: Teacher.

HOWARD BENNETT sums up his twenty-five years in the following sentence:

EXCEPT for several years' graduate study at Harvard, Berlin, Munich, and Columbia, I have spent the last twenty-five years in teaching music at Denison, Vassar, and, chiefly, at the University of Vermont.

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ERNEST BENSHIMOL

HOME ADDRESS: 15 Shore Rd., Arlington, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: The New Preparatory School, 113 Brattle St., Cambridge, Mass.

BORN: May 23, 1897, Cambridge, Mass. PARENTS: Max Benshimol, Amie Schwartz.

PREPARED AT: Cambridge Latin School, Cambridge, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917.

MARRIED: Lulu Rebecca Sinnott, June 29, 1919, Marshfield, Mass. CHILDREN: Ernest, Jr., March 24, 1920; Robert Sinnott, Dec. 11, 1921; Richard, Dec. 23, 1924; Edward, May 29, 1931.

HARVARD SONS: Robert Benshimol, '43; Ernest Benshimol, Jr., '44.

OCCUPATION: Principal, The New Preparatory School.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted seaman 2d class U. S. Coast Guard June 4, 1918; assigned to duty in New York, N. Y.; sea duty on munition vessels; promoted chief yeoman April 1, 1919; served as chief statistician, 7th Company, New York Division; discharged June 3, 1919.

ERNEST BENSHIMOL entered his profession after graduation and became principal of the Marshfield High School until he enlisted. After the war he taught in Vineyard Haven, Cambridge, Brookline, and Winchester. He now heads The New Preparatory School in Cambridge. He sums up his twenty-five years as follows:

TWENTY-FIVE years after: Though I am forced to acknowledge a thickening of midriff and a thinning of thatch, I still strive and struggle with my sons — I am not yet the patriarch. I still have many more faults than virtues, and am not content. I still look on the world with a smile and an inclination to melancholy.

✦ PAUL CODY BENTLEY

BORN: Sept. 22, 1895, Cleveland, Ohio. PARENTS: Frederick William Bentley, Josephine Cody.

PREPARED AT: University of Chicago High School, Chicago, Ill.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Ambulance driver, American Field Service, Section 65, May 19 to Sept. 1, 1917, with French Army on Chemin des Dames front. Enlisted private U. S. Army Ambulance Service Sept. 1, 1917; assigned to Section 622; wounded Sept. 13 at Chemin des Dames; died of wounds Sept. 16, 1917, at Saint-Gilles, France. Awarded Croix de Guerre.

DIED: Sept. 16, 1917, Saint-Gilles, France.

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BENTLEY was among the first undergraduates at Harvard to enter the Military Training Camp at Plattsburg, which he attended in the summers both of 1915 and 1916. He had been a corporal in the Harvard Regiment and had hoped that through his military experience he might earn a commission. However, it was necessary to take an examination for the First Officers' Training Camp, and in it Bentley was rejected because of eye strain. He therefore enlisted at once in the American Field Service and arrived in France on May 30, 1917.

He was attached to the army on the Chemin des Dames in the Soissons-Rheims sector, the most active sector during July, August, and September. After sixty-two hours of continuous service under fire, Section 65, of which Bentley was a member, was cited as a section and received the *fourragère*. Subsequently, he individually received the *Croix de Guerre*. He was the first of his unit to receive it. He was severely wounded in action on September 13 and died three days later as a result of gas gangrene supposed to have been contracted from an infected shell. He is credited with being the first Chicagoan to fall in action, and the American newspapers gave him credit for being practically the first American to fall in action after the American Expeditionary Force was in service in France.

LOUIS BERMAN

HOME ADDRESS: P. O. Box 1232, Corpus Christi, Texas.

OFFICE ADDRESS: John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co., 242 Nixon Bldg.,
Corpus Christi, Texas.

BORN: Feb. 10, 1895, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Meyer Berman, Celia Gordon.

PREPARED AT: Public Latin School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; C.L.U. (American Coll. of
Life Underwriters), 1936.

MARRIED: Frances Boruszak, June 4, 1922, Chicago, Ill. CHILDREN: Geoffrey
Melvin, April 27, 1924; Barbara Ann, May 23, 1931.

OCCUPATION: District Manager, John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Com-
pany of Boston.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered service private Oct. 4, 1917; assigned to
Company I, 301st Infantry, 76th Division, Camp Devens, Mass.; com-
missioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Aug. 26, 1918; assigned to 35th Machine
Gun Battalion, 12th Division, Camp Devens, Sept. 5; detailed as battalion
adjutant; discharged Jan. 31, 1919.

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OFFICES HELD: Director and treasurer, Nueces County Chapter, American Red Cross.

TWELVE is a moving figure for Louis Berman. Twelve years after graduation he moved from Boston to Chicago, where he stayed for twelve years and then moved to Corpus Christi, Texas. He writes:

I MOVED to Chicago in 1929, and joined the Equitable Life Assurance Society's sales force in that city. On January 1, 1941, I was asked to head the Nueces County District of the John Hancock at Corpus Christi. Not knowing what progress I'd make in new surroundings, as well as with different temperaments, my family remained in Chicago until September 1, when business in "Corpus" warranted moving the family from Chicago. Incidentally, those who might say living alone is good for the soul and introspection, should be mentally examined. Having my family with me now makes life worth while again.

Since my arrival here I've been elected a director of the county chapter of the American Red Cross, and further honored by being chosen as their treasurer.

Compared with a former life in metropolitan centers, living in this city has not only been a new experience, but very interesting because of the "boom" from two sources: oil and the Naval Air Training Station.

Except for the above, my twenty-five years since leaving Cambridge, while not exciting, have been more than prosaic in nature, and life in general has been of interest.

MICHAEL BERMAN

HOME ADDRESS: 340 Crescent Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Hewitt Rubber Corp., Buffalo, N. Y.

BORN: May 12, 1896, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Abraham Berman, Sarah Aronson.

PREPARED AT: English High School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917.

MARRIED: Ray Feldman, Nov. 23, 1924, New York, N. Y.

HARVARD BROTHER: David Berman, '20.

OCCUPATION: Technical Superintendent, Hewitt Rubber Corporation.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered service private Chemical Warfare Service July 15, 1918; assigned to Edgewood Arsenal, Md.; discharged Dec., 1918.

MEMBER OF: American Chemical Society; American Society of Testing Ma-

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terials; Technical Committee of Rubber Manufacturers Association of America; Rubber Division of American Chemical Society.

PUBLICATIONS: Various articles on the manufacture of natural rubber products and synthetic rubber which have been published on numerous occasions in technical journals of various industries.

MICHAEL BERMAN has always been a rubber chemist and is proud to have helped in a noteworthy contribution to our air force. He writes:

I HAVE spent practically the entire twenty-five years of my industrial life since graduation in the rubber goods manufacturing industry, with the exception of a short interval in 1918 when I was inducted into the military service of our Uncle Sam.

At the present time Washington is keeping me fully occupied in an advisory capacity on the problem of stretching our crude rubber supply to last several years, until our great synthetic rubber manufacturing plants now under construction begin to turn out substantial tonnage to replace the natural product. If the Japs continue to hold Malaya and also capture the Dutch East Indies, practically no crude rubber will come into the United States. Here's hoping that we can turn out enough synthetic rubber in 1942-43 for our military needs, and have some left over to make automobile tires for civilian needs!

I have been fortunate enough to participate in the development of bullet-proof gasoline tanks for aëroplanes for our Army and Naval Air Corps. We have good reason to believe that many of our brave young airmen and their planes will return safely from combat with the foe, even with many bullet holes in their gasoline tanks, because of this development by American rubber chemists.

My travels have been confined entirely to the United States, and our family's favorite spot is sunny southern Florida in mid-winter. After experiencing the long snowy winters peculiar to Buffalo for twenty years, a trip to the sunny beaches and fishing grounds of the Gulf Stream is mighty relaxing.

My hobbies are golf and swimming. I have been trying for fifteen years to break 100, but must confess that the occasions when I do are rather infrequent during the regular season.

I am certain that the members of the Class of 1917 are going

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to do the same swell job in World War II that we did in 1917-1918. It's a bigger job — let's go!

EMANUEL BERNARD

ADDRESS: 21 Heckamore Ave., Bala-Cynwyd, Pa.

BORN: Aug. 6, 1896, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Barnard L. Bernard, Anna Segall.

PREPARED AT: Public Latin School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1918. DEGREE: A.B., 1917 (18).

MARRIED: Opal E. Marley, Crown Point, Ind. CHILDREN: William, Dec. 22, 1927; Edward, March 7, 1929; Ann Louise, July 27, 1931; Mary Susan, May 21, 1933; John Marley, Feb. 6, 1941.

HARVARD BROTHER: Norman Bernard, '12.

OCCUPATION: Importer (until the war).

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled hospital apprentice U. S. Naval Reserve Force April 1, 1918; assigned to Naval Training Camp, Hingham, Mass., April 8; transferred to Naval Aviation Detachment, Mass. Inst. Tech., Nov. 30; to Ammunition Depot, Hingham, Jan. 10, 1919; to Naval Detention Camp, Deer Island, Mass., Jan. 14; to U. S. S. *Great Northern* Feb. 8; released from active duty March 28, 1919.

THERE is very little that we can add to Emanuel Bernard's record as this is the first time he has been heard from since our Triennial Report when he was assistant to the general manager of a Boston metal bed company.

ARTHUR MORRIS BETTMAN

HOME ADDRESS: 4 Beech Lane, Cincinnati, Ohio.

OFFICE ADDRESS: c/o Liberty Cherry & Fruit Co., Inc., Covington, Ky.

BORN: Oct. 19, 1896, Cincinnati, Ohio. PARENTS: Morris Lincoln Bettman, Alma Seasongood.

PREPARED AT: University School, Cincinnati, Ohio.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1914.

MARRIED: Helen B. Rauh, Nov. 3, 1926, Cincinnati, Ohio. CHILDREN: Barbara A., Jan. 26, 1928; Linda, July 20, 1930.

OCCUPATION: President, Liberty Cherry & Fruit Company, Incorporated.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled seaman 2d class U. S. Naval Reserve Force June, 1918; assigned to Naval Auxiliary Reserve School, Chicago, Ill., in June; transferred to Naval Training Station, Great Lakes, Ill.; to Officer Material School, University of Chicago; released from active duty Feb., 1919.

MEMBER OF: Masons; Rotary Club; Country Club; American Legion.

BETTMAN wrote for the Sexennial Report that after leaving the University of Cincinnati he "determined to be a captain of indus-

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try (also eat regularly) —.” Judging from the name of the company which he then joined and of which he is now president, he will have no trouble in this parenthetical aspect if he can stand a vegetarian diet. He reports briefly:

I WAS born, raised, and schooled in Cincinnati, spent an unforgettable year at Harvard, then one at the University of Cincinnati. I went to work, but along came the War and the “Battle of Michigan.” I went abroad after the War in connection with my business, and convinced a girl (now my wife) that if she married me we’d go abroad yearly. (Look at us now!) My business is across the Ohio River in Covington, Kentucky, where I have many interests. I am too old to play anything but “at golf.” I prefer fishing, and it’s hard to find around here. I also enjoy travelling. I believe in the New Deal theory.

✦ LOUIS HASBROUCK BEVIER

BORN: Aug. 4, 1895, Brooklyn, N. Y. PARENTS: Philip Hasbrouck Bevier, Jennie Miller.

PREPARED AT: Manual Training High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913–1917. DEGREE: S.B., 1917.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled seaman 1st class U. S. Naval Reserve Force April 9, 1917; assigned to Patrol Boat No. 605, 1st Naval District, Boston, Mass.; appointed ensign Oct. 12; assigned to Communication Office, Navy Yard, Boston; transferred to Office of Chief of Naval Operations, Washington, D. C., Nov. 12; released from active duty, June 12, 1919.

DIED: Dec. 27, 1921, Brooklyn, N. Y.

FATHER: Philip Hasbrouck Bevier, 212 Berkeley Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y.

WHILE he was in College Bevier was active in the sports of boxing and wrestling. He tied for the University 129-pound wrestling championship in Sophomore year and was the University 139-pound wrestling champion for that same year. The following year he won the University 129-pound boxing championship, and in 1917 was a member of the University Track Squad. During Senior year he was manager of the University Boxing Tournament.

In 1921 Bevier reported that he was vice-president and treasurer of Barrel, Bevier & Company in Boston, exporters, and that

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he had formerly been with G. Amsinck & Company in New York City. His death followed an operation for appendicitis.

MILTON HAWKINS BIRD

ADDRESS: Norwell, Mass.

BORN: June 14, 1893, Rockland, Maine. PARENTS: Maynard Sumner Bird, Mary Elizabeth Hawkins.

PREPARED AT: Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, N. H.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: S.B., 1917; ED.M., 1928; ED.D., 1930.

MARRIED: Helen Cushing, Nov. 29, 1919, Boston, Mass.

OCCUPATION: Retired.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Seaman 1st class U. S. Naval Reserve Force; called to active duty April, 1917; appointed ensign and entered Reserve Officers' Training Class, U. S. Naval Academy; commissioned ensign and assigned to U. S. S. *New Jersey*, later U. S. S. *Whipple*; promoted lieutenant (temporary); overseas May, 1918, to Jan., 1919; resignation accepted Feb. 22, 1919.

PUBLICATION: *A Study in Aesthetics*, Harvard University Press.

MILT BIRD migrates from Massachusetts to Florida every winter. Going back to 1917 he writes:

FROM 1917 to 1919 I was in the service as a lieutenant in the United States Navy. In 1919 I was married and from 1920 to 1927 I was a farmer in North Carolina. I returned to Boston and did graduate work at Harvard until 1930, taking the Ed.M. and Ed.D. degrees. For the past twelve years I have been a lecturer on educational psychology at Harvard University and have done some publishing. I retired this year. One of my hobbies is traveling. My summer residence is Norwell, Massachusetts; my winter residence, Coconut Grove, Florida.

GRAHAM BURT BLAINE

HOME ADDRESS: Club Drive, Hewlett, Long Island, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Bank of the Manhattan Co., 40 Wall St., New York, N. Y.

BORN: March 26, 1894, Taunton, Mass. PARENTS: Charles Hodge Blaine, Emma Josephine Burt.

PREPARED AT: St. George's School, Newport, R. I.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B.† 1917 (19).

MARRIED: Katharine Winthrop Tweed, Jan. 5, 1918, New York, N. Y. CHILDREN: Graham Burt, Jr., Oct. 16, 1918; Harrison Tweed, Aug. 7, 1920; Katharine W., April 24, 1923; Lorna, Dec. 12, 1924; Charlotte W., Aug. 9, 1927.

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HARVARD SONS: Graham Burt Blaine, Jr., '40; Harrison Tweed Blaine, '42.

OCCUPATION: Vice-president, Bank of the Manhattan Company.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Aug. 15; assigned to Machine Gun Company, 303d Infantry, 76th Division, Sept. 6; sailed for France June 27, 1918; transferred to Company E, 163d Infantry, 41st Division, Jan. 1, 1919; discharged Feb. 22, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Treasurer, National Economy League, New York; trustee, St. George's School, Village of Hewlett Harbor.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of New York; Rockaway Hunting Club; Somerset Club.

FUZZY BLAINE wastes no words in his very graphic report. No doubt the training he received on the "Advocate" and "Crimson" helped him. Having been president of the Harvard Republican Club probably accounts for the fact that he never voted for F. D. R. He writes:

MAY, 1917, Plattsburg — discomfort, discipline, then Camp Devens, a scared buck lieutenant in command of worse scared draftees — drill, delay, discouragement — compensation: "in love."

January, 1918, married Katharine W. Tweed, luckiest event so far. June, 1918, overseas — "Save the World for Democracy" — "Lick the Kaiser" — Depot Division — delicious French food and wines, some drudgery — Armistice — leave at Cannes — home February, 1919, disillusioned — war proves nothing.

Returned to wife and son, G. B. B., Jr. — surprising — beaucoup francs — no job — eventually Bradley Fertilizer Works, Hingham, Massachusetts. April, 1919 — old-fashioned winter — colonial evenings — correspondence course — degree in accounting, La Salle University!

August, 1920, second son, Harry, arrived — more responsibility — no more income — a real New England winter, 1919-1920 — now Milton — Thursday six-cent suppers, army beans and lettuce. Discovered stock market — first shearing of the lamb spring of 1922. Farmers no pay — fertilizer business bad — switched to bonds — no fundamental change.

Years 1922-1927 happy, constructive years — interesting work with Kidder, Peabody Acceptance Corporation — two daughters arrived, Katharine and Lorna — finally acquired own home in Brookline — later farm in Jaffrey, New Hampshire — roots be-

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gan to descend — impossible to remember how we bought two places — youth, courage, luck, and optimistic savings banks. Tennis — finally beat the wife — life much happier — collected antique furniture — worked on old chairs, some literature — some music — not enough.

June, 1927, ran 1917 Tenth Reunion — exhausted — always compensation. Jimmy Warburg suggested New York — much awful indecision — fifth and last offspring, Charlotte, arrived — all seven moved to Long Island September, 1927 — ghastly winter — sickness — expense — everything difficult — again compensation. International Acceptance Bank work interesting, inspiring — old and new friends.

Years 1927-1930 — pace grows faster, faster — more work — more money — three lunch clubs — no time to eat — 1929 New York spiral — pyramids on pyramids — yet compensation — summers in New Hampshire — trout fishing in Quebec — eventually the collapse — return to realities — luckily still a good job.

Years 1930-1941 — sons at St. George's School — active in alumni affairs and Harvard Club of New York — National Economy League — a summer in Scotland — one result, bowling on the green at Hewlett, Long Island, the *only* amateur sport remaining — new farm buildings at Jaffrey — discovery that pure-bred Hampshire hogs are fun, but produce only red ink — two boys at Harvard — "But Dad, college has changed since you were there" — daughters at Chatham Hall — all this in spite of F. D. R. for whom I have never voted — too little reading — too many newspapers — some music — fortunately, including Stockbridge Festivals — numerous and long business trips — Florida, Maine, Kansas, California.

And now, December, 1941 — uncertainty — managerial revolution — insecurity — taxes — war — *all unwanted* — compensation:

There will always be a Jaffrey.

WEBSTER SANDERSON BLANCHARD

HOME ADDRESS: Windsor Ave., West Acton, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: c/o New England Brick Co., 22 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Aug. 7, 1894, West Acton, Mass. PARENTS: Arthur Fred Blanchard, Charlotte Tuttle Sanderson.

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PREPARED AT: Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Hazel E. Gage, June 3, 1919, Augusta, Maine.

OCCUPATION: Vice-president and director, New England Brick Company.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled chief boatswain's mate U. S. Naval Reserve Force Aug. 6, 1918; assigned to Officer Material School, Cambridge, Mass.; released from active duty Dec. 31, 1918.

OFFICES HELD: Vice-president and director, New England Brick Company; director, Economic Machinery Company, Worcester, Mass.; president and director, Howe Lumber Company, Marlboro, Mass., Woodward Lumber Company, Brattleboro, Vt.; trustee, Emerson Hospital, Concord, Mass., Middlesex Institution for Savings, Concord, Mass.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of Boston; Varsity Club; Down Town Club of Boston; American Legion; Shrine.

WEB BLANCHARD, speaking about being his own boss, reminds us of the advice given by some boss somewhere who said, "Work hard and put in your solid eight hours a day, and you won't have anything to worry about. Then, some day you may be the boss and work sixteen hours a day and have 'everything' to worry about."

TWENTY-FIVE years in retrospect seem to have passed like so many hours in this kaleidoscopic world in which we have been and still are living. During most of these years I have had the great pleasure of working largely for Webster S. Blanchard, and I have found that while at times he has been somewhat exacting, my boss has been at other times extremely lenient, so that, on the whole, he has been a pretty good man to work for. At least, my hair has not gotten gray from overwork, and I still have some of it left.

I have been, and still am, engaged in the manufacture of lumber; in the production of crude oil from the Bradford, Pennsylvania fields; in the manufacture of brick and clay products; and also in the manufacture of labeling machinery.

Despite all the uncertainties the future holds, I am sure that I should rather have been privileged to be active in this world in the last twenty-five years than at any time in our country's history. Good times or bad, and we've had our share of both, it has been an exciting, even exhilarating period, and I believe that if one has been able to maintain the right perspective, a most satisfying time in which to work.

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I have, fortunately, been able to travel in all of Canada, most of the United States, and a good part of Central America, yet my heart is always in the Northeast, and more particularly in New England, which grows more and more attractive to me as the years parade past.

Tennis and golf have taken a good deal of my spare time in past years, although today, and for the last seven years, an old New Hampshire farmhouse, near Lake Sunapee and in the lovely foothills, lays first claim to my affection in recreation. Here one can roam the hills, the highways and byways, hunt, fish, and relax — here, for the moment, the real world is remote.

Politically, I am an independent Republican, although, at the certain risk of being classified as an apostate and unorthodox, I am not one of those who believe the New Deal can do nothing good. On the contrary, I am in sympathy with many of its aims, and honestly believe that time will serve to iron out many of its present administrative difficulties.

If I have learned anything from the past twenty-five years, it is that life is very much as one tries to make it, and that it does its best to give one back what one tries to give it.

HENRY MATHER BLISS

HOME ADDRESS: 155 Chestnut Hill Rd., Chestnut Hill, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Pacific Mills, 140 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: June 11, 1895, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Henry Warren Bliss, Grace Beckwith.

PREPARED AT: Volkmann School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Miriam Ladd, Oct. 7, 1922, Milton, Mass. CHILDREN: Elinor, April 5, 1925; Henry Mather, Jr., Aug. 3, 1926; William Ladd, Sept. 20, 1929; Edward Penniman, March 23, 1932.

OCCUPATION: President and treasurer, Pacific Mills; vice-president and treasurer, Massachusetts Mohair Plush Company.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Aug. 15; assigned to Company I, 103d Infantry, 26th Division, Aug. 28; sailed for France in September; gassed July 22, 1918; promoted 1st lieutenant Sept. 13; discharged April 28, 1919. Engagements: Chemin des Dames sector, La Reine sector (Xivray), Pas Fini sector, Marne-Aisne, Saint-Mihiel, and Meuse-Argonne offensives. Awarded Croix de Guerre.

OFFICES HELD: Director, Pacific Mills, Massachusetts Mohair Plush Company, Newmarket Manufacturing Company, Ludlow Manufacturing Associ-

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ates; member Executive Committee, Second National Bank of Boston.
MEMBER OF: The Country Club, Brookline, Mass.; Harvard Club of Boston;
Harvard Club of New York.

HARRY BLISS is a modest and a literal fellow. In referring to his army experience he says, "I was lucky enough to get out of it without a scratch." However, he was gassed, and incidentally, was awarded the Croix de Guerre. His story:

MUCH to my surprise I found that at midyears of our Senior year I had enough C's to get my degree. Early in March I went to work in a textile mill in Lowell, Massachusetts, called the Massachusetts Mohair Plush Company. I began to realize right away how long and gruelling ten hours a day could be when spent slinging heavy bags around as a floor hand in the sorting room. There was no book learning needed in that job. War having been declared, I went to the First Plattsburg Camp, where I received a second lieutenant's commission. In September, 1917, I was assigned to Company I, 103d Infantry, 26th Division, and we immediately sailed for France. I spent the next year and one-half with this regiment abroad serving in various capacities, and I was lucky enough to get out of it without a scratch. Upon my discharge in 1919, I went back to the mill in Lowell. I have spent most of my time working for this concern ever since, and I have greatly enjoyed the various problems that continually arise. I have had other interesting business contacts with other concerns while serving on their boards of directors. Early in 1940 I went on the board of directors of the Pacific Mills and became a member of their executive committee. The next year I became president and treasurer and needless to say, I am now up to my ears in very interesting work.

During the middle '20's I spent several years on the Newton Board of Aldermen representing the Chestnut Hill district. Local politics were very interesting to me and I would like to have continued in them, but I found that much travelling for my business prevented me from going on. I learned at least how a small city is run and all the good and bad politics connected with it. I have spent a good deal of time every so often working on community fund drives with the result that I believe that I am a very poor solicitor. For five years I had wished on me the

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running of a small private school in my neighborhood. I tried to learn how to educate our young in a modern way without coming out in the red every year. Fewer high-paid teachers and more paying pupils had to be my motto, regardless of what the fond parents said.

I have been to Europe twice on pleasure trips, and have made several trips out West on long vacations. I have also travelled a good deal in connection with my job, and I enjoy visiting different parts of the country. I like to read books of all kinds and I always seem to be in the midst of one. Probably all outdoor activities have consumed the greatest part of my spare time. In their proper season I like tennis, riding, skiing, sailing, fly-fishing, and bird-shooting. I try to live for most of the year on a place in Sherborn, Massachusetts, where I enjoy the country to its fullest extent riding a horse, and raising hens, turkeys, cows, and everything else that doesn't pay. My work has always been interesting to me, but I have also found time for many pleasures. I hope that the scheme of things doesn't change, because I should like twenty-five years more — the same as the last. Nothing very eventful, but I enjoy it all very much with my wife, daughter, and three sons.

WILL M. BLISS

HOME ADDRESS: Piedmont, Calif.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Greenwood-Raggio & Co., Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Calif.

BORN: April 17, 1894, Empire, Nev. PARENTS: William Seth Bliss, Mabel Williams.

PREPARED AT: Middlesex School, Concord, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: S.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Hatherly Brittain, March 14, 1923, Piedmont, Calif. CHILDREN: William Walter, July 7, 1924; Hatherly, Sept. 22, 1926.

OCCUPATION: Investment Banking.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Presidio of San Francisco, Calif., May, 1917; transferred to Officers' Training Camp, Fort Winfield Scott, Calif., June 15; commissioned 2d lieutenant Coast Artillery Aug. 15; assigned to 15th Company San Francisco, Fort Barry, Calif., Aug. 29; promoted 1st lieutenant Feb. 7, 1918; transferred to 45th Company San Francisco, Fort Winfield Scott, April 8; designated officer in command; transferred to Battery E, 67th Coast Artillery, May 6; sailed for France Aug. 26; detailed to Tractor Artillery School, Limoges, Sept. 22 to Nov. 24; discharged April 21, 1919.

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WILL BLISS says, "I have come to the conclusion that either my memory is damned poor or there is little I have done that could be of much interest." His story:

I LEFT College early in 1917, like a great many others in the Class. I received my degree by mail while I was at the First Officers' Training Camp at the Presidio of San Francisco. I received my commission as 2d lieutenant of Coast Artillery on the 15th of August, and was assigned to Fort Barry, one of the outer forts of the San Francisco defenses. I was promoted to 1st lieutenant in February, 1918, and left San Francisco for France the following August with the 67th Regiment, Coast Artillery Corps. I arrived at Brest September 2, in time to get a great amount of further training, but too late to get to the front. Our outfit finally was returned to the United States in March, 1919, and I was discharged the following April. I did not keep a reserve commission at that time, and with current events as they are, I realize that I made a mistake in not doing so. As near as I can make out, the Army, so far, has little use for me.

In 1919 I went to work for the firm of Bliss & Faville, architects in San Francisco, where in the course of a few years I got my architectural license. I practised architecture in this vicinity until 1933, when the Depression made it entirely impractical for me to continue in this line of endeavor.

In 1923 I was married and moved to Piedmont where we still live. Piedmont is a small residential city in the hills on the east side of San Francisco Bay, and at that time was within an hour's commuting distance from the office. The new San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge has cut this time in half.

Our son is now at the Santa Barbara School near Carpinteria, California, and our daughter is at the Anna Head School at Berkeley, California.

In 1933 architecture, in this part of the country insofar as my particular case was concerned, became most unremunerative and, much to my surprise as well as that of all my friends, I accepted an offer to join the organization of Greenwood-Raggio & Company, members of the San Francisco Stock Exchange, where I have been ever since. It was a very fortunate and happy decision, for in spite of the condition of the financial market during

the past few years, I still seem to be eating and plugging along.

Since leaving the Army, I have been quite active in handling the affairs of my family and myself in connection with their property at Lake Tahoe. All of the business there originated about 1872 when my grandfather established saw mills at Glenbrook on the shore of the Lake to supply timber and cordwood to the mines on the Comstock Lode at Virginia City, Nevada. The lumber business ended in 1898, and our activities there for the last fifteen years have consisted of disposing of land — for summer residents — and operating a combination summer resort and ranch at Glenbrook. As time has gone on I have taken on more and more of this work, until now I am doing it all, which necessitates my moving up to Lake Tahoe for about four months each summer, with headquarters at Glenbrook. Fortunately, when making my connections with Greenwood-Raggio, I was able to make arrangements for a long leave of absence each summer.

In general this pretty well covers my life up to December 7, 1941. When you come right down to it, it could be boiled down to about three lines of very little interest to anybody but myself.

Since Pearl Harbor — December 7, 1941 — I have been doing all I can, as has everybody else out here, to help out in civilian defense. At present I am a district air raid alarm warden in Piedmont, which, from an organization point of view, takes most of my spare time. I am also on the Piedmont Tire Rationing Board — which so far has taken no time as we have not found any applicant yet who rates new tires, and it doesn't take long to say no.

We are really trying to do a job on the air raid alarm warden business and while the general feeling is that the Japs can't raid us, we all feel that we should be prepared. Certainly they would like to give us a hit-run raid, for it would make grand news in Japan and might do considerable damage to war production in this area if they could pull one off successfully. In the meantime, however, except for a very occasional blackout, everything is going on as usual, and nobody except the Army and Navy is giving much thought to any danger here. After all, you on the East Coast are far nearer Berlin than we are to Tokyo. We all feel, however, that it will be quite a long time before we get much good news of importance from the other side of the Pacific.

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HARRY BLOOMBERG

HOME ADDRESS: 119 Nottingham Rd., Brighton, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 18 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: June 16, 1894, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Simon Lazarus Bloomberg, Rebecca Hurwitz.

PREPARED AT: English High School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: LL.B., Suffolk Law School, 1925.

MARRIED: Geraldine Brown, July 14, 1915, New York, N. Y. CHILDREN: Harry Philip, May 1, 1916; David Lincoln, Feb. 12, 1918; Paul Norris, June 1, 1925.

HARVARD SON: Harry Philip, A.M., 1939.

OCCUPATION: Lawyer, Teacher, and Writer.

OFFICES HELD: Professor of Law, Suffolk Law School, Boston, Mass.

MEMBER OF: Moses Michael Hays Lodge of Masons.

PUBLICATIONS: *Criminal Law for Police Officers* (2 vols.), 1940; *The Last 320 Bar Examination Questions and Answers*, 1938; *Questions and Answers on Criminal Law for Police Officers*, 1941; various texts on legal subjects.

HARRY BLOOMBERG has helped Massachusetts police officers know their criminal law. He writes:

IN 1917 I went to Washington, D. C., with the War Trade Board. In 1918 I was appointed special agent of that board at Nogales, Arizona. In 1920 I returned to Washington.

In February, 1921, I entered law school and graduated in 1925. I passed the bar examinations the same year and shortly thereafter was appointed assistant professor at Suffolk Law School in Boston. Two years later I was promoted to a full professorship. In 1934 I left Suffolk Law School to practise law and teach in my own school. I conduct the Boylston Institute in Boston.

I have written and published a great many textbooks and case books on law, which are used by my classes. My book, *The Last 320 Bar Examination Questions and Answers* had a wide sale.

Two years ago I published a two-volume work, *Criminal Law for Police Officers* which is known all over Massachusetts as the best work ever put out on the subject. It is based on Massachusetts law. My book, *Questions and Answers on Criminal Law for Police Officers*, which was published a year ago is used in practically every city and town in the Commonwealth.

I have been so busy teaching and writing that I have little time

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for hobbies. I take quite a few pictures. Photography is my chief form of relaxation.

My oldest boy, now twenty-five, has two degrees, A.B. and A.M., and is now working for his LL.B. He is a member of Phi Beta Kappa, Phi Kappa Phi, and a legal fraternity. My next son, twenty-four, is second officer on an American passenger liner in the South American trade. The youngest boy attends preparatory school.

HERMANN LUDWIG BLUMGART

HOME ADDRESS: 9 Oxford St., Cambridge, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 330 Brookline Ave., Boston, Mass.

BORN: July 19, 1895, Newark, N. J. PARENTS: David Blumgart, Sophie Hiller.

PREPARED AT: Barringer High School, Newark, N. J.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914-1917. DEGREES: S.B., 1917 (18); M.D., 1921.

MARRIED: Margaret Stein, July 17, 1931. CHILD: Ann, April 8, 1933.

OCCUPATION: Teacher, Physician.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Private, Medical Enlisted Reserve Corps.

OFFICES HELD: Secretary and later vice-president, American Society for Clinical Investigation; associate professor of medicine, Harvard University; visiting physician and director of medical research, Beth Israel Hospital.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of Boston; Association of American Physicians; American Society for Clinical Investigation; Interurban Clinical Club.

PUBLICATIONS: Medical papers on diseases of the heart and circulatory system.

AS may be seen below, Blumgart did quite a lot of travelling in 1923 but now he says, "My travels are confined to numerous journeys to Maine where we have a camp." His report:

FOLLOWING graduation from College I attended the Harvard Medical School, graduating in 1921, and completed a medical internship at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, Boston, by the end of 1922. I then received a Moseley Travelling Fellowship, studied in London, England, for ten months, and travelled thereafter in Germany and Austria for two months.

On my return to Boston I became an assistant in medicine at the Harvard Medical School and worked in Thorndike Memorial Laboratory, my chief being Dr. Francis W. Peabody. My work was at that time and has been since devoted largely to the study of the heart and the circulation. With the opening of the Beth Israel Hospital, Boston, I was asked to organize the teaching of

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medicine there in connection with the Harvard Medical School. This association has proved a wholly satisfactory one.

ERNEST PAUL BOGLE

HOME ADDRESS: White River Junction, Vt.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Bogle Brothers, White River Junction, Vt.

BORN: March 4, 1893, White River Junction, Vt. PARENTS: Byron Leslie Bogle, Flora Isabell Thyng.

PREPARED AT: Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, N. H.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Edith Lincoln Ellmes, June 9, 1917, East Andover, N. H. CHILDREN: Anne Cudworth, Oct. 30, 1924; John Lincoln, April 16, 1927; Jane Leonard, July 26, 1930.

OCCUPATION: Wholesale Jeweler.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Oct. 3, 1917; assigned to Battery D, 302d Field Artillery, 76th Division, Camp Devens, Mass.; promoted corporal Dec. 1; detailed to Quartermaster Officers' Training School, Camp Joseph E. Johnston, Fla., May 1, 1918; commissioned 2d lieutenant Quartermaster Corps July 9; assigned to Office of Depot Quartermaster, Chicago, Ill.; discharged Feb. 15, 1919.

MEMBER OF: Methodist Episcopal Church; Masons; American Legion.

ERNEST BOGLE went on his honeymoon "selling flour on the side," an experience unparalleled elsewhere in these annals. His "Life":

ON finishing my college work in February, 1917, I went to work for a Boston firm, selling flour through the State of Connecticut. On June 9 I was married to Edith Lincoln Ellmes, who was a graduate nurse of the New England Deaconess Hospital. After graduation we continued our honeymoon, selling flour on the side, until late fall, when I was inducted into the service, with Battery D of the 302d Field Artillery at Camp Devens. There I wrestled with the job of battery clerk. Early in May, 1918, I went to the Quartermaster Officers' Training School near Jacksonville, Florida. In July I was commissioned and sent to the Supply Depot in Chicago, where I stayed for the balance of the war, being discharged in February, 1919. I shall always feel that the business experience and associations in Chicago have been very valuable to me.

In February, 1919, I came back to the family jewelry business, Bogle Brothers, dealers in wholesale and retail jewelry, as my

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uncle had died during the previous winter. I became associated with my father and up until 1930 things went along quite smoothly as I raised a family and sold watches. Early in 1930 business broke down in White River Junction as it did in other places. For several years business was an up-hill fight, but we are still selling watches and the family is still growing. I lost my father in December, 1941, so I am carrying on alone.

My chief comfort in life is my family. Anne, the oldest, is a senior in high school and plans on the University of Vermont next year. My boy, John, who was fourteen last April, is over six feet tall and already helping in the jewelry business. Jane, the baby, graduates from grammar school in June and enters junior high next year. Edith, the family manager, besides being intensely interested in her home and family, finds time for some genealogical work. She has dug out considerable information in regard to the Elmes family in England as far back as the fourteenth century. Two seventeeners married girls by this name; the other one is Henry Bothfeld. The girls seem to be only distantly related.

WILLIAM JOSEPH BOLES

HOME ADDRESS: 48 Maple St., New Bedford, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Acushnet Iron Co., Inc., New Bedford, Mass.

BORN: April 1, 1894, Dorchester, Mass. PARENTS: Thomas John Boles, Hannah Gertrude Murray.

PREPARED AT: Public Latin School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917.

MARRIED: June 1, 1933.

OCCUPATION: Treasurer and General Manager, Acushnet Iron Company, Incorporated.

MEMBER OF: Wamsutta Club; New Bedford Country Club.

BILL BOLES finds that running a foundry in war time is a full-time job. He writes:

I SPENT a year after the first World War as an athletic coach at a preparatory school in the Berkshires. Later I turned to cotton brokerage in New Bedford, Massachusetts. After a few years I established my own business in that line, conducting it until 1935 when conditions warranted a change. I have been actively engaged as treasurer and general manager of a foundry in the same

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city since 1935, very busy at the present time keeping war industries supplied with castings, etc.

Through the years I have had material things in sufficiency. I have engaged in City Club and Country Club activities, golf, and all that sort of thing that the twenty-five-year alumnus usually does. But to date there has been lacking in my life that feeling of true contentment and happiness which all humans strive to attain. However, hope springs eternal. Changes about to be made promise complete fulfillment of my wants in the very near future.

HENRY SOULE BOTHFELD

HOME ADDRESS: 53 Cypress Rd., Wellesley Hills, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Angier Products, Inc., 120 Potter St., Cambridge, Mass.

BORN: Feb. 16, 1895, Newton, Mass. PARENTS: Henry Edmunds Bothfeld, Haidee Hobart Soule.

PREPARED AT: Newton High School, Newton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: S.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Anna Everett Elms, Sept. 17, 1919, Duxbury, Mass. CHILDREN: Martha, March 16, 1923; Edward Elms, July 25, 1924; Laura, June 11, 1925; Henry Edmunds, 2d, Oct. 4, 1930.

OCCUPATION: Manager, Angier Products, Incorporated.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled seaman 1st class U. S. Naval Reserve Force April 27, 1917; assigned to Torpedo Station, Newport, R. I.; appointed ensign Jan. 15, 1918; entered Reserve Officers' Training Class, U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.; graduated and commissioned ensign (temporary) U. S. Navy June 8; assigned to Submarine Base, New London, Conn., July 1; promoted lieutenant (junior grade, temporary) Nov. 3; resignation accepted Dec. 27, 1918.

OFFICES HELD: Representative Town Meeting Member since 1937; trustee, Newton Country Day School; Newton Savings Bank; chairman, Wellesley Community Chest Drive, 1939; president, Wellesley Community Chest, 1941; secretary, Wellesley Club; director, Wellesley Red Cross.

MEMBER OF: Wellesley Club; Kendall Square Boys Club; Naval Order of the United States; Unitarian Club of Boston; Unitarian Laymen's League.

HENRY BOTHFELD believes in the importance of the home and that the future, although dark, holds four specific benefits. He writes:

AS I start to jot down a few thoughts of the past twenty-five years (January 16, 1942), the radio announces further advances of the Japs against us in the Pacific. The Russians continue

to push back the Germans. A world at war! It seems strange and terrible that war which ushered us out of College in our Senior year has now involved us again in what appears to be an even greater struggle and that our sons will be the ones to carry the torch.

My war experiences back in 1917 and 1918 were far from heroic, as right through to the Armistice my service consisted of continuous school, including four months at Annapolis, topped off with six months at the Submarine School in New London. However, close contacts with graduates of other colleges such as Yale, Princeton, and Dartmouth broadened my viewpoint regarding such institutions and perhaps made possible my present list of close personal friends from such formerly considered "questionable" colleges.

Phooey to Henry Pulham, Esq.! I still believe I was deeply in love with Anna Elms when we were married in 1919 and moreover find that each year has increased the depth of that feeling which I am bold enough to believe to be mutual. We have been most fortunate in having four children — two boys and two girls. In fact, our home life with all the normal problems of bringing up a family, as a family, has been a most inspiring and gratifying experience. Gratifying, not because of any illusion as to the quality of the effort or results, but because of a faith in the younger generation trained in service "to and within a family" as the first step to "service to and within a town or city," then to the state and then to one's country. My wife and I are great believers in the importance of the home and we believe that outside interests too often tear down the type of home influences that make for a successful democracy. At the present time my older daughter is a freshman at Smith, my older son graduates next June from Exeter, my younger daughter has another year at high school, and my eleven-year-old son is in his last year in the grade schools.

For recreation tennis continues to have the call during the summer months, although we Wellesleyites still play (or try to play) a two out of three *hard ball* neighborhood sectional baseball series each spring. In fact, this series is now in its fourteenth year and has become a local institution among old and young, with dogs included. Squash, bowling, golf (once or twice a year) and even an occasional game of hockey with the eleven- to

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eighteen-year-old youngsters is still possible although fast becoming disillusioning to both me and the older boys. It has been particularly pleasing to be able to participate actively in these various sports with my children right through the years.

After the war I was vice-president of Lockwood Brackett Company, of Boston and Waltham, Massachusetts, importers and distributors of castile soap and olive oil until the tough days of the late twenties and early thirties, when the business was taken over by the Pompeian Company of Baltimore. Since that time I have been with a young growing company, Angier Products, Incorporated, in Cambridge, in the capacity of manager. Despite the fact that the Japs have jeopardized our rubber supplies — the base of our business — we are confident that the research work of our laboratory will develop new products both for war purposes and essential civilian needs.

Believing that every citizen has a responsibility to his community, I have been reasonably active in church, charity, and town affairs. In addition to serving on various committees of the Unitarian Church, I was chairman of the standing committee for two years. Among charity organizations it was my privilege to be chairman of the Wellesley Community Chest drive in 1939 and at the present to be its third president. Our January, 1942, drive which, starting last year, has been combined with the Boston Community Fund under this year's name of the United War Fund, is the largest community fund appeal that has ever been attempted anywhere.

While the future looks very dark with many heartaches for everybody, I believe that the clouds have a sterling silver lining in the form of (1) national unity and solidarity, (2) development of personal responsibility, appreciation, and respect, (3) a back-to-reality basis with a strengthening of moral and spiritual vigor for every one, and (4) the realization that this country has a positive responsibility in both the planning and the functioning of world affairs that will secure and hold safe for the future the personal liberties and happiness for which we are now fighting.

HUGH SLOAN BOYD

ADDRESS: 277 Washington St., Newton, Mass.

BORN: NOV. 3, 1895, Newton, Mass. PARENTS: James Boyd, Agnes Blue.

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PREPARED AT: Newton Technical High School, Newton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: S.B., 1917; LL.B., 1922.

OCCUPATION: Lawyer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled chief yeoman U. S. Naval Reserve Force June 5, 1917; assigned to Accounting Office, Navy Yard, Boston, Mass., June 11; appointed ensign Pay Corps Oct. 13; transferred to Office of Cost Inspector, Navy Yard, Boston, Nov. 14; to School for Pay Corps, Boston, Jan. 14, 1918; to Office of Naval Intelligence, Washington, D. C., March 1; to U. S. S. *Fairmont* July 9 as supply officer; to Overseas Transportation Service March 2, 1919; released from active duty March 17, 1919.

HUGH BOYD has been a lawyer in Newton, Massachusetts, for the last nineteen years, at least.

JOSEPH EDMUND BRADLEY

HOME ADDRESS: Ridge Acres, Darien, Conn.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Pacific Mills, 214 Church St., New York, N. Y.

BORN: Aug. 4, 1895, Franklin, Mass. PARENTS: John Williams Bradley, Elizabeth Agnes Deegan.

PREPARED AT: Cambridge Latin School, Cambridge, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Helen Hope Edwards, June 25, 1925, Holderness, N. H. CHILD: Joseph Edmund, Jr., Dec. 3, 1926.

HARVARD BROTHER: George Donald Bradley, '26.

OCCUPATION: Executive in Cotton and Rayon Textiles.

OFFICES HELD: Director, Textile Fabrics Association; Textile Export Association of the United States.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of New York; Merchants Club; Wee Burn Club.

THANK goodness Ed Bradley did not, like Cortez, remain "silent, upon a peak in Darien." He writes:

IN the first few years after graduation and World War I, I spent some time in various manufacturing industries such as chemicals, dyestuffs, rubber footwear, and mechanical rubber goods, but for the past twenty years I have been in the textile business with one concern.

During these years I have been on various sides of business, such as plant, office, purchasing, selling, and merchandising. For somewhat over thirteen years I have been in the sales and merchandising end of our business, and for these thirteen years I have experienced the joys and vicissitudes of a year 'round com-

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muter from New York City to the country. Our family is small — wife, son, now fifteen, and self. We lead a pleasant, rather quiet life in a not too large town. This permits fairly active outdoor athletic endeavors, chiefly golf. My travels have been limited chiefly to the United States in which I have been in every principal city, with trips also to Canada, Bermuda, and Cuba, and one all too brief motor trip through England, Scotland, and part of Wales.

MAXWELL BRANDWEN

HOME ADDRESS: 55 E. 58th St., New York, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: War Production Board, Washington, D. C.

BORN: Aug. 28, 1896, Vilna, Russia. PARENTS: Herman Wolf, Anna Brandwene.

PREPARED AT: Scranton Central High School, Scranton, Pa.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913–1917. DEGREES: A.B. *summa cum laude*, 1917; LL.B. *cum laude*, 1921.

MARRIED: Adele Dorothy Dorfman, Oct. 27, 1925, New York, N. Y.

OCCUPATION: Lawyer; Executive Assistant to the Associate Director General, Office of Production Management.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Attended Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga., 1918.

THE first record we have of Maxwell Brandwen after he left Harvard Law School was in 1927 when he was a member of the New York law concern of Szold, Perkins & Brandwen. In 1937 the name of this firm was changed to Szold & Brandwen, and it is at 30 Broad Street in New York City.

HAROLD NATHAN BREGSTEIN

HOME ADDRESS: 957 Allen Lane, Woodmere, Long Island, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: I. M. Bregstein & Sons, Inc., 225 W. 37th St., New York, N. Y.

BORN: April 17, 1896, Burlington, Vt. PARENTS: Israel Moses Bregstein, Dora Siegel.

PREPARED AT: Burlington High School, Burlington, Vt.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914–1917. DEGREE: S.B. *cum laude*, 1917.

MARRIED: Sidney Wintner, June 24, 1923, Lawrence, Long Island, N. Y.

CHILD: Ann, Jan. 13, 1932.

OCCUPATION: Retail Department Store; Wholesale Women's Clothing.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered service private Aug. 30, 1918; assigned to 152d Depot Brigade, Camp Upton, N. Y.; transferred to Camp Per-

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sonnel Office, Camp Upton, Nov. 6; promoted corporal Jan. 15, 1919, and battalion sergeant major Feb. 15; discharged May 29, 1919.
MEMBER OF: Wine and Food Society; Hewlett Rifle Club.

HAROLD BREGSTEIN is in accord with Oliver Wendell Holmes who wrote, "Little I ask, my wants are few." His brief report:

TWENTY-FIVE happy, but not too eventful years. A little of this, a little of that. One wife, one child, one job. Occasional trips up and down the country, a summer in Europe, Gaspé, Canadian Rockies, Bermuda. Concerts in the winter, golf in the summer. Apparently a formula for complacency, but with a vivid awareness of the world's problems, and the insignificance of the individual in solving them.

LEWIS EDWARD BRETT

HOME ADDRESS: 178-21 Kildare Rd., Jamaica, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Queens College, Flushing, N. Y.

BORN: May 14, 1895, Ithaca, N. Y. PARENTS: Edward Joseph Brett, Harriet Eliza Clapp.

PREPARED AT: Malden High School, Malden, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B. *magna cum laude*, 1917; A.M., 1920; PH.D., 1931.

MARRIED: Elizabeth Perkins Payne, Sept. 5, 1923, Wakefield, Mass. CHILDREN: Eleanor Elizabeth and Ruth Iva (twins), July 25, 1924.

OCCUPATION: Assistant Professor of Romance Languages, Queens College.

MEMBER OF: Modern Language Association of America; American Association of Teachers of Spanish; American Association of Teachers of French; Instituto de las Españas; Sigma Delta Pi; Pi Delta Phi.

PUBLICATIONS: *Nineteenth Century Spanish Plays* (2 vols.), D. Appleton-Century Co., 1935; *Intermediate Spanish Grammar and Readings* (in collaboration with Harry Kurz), D. Appleton-Century Co. (in course of publication); "A New Approach to Historical Syntax," *Italica*, March, 1939.

YOUR Secretary, to the consternation of the majority of the Class, likes puns and therefore appreciates the one laid at his door by Lewis Brett, who tells his picaresque story as follows:

DESPITE my interest in the old Spanish novels of roguery (which should have taught me a few tricks), I am not at heart sufficiently a *pícaro* — with accent on the *i*, in case the

printer forgets — to undertake with any great zest an extended account of my experiences, impressions, and philosophy, which have been accumulating during the past quarter of a century. However, goaded to do so by the remorseless prickings of our inclement Class Secretary, Stodder, by name, I shall set down a few details, if only to prove that an obituary is not yet quite in order.

To date I fear that my biography contains little that is novel. Nevertheless, I can say, probably with many of the Class, that the twenty-five years since graduation have slipped by with appalling speed, surprising, perhaps, for one whose life has been rather prosaically spent, for the most part in the shelter of the study and in the relative calm and safety of the classroom. My teaching career has taken me by turns to Yale, Williams, Illinois, and finally, to Queens College, which is the newest and, we like to feel, most promising of the four municipal colleges of New York City. It has been interesting to observe and compare student life and activities, as well as general educational practices, at institutions of such widely varying types as those mentioned.

A word will suffice as to my family life, which has been very happy and richly satisfying, though again not exciting enough to make a good story. I was married in 1923 and “we” have a pair of twins, now in their senior year at Jamaica High School and getting a lot out of it. Unfortunately, there is just one little obstacle standing in the way of their going to Harvard to continue their studies: Harvard is not yet Radcliffe, for which I shall not grieve unduly.

On several occasions I have been to Europe for longer or shorter periods of travel and study, the latter chiefly in Paris and Madrid. Particularly on the first of these trips, taken during sabbatical leave of absence from Williams College in 1931–1932, I was able to cover pretty thoroughly by motor all the countries of western Europe. Although I enjoyed my stay in every one of these countries, it was Spain which got closest to my heart, for a variety of reasons.

My most exciting experience abroad came when the Spanish civil war broke out in the summer of 1936 while I was in Madrid. The first moments of violence and general tenseness, followed by some ten days cooped up in the American embassy on extremely short rations and on blanketless, mattressless cots set up

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in the garage-stable, made me doubly thrilled and thankful for the safety and comparative luxury provided by the United States cruiser *Quincy*, which took a number of us "refugees" from Valencia to Marseilles. I left Spain with pretty decided convictions as to the political implications of the civil war — convictions which have been rather shaken by subsequent world events. But is there anyone free from doubts and misgivings these days in the face of events which appear far more disconcerting and paradoxical than those which confronted the world in 1917?

WILMON BREWER

ADDRESS: Great Hill, Hingham, Mass.

BORN: April 1, 1895, Hingham, Mass. PARENTS: Francis Willard Brewer, Augusta Caroline Edwards.

PREPARED AT: Country Day School, Newton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B., *magna cum laude*, 1917; A.M., 1920; PH.D., 1925.

MARRIED: Katharine Hay More, June 21, 1922, Hingham, Mass.

OCCUPATION: Author, Lecturer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted and appointed private 1st class Jan. 5, 1918; detailed to Officers' Training School, Camp Upton, N. Y.; assigned to Company E, 307th Infantry, 77th Division March 26; sailed for France April 5; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry, July 14; transferred to Company B, 129th Infantry, 33d Division; gassed Oct. 5; discharged June 2, 1919. Engagements: Baccarat sector, Amiens sector, Somme offensive, Verdun sector, Meuse-Argonne offensive.

OFFICES HELD: Chairman Parish Committee, First Parish, Hingham, 1934-1936; director, Hingham Public Library, since 1936, secretary since 1937; president, American Poetry Association, 1939-1941; librarian, Boston Authors' Club since 1938.

MEMBER OF: Boston Authors' Club; London Authors' Club; Boston Classical Club; American Poetry Association; Sovereign Colonial Society; Hingham Historical Society; Shakespeare Association of America; Modern Language Association; Military Order Foreign Wars; Massachusetts Audubon Society.

PUBLICATIONS: *Shakespeare's Influence on Sir Walter Scott*, 1925; *Dante's Eclogues*, 1927; *Ovid's Metamorphoses in European Culture*, Vol. I 1933, Vol. II 1941; *Sonnets and Sestinas*, 1937; *Life and Poems of Brookes More*, 1940.

WILMON BREWER, after all these years, still uses his military training to advantage — for his morning calisthenics. He writes:

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THE first two years after graduation I spent chiefly in the Army. During World War I my best chance for service appeared to be in qualifying as an officer of Infantry. That meant a long, uphill struggle, both before and after getting a commission. It seemed worth while to expend the necessary effort, and towards the last I was rewarded with a fair measure of success. In my experience of army training the most enjoyable part was the physical drill. I made a considerable study of the various forms of exercise, while in the Army and afterwards.

Military service included thirteen months with the American troops overseas, ten weeks of that time in the trenches. Although never with one of the attacking forces, I saw action in three sectors of the Western Front, was often under fire, and was gassed. The winter and spring after the Armistice I spent for the most part in the picturesque little Grand Duchy of Luxembourg. During my two years as a soldier, but especially while abroad, I delighted in the non-military side of army life — the chance to visit attractive places unknown to the ordinary traveller, to gain a working knowledge of French and German, and to make friends of the civilian people. Some of these friendships still continue.

For six years after leaving the Army I was a student in the Harvard Graduate School. This period included a very interesting year of teaching English A. Graduate study was a happier experience for me than for most of my colleagues. I took and enjoyed all the courses needed for a Ph.D. in English and added a few others, among them the course in Dante. I also taught myself enough Spanish to be useful afterwards in research and in visits to Latin America. The last four graduate years were concerned with preparing a doctoral thesis about Scott's use of Shakespeare, which appeared as my first book.

While in College I had discovered the advantage of non-competitive sports. In the Graduate School I tried a good many of them, when possible with an instructor. Among these were boxing with Henry Allen and fencing with Monsieur Danguy. During vacations I did a good deal of mountain climbing, usually in New Hampshire. The most ambitious climb was Long's Peak in Colorado in 1924. Since Graduate School years I have done much less in all these sports, but Mrs. Brewer and I spent a

memorable day ascending Ben Nevis in 1937. I have added one other sport, skiing, in which I engage cautiously a few times each winter, mainly to see the country after a deep snow.

For the past sixteen years I have followed a literary career. In this period my largest objective has been an historical study of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. Two volumes of it have appeared, at intervals of eight years, and a third is still to come. But often I have turned aside to prepare shorter works. Of these, *Dante's Eclogues* and *Sonnets and Sestinas*, are ventures in poetry. Others are talks about poets, among them Goethe and Vergil, which I gave before various literary groups. A few are sermons, although I do not take naturally to preaching. And, since Mrs. Brewer got her Bell and Howell camera in 1930, a number have been illustrated lectures about our travels. I have enjoyed taking some part in local affairs, especially those of the First Parish and the Hingham Historical Society, but have felt the need of saving time and strength for literary work. It demands a clear, alert mind, and both energy and leisure to look at a subject from many sides.

Apart from reading necessary for particular literary ventures, I have been concerned chiefly with leading poets of the past. Among them have been Milton and Molière. Often I have read a poet for his own sake and then have found him valuable for work of my own. Of late years I have given some attention to important orators, beginning with those of ancient Greece. The most impressive has been Demosthenes. In the field of languages my only recent addition has been a little Portuguese, which proved helpful during a visit to Brazil. For acquaintance with authors of our own day I have relied on literary societies and some attendance at the theater and the cinema. About current events I have had little occasion for quick, detailed knowledge. I seldom look at a newspaper or a magazine of the ordinary kind, and hardly ever listen to the radio. My information comes, often after some delay, from the *Newsweek* and a few special periodicals, among them the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, or from the interesting reports which corporations of our time offer to even the small holder of their securities.

At Great Hill our household has been rather numerous and has provided a due amount of activity and change. At present it includes Mrs. Brewer's father, Brookes More, who at eighty-two

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is still writing poetry; her brother, Trenchard More, who is an enthusiastic member of the State Guard; and a nephew, for whom it soon will be necessary to decide on a preparatory school. When I am at home my chief recreation is the care of our place — the woods and shade trees in winter, the gardens and orchards in summer. It is a pleasant occupation, which can be made either easy or difficult. The most adventurous part of it is the gardening. Every year we try at least one unusual kind of plant, and we have grown not only excellent moonflowers and peanuts, but a handful of slender sweet potatoes and even a solitary boll of cotton.

Although literary work calls for a good deal of seclusion, Mrs. Brewer and I take much pleasure in renewing acquaintance with relatives and friends, who live in varied places both in this country and abroad. This motive and an occasional desire for new scenes have led us to make travel our favorite avocation. We like to interchange touring with glimpses of our friends in their daily life. While away from home we include most attractions offered the traveller but give special attention to collections of art. Although we avoid long motor trips, we use whatever means of transportation seem appropriate, and Mrs. Brewer pluckily incurs many attacks of seasickness. Our longest trip has been a Mediterranean cruise eastward to Jerusalem, followed by a tour of western Europe. The most unusual was a voyage by airplane, which commenced at Boston and continued as a pageant of wonders 'round most of South America. But perhaps the most delightful was a tour of the Pacific Coast, with short visits to the Hawaiian Islands and Alaska.

On the whole life has been a varied and wonderful adventure.

GEORGE RUSSELL BRIGGS, JR.

HOME ADDRESS: Indian Brook, Plymouth, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 37 Court St., Plymouth, Mass.

BORN: Aug. 29, 1895, Plymouth, Mass. PARENTS: George Russell Briggs, Helen Taber.

PREPARED AT: Milton Academy, Milton, Mass.; Berkshire School, Sheffield, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1914.

MARRIED: Caroline Morgan, Aug. 15, 1933. CHILD: Anthony R., April 16, 1925 (adopted 1941).

OCCUPATION: Raising and Shipping Cranberries.

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MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private U. S. Army Ambulance Service June 8, 1917; assigned to Section 511; sailed for France in December; promoted corporal; transferred to Aviation Section, Signal Corps; detailed to 3d Aviation Instruction Center, Issoudun; discharged May 5, 1919.

GEORGE BRIGGS was fortunate in having his automobile business as a side line. He reports briefly:

I RETURNED to Plymouth after leaving College and entered the cranberry business. I combined this with the automobile business until June, 1941, but am now devoting my entire time to cranberries.

HORACE ORLANDO BRIGHT

HOME ADDRESS: 165 Brattle St., Cambridge, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Elmer H. Bright & Co., 84 State St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Aug. 1, 1895, Cambridge, Mass. PARENTS: Elmer Horace Bright, Mary Frances Bill.

PREPARED AT: Browne and Nichols School, Cambridge, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

UNMARRIED.

HARVARD BROTHER: Alexander Harvey Bright, '19.

OCCUPATION: Partner in the stock brokerage firm of Elmer H. Bright & Company.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Aug. 15; assigned to Company A, 102d Infantry, 26th Division, in September; sailed for France Sept. 19; appointed adjutant 1st Battalion, 102d Infantry, April, 1918; promoted 1st lieutenant July 20; appointed officer in command Company A in August; wounded Oct. 25; wounded Oct. 27; discharged April 12, 1919. Engagements: Chemin des Dames sector, La Reine sector (Seicheprey), Château-Thierry, Saint-Mihiel offensive, Troyon sector (Marchéville), Meuse-Argonne offensive. Awarded Distinguished Service Cross.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of Boston; The Country Club, Brookline, Mass.; Blue Mountain Forest Association.

HORACE BRIGHT fails to note that he is an enthusiastic skier and aviator as well as a hunter. He writes:

AFTER graduation I spent two years in the Army, for the greater part of the time as a second lieutenant in the 102d Infantry. I was lucky enough to see action in France, was wounded, and received the Distinguished Service Cross.

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I have always felt that America's sacrifices in the last war were not in vain and hold in the greatest abhorrence those men who have recently been preaching the doctrine of isolationism for America.

Since 1919 I have been associated with the New York and Boston Stock Exchange firm of Elmer H. Bright & Company, for the past sixteen years as a partner. I have served on the board of governors of the Boston Stock Exchange and on several of the committees of that exchange.

Although a great admirer of President Roosevelt's foreign policy, I believe that the country is in grave danger from within as well as from without and until the administration is put in the hands of a capable business executive, the risk of financial chaos is very real.

For recreation I have played a lot of mediocre golf and have done a good deal of hunting. At various times I have visited East Africa, British Columbia, and Alaska in search of shots for gun and camera.

WILLIAM OSBERT BROOKS

HOME ADDRESS: 8312 Draper Lane, Silver Spring, Md.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Office of Chief, Chemical Warfare Service, War Dept., Washington, D. C.

BORN: Oct. 10, 1894, Somerville, Mass. PARENTS: William David Brooks, Jennie Evelyn Scranton.

PREPARED AT: Somerville High School, Somerville, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917; ED.M., 1926.

MARRIED: Mabelle Olive Baker, Aug. 29, 1917, Somerville, Mass. CHILDREN: Theodore William, June 30, 1918; Clifford Arthur, Sept. 20, 1921; Howard Ralph, April 1, 1927; Marion, Sept. 19, 1931.

OCCUPATION: Army Officer (for the duration); formerly Teacher of Chemistry and Physics, Technical High School, Springfield, Massachusetts, Author, and Editor.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Rejected for military duty in World War I for physical disability; private, Enlisted Reserve Corps, 1930; 2d lieutenant, 1931-34; 1st lieutenant, 1934-38; captain, 1938-42; entered on active duty Jan. 19, 1941, as captain, Chemical Warfare Service, stationed at Office of the Chief in Washington, D. C.; promoted major Feb. 1, 1942.

OFFICES HELD: Secretary, New England Association of Chemistry Teachers; editor, New England Association of Chemistry Teachers "Report;" past president, Springfield Chapter, National Sojourners; former member, Board of Examiners in Physics, College Entrance Examination

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Board; former reader in chemistry and physics, College Entrance Examination Board.

MEMBER OF: Masons; several professional societies.

PUBLICATIONS: *Directed Activities in Physics*; *Objective Tests in Physics*; *Science for Seniors*.

WILLIAM BROOKS, after twenty-five years of academic life, found military life "quite an upset" to his "ways of life." He writes:

UPON graduation from College I began teaching in Connecticut high schools and was thus engaged from 1917 until 1924. My subjects were primarily chemistry and physics, although I also taught biology and general science. In September, 1924, I entered the service of the Springfield School Department, Springfield, Massachusetts, and was a teacher of chemistry and physics at the High School of Commerce, where I remained until June, 1936. I was then transferred to the Technical High School in Springfield and continued to teach chemistry and physics until January 19, 1941, when I entered the Army for a year of active duty in the Office of the Chief, Chemical Warfare Service. Before the year of active duty was up, the Pearl Harbor incident occurred, and I am now in active service in the Army for the duration of the war.

At the time of the first World War, I was unable to enter the service because of minor physical disabilities, such as underweight, eye glasses, etc. As the years went on, these physical disabilities disappeared, and in October, 1930, I enlisted as a private in the Enlisted Reserve Corps, training for a commission as second lieutenant which was granted me in May, 1931. I continued my studies as a reserve officer and was a captain when ordered to active duty in January, 1941. On February 1, 1942, I was promoted to the rank of major, Chemical Warfare Service. My present assignment is chief of the Public Relations Division, Office of the Chief, Chemical Warfare Service. In this capacity I supervise all publicity, information, and periodicals issued by the Chemical Warfare Service.

Our oldest boy graduated from Williams College in 1940 and is now an ensign in the Naval Reserve on active duty with the Atlantic Fleet. Our second boy is employed by Pratt & Whitney Company, Hartford, Connecticut, where he is receiving training as a

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tool-maker. Our third son is a student in high school at Washington, D. C., and our little girl is also attending school in Washington.

Before entering the Army, my professional life was confined to teaching and related educational activities. I served as a member of the Board of Examiners of Physics for the College Entrance Examination Board, and also as a reader in both chemistry and physics for this organization. For a number of years I was an abstractor for the *Journal of Chemical Education*, secretary of the New England Association of Chemistry Teachers, and editor of their quarterly magazine, *Report*. I published a work book in physics called *Directed Activities in Physics* in 1939, which I am pleased to report has had a very wide sale in secondary schools throughout the country. *Objective Tests in Physics* followed shortly thereafter, while a third book was in preparation when I was called to active duty in the Army. At the end of the war I expect to return to teaching in Springfield.

Until entering the Army, my life had been the prosaic one of the school teacher. Yet I enjoyed it. I have found great pleasure in teaching boys and girls and have enjoyed the academic atmosphere of the classroom, and the opportunity to browse among my books. Through the years I have built up a fairly good personal library of scientific books which I prize highly. For diversion I have had as interests military matters, chess, gardening, and home handicraft. It was quite an upset to my ways of life when I entered the Army a little over a year ago. I was transplanted from New England, which I still believe to be the best part of the country, to Washington, and through force of circumstances was obliged to change many of my ways and habits. I am fortunate that my family has been able to move to Washington so that they can be with me during my military service. During the past year I have travelled a great deal more than all the other years since my graduation put together. However, the more I see of the South and the West, the better New England looks to me for all-round, downright good living.

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HOWARD WASHINGTON BROWN

HOME ADDRESS: 1492 Bradley Ave., Camden, N. J.

OFFICE ADDRESS: J. G. Whittier Public School, Eighth and Chestnut Sts., Camden, N. J.

BORN: Oct. 18, 1889, Lawnside, N. J. PARENTS: George Washington Brown, Lucy A. Fussell.

PREPARED AT: Princess Anne Academy, Princess Anne, Md.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1916-1917. DEGREES: A.B. (Howard Univ.), 1914; S.B. (Harvard Univ.), 1917; A.M. (ibid.), 1918; A.M. (Univ. of Pennsylvania), 1930; PH.D. (ibid.) 1941.

MARRIED: Estelle Irene Cornish, March 23, 1921, Camden, N. J.

OCCUPATION: Principal, J. G. Whittier Public School.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered service private Aug. 5, 1918; assigned to Company M, 807th Pioneer Infantry; sailed for France Sept. 4; promoted sergeant June 16, 1919; discharged July 7, 1919. Engagement: Meuse-Argonne offensive.

OFFICES HELD: Treasurer, St. Augustine Protestant Episcopal Church, Camden, since 1920; member Committee of Management, Hunton Branch Y. M. C. A.; past commander, Clarence Hill Post, Veterans of Foreign Wars; treasurer, State Teachers' Association; past president, local teachers' association.

MEMBER OF: National Education Association; local teachers' association; State Teachers' Association; Alpha Phi Alpha Fraternity; local principals' association; Veterans of Foreign Wars.

PUBLICATIONS: *A Study of Methods and Practices in Supplying Library Service to Public Elementary Schools in the United States.*

WHAT this country needs is not a good five-cent cigar, but more Harvard graduates taking as much interest in their community as Howard Brown. His story:

AFTER graduating from Harvard College in 1917, I entered the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences in order to prepare myself more adequately for teaching. After receiving the A.M. degree in 1918 I was called to the Army. I served overseas for ten and a half months. The experience in the Army and in France was of great value in helping to prepare me for my future work.

Upon returning to the United States, I was appointed to the principalship of a large public school in Camden, where I have remained ever since. I have tried to enter the life of the community and to help to make this a better town in which to live. I have attempted to keep in touch with the most modern thought

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and progress in education. I have been connected with the University of Pennsylvania ever since coming to Camden. In 1930 I received the A.M. degree, and in 1941 the Ph.D. degree from that institution.

I have been married since 1920. My wife was a school teacher before marriage. We have no children. Our life is happy and, I think, successful. We both find pleasure in church, Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., and veterans' organization work.

My greatest diversion is tennis, both indoor and outdoor. I get much pleasure also out of fishing and taking long trips in our car. We have no summer cottage, but usually spend part of the summer vacation at some seashore or mountain resort.

✦ JOHN STACY BROWN, JR.

BORN: Nov. 18, 1894, Newport, R. I. PARENTS: John Stacy Brown, Phoebe Bradford.

PREPARED AT: Rogers High School, Newport, R. I.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREE: A.B., 1917 (16).

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Commissioned 2d lieutenant Field Artillery Aug. 15; assigned to 7th Field Artillery in September; commissioned provisional 2d lieutenant Field Artillery, Regular Army, Oct. 26; sailed for France Oct. 31; transferred to Battery A, 6th Field Artillery, 1st Division, in November; transferred to Battery E, 6th Field Artillery; to Headquarters 4th Army Corps in July for intelligence duty; to Headquarters 2d Army in October for duty with Operations Section; to Headquarters 9th Army Corps in November for intelligence duty; 1st lieutenant March 21, 1919; transferred to General Headquarters A. E. F., 5th Section, Paris, in April; returned to United States Sept. 5; assigned to Military Intelligence Division, General Staff, Washington, D. C.; resignation accepted May 26, 1920. Engagement: Ansauville sector. Awarded Croix de Guerre.

DIED: Nov. 5, 1920, Calcutta, India.

AT the time of his death Brown was on a business trip in Calcutta for the Ludlow Manufacturing Associates, with whom he had been associated for his brief business career.

While he was in College he was captain of the Freshman Tennis Team, and a member of the University Tennis Team in 1914. He was a member of the Institute of 1770, the D. K. E., the Stylus Club, the Speakers' Club, the Sophomore Entertainment Committee, and the Harvard Regiment. He was a member of the Harvard Club of New York.

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Malcolm Bowditch Stone of the Class of 1903 writes of Brown as follows:

"I recall Brown very well. He entered the employ of the Ludlow Manufacturing Associates in the spring of 1920 to serve in our Calcutta branch. He left with me and three other young men for Calcutta the end of May, and we sailed from Vancouver, as I recall it, on June 4. We reached Calcutta about the middle of July.

"Brown had been working in our Calcutta office only three or four weeks when he was taken sick with dengue fever. Dengue fever is usually not a serious illness, lasting only a week or ten days, but in Brown's case it was some three weeks before he was up and about again. He returned to his duties, but in early September he was taken sick again and was taken to the hospital complaining of severe headaches and general debility. He died on November 5, 1920, and a post-mortem examination disclosed a large brain tumor which the local doctors thought had lain dormant since Brown's war experience and had been started up by his attack of dengue fever.

"I recall that Brown was a very pleasant travelling companion and a very promising young man."

JOSHUA WARREN BROWN

HOME ADDRESS: 46 Athelstane Rd., Newton Center, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: W. Frank Brown & Sons, 83 Union St., Newton Center, Mass.

BORN: Aug. 18, 1895, Larchmont, N. Y. PARENTS: William Francis Brown, Eugenia VanDerburg.

PREPARED AT: Lexington High School, Lexington, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1914.

MARRIED: Josephine Raugh, Feb. 8, 1924, Denver, Colo. (died May 26, 1938); Gertrude L. Gaw, Oct. 14, 1941, Newton, Mass.

HARVARD BROTHERS: George VanDerburg Brown, '08 (deceased); William Francis Brown, Jr., '13 (deceased).

OCCUPATION: Real Estate, Mortgage, and Insurance Broker; Builder; Developer; Mortgage Correspondent; Appraiser.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: U. S. Naval Reserve, Radio School, 1917.

OFFICES HELD: Various offices, Local Real Estate Board, Boston Real Estate Exchange, National Association of Real Estate Boards; member, National Institute of Appraisers.

MEMBER OF: Woodland Golf Club.

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BY bitter experience Josh Brown knows that "misfortune never comes alone," and we hope that now happiness will be his constant companion. His "Life":

ALTHOUGH I am the fourth Joshua Warren Brown, and my grandfathers bearing the same name were all rugged New Englanders, I must admit as I reflect upon my life since leaving College, that I evidently failed to inherit many of the true New England characteristics, or to adhere to New England traditions. My grandfather's homestead, which was passed down to my father, stood on the present site of Middlesex School in Concord, Massachusetts, so it was quite natural that my name should be entered early for attendance at Middlesex in preparation for Harvard, which would follow naturally.

My two brothers attended Harvard, but conditions made it impossible for me to enter Middlesex, or to complete my course at Harvard, which I shall forever regret. These conditions were also responsible for my failure to adhere to New England traditions, or to manifest New England characteristics, because when it became necessary for me to leave College, I decided that it would be best to try to blaze new trails in a new and entirely different environment, making new friends and seeing as much as possible of the world. After extensive travelling and observation in the middle and far West, I settled near Denver, Colorado, where the specialization I had had in chemistry in high school and college enabled me to get a job as a chemist in a sugar factory. This drastic change was made in the formative years of my life, and it was not long before I was a real Westerner. I must confess that I grew to love the West, western people, and western ways, and although I now live in Massachusetts again, I still have a longing to return to the West some day. Or is it just the Wanderlust?

I remained in or near Denver for about fifteen years and married Josephine Raugh of Denver. She attended school and lived for several years in San Francisco, so she was truly a Westerner. (Not so, "never the twain shall meet.") That old Wanderlust popped up in me again, though soon after we were married and we moved to Casper, Wyoming, where we lived for over a year on the edge of the Rip-Roarin' Salt Creek oil field. That

year is, I believe, the one which made the most profound impression upon my memory, probably because it was spent in a truly western boom town, in a country where, literally, "Men are men, and women are governors." Or was it because I had a new bride? Maybe both.

Upon leaving Casper, we toured a large part of the country and settled for two years in Miami, Florida. (Wanderlust again.) My father and mother had both passed the allotted threescore and ten years, and a prolonged visit with them here in Boston resulted in our settling here permanently, to be close to them. I entered the real estate, mortgage, and insurance business here in Newton Center with my father, and I still carry on the business.

For many years my life was free from intimate tragedies, even of the most minor sort, and I can remember saying to myself, as the years passed and I grew older, "I am very fortunate; nothing much ever seems to happen to me to bring me unhappiness." It is good, though, that I could not foresee the future, for beginning with 1935 great sorrows and losses came into my life each year for the following six years, as if to compensate for the many care-free and happy years which had gone before. My brother Bill, '13, died in 1935, at the Stadium, while attending the Dartmouth game. My brother George, '08, died in June, 1937; my father, a few months later, in September, 1937; my wife in May, 1938, my only brother-in-law, who lived with us, in June, 1939; and my mother in December, 1940. We had no children, so could I be blamed for harboring the thought that I, being the only one left, and all alone, might be called in 1941? I am still here, however, and it is January, 1942. The truth is that I am writing this today only because of that last very effective Goad received the other day. Probably I never should have done it if it had not been for that Goad, which Clem, in his deep and conscientious sense of duty to his and our Class, undoubtedly had to send to a lot of us shirkers and putter-offers.

In contrast to the previous six years, each of which brought sorrow into my life, the year 1941 brought much new happiness to me, because on October, 14, 1941, Gertrude Gaw of Newton agreed to become my wife. At this writing, we feel as if we were still on our honeymoon. We are living quietly here in Newton Center, and I hope that old Wanderlust will keep his head down

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from now on, and give me a chance to get somewhere and amount to something (I still think I might).

My hobbies are golf, music, and radio experimentation. Two years ago my golf was pretty good for a weekend golfer. I shot in the low eighties, and occasionally under, but I guess the years are bearing down, or I am neglecting my game, because I seem to be getting worse all the time. Although I am by no means a musician or an accomplished pianist, I have made numerous attempts at writing popular songs, and have tried to persuade most of the publishers how good they are, but with little success to date. (I am wondering if there is a music publisher in the Class.) Some of them are really good too, in fact much better than most of the stuff that we have to listen to, believe it or not. I should know!

In World War I, I was in the Naval Reserve, training wireless operators for the Navy at the Opportunity School in Denver, Colorado. Since then I have fallen far behind in my knowledge of radio, but am now studying and trying to catch up, so that I may be in a position to be of service again if necessary.

I have been a member of the Woodland Golf Club, the local Chamber of Commerce, the Kiwanis Club, men's clubs, and other local organizations. I shall be happy to greet any members of the Class at my office or at my home.

RALPH CLEMENT BROWN

HOME ADDRESS: 26 High Rd., Newbury, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: F. S. Emery & Co., Inc., 111 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: May 9, 1895, Newburyport, Mass. PARENTS: George Washington Brown, Carrie Maria Clement.

PREPARED AT: Newburyport High School, Newburyport, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1915.

MARRIED: Sarah Isabel Dennett, Sept. 22, 1923, Amesbury, Mass. CHILDREN: Ralph Clement, Jr., Jan. 6, 1927; George Dennett, April 24, 1940.

OCCUPATION: Dealer in Investment Securities; Vice-president, F. S. Emery & Company.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted May, 1917; assigned to U. S. S. *Ossipee*; foreign service Aug., 1917; convoy duty out of Gibraltar; discharged March, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Vice-president and director, F. S. Emery & Company, Incorporated.

MEMBER OF: Dalton Club, Newburyport (former president).

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RALPH BROWN has been consistent in his field of business, with the result that he is now his own boss. He writes:

AFTER leaving College in 1915, I started working for Blake Brothers & Company, brokers in Boston. Then for twenty-two months the interlude of the war occupied my time. After the Armistice I returned to Blake Brothers. In 1923 I went with the Boston office of J. G. White & Company of New York, and in 1927 four of us decided that it would be much more fun to be working for ourselves. We started our own company, F. S. Emery & Company, Incorporated, with offices in Boston. Here I have been ever since as vice-president and director, and with the exception of 1932 and 1933, really enjoying my work.

I have lived in the little town of Newbury since my marriage. There with my wife and two sons, I have found life pleasant, if generally unexciting and uneventful.

✦ RANDOLPH RANDALL BROWN

BORN: March 29, 1895, Utica, N. Y. PARENTS: Leslie Warwick Brown, Anne Huntington.

PREPARED AT: Middlesex School, Concord, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: S.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Pauline Ethridge, Aug. 23, 1917, of Rome, N. Y.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Aug. 15; assigned to Company K, 9th Infantry, 2d Division; sailed for France Sept. 18; commissioned provisional 2d lieutenant Infantry, Regular Army, Oct. 26; promoted temporary captain Oct. 24 and transferred to Company I, 9th Infantry; killed in action Nov. 7, 1918, at Tuilerie Ferme, France. Engagements: Toulon-Troyon sectors, Aisne defensive, Château-Thierry, Champagne offensive 1918, Meuse-Argonne offensive. Cited by General Pershing.

DIED: Nov. 7, 1918, Tuilerie Ferme, France.

FATHER: Leslie Warwick Brown, 1417 Genesee St., Utica, N. Y.

BBROWN came to Harvard from Middlesex School where he had been an acknowledged leader in the school activities. He played football, rowed on school crews, and was a member of the debating and dramatic clubs. At Harvard he continued his activity in rowing throughout his four years, rowing number two on the Varsity crew in his Senior year. He held membership in the Institute of 1770, the D. K. E., the Iroquois, Hasty

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Pudding, and Fox. He was also active in the Middlesex School and the Varsity Clubs, and in the work of the Phillips Brooks House Association.

Brown took his final examinations early and left College in May to enter military training at Plattsburg, where he was attached to Company K of the 9th Infantry as a second lieutenant. He sailed for France in September and the following month was promoted to provisional first lieutenant. He was severely wounded at the second battle of the Marne and, after several weeks in the hospital, returned to the 9th Infantry as battalion supply officer, later being promoted to temporary captain and given command of Company I. In November the Meuse-Argonne drive began, and his division was in the thick of it. It was during that drive that he met his death by machine-gun fire. He received posthumously the Distinguished Service Cross, and was cited, "for distinguished and exceptional gallantry at Argonne Forest on November 2-3, 1918."

Our late classmate, Hunt Wentworth, has written:

"An appreciation of Liz Brown is difficult to write. For those who knew him any reminder of his qualities is superfluous; for the others, no mere accumulation of superlatives could bring a conception of the true strength and depth of his character. His regimental commander has written of him as 'a courageous and gallant officer — an inspiration to all about him,' and the War Department has made a posthumous award of the Distinguished Service Cross in recognition of his heroism. But we who knew him well at college care not so much for the inspiration and the heroism; we knew the nature that made them possible, and when Liz Brown died there in the Argonne Forest we lost the most precious thing on earth — a friendship that cannot be replaced."

RAY BAXTER BROWN

HOME ADDRESS: 4 Ridge Rd., Frenchtown, N. J.

OFFICE ADDRESS: c/o Air Reduction Sales Co., 60 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

BORN: Feb. 25, 1892, Haverhill, Mass. PARENTS: Richard Baxter Brown, Ruth Abbie Emerson.

PREPARED AT: Haverhill High School, Haverhill, Mass.; Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, N. H.

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YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914-1917, 1918-1919. DEGREE: A.B., 1917 (19).

MARRIED: Antoinette (Bagnulo) Mackin, June 20, 1926, Nutley, N. J. CHILD:
John Joseph Mackin, Nov. 11, 1907 (stepchild).

HARVARD SON: John Joseph Mackin, '32.

OCCUPATION: Sales.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y. May, 1917; transferred to Aviation Section, Signal Corps; detailed to School of Military Aëronautics, Mass. Inst. Tech.; qualified as Reserve Military Aviator and commissioned 2d lieutenant Aviation Section, Signal Corps, March 30, 1918; detailed to Camp Dick, Texas; to Advanced Bombing School, Ellington Field, Texas; to Aërial Gunnery School, Taliaferro Field, Texas. Discharged Jan. 9, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Assistant sales manager, Air Reduction Sales Company, Metropolitan District.

RAY BROWN likes his farm, but dislikes the New Deal and writing in longhand. His story:

IN this my epitaph I feel an ungodly urge to let myself go and write many things I'd probably regret reading later, though I wouldn't regret saying them. However, I can't dictate this with a straight face and I most certainly haven't the urge so strongly that I am willing to put forth the energy to carve it out by hand. My "Life" is going to be short.

Since our lacrimose graduation in 1917 I've been very actively engaged in earning a living. The twenty-five years seem remarkably short in retrospect, and yet I do seem to have found out why some things are done. I seem to be a little drier behind the ears.

My views, with the accumulating years, are doubtless becoming narrower — at any rate, they are becoming much more definite. That, too, may be due to inherent cussedness. While I don't feel that I am at all religious, I do nevertheless feel a more abiding respect for some of the fundamental virtues. This brings me up to my aversions — slowly, gradually, steadily. They are all beautifully displayed, perfected, embroidered, and completely encompassed in the New Deal — the Franklin Delano Roosevelt administrations. Bah! I could write for a week and not say one tenth of the things I feel about what the present crop of "racketeers" is doing to this country.

My hobby is my farm, and while I'm not here very much, I love every bit of it. I can get my feet on the ground, I can

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see the sky and clouds and trees without the sweet smell of gasoline and motor oil as so abundantly provided in New York City. Some day I hope I can stay here all of the time.

I still don't see how Dickens wrote all of his books longhand.

VERNON HOWLAND BROWN

HOME ADDRESS: 1030 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Vernon C. Brown & Co., 71 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

BORN: May 14, 1895, Staten Island, N. Y. PARENTS: Willard Stanbury Brown, Gertrude Williams.

PREPARED AT: Pomfret School, Pomfret, Conn.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Vouletti Proctor, June 9, 1921, New York, N. Y. CHILDREN: Vernon Howland, Jr., May 21, 1923; William Proctor, Nov. 11, 1925.

OCCUPATION: Member, New York Stock Exchange (specialist); President, Willard S. Brown & Company (insurance).

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled seaman, U. S. Naval Reserve Force April 8, 1917; assigned to Patrol Boat *Charmian*; appointed ensign Oct. 3; transferred to Patrol Boat *Wadena* Oct. 16 as watch and division officer; promoted lieutenant (junior grade) July 1, 1918; transferred to U. S. S. *Bridgeport* July 24; transferred to U. S. S. *Wanderer* on convoy duty Aug. 10; overseas April 25 to Dec. 20, 1918; released from active duty Jan. 24, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Partner, Vernon C. Brown & Company; president, Willard S. Brown & Company; director, Northern Insurance Company, 1030 Fifth Avenue Corporation; secretary, 105 East 35th Street, Incorporated.

MEMBER OF: Union Club; Racquet & Tennis Club; Tuxedo Club; Holland Lodge No. 8, F. & A. M.; Sheriff's Jury, 1st Panel.

PUDGE BROWN hastens to assure us that his life is "drab" but we know otherwise. He writes:

IT is with the greatest of reluctance that I attempt to write about anything so drab as the life of an ordinary businessman in New York City, but as it is our Secretary's command, I suppose that I must.

After leaving College in 1916, and attending two Plattsburg Camps that summer, I started in the insurance underwriting business, to work supposedly from the bottom up. Our entrance into the War in 1917 found me still at the bottom, and it was with great relief that I marched nobly out of the office to do my duty. There being no Plattsburg Camps to join for what then seemed an interminable time, I proceeded to Newport to

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join the United States Naval Reserve Force as an able-bodied seaman, and got myself assigned to a patrol boat, the commander of which was Ensign Otis Stanton, and the crew of which consisted of a delightful crowd of Princeton boys. What with social life at Newport, and visits to Block Island and Nantucket, a good time was had by all, and I look back on that summer with the greatest of pleasure.

Came the fall and with it a commission, and I was assigned to duty on a converted yacht, on which I was fortunate in having Averell Clark for my roommate. After several months of conveying between Bermuda and the Azores, I was transferred to Brest where I remained doing convoy duty until the end of the War. The high spot of my recollection of that period was when, while strolling down the main street of Brest, I happened on none other than our Clem Stodder, and we of course had several scoops together. I also saw occasionally at that time Charley Little, who was stationed somewhere nearby.

After the war I reëntered the insurance business, this time with a somewhat more elevated position in the office, and after several years of watching with envy the amount of money apparently being made in Wall Street with a minimum of effort, I became a member of the New York Stock Exchange in 1925. The story of the rise and fall of Wall Street is well known to all. Suffice it to say that I am, unfortunately, still a member of the now completely depressed Stock Exchange, and also in the insurance business, by inheritance.

My principal outside interest (if anyone is interested) is in ships of all types, and my pet diversion is travelling, to the South in winter, and to Bermuda any time I can get there. Otherwise, my favorite pastimes are trout fishing in the spring, and partridge hunting (I advisedly do not say "shooting") in the fall. I play at golf very occasionally but my game is hardly worthy of anyone's competition. My pet hate—it would perhaps be considered disloyal to mention him at present.

As I inferred at the beginning, I'm afraid the life of just a businessman about town cannot be made to appear very interesting. I do want to take this opportunity to thank our Secretary for his noble efforts to make our coming reunion a success, and I am looking forward to seeing all the boys then.

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WILFRED JACOBS BROWN

HOME ADDRESS: 9 Carstensen Rd., Scarsdale, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Grand Central Terminal Bldg., New York, N. Y.

BORN: Aug. 10, 1893, Plymouth, Mass. PARENTS: Dr. Wilfred Gardner Brown, Stella Clinton Jacobs.

PREPARED AT: Berkshire School, Sheffield, Mass.; Plymouth High School, Plymouth, Mass.; Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Gertrude Dudley Danforth, Oct. 10, 1917, Dorchester, Mass. CHILDREN: Wilfred Jacobs, Jr., July 17, 1924; Beverly Danforth, Feb. 15, 1928.

HARVARD BROTHER: John Fiske Brown, '22.

OCCUPATION: President and Director, Consolidated Railroads of Cuba and the Cuba Railroad Company; Chairman of the Board, Cuba Northern Railways Company.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled seaman 1st class U. S. Naval Reserve Force April 9, 1917; assigned to Scout Patrol No. 605 June 12; transferred to Receiving Ship, Boston, Mass., Dec. 10; to Eligibility Board, Boston, May 1, 1918; appointed ensign June 3; assigned to Office of Naval Operations, Washington, D. C.; promoted lieutenant (junior grade) Feb. 25, 1919; released from active duty April 15, 1919.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of New York; Scarsdale Golf Club; The Town Club, Scarsdale; Plymouth Lodge, A. F. & A. M.

WILFRED BROWN'S theme song might well be "I've Been Working on the Railroad" as since 1919 he has been connected with railroads in Cuba. His story:

ENLISTING as a seaman first class in the United States Reserve Force at the Charlestown Navy Yard on April 9, 1917, I served in various ranks at land and sea stations until discharged on April 15, 1919, as a lieutenant, junior grade. My last station was the Office of Chief of Naval Operations at Washington, D. C. My service experience was interesting from the time I was allowed, by a few hours of leave, to graduate at Cambridge — at which occasion, to my embarrassment, I was censured by an admiral attending the ceremonies for not saluting him — until toward the end of my service I was one of a group of officers who handled the confidential communication of the Peace Terms to President Wilson.

After leaving the service I went to South America as a representative of the United States Shipping Board on the S. S. *Riviera* (ex-German S. S. *Silvia*) and incidentally satisfied an urge to see

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something of the nations to the south of us. A breakdown at sea, a mutiny, and a strike added zest to the voyage. My work enabled me to observe the methods pursued there at the time by our businessmen. For the most part such methods showed an unfortunate lack of understanding of the people and their customs. Today, some twenty years later, I can see very little improvement in our business conduct with Latin America. Our government and our businessmen never will be able to deal as they wish with our neighbors to the south until they obtain their respect. In order to obtain that respect we must in turn respect them and learn to understand their customs and methods and the reasons therefor.

In the winter of 1919 I became associated in a minor capacity with a company which operated railroads and sugar mills in Cuba. I have been in the Cuban railroad business ever since, at present being president and director of Consolidated Railroads of Cuba, and the Cuba Railroad Company, and chairman of the board of the Cuba Northern Railways Company. Our roads are now carrying large tonnages of sugar, molasses, manganese ore, and chrome ore which are exported to the United States for use in the defense industries. In my twenty-odd years of business experience I have found it necessary to apply myself rigidly to my job, but during that time I have made many good friends both in Cuba and in the United States, among them Harvard men, who have helped me and for whose assistance I am grateful. In the summer of 1929 I attended the Harvard Business School, taking a course in transportation. To the extent that time has allowed I have participated in local civic work. My marriage has been a happy one with a twenty-fifth wedding anniversary to be celebrated this year. My daughter is preparing for college and my son expects to enter Harvard this fall. We are all looking forward with pleasure to the Class Reunion.

LYSCOM ALONZO BRUCE

HOME ADDRESS: 30 Vista Ave., Auburndale, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 93 Union St., Newton Center, Mass.

BORN: April 2, 1895, Windsor, Vt. PARENTS: Lyscom Alonzo Bruce, Minnie Amelia Stocker.

PREPARED AT: Dorchester High School, Dorchester, Mass.

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YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Margaret Nichols Luce, June 21, 1922, Nashua, N. H. CHILDREN:
Robert Stocker, Dec. 11, 1926; Saran Elizabeth, April 22, 1930.

OCCUPATION: Executive Director, Newton Community Chest and Council.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Seaman 2d class U. S. Naval Reserve Force when United States entered the war; called to active duty Nov. 23, 1917, and assigned to Naval Training Camp, Bumkin Island, Mass.; transferred to Navy Yard, Boston, Mass., Dec. 29; promoted chief quartermaster Jan. 9, 1918, and released from active duty; recalled to active duty March 18; assigned to Naval Aviation Detachment, Mass. Inst. Tech.; transferred to Naval Air Station, Akron, Ohio, May 27; to Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Fla., July 30; qualified as Naval Aviator; appointed ensign Oct. 12; released from active duty Feb. 28, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Secretary and president, Rotary Club of Newton.

MEMBER OF: Newton Post 48, American Legion; Norumbega Lodge A. F. & A. M.; Rotary Club of Newton.

LYC BRUCE is a good Scout and an excellent Community Fund director. He writes:

ENLISTED in United States Naval Reserve Force IV on March 27, 1917. Later transferred to V (Naval Aviation) and became ensign with pilot-instructor duties at Pensacola, Florida, Naval Air Station. Left February 28, 1919.

Service as an executive in Boston Council, Boy Scouts of America, from that date through 1921.

During 1921-1922 with the then Playground and Recreation Association of America, first as a local executive and then as a regional executive in Middle West.

In business for self from 1922 through early 1927.

Became Scout executive of Norumbega Council, Incorporated, Boy Scouts of America, Newton, Massachusetts, on April 4, 1927. Served in that job till January 1, 1936.

January 1, 1936, became executive director of the Newton Community Chest, Incorporated, which later organized the Newton Community Council, and became executive of that also. Still on the job in Newton.

In 1929 took a Boy Scout Troop to the World Jamboree of the Boy Scouts held in Birkenhead, England, and toured the Continent afterwards.

In 1935 went to Rotary International Convention in Mexico City as delegate from the Rotary Club of Newton, Massachusetts.

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In 1937 took a Troop of Boy Scouts to the National Jamboree of the Boy Scouts of America, held in Washington, D. C., in June and early July. Then went to the World Jamboree held in Holland and toured the Continent after that.

In civilian defense am a member of the executive committee of the Newton Committee on Public Safety and the senior deputy chief air warden of the Newton A. R. P.

Belong to various organizations in connection with Community Chest and Council work.

Son Robert, without any intentional "selling" on my part, has decided to go to Harvard. Should land there, if he gets in, in the fall of 1944. Hope he makes the grade.

ROBERT BRUCE

HOME ADDRESS: 275 S. Washington Ave., Dunellen, N. J.

OFFICE ADDRESS: American Telephone & Telegraph Co., 195 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

BORN: March 20, 1894, Topeka, Kans. PARENTS: Edmond Eureka Bruce, Ina Martha Turner.

PREPARED AT: Central High School, St. Louis, Mo.; Western High School, Washington, D. C.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREE: S.B. *cum laude*, 1917 (16).

MARRIED: Dorothy Dyer, June 23, 1916, West Somerville, Mass. CHILDREN: Robert, Jr., March 12, 1917 (died Dec. 17, 1922); Donald, July 13, 1918; Mary Helen, Jan. 12, 1921; Dorothy Martha, July 23, 1922.

OCCUPATION: Accountant, Methods Division, American Telephone & Telegraph Company.

OFFICES HELD: Member, Board of Education, Dunellen, 1925-31, 1936-38; district clerk, Board of Education, Dunellen, 1926-28; member, Reorganization Committee, New York State Division of Placement and Unemployment Insurance, 1938-39; vice-president, New York Chapter, National Association of Cost Accountants, since 1938; staff director, now vice-president, Distribution Committee, New York State Defense Savings Staff, United States Treasury Department, 1942.

MEMBER OF: National Association of Cost Accountants; American Management Association; National Office Management Association; Telephone Pioneers of America.

PUBLICATIONS: Technical articles in professional publications as follows: "A Method for Classifying and Accumulating Material Used Data" (N. A. C. A. *Bulletin*, vol. XIX, No. 24, August 15, 1938); "Reorganization of the Unemployment Insurance Procedure of New York State" (N. A. C. A. *Bulletin*, vol. XX, No. 24, August 15, 1939); "The Tech-

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nique of Improving Office Methods" (Office Management Series No. 86, American Management Association).

FROM his experience in public service Robert Bruce has learned a lesson which he tells to the Class:

I HAVE not maintained Class contacts and I am not convinced that the story of my life is of any interest to strangers. However, if custom calls for it, here it is.

I am happily married, and proud of my wife, son, and two daughters. I am fortunate in having my mother nearby. We are all in good health. Nothing else matters in connection with my family affairs.

My vocation can be covered in a few words. I have been employed by the same company since graduation. I am happy in my work, with adequate income to gratify all of my simple wants without undue restraint, and with continued good prospects for the future. I consider that success in business.

I am tempted to say that outside of business and family affairs I have led a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde existence since graduation, except that this would imply a degree of moral delinquency which I do not claim. As a matter of duty I have been active in community and professional circles where it was thought that I had some knowledge or skill to contribute. As a matter of pleasure I have completely shunned community gatherings and social circles.

My earlier community duties were principally in the field of education. Being an accountant, I was asked to stand for election to the local Board of Education (which was supposed to have been financially mismanaged) as a qualified member of a reform group pledged to set matters right. We won, but the voters were wrong. Things were not as bad as they had seemed. The "Old Board's" principal fault was found to have been merely an excess of secrecy, which had aroused quite needless suspicion. However, true to our pledge, I accepted the office of district clerk and overhauled the accounting system, putting it on a basis commensurate with the growing needs of the community.

Altogether I served three terms — nine years — on the Board of Education. During this period a high school was erected — on the wrong site by decision of the voters — a curriculum was

adopted — with standards too low for college entrance in order to meet the demands of the masses — and a policy of retrenchment was defeated at the polls at the start of the great Depression. When it comes to quick decisions on unfamiliar subjects, it seems that the public is usually wrong. Habit and emotion rule over reason in a democracy. Still, no better system has yet been invented.

My next adventure in public service grew out of mismanagement, by political appointees, of the Unemployment Insurance Administration of New York State. A committee was appointed to clean up the mess, and I was selected to represent my firm on this committee. This experience is fully described in a published article on the subject. The lesson learned, which has been confirmed by my subsequent experiences, is that the policy-making offices connected with new public projects are promptly overrun by incompetents whose only qualifications are that they know the right people and apply at the right time. Too often their availability is due to their incompetence.

Much the same lesson is learned from my present avocational public service. We are on the threshold of war. Money is being pledged at an accelerating rate beyond the comprehension of any man. One vital source of funds, the sale of Defense Savings Bonds and Stamps, though sound in conception, has been frightfully mangled in execution. Spotty successes are being reported (this is January, 1942), but these are being achieved in spite of — not because of — the political management. When the story is finally published, the obstacles and inhibitions which were set up by the politicians, and which had to be overcome by the working force, will seem incredible to the modern businessman. It is the old story. Top staff members are selected on the strength of the men they know, not the things they can do. In course of time Pearl Harbors lift the competents up and the incompetents out, but where time is a vital factor this may be too late. Even were they all competents, the trouble with the dollar-a-year system is that everybody wants to be a general, where pay is received in terms of prestige, and there are no buck privates.

Along with these political and semi-political activities, I have been active in professional circles. This arose out of a desire to learn from the experience of others. It quickly became evident

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that this would have to be a two-way proposition; one must give as well as receive. My contacts in the several professional organizations have been both profitable and enjoyable.

At the end of the day, when professional and political contacts are over, there remains no desire for further social activities. My hobbies are solitary, or exercised in company with my family. Books, canoe, garden tools, and photographic darkroom have much greater appeal than playing cards, golf balls, dinner jacket, or cocktail glasses. Fortunately, the other members of the family have similar tastes.

My pet aversion is coffee.

MARSHALL SPELMAN BUELL

HOME ADDRESS: 94 Congress St., Orange, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Town Hall, Orange, Mass.

BORN: Dec. 4, 1893, Orange, Mass. PARENTS: Edward Martin Buell, Nettie Marshall.

PREPARED AT: Orange High School, Orange, Mass.; Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Hazel Ruth MacMillan, April 21, 1918, Macon, Ga. CHILDREN: Marcia Althea, March 3, 1921; Marshall Spelman, Jr., June 20, 1927.

HARVARD BROTHERS: Edward Cook Buell, '07; Harold Gilman Buell, '08.

OCCUPATION: Town Treasurer, Tax Collector, Town Collector for the Town of Orange; Correspondent for the *Springfield Union*.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., Aug., 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Field Artillery Nov. 27; detailed to Camp Stanley, Texas, Dec. 15; assigned to 116th Field Artillery, 31st Division, Feb. 23, 1918; sailed for France Oct. 15; discharged Jan. 18, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: President, Orange Kiwanis Club, Orange High School Alumni Association.

MEMBER OF: Orange Lodge, A. F. & A. M.; Orange Kiwanis Club; Orange Post, American Legion.

AFTER twenty years Marsh Buell returned to his native town and "came to know" his fellow-townspeople. He writes:

AS was the case with all of us Seventeen Men, I was tossed from the ease and tranquillity of college life into the hectic strife of World War I. In brief, after six months of intensive training, three months in the Reserve Officers' Training Corps, and three months at the Second Plattsburg Camp, I received a

second lieutenant's commission in the Field Artillery. After an additional two months at Leon Springs, Texas, I was finally assigned to the 16th Field Artillery, 31st Division, composed of Georgia, Alabama, and Florida National Guardsmen, known as the Dixie Division, and stationed at Camp Wheeler, Macon, Georgia.

In the spring of 1918 Mrs. Buell, whom I had met at Sargent School during my undergraduate days, came to Macon and we were married in that city. In June of that year my outfit was sent to Camp Jackson, South Carolina, where we remained until we sailed for France in September. A victim of the flu on the boat going over, I landed in the Naval Base Hospital in Brest. After spending about four months in the hospitals in France, I returned home in January, 1919, and was discharged from the hospital and the service the next month at Fort Devens.

Through classmate Bill Wellington I at once secured a position as salesman for Tucker, Anthony & Company. For the next ten years, until the stock market crash in 1929, I was busy and happy raising a family along with funds for public utilities, railroads, and industrial plants. I remained in the game until 1932, living in Manchester, New Hampshire, where I had gone in 1920 when Tucker, Anthony opened a branch office in that city.

In 1932 I returned to my native town, where for the past ten years I have kept busy trying to get myself and the town out of the red. Serving as local chairman for Chamber of Commerce, Red Cross, Boy Scouts, Kiwanis, and other drives for funds, I came to know my fellow-townspeople from whom I had been separated for over twenty years.

For the past four years I have served as town treasurer and town collector. In my spare time I cover the daily events and happenings in town for the *Springfield Union*. What time I have left is devoted to Kiwanis, Boy Scouts, Civilian Defense, and last but not least, my family.

Speaking of my family, the two best breaks that I have had during this war- and depression-torn quarter of a century are a boy and a girl. Marcia is now twenty-one years of age and is a student nurse at the Faulkner Hospital in Jamaica Plain. In another year she will be graduated and in a position to do her bit in caring for the sick and wounded. Buddy will be fifteen years old on June 20th of this year. I mention the date for he is the

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cause of my missing the Tenth Reunion. I spent the day pacing back and forth in the hall of the hospital instead of cavorting around Cambridge with my fellow-Seventeen Men. I suppose that I should have followed the doctor's suggestion and named him "Johnny Harvard" Buell.

Needless to say that I shall not be able to use the same excuse for not attending the coming Twenty-fifth Reunion and I hope to see you all in June.

GARDNER WHITMAN BULLARD

ADDRESS: Boiestown, N. B., Can.

BORN: Jan. 27, 1895, Brookline, Mass. PARENTS: Gardner Cutting Bullard, '89, Mary Arnold Whitman.

PREPARED AT: Pomfret School, Pomfret, Conn.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Eunice Patricia Langshaw, July 26, 1921 (divorced Feb. 12, 1933).

CHILDREN: Mary Arnold, May 27, 1922; Walter Langshaw, Sept. 7, 1925; Elizabeth Wilkinson, March 26, 1927; Gardner Whitman, Jr., Dec. 15, 1929.

OCCUPATION: Outfitter for Sportsmen in Province of New Brunswick.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled seaman 1st class U. S. Naval Reserve Force April 6, 1917; appointed ensign Feb. 11, 1918, after graduating from Cadet School, First Naval District; served on U. S. S. *New Jersey*, Destroyer *Lea*, and U. S. S. *Ozark*; honorable discharge April 2, 1921.

OFFICES HELD: Assistant treasurer, secretary to president, director and vice-president, Dartmouth Manufacturing Corporation, New Bedford, Mass.; member New Bedford Common Council.

MEMBER OF: New Brunswick Guides' Association; Wamsutta Club, New Bedford; New Bedford Country Club.

GARDY BULLARD says, "I enjoy life in the open and consider good health better than riches, but it would be grand to have both." Classmates will find that half a loaf at his sporting camp is better than none. But going back twenty-five years he reports:

AFTER graduation from Harvard I was in the Naval Reserve until after the Armistice, when I was placed on inactive duty. I then worked for a year in the Nashawena Mill in New Bedford learning cotton manufacturing. Next I sold cotton yarns for the William Whitman Company in New York for a year, after which I took a position as cotton classer with the Dartmouth Manufacturing Corporation. I was with that firm until it was

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sold in 1933, at which time I was vice-president and director. I then came to New Brunswick, where I embarked on the business of outfitting American sportsmen who came for fishing and hunting. I am still an American citizen and my ambition is to return to the United States to reside and work.

My pet aversion is the Harvard undergraduate of the socially prominent Boston family who comes down here to fish or hunt as a he-man and "rough it," but who in reality can't forget his ancestors or get used to taking the "bitter with the sweet" and wants everything run just to suit himself. I find that they can't "take it."

Two years ago I went to Arizona for a trip in the winter, but I don't travel much now.

✦ LAURENCE EMANUEL BULLARD

BORN: Dec. 8, 1895, New York, N. Y. PARENTS: Emmanuel Gonzales Bullard, Helen Louise McLean.

PREPARED AT: Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, N. H.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

DIED: Aug. 30, 1918, Nogales, Ariz.

FATHER: Emmanuel Gonzales Bullard, 455 Welling St., Richmond Hill, N. Y.

LAURENCE BULLARD will always be remembered by those who knew him for his energy and positive assurance. He had a flair for writing, and his trenchant pen found expression in the columns of the *Illustrated*, where many of his articles appeared during his Freshman and Sophomore years. A good student, he finished his course in three years, and yet found time for outside activities on the board of the *Illustrated*, the soccer team as a player and assistant manager, and as a member of Alpha Sigma Phi. He was very well read, and he used his fund of knowledge often in discussions of national and international affairs in which he was well versed. Those who did not know him were apt to think of him as reserved, yet his friends found him vigorous and stimulating, and an hour spent in his company never became boresome. His untimely death from scarlet fever cut short a career which undoubtedly would have led him to a position of influence and achievement in whatever sphere of activity he might have chosen.

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WALTER LLEWELLYN BULLOCK

HOME ADDRESS: Arborfield, Bowdon, Cheshire, England.

OFFICE ADDRESS: The University, Manchester 13, England.

BORN: March 7, 1890, Ealing, London, England. PARENTS: Llewellyn Bullock, Margaret Cecil Spearman.

PREPARED AT: Rugby School, England.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B. *magna cum laude*, 1917; A.M., 1920; PH.D., 1923.

MARRIED: Helene Louise Buhlert, June 19, 1920, Holliston, Mass.

OCCUPATION: Professor of Italian Studies, University of Manchester (1937).

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Secretary, Y. M. C. A. service, Russia and Roumania, Oct., 1917, to June, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: President, Amercian Association of Teachers of Italian, Dante Alighieri Society of Chicago, Manchester Dante Society.

MEMBER OF: Authors' Club of London; Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society; Chicago Literary Club.

WALTER BULLOCK did send in his picture for this Report, but nothing has been heard from him. During the last war he was with the Civilian Relief in Japan and Siberia under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. He then travelled to Petrograd and was there when the Winter Palace was stormed and Kerensky fled. He then returned to Harvard in 1920, where he attended the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences and was an instructor in French until 1922 when he went to Bryn Mawr College as associate in Italian. In 1923 he wrote, "My hobbies are book collecting, scribbling, tennis, contemplating the advantages of any form of autocracy over any form of pseudo-democracy, whether the latter be of the American, British, French, or Russian variety, etc."

We trust he has changed his views as the autocracies are not exactly our playmates now. In 1927 he was assistant professor of Romance languages at the University of Chicago, and was a member of the Modern Humanities Research Association of England. In 1937 he was professor of Italian studies at the University of Manchester, England. Besides being a member of the Authors' Club of London and the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society, he said, "I have also been president of various organizations such as the American Association of Teachers of Italian, Dante Alighieri Society of Chicago, Manchester Dante Society,

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etc.” We assume the “etc.” means other Italian societies. At any rate, he was made a Cavaliere della Corona d’Italia.

GEORGE EDWARD BULWINKLE

HOME ADDRESS: Merriam St., Weston, Mass. (P. O. South Lincoln, Mass.).

OFFICE ADDRESS: United Fruit Co., 1 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: July 31, 1891, Savannah, Ga. PARENTS: Henry Bulwinkle, Cora Hussey.

PREPARED AT: Hillsborough High School, Tampa, Fla.; Cambridge Latin School, Cambridge, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916.

MARRIED: Hazel Frances Osborne, Sept. 29, 1917, at Mobile, Ala. CHILDREN: Alice-Frances (Mrs. John Sherman Myers, Jr.), Dec. 21, 1918; Barbara Elizabeth, Jan. 10, 1921; George Edward, Jr., Jan. 15, 1922.

OCCUPATION: In Treasurer’s Office, United Fruit Company.

OFFICES HELD: Assistant treasurer, Tropical Radio Telegraph Company, a subsidiary of United Fruit Company.

MEMBER OF: Masons.

GEORGE BULWINKLE is “fascinated” with political affairs and enjoys discussions although he admits that in the majority of times he is in the minority. His story:

IN the autumn of 1917 I married Hazel Frances Osborne, of New England birth and parentage. She has been a loving and congenial wife, and, speaking for myself, I can boast that this much of my life has been a supreme success. We have had three children. Incidentally the eldest is married to Lieutenant John Sherman Myers, Jr., whose father was at Harvard during our time. Young John Myers is now with the nascent American Expeditionary Forces in Australia.

Within a month after my marriage I left my ancestral South, undertook my present employment, and settled here in the vicinity of Boston, finally making my home in the Town of Weston. My return visits to the South have been few and necessarily of short duration. While this is regrettable, I have been generously compensated by the warmth of association with my family and a large circle of local friends.

Political affairs and discussions have always fascinated me. Woodrow Wilson lifted me to heights of political fanaticism; Herbert Hoover won my lasting admiration as champion of political morality; and Wendell Willkie, with his campaign prom-

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ises, let me down to political skepticism. F. D. still has me bewildered. How can national productive power attain its utmost while private enterprise is being over-constricted? With limited exceptions, as in the case of rubber, should not the two forces be regarded as complementary, and our effort be to permit enterprise to produce as much as possible rather than as little as possible? Else, where shall national productiveness gain sufficient added acceleration if we are further endangered?

But debates and discussion more than often find me with the minority; so much so, that one of my closest friends once exploded, "Why argue with the rear end of a mule!" and again, "Mrs. B., how long did you say you had lived with that man?"

My outdoor hobby and conditioning exercise is gardening on my two-hectare hacienda in Weston. But try as I will, I cannot regain that 1917 zip; and alas, there are visible evidences of approaching obesity.

Outside the States, my travelling has been confined to the Latin Americas on ships of the company with which I have been employed since 1917.

I have no hates.

In the matter of civil defense, serving as neighborhood warden is my chief activity.

✦ NORMAN ELWELL BURBIDGE

BORN: March 16, 1893, Spokane, Wash. PARENTS: Frederick Burbidge, Rebecca Williams.

PREPARED AT: Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, N. H.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Ethel Jane Graves, July 25, 1917, Spokane, Wash. CHILD: Becky-Jane (Mrs. Fred Byrne, Jr.), May 19, 1919.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Commissioned 2d lieutenant U. S. Marine Corps June 14, 1917; reported for duty at Navy Yard, Mare Island, Calif., Aug. 10; transferred to Quantico, Va., Nov. 7; detailed to Officers' Training School, Quantico, March 1, 1918, as instructor; promoted 1st lieutenant July 1; assigned to 13th Regiment, U. S. Marine Corps, Aug. 10 and designated intelligence officer; overseas Sept. 13, 1918, to July 20, 1919; promoted captain March 20, 1919; discharged July 22, 1919.

DIED: April 16, 1942, Forest Hills, N. Y.

WIDOW: Mrs. Norman Elwell Burbidge, 68-54 Dartmouth St., Forest Hills, N. Y.

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NORMAN BURBIDGE was born in Spokane, Washington. His father and mother were pioneers, arriving in the town in its very early days. His father was a mining engineer, and was at one time general manager of the Federal Mining and Smelting Company. Burbidge entered Harvard from Phillips Exeter Academy, and during his Freshman year he was manager of the Freshman Football Team. During Junior and Senior years he was manager of the University Football Team. In our Senior year he was elected Class Treasurer, but was later supplanted by Warburg. He was a member of the Fox Club, the Phoenix Club (president, 1917), the Western Club (vice-president, 1917), the Varsity Club, the Hasty Pudding Club, the Institute of 1770, and the D. K. E.

Upon graduation he entered the service and reached the rank of captain. After the war he accepted a position as assistant manager of the Atlantic Fruit Company in Cuba. Returning to this country he became associated with R. H. Macy & Company in New York, and later was made manager. He was with Macy's from 1923 to 1936. Subsequently he was manager of the Cape Cod Shipbuilding Company and assistant to the vice-president of Gimbel Brothers in Pittsburgh.

Shortly before his death Burbidge had been accepted for a new commission in the Marines.

In 1932 and 1933 he had been active in the Queens division of the Emergency Unemployment Relief Committee.

Our classmate, Theodore Clark, writes of Burbidge:

"Norman, or 'Garb' as he was generally called, was a 'rough neck' in the best sense of that word. He loved the woods, hunting, shooting, and horseback riding. He had little use for 'society' of the parlor-and-pink-cake variety. He made friends easily and was highly adaptable in his friendships."

GEORGE BURNHAM, III

HOME ADDRESS: 367 Aubrey Rd., Wynnewood, Pa.

OFFICE ADDRESS: C. H. Wheeler Mfg. Co., Lehigh & Sedgley Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

BORN: June 27, 1893, Philadelphia, Pa. PARENTS: George Burnham, Jr., Anna Gilpin Lewis.

PREPARED AT: Hotchkiss School, Lakeville, Conn.

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YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1914.

MARRIED: Margaret McManigal, Nov. 29, 1916, Greenwich, Conn. CHILDREN:

George, 4th, Nov. 18, 1917; William Foster, Feb. 22, 1922.

HARVARD BROTHER: Enoch Lewis Burnham, '04.

OCCUPATION: Expediter.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of Philadelphia; New Haven Lawn Club.

WHILE some may have an exacting job, George Burnham, by his own classmate's definition, seems to have an extracting one. He writes:

I WAS born in Philadelphia, graduated from Hotchkiss, and absorbed the benefits of Harvard College during the ensuing twelve months.

Took a P. G. in matrimony, ably assisted by Margaret McManigal of Omaha, Nebraska. Honors in this course were George Burnham, 4th, and William Foster Burnham, both born in Philadelphia.

Spent some time, both before and after the Great Crash, wandering about Europe with a car, a typewriter, and a palate that delighted in experimentation of sorts. Stuck to the typewriter on my return, but have been rescued from its all-too-persistent futility by the demands of the defense program, in which my part, as so admirably expressed by one of my classmates, is "pulling the corks from bottle necks."

I regret that at this writing I am not able to complete this story by giving the date of my death.

JOHN BRIGHT BURNHAM

HOME ADDRESS: 1376 Arlington Drive, Salt Lake City, Utah.

BORN: Jan. 8, 1895, Cambridge, Mass. PARENTS: Addison Center Burnham, Emily Hudson Bright.

PREPARED AT: Newton High School, Newton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Irene Brunbaum, May 1, 1919. CHILD: John Bright, Jr., May 15, 1923.

HARVARD BROTHER: Addison Center Burnham, Jr., '19.

OCCUPATION: Retired.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Seaman U. S. Naval Reserve Force, on duty on Patrol Boat *Talofa* when United States entered the war; promoted quartermaster 3d class Aug. 1, 1917; appointed ensign Sept. 18; entered Reserve Officers' Training Class, U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.; graduated and commissioned ensign (temporary) U. S. Navy Feb. 1,

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1918; assigned to U. S. S. *Des Moines*; transferred to Destroyer No. 107 in June; promoted lieutenant (junior grade, temporary) Sept. 20; transferred to Receiving Ship, New York, N. Y., May 1, 1919; resignation accepted May 22, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Member Board of Directors, Salt Lake Chamber of Commerce, University Club, Associated Retail Credit Men (during past years); president, Little Theatre of Salt Lake.

MEMBER OF: Salt Lake Country Club; University Club; Rotary Club.

JOHN BURNHAM has shown keen business judgment by selling out two times to his advantage. He now is trying to get back into the Navy, twenty-five years after he began his first hitch, and he hopes that he may see some of his "former shipmates and classmates." He writes:

LET'S see where to begin. In March, 1917, a bunch of us joined the Naval Reserve. A month or so later we were assigned as a unit to man a patrol boat which Eben Ellison's Dad had donated to the Navy. After about three months' service in New England waters, most of the bunch applied for commissions and got them. From there on we split up. I happened to land at the Naval Academy, where in about four months I put in more hours of intensive study than I had done in four years at Cambridge. The reward was a commission in the regular Navy instead of the Reserve. From the Academy I went to the U. S. S. *Des Moines* doing convoy duty. After a few months I was transferred from the *Des Moines* to San Francisco for destroyer duty aboard the U. S. S. *Hazelwood*, which was being completed there. It was at San Francisco that I met, and became engaged to the very charming girl who is now Mrs. Burnham.

In May, 1919, my resignation from the Navy was accepted. By that time I had attained the dignity of a junior grade lieutenant. Our marriage took place in New York three days later. From this point on life assumed a saner, less dramatic aspect. San Francisco saw us for about three years, years of fun and new acquaintances. I was connected there as an officer in the Merchants Security Company. An opportunity to acquire a large territory for the distribution of Studebaker cars arose — Salt Lake City being the distributing center. Yes, there was a time when such a business was really profitable. My associate and I carried on until 1926, when it became evident that the profits were not so

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easy. At that time we sold out. Shortly afterward I established my own automobile finance company, which was really profitable. Enough of business.

John, Jr., appeared on the scene in 1923, is now eighteen, graduated from Exeter in 1940, and is a sophomore at Stanford. He gets a damn sight better marks than his Dad ever did, plays to about a six handicap at golf (mine is sixteen), and is average at one or two other sports. He studies at engineering but has his eye cocked at the Navy. Mrs. Burnham is the civic member of the family. She was active in the Junior League, is now on the Board of Directors of the Community Chest, and is on the boards of a number of charity organizations. If I may say so, who perhaps shouldn't, she has done a grand job with her activities, and has done it efficiently. As for myself, I have been a member of the University Club, the Rotary Club, the Salt Lake Country Club, the Chamber of Commerce, have helped to direct various Community Chest drives, and at present am directing one division of the Red Cross drive. My club activity has now been cut down to the Country Club.

You whose lives have been lived in larger centers may feel that life can't be interesting in a city of 150,000, such as Salt Lake City. True, we are eight hundred miles from the Coast and five hundred from Denver, but how many of you can be within five minutes' driving time from your work, can have two hundred or more acquaintances, and lots of close friends, have golf within a ten-minute drive, marvelous fishing, hunting, and skiing within easy distance? Heavens, I sound like a Chamber of Commerce folder, but it does mean a lot towards sane living, and I hope the war will leave such things possible for the future.

I have driven poor Clem Stodder to drink (maybe he doesn't need to be driven) by waiting until his fifth Goad to get this off, because my "Life" is beginning again at forty-six, and I wanted to bring it up to date if possible. Three months ago, seeing a lot of handwriting on lots of walls, I sold out very profitably to a much larger company, and at present writing it is probable that I shall be back in the Navy shortly. I have had direct word that my services are needed and wanted. If I get by a few hurdles such as physical examination and so forth, I'll be back in. The application is wandering around between San Francisco and Washington

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right now. Maybe I shall be seeing somewhere former shipmates and classmates — Stearns Poor, Newton Darling, Eben Ellison, Walter Wheeler ('18), the Horween brothers. I hope so, anyhow. Naturally, my chances of being with you in June are problematical. Frankly, I should like to be there, but I shall be tremendously disappointed if I'm not back in service. Thumbs up, and luck to you all.

CHAUNCEY MONROE BUTLER

ADDRESS: R. F. D. 3, Ellsworth, Maine.

BORN: July 29, 1892, West Hancock, Maine. PARENTS: Wilson Ryder Butler, Luella Sophia Mitchell.

PREPARED AT: Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, N. H.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

CHAUNCEY BUTLER hasn't sent in a picture, a questionnaire, or a "life," nor has he ever written for any of our Reports, so this is the best report we can give of him.

CHILTON RICHARDSON CABOT

HOME ADDRESS: 6 Follen St., Cambridge, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Paine Webber & Co., 24 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Dec. 12, 1895, Waltham, Mass. PARENTS: Chilton Cabot, Louise Richardson.

PREPARED AT: Concord High School, Concord, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917.

MARRIED: Miriam Shepard, Oct. 2, 1926, Canton, Mass. CHILDREN: Chilton Shepard, Feb. 25, 1934; Lawrence Thompson, June 15, 1935; Judith, April 16, 1938.

HARVARD BROTHER: Harold Cabot, '22.

OCCUPATION: Customers' Man.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Field Artillery Aug. 15; attached to 76th Field Artillery, Camp Shelby, Miss., Sept. 29; commissioned provisional 2d lieutenant Field Artillery, Regular Army, Oct. 26; assigned to 4th Field Artillery Nov. 14; promoted temporary 1st lieutenant July 5, 1918; assigned to 2d Overseas Replacement Regiment May 2; sailed for France May 15; detailed to Field Artillery School, Treves, Germany, June 11; assigned to 7th Field Artillery, 1st Division, Army of Occupation, June 22; resignation accepted Dec. 21, 1919. Officers' Reserve Corps (Field Artillery) 1923-1936; Mass. State Guard 1940-.

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OFFICES HELD: Vice-president, New England Home for Little Wanderers.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of Boston; Cambridge Boat Club.

IN 1923 Dick Cabot wrote, "During the war I followed forgotten regiments around in the South. Learned to pack mules with the Fourth Field Artillery. Went to Germany and acquired a fine taste for Rhine wines. Later I went to work in a mill to 'learn the business.' After eighteen months I had had enough. Found the business rather stupid but the people very interesting. Ran a farm for a year and a half, ably assisted by two Italians. Enjoyed it very much and hated to give it up. Am now selling paper boxes." In 1927 he was a statistician in a large Boston banking concern and has been there since.

FRANCIS HIGGINSON CABOT

ADDRESS: "Green Plains," North P. O., Va.

BORN: Feb. 13, 1895, Staten Island, New York, N. Y. PARENTS: Francis Higginson Cabot, Maud Bonner.

PREPARED AT: Groton School, Groton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917.

MARRIED: Currie Duke Mathews, April 18, 1921, New York, N. Y. CHILDREN: Mary Currie, Sept. 8, 1922; Francis Higginson, Jr., Aug. 6, 1925.

HARVARD BROTHERS: George Bonner Cabot, '22; Quincy Sewall Cabot, '23.

OCCUPATION: Farming; Chairman of General Public Service Corporation at 90 Broad Street, New York City; with Office of Production Management in Washington, D. C.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Seaman, U. S. Naval Reserve Force on duty on Scout Patrol *Scoter* when United States entered the war; entered Officer Material School, Cambridge, June 18, 1917; promoted chief quartermaster July 15; appointed ensign Sept. 18; assigned to U. S. S. *Connecticut* Oct. 15; commissioned ensign (temporary), U. S. Navy March 13, 1918; promoted lieutenant (junior grade, temporary) Sept. 21; resignation accepted Dec. 13, 1918.

OFFICES HELD: Clerk and assistant secretary, American International Corporation, 1919-1923; vice-president, Stone & Webster, Incorporated, 1935; president, General Public Service Corporation, 1934-1935 (subsequently chairman of the board); director, Alabama & Vicksburg Railway Company, Harvard Alumni Association for one term; trustee, Children's Aid Society of New York for several years; governor, New York Hospital for a brief period.

MEMBER OF: Knickerbocker Club, New York; Century Association, New York; Harvard Club of New York; Commonwealth Club, Richmond, Va.

IN College Higgy Cabot was chairman of innumerable committees

and we were sure that his executive ability would be recognized after graduation. He writes:

AFTER an uneventful tour of duty with the United States Navy in the World War, I started in business in New York with the American International Corporation. Good fortune came to me shortly in two most important ways. In the first place, I met and married my wife, who is and has always been much too good to me, and secondly, I became closely associated with Mr. Charles A. Stone, senior partner of Stone & Webster, and also at that time, president of American International Corporation, a great engineer with a brilliant, creative mind. I soon moved to Stone & Webster and spent many active interesting years with that firm in New York. Towards the end of 1935 I resigned from this association. I had been president of General Public Service Corporation in 1934. In 1935 I became chairman and began to give less time to business matters.

In 1937 I decided, and in time convinced my wife, that we would both like to go to the country to live, so we bought a farm on salt water in tidewater Virginia. We abandoned New York the following year and moved to the farm, which since then has occupied a major portion of my time. It was quite a jump in the dark for two city dwellers, but it has been a surprisingly satisfactory move, and we like the life better as each year goes by. The more I see of rural America, the better I like it.

During the autumn of 1940 I got the urge to try to do some work in connection with the present European war and our effort in relation thereto, as a result of which I joined the Office of Production Management in Washington in January, 1941, and have since been working there in various capacities and seeing something of several classmates.

In politics I have never been a party man. For a long time I was a registered Republican and occasionally voted Democratic. More recently I have been a registered Democrat, an admirer of both the present Senators from Virginia, and opposed to the New Deal, which I believe has for its own political advantage undermined many of the fundamental principles upon which our American democracy was founded and has flourished.

I used to think that our generation had been visited by far more

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than its share of strife, uncertainty, and worry, but I have come to the conclusion that the peace and security and freedom of the years of our boyhood were the result of a delightful but abnormal period, and that the trials and tribulations of the years since our graduation, which today give promise of being bigger and better than ever before, are the normal lot of man.

My admiration for Harvard grows steadily with the passing of time, and I look forward to having a son enrolled in the near future.

HENRY BROMFIELD CABOT

HOME ADDRESS: Dover, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 140 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Dec. 7, 1894, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Henry Bromfield Cabot, Anne McMaster Codman.

PREPARED AT: Country Day School, Newton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; LL.B., 1922.

MARRIED: Olivia Ames, June 18, 1927, North Easton, Mass. CHILD: Henry Bromfield, Jr., July 26, 1928.

HARVARD BROTHERS: Powell Mason Cabot, '18; Paul Codman Cabot, '21, M.B.A., '23; Charles Codman Cabot, '22, LL.B., '25.

OCCUPATION: Law; Investments.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 1st lieutenant Field Artillery Aug. 15; sailed for France Sept. 8 as casual; assigned to 103d Field Artillery, 26th Division, Jan. 1, 1918; detailed to 2d Corps Artillery School, Châtillon-sur-Seine, March 1 as instructor; to Artillery Training Center, Valdahon, June 10; promoted captain Oct. 24; assigned to 318th Field Artillery, 81st Division; discharged June 22, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Director, State Street Trust Company, Samuel Cabot, Incorporated; trustee, Boston Symphony Orchestra, Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, Wells Memorial Association.

PUBLICATIONS: "Judges and Law Reform," with S. B. Warner; a couple of *Law Review* articles.

IN his fight for health, Harry Cabot has shown that same stout-hearted spirit which made him captain of the crew. He writes:

LIKE many of the Class, I graduated into Plattsburg. Thence I was sent to a French artillery school at Fontainbleau and after a short period with troops, I was assigned as an instructor of artillery — the blind leading the blind. Our army today is surely better trained than we were.

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I got back to the United States in June, 1919, and that autumn entered the Law School, where I was an undistinguished student. Being a true Bostonian, it never entered my head to practise elsewhere than in Boston.

I worked in two large law offices until July, 1925, when pulmonary tuberculosis laid me low. I spent about a year in bed and another year gradually getting onto my feet in order to pursue the lady who is now my wife. The pursuit was exciting and fortunately successful, and I married Olivia Ames on June 18, 1927. The best job I ever did. My year in bed was the best education I ever had. Harvard College cannot hold a candle to it. I ranged from Einstein to detective stories. I found that the best system was to keep three books going at the same time, a heavy, a medium, and a light.

In the autumn of 1927 I returned to the practice of law, setting up shop with my brother, Charles. We kept ourselves reasonably busy, and had a good time out of it. A law practice is pretty strenuous, and after a few years I found that my tubercular lung was not going to be able to stand the strain, so I quit active practice and took up research at the Law School. The faculty of the Harvard Law School is a stimulating group of men, and I found my association with them interesting and pleasant. I must have become over-confident, for in the autumn of 1937 I was again laid low. This round of Cabot vs. T.B. was longer and harder than the first, and I am still pretty well limited by having one collapsed lung. I have to behave better than most of my classmates, and fear that I have no chance for active service with Uncle Sam. There must, however, be some niche in which an old crock can be useful to his country, and that is what I now seek.

HAROLD RAYMOND CALEY

HOME ADDRESS: Elk River, Minn.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Harold R. Caley, Inc., Elk River, Minn.

BORN: NOV. 9, 1892, Princeton, Minn. PARENTS: Thomas Henry Caley, Mary Irene Ward.

PREPARED AT: Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, N. H.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Ruth Severance Reed, May 1, 1920, Whitman, Mass. CHILDREN:

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Jane, May 16, 1921 (died May 24, 1921); Ruth, Aug. 29, 1922; Harriet, April 5, 1924; Mary Louise, July 29, 1925; Susan, March 16, 1929.

OCCUPATION: President, Harold R. Caley, Incorporated, and Inland Lumber Company, General Office, Princeton, Minnesota.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Seaman 1st class U. S. Naval Reserve Force when United States entered the war; called to active duty April 21, 1917, and assigned to Receiving Ship, Commonwealth Pier, Boston, Mass.; transferred to Scout Patrol No. 610 May 20; promoted chief boatswain's mate; entered Officer Material School, Cambridge, Mass., Oct. 12; appointed ensign Feb. 11, 1918; assigned to U. S. S. *Kansas*; transferred to Submarine Chaser No. 24, Atlantic Fleet, May 29 as commanding officer; released from active duty Jan. 2, 1919. Appointed lieutenant (junior grade) U. S. Naval Reserve Force July 1, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Director, Hardware Mutual Insurance Company of Minnesota, Hardware Indemnity Company of Minnesota, both of Minneapolis.

MEMBER OF: American Legion; Minneapolis Athletic Club; University Club of St. Paul, Minn.

TO Harold Caley baseball was not only a fine sport, it was also a path to the altar, as he married Shortstop Mickey Reed's sister. He writes:

I FIND myself wishing that I had run for the presidency of our country or had done something equally outstanding. It would make for more interesting reading. As it is, I run a hardware store in Elk River and operate a couple of lumber yards in nearby towns. For a number of years I was a partner in a potato business. We grew certified seed potatoes and table stock in Minnesota, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas. It was a highly speculative business in which either profits or losses were exceptional. Since there is no carry-over in potatoes, each year presents a new deal. From this experience and from first-hand observation of general farming over a number of years, it is my opinion that the farmers of this country are worthy citizens and entitled to a much better standard of living, a better return for their labor and investment, and a guaranteed cost of production. At the moment they fare somewhat better but any improvement in their lot is a result of world catastrophe.

In 1920 I married Ruth Reed, sister of our classmate, Mickey. We have four daughters of whom I am justly proud. If we can make some arrangement with the government whereby we can get tires, we plan to attend our reunion en masse.

Like so many of you, I am reliving experiences of the other war

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and wishing I could have an active part in this one. I believe that our policy at this time should be to help Russia and China. I also believe that ultimate victory is certain and that your sons will insure it.

JAMES FRANCIS CALLAHAN

HOME ADDRESS: 204 Brewster Rd., Scarsdale, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: J. C. Penney Co., 330 W. 34th St., New York, N. Y.

BORN: Feb. 10, 1895, Whitinsville, Mass. PARENTS: Bartholomew Michael Callahan, Mary T. Daley.

PREPARED AT: Northbridge High School, Whitinsville, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914-1917. DEGREES: S.B. *cum laude*, 1917; M.B.A., 1921.

MARRIED: Mary Manning, Aug. 11, 1925, Cambridge, Mass. CHILDREN: Ann, Oct. 2, 1926; James F., Dec. 9, 1929; Edward M., July 1, 1932.

OCCUPATION: Accountant.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., Aug., 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Nov. 27; assigned to 313th Infantry, 79th Division, Camp Meade, Md., Dec. 15; detailed for duty with Committee on Education and Special Training, Cambridge Springs, Pa., July, 1918; promoted 1st lieutenant Oct. 28; discharged Feb. 15, 1919.

IN 1920 Jim Callahan was attending the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration. In 1923 he was an accountant for the Western Electric Company in New York City. In 1927 he was an accountant for one of the large chain stores, J. C. Penney Company, a position which he still holds.

PATRICK JOSEPH CALLAHAN

HOME ADDRESS: 56 Carver Rd., Watertown, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: O'Hara Bros. Co., Inc., 22 Fish Pier, Boston, Mass.

BORN: July 24, 1893, Dorchester, Mass. PARENTS: Patrick Callahan, Annie Gertrude Gaffney.

PREPARED AT: English High School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: S.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Mildred Agnes Cooke, Jan. 17, 1923, Dorchester, Mass. CHILDREN: Robert James, Oct. 1, 1923; Paul H., June 9, 1925; Joan Therese, Dec. 10, 1931.

HARVARD BROTHER: William Patrick Callahan, '08; M.ARCH., '09.

OCCUPATION: Manager, Star Fish Company.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled seaman 2d class U. S. Naval Reserve Force June 23, 1917; called to active duty Aug. 23 and assigned to Naval Aviation Detachment, Mass. Inst. Tech.; transferred to Naval Air Sta-

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tion, Pensacola, Fla., Oct. 23; qualified as Naval Aviator; appointed ensign Jan. 28, 1918; sailed for overseas service Feb. 22; assigned to U. S. Naval Air Station, Moutchic, France, in March for bombing training; transferred to U. S. Naval Air Station, Tudy Island, June 2; released from active duty Feb. 28, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Commander, All-Dorchester Post No. 154, American Legion, 1920.

MEMBER OF: American Legion; New England Aëro Club; Massachusetts Fisheries Association; Harvard Club of Watertown; Holy Name Society, Belmont, Mass.; Society for the Apprehension of Horse Thieves, Dedham, Mass.

PATRICK CALLAHAN says, "The past quarter-century has not been unkind to me. I have made no outstanding achievements, nor have I received any great honors; however, I shall be content if the next twenty-five years are just as fruitful." He continues:

AS you know we went to war in 1917, and we appear to be headed for war now, twenty-five years later. Perhaps at our fiftieth reunion we may have another war and our great Class will go down in history as the "Warriors of 1917."

You will recall most of us were training in the Harvard Reserve Officers' Training Corps during the last few months of our Senior year. Well, a few of us really became tired of digging trenches, pulling ourselves over the ground on our bellies, and drilling every day of the week. So, we decided that it would be much easier and safer to go into the air service, where we would escape the back-breaking manual labor, and if we fell, or were shot down, it would at least be all over quickly.

Therefore, I enlisted in the United States Naval Reserve Flying Corps and was called into active service in August, 1917. The first two months were spent at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where we were given a ground-school training. Then we went to Pensacola, Florida, for actual flying training. In December, 1917, my flying course was completed. I was commissioned an ensign and ordered to France, where I served until the end of the war.

In January, 1919, I returned to the United States and gained employment with the Edison Electric Illuminating Company of Boston in the Standardizing and Testing Department.

In 1923 I was married and that same year I became associated

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with the Ruud Manufacturing Company as a sales engineer, working out of the Boston branch. Since 1932 I have been a branch manager of O'Hara Brothers Company, Incorporated, of Boston, producers and distributors of all types of seafood.

ALEXANDER ABBOT CAMERON

HOME ADDRESS: 71 Main St., Concord, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Abbot Worsted Co., Graniteville, Mass.

BORN: Aug. 5, 1895, Westford, Mass. PARENTS: Julian Abbot Cameron, Lucy Abbot.

PREPARED AT: Middlesex School, Concord, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Joanna Sedgewick Braley, Oct. 4, 1919, Concord, Mass. CHILDREN: Alexander Abbot, Jr., Nov. 5, 1920; Braley Abbot, April 15, 1923; Frederick Dewey, May 1, 1930.

HARVARD SON: Braley Abbot Cameron, '45.

OCCUPATION: Textile Manufacturer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled electrician 3d class (radio) U. S. Naval Reserve Force April 14, 1917; assigned to Naval Radio School, Cambridge, Mass.; transferred to Naval Radio Station, Crieghaven, Maine, in May; to Naval Radio School, Cambridge, in September as assistant instructor; appointed ensign Feb. 8, 1918; entered Reserve Officers' Training Class, U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.; graduated and commissioned ensign (temporary) U. S. Navy June 8; assigned to Naval Officers' Submarine School, New London, Conn., July 1; promoted lieutenant (junior grade, temporary) Nov. 5; assigned to Submarine F-3 Dec. 24; resignation accepted March 17, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Chairman, Board of Health, Westford; adjutant, American Legion, Westford; vice-chairman and director, American Red Cross, Concord; governor, Concord Country Club; clerk and director, Abbot Worsted Company.

MEMBER OF: Concord Country Club.

SANDY CAMERON is unduly modest when he says he is "not very civic-minded," as we know that he served as chairman of his local Board of Health for three years and still is active in other civic duties. He writes:

IN April, 1917, George Parsons and I enlisted in the Naval Reserve. Then followed a short hitch at the Radio School, Cambridge, and for the summer an assignment to a patrol station off the Maine Coast with two Harvard friends — Thatcher Jenney and Dick Tufts. The winter and following spring found me at

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Annapolis. This was followed by a commission in the Submarine Service. Then came more training at New London, where Henry Bothfeld and I found ourselves no nearer to getting overseas. After the Armistice a winter at the Submarine Base in San Pedro, California, completed my service in the Navy. I was relieved from active duty in March, with the rank of lieutenant, junior grade.

In April, 1919, I started work in a worsted textile mill—a small family concern. The following fall I was married. The textile business has had its ups and downs, but fortunately so far the high spots have rather predominated—a great help in attempting to educate three sons, one a sophomore at the University of Virginia, one a freshman at Harvard, and one who hopes to enter Harvard in 1948.

As to hobbies, we seem to enjoy tennis, golf, skiing, and small-boat sailing. Tennis has always been first on the list, and for several years I enjoyed considerable tournament tennis with a fair amount of success in some of New England's smaller tournaments. My tennis now, however, is mostly family, except for the annual Father and Son Doubles at Longwood and an occasional doubles with Harry Bliss, Otis Stanton, and Ted Rice.

We have enjoyed several wonderful trips to Bermuda and vacations at the Penn Whitehouses in Maine and Florida. Cruising off the coast of Maine is now claiming the limelight as a perfect vacation.

I have written no books and have published no articles. I am afraid that I am not very civic-minded, but have tried to assume my small share in local town politics, town committees, and organizations such as Red Cross, Community Chest, and so forth.

At the moment my chief thoughts are centered in keeping the wheels of a small business turning smoothly and hoping that during the next few years enough will be left to give my family a good start in life.

DOUGLAS CAMPBELL

OFFICE ADDRESS: c/o Pan American Grace Airways, 135 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

BORN: June 7, 1896, San Francisco, Calif. PARENTS: William Wallace Campbell, Elizabeth Ballard Thompson.

PREPARED AT: Hotchkiss School, Lakeville, Conn.

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YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917.

MARRIED: Ilka Renwick, Jan. 19, 1926, Short Hills, N. J. (divorced Aug., 1936). CHILDREN: William Renwick, May 4, 1927; Douglas, Jr., May 29, 1929; Elizabeth, Oct. 2, 1930.

OCCUPATION: Vice-president, Pan American Grace Airways, Incorporated.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private 1st class Aviation Section, Signal Corps May 18, 1917; detailed to School of Military Aëronautics, Mass. Inst. Tech.; sailed for France July 23; assigned to Headquarters Air Service, Paris, Aug. 13; promoted 1st lieutenant Sept. 29; detailed to 3d Aviation Instruction Center, Issoudun, Oct. 8; to School of Aërial Gunnery, Cazaux, Jan. 27 to Feb. 11, 1918; to 3d Aviation Instruction Center Feb. 20; assigned to 94th Aëro Squadron, 1st Pursuit Group, March 1; wounded June 5 over Eply; returned to United States Aug. 2 on special mission; promoted captain Air Service, Military Aëronautics Oct. 15; returned to France Nov. 8; with Army of Occupation, Germany; returned to United States Feb. 1, 1919; discharged Feb. 24, 1919. Commissioned captain Air Service Officers' Reserve Corps June 7, 1919. Engagement coöperated in: Toul front. Officially credited with the destruction of six enemy airplanes. Awarded Légion d'Honneur, Distinguished Service Cross, and Croix de Guerre.

DOUG CAMPBELL modestly dismisses his aviation record in the last war by saying, "Managed to knock down a few." In the record, we note that he was awarded a Croix de Guerre, Légion d'Honneur, and the Distinguished Service Cross. From the citations it is evident that he not only "knocked down a few" but whenever he did so, it was with odds against him. The wound he mentions was suffered when he was shot through the back, but kept on fighting until he forced one of the enemy planes to the ground. He writes:

I GRADUATED from Harvard College sometime between April and June, 1917. From May, 1917, to March, 1918, I was in training for pursuit pilot in the United States Air Service, at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology Ground School, at the Third Aviation Instruction Center, American Expeditionary Force, at Issoudun, France, and at the École de Tir Aérien at Cazaux, France. I was also cooling my heels in various localities.

From April to June, 1918, I was a pilot in the 94th Aëro Squadron, American Expeditionary Force, at Toul, France. I managed to knock down a few. From June to November, 1918, I was convalescing from a wound, and on a so-called mission to the United States and return. From November, 1918, to February,

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1919, I was with the Army of Occupation. I returned to the United States and terminated active service.

From April, 1919, to October, 1921, I was employed by W. R. Grace & Company in New York, and from October, 1921, to March, 1932, I was employed by the same company on their sugar property at Hacienda Cartavio on the coast of Peru, my incapacities ranging from bookkeeper to manager. This was a plantation growing 10,000 acres of cane, and a factory then producing about 75,000 tons of sugar annually. From April to October, 1932, I was resting.

From November, 1932, to February, 1939, I was employed by W. R. Grace & Company in connection with their interest in Pan American Grace Airways, Incorporated (Panagra), an airline affiliated with the Pan American Airways System and W. R. Grace & Company, operating international air transport services between the United States and Buenos Aires via the Canal Zone, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Chile, and Argentina. I spent about half of this period in New York and half in South America. I was elected an officer of Panagra in 1935.

From March, 1939, to date I have been vice-president of Panagra with headquarters in South America, in charge of its business in the above-mentioned countries. My headquarters are in Lima, Peru, but my hindquarters are seldom there.

My sole claim to distinction is that I have never written a book about aviation or South America — or any other subject.

ROLLA DACRES CAMPBELL

HOME ADDRESS: 1030 Ritter Pk., Huntington, W. Va.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Campbell & McNeer, Huntington, W. Va.

BORN: Jan 5, 1895, Huntington, W. Va. PARENTS: Charles William Campbell, Jennie Eloise Ratliff.

PREPARED AT: Woodberry Forest School, Woodberry Forest, Va.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; LL.B. *cum laude*, 1920.

MARRIED: Ruth Cammack, Jan. 1, 1918, Huntington, W. Va. CHILDREN: Rolla Dacres, Jr., Feb. 16, 1920; William Cammack, May 5, 1923.

HARVARD SON: Rolla Dacres Campbell, Jr., '41.

OCCUPATION: Attorney.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Educational secretary, Army and Navy Y. M. C. A., Sept., 1917, to Sept., 1918.

OFFICES HELD: President, Dingess-Rum Coal Company, Chamber of Commerce of Huntington, Family Welfare Association; member Executive

Council, West Virginia Bar Association; chairman Coal Committee, Mineral Section, American Bar Association; general counsel, Island Creek Coal Company, Pond Creek Pocahontas Company, and their respective subsidiaries; director, Carnegie Coal Corporation, Marianna Smokeless Coal Company, Brooke County Coal Company, State Association of Y. M. C. A.'s; member Bituminous Coal Producers' Board for District No. 8; deacon, First Presbyterian Church, Huntington; director and counsel for trust department, First Huntington National Bank; vice-president, Huntington Community Chest; member Cabell County Board of Education; trustee, Huntington High School Athletic Association; member Editorial Board, *Harvard Law Review*, vol. 33.

MEMBER OF: Guyandot Club; Guyandot Golf and Country Club; West Virginia Harvard Club; Harvard Club of New York; Downtown Harvard Club of New York; Cabell County Bar Association; West Virginia Bar Association; American Bar Association; Association of Practitioners before the Interstate Commerce Commission; Harvard Law School Association.

ROLLA CAMPBELL is constantly on the move. A few years ago he wrote, "I reside principally on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad (I sleep like a kitten), so much so that if I awake at night and don't feel my bed in motion, I wonder at what station the train is stopping." His "Life":

FOR some reason now wholly forgotten, I rushed through Harvard College in three years. In the fall of 1916 I entered Harvard Law School. During the year 1916-1917 I was both a college senior living in the Yard and a first-year law student. This dual rôle had its complications, which were increased by the growing din of the World War. After war was declared by the United States in April, 1917, it absorbed the interest of those who remained in Cambridge, and concentrated study was difficult.

Myopia prevented me from joining the military service. For a short time in the summer of 1917 I worked in the West Virginia draft headquarters as a clerk. In September I went to Camp Lee as an educational secretary of the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. hut attached to the 313th, 314th, and 315th Field Artillery regiments. Late in December I left Camp Lee to return home to marry Ruth Cammack. We began our married life in Boston. She continued her studies at the New England Conservatory while I worked for the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A., first at Hingham, and later in headquarters at Charlestown, still in the capacity of educational secretary. At the latter place, with the aid of one notebook, a

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telephone, and numerous penny postcards, I supplied speakers, preachers, singers, movies, and entertainers to some twenty posts in and about Boston Harbor.

In the fall of 1918 I returned to Harvard Law School and studied law intensively. My wife kept on with her musical studies. As a result of studying while she practised, I associate certain piano composition with certain legal topics—an association by no means unpleasant.

In June, 1920, I was faced with the problem of deciding where to practise. Young lawyers were in great demand. My friends were flocking to the large cities where the future seemed to be bright. By my roots at home were too deeply set to be disturbed, and I returned to Huntington to live and work. For two years I was associated with my father's firm, Fitzpatrick, Campbell, Brown & Davis. In 1922 I opened my own office and practised alone until 1935 when I formed my present partnership with Mr. S. S. McNeer. In 1935 I became general counsel for the Island Creek Coal Company and a group of other coal producing and distributing companies and since then have given them the greater part of my time.

My older son, Rolla, Jr., was born in Cambridge during my third year in Law School. Now he is a senior at Harvard College and hopes to study medicine. He has won his "H" in track and was captain of his freshman track team in the spring of 1938. In his freshman meet against Yale he won both the 880- and 440-yard runs. My younger son, William, is now a freshman at Princeton. He is captain of the freshman swimming team and is the present eastern interscholastic golf champion. Both boys are over six feet four inches in height.

My work requires me to travel extensively in the northeast section of this country, but I do not see many of my Harvard classmates. Ralph Dodge lived for awhile in Charleston, but moved to Wilmington. Richard Harte is nominally based at Parkersburg, but seldom stays there. Huntington, I find, is remote from Harvard in distance and in association. I wish it were otherwise.

For pleasure I have been to Europe, in 1926 and in 1936, to Canada on several occasions, to Cuba, to Mexico, and to many parts of the United States.

I have maintained memberships in various professional societies

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and have served on their boards and committees. Also I have been fairly active in miscellaneous civic enterprises, more so formerly than at present. My chief interests are my family and my profession. My diversions, when I find the time — which is not often — are golf, photography, and reading.

WILBUR DARE CANADAY

HOME ADDRESS: 162 Fifth St., Stamford, Conn.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Lenthéric, Inc., 745 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

BORN: Nov. 2, 1896, New Castle, Ind. PARENTS: Miles Murphy Canaday, Sara Helena Smith.

PREPARED AT: New Castle High School, New Castle, Ind.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913–1917. DEGREE: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917.

MARRIED: Rachel Brown, July 20, 1918, Hartford, Conn. CHILDREN: Jean, Oct. 14, 1919; Wilbur Dare, Jr., Aug. 31, 1921.

HARVARD SON: Wilbur Dare Canaday, Jr., '42.

HARVARD BROTHERS: Ward Murphey Canaday, '07; Frank Harrison Canaday, '14.

OCCUPATION: Vice-president in charge of sales, Lenthéric, Incorporated.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., Aug., 1917; commissioned captain Infantry Nov. 27; served in 153d Depot Brigade, Camp Dix, N. J., Battery F, 349th Field Artillery, 92d Division, Training Detachment, Orange, N. J., Williams College Unit, S. A. T. C., and Jefferson Medical College Unit, S. A. T. C.; discharged Feb. 10, 1919.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of New York.

BILL CANADAY says, "The one word which I believe characterizes those twenty-three years of my life" (he omits the war period "which was not of our choosing or planning") "is 'consistency' — a consistent effort toward a plan and purpose of living, of my own conception." As James Russell Lowell once wrote, "But Consistency still wuz a part of his plan." Canaday summarizes his twenty-five years since graduation as follows:

THOSE of us having sons who may soon be — or are even now — serving in the armed forces of the United States will undoubtedly be affected by the solemn as well as the joyous aspects of the reunion of our "War Class" held when war is again enveloping the world.

The year 1942 is especially significant to me. It is not only the twenty-fifth anniversary of my Class. It is my son's graduation

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year at Harvard, the twenty-fifth anniversary of my wife's class at Wellesley, and our twenty-fourth wedding anniversary. It also marks the completion of ten happy years in my present business association.

If I were asked to give my Class Life in a hundred words, those first two paragraphs would just about summarize the story, especially to those adept at reading between the lines.

Entering college from a small Indiana high school at sixteen, and having to earn substantially the costs of four years in college, Harvard impressed me profoundly from the start and has deeply influenced these twenty-five years since graduation.

Making the staff of the *Crimson* my Freshman year paved the way for a job as Harvard correspondent for the *Boston Transcript* (*requiescat in gloria!*) and *Springfield Republican*. This really launched me in "business" long before graduation. Mine was not to be a writer's career, however. My questionnaire indicates "no publications," but in my twenty-three years of business (mostly in advertising and sales departments) since leaving the Army in 1919, I have probably written material enough for numerous books, some of which might interest the School of Business Administration as "case histories!"

In business those years have been spent with just two companies — Lehn & Fink, Incorporated (subsidiaries: Dorothy Gray, Incorporated, Pebeco, Hinds Cream, Lysol, etc.) from 1919 to 1932, and from 1932 to the present with E. R. Squibb & Sons (one year) and its subsidiary, Lenthéric, Incorporated (nine years to date). With Lehn & Fink I served in many departments of the business, from clerk to advertising manager, sales manager, and vice-president. With Squibb I was sales manager of household products. With Lenthéric I have served as general sales manager and now vice-president in charge of sales.

Lenthéric, a company founded in Paris in 1885, shipped from its headquarters there perfumes and cosmetics to fifty-two countries of the world prior to the collapse of France in 1940. Through my association with this company I have had the privilege of making three trips to Europe between 1935 and 1939, going to London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and Budapest. Visiting these capitals and corresponding countries before Austria was subjugated, and before the present world war started, provided experiences

I shall never forget, for they have been vividly highlighted by all that has happened since.

On my second and third trips to Europe I took the entire American sales staff of Lenthéric and held meetings of the international organization in Paris attended by representatives from European and other countries. These were "Grand Prix" trips awarded to the salesmen for attainment of annual sales quotas. I have also taken the staff, in other years, to Havana, Mexico City, and Hawaii.

Give a man responsibility, an inspiring objective, something *extra* to work for and the *desire* to win in competition, and he will accomplish almost unbelievable results. It is the old idea of sports contests in college put to practical use in business. In this instance, over a period of six years sales increased tenfold!

In the United States I have made a coast-to-coast trip of about six weeks' duration twice a year, visiting principal cities and markets, and at one time or another have been in every state. In addition to the United States, my sales supervision includes Canada and all United States possessions.

I have been a member of the Harvard Club of New York almost from graduation, and have made many valued social contacts and derived much pleasure from meetings with classmates and college friends, to say nothing of enjoying the facilities of what is widely considered the most comfortable and desirable men's club in New York. I recommend most sincerely that every Harvard man, upon graduation, join the Harvard Club nearest his home or business.

Since 1925 I have owned my home in Stamford and have been a member of the First Congregational Church there. Devotion to home and family and to the education of my son and daughter has taken precedence over office-holding in any "political, professional and business organization, benevolent or fraternal orders."

Incidentally, I have always voted Republican, perhaps because William McKinley (R) was elected president on the day I was born in 1896, but more likely because it just "runs in the family."

My hobbies have been mainly recreational — also seasonal: golf (occasionally), tennis, and swimming.

To follow consistently a worthy plan and definite purpose and

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try for their accomplishment — though you fall short of their complete fulfillment — is in itself a source of satisfaction and happiness.

LAWRENCE HENDERSON CANAN

HOME ADDRESS: 1803 Third Ave., Altoona, Pa.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Curry, Canan & Co., Altoona, Pa.

BORN: April 21, 1895, Altoona, Pa. PARENTS: Moses Henderson Canan, Fanny Custer.

PREPARED AT: Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, N. H.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Marguerite Boggs, Jan. 22, 1921, Altoona, Pa. CHILDREN: Lawrence Henderson, Jr., March 24, 1924; James Franklin, June 2, 1926.

OCCUPATION: Wholesale Grocer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Fort Niagara, N. Y., May, 1917; transferred to Aviation Section, Signal Corps Aug. 4 as private 1st class; detailed to School of Military Aëronautics, Cornell University; sailed for France Oct. 15; detailed to 3d Aviation Instruction Center, Issoudun; commissioned 1st lieutenant Air Service, Military Aëronautics June 5, 1918; assigned to 95th Aëro Squadron, 1st Pursuit Group, Oct. 1; discharged Feb. 3, 1919. Engagements: Meuse-Argonne offensive.

BLONDY CANAN says that his two sons think they are athletes but he still thinks he can "take them on." He doubtless refers to the game of golf as he was captain of the golf team in College. He writes:

AFTER the war I was persuaded by my father to join him in the wholesale grocery firm of Curry, Canan & Company. As he said, the business had not made him rich, but in thirty years had never failed to pay a fair return. So I entered the business, and that year food prices collapsed. The firm has not paid a dividend since.

I do a great deal of travelling. In fact, I wear out an automobile in a year's time. But like a squirrel in a cage, I never go anywhere. My wife and I did go to Philadelphia some time during the '20's and saw Pennsylvania defeat Harvard, and then of course I attended the reunion in 1927, from which I have only recently recovered.

My hobby, golf, I gave up several years ago. I have two boys who are in high school, both of whom make me look like a shrimp.

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They consider themselves athletes, but I can still take them on — I hope. I should like to send them to Harvard.

Our family life is typical — I am not the head of the house and do not wish to be. Politically, we are well divided, ranging from faith in the traditional Grand Old Party to fervent support of New Deal Bolshevism.

My recent contacts with Harvard have consisted of occasional chats with my nephew, '40, and Clem Stodder's six Goads — or were there seven?

GEORGE COLKET CANER

ADDRESS: 63 Marlborough St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: July 5, 1894, St. David's, Pa. PARENTS: Harrison Koons Caner, Emily Coffin Colket.

PREPARED AT: St. Mark's School, Southboro, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917; M.D. *cum laude*, 1922.

MARRIED: Mary Russel Paul, June 5, 1924, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa.

CHILDREN: George Colket, Jr., Oct. 11, 1925; Emily, Feb. 6, 1927; Mary Adeline, March 9, 1931.

HARVARD BROTHERS: Harrison Koons Caner, Jr., '15; William John Caner, '19; Gerald Wayne Caner, '21.

OCCUPATION: Physician, specializing in neurology and psychiatry.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Driver, Norton Harjes Ambulance Corps, Section 11, with French Army on Main-de-Massiges and Berry-au-Bac fronts; commissioned 2d lieutenant Field Artillery in France; assigned to Battery F, 146th Field Artillery, 2d Army Corps; returned to United States in September, 1918; assigned to 33d Field Artillery; promoted 1st lieutenant; discharged Dec. 12, 1918. Engagement: Marne-Aisne offensive.

OFFICES HELD: Instructor in neurology, Harvard Medical School; assistant neurologist, Massachusetts General Hospital; consultant in neurology, Massachusetts Eye and Ear Infirmary, New England Deaconess Hospital, and Cambridge Hospital.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of Boston; The Country Club, Brookline, Mass.; Essex County Club; Massachusetts Medical Association; American Medical Association; Boston Society of Psychiatry and Neurology; New England Society of Neurology; American Psychopathological Association.

PUBLICATIONS: "Superstitious Self-Protection in Psychopathology," Archives of Neurology and Psychiatry, August, 1940, Vol. 44, pp. 351-361.

COLKET CANER feels strongly that psychiatry has been mis-

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understood and that it really performs a definite and much-needed service. He writes:

AFTER completing my college course in February, 1917, I enlisted for six months as a volunteer driver in the Norton Harjes ambulance service. The unit with which I served was in quiet sectors of the front, but the experience was interesting and occasionally it was exciting. After completing this service, I was commissioned a second lieutenant of Field Artillery and trained at Saumur and at Vincennes. Francis Weld, '17, was in the same training section at both places and we struggled together riding to and from target practice, loaded down with equipment, on bicycles that were much too small. After completing my training, I was assigned to the 146th Regiment, Field Artillery, which was motorized with 150 mm. G. P. F. (long range) guns. We were in training near Clermont-Férrand for a month before moving to the Château-Thierry sector for the offensive of July, 1918. We were seldom under fire during this offensive, but we had plenty of hard work on account of the frequent changes of position necessitated by the advance of the United States troops. The regiment next moved to the Saint-Mihiel sector but, before that offensive started, I, together with a number of other officers, was sent back to the United States to train fresh troops. I was at Camp Meade at the time of the Armistice.

I entered the Harvard Medical School in February, 1919, graduated in June, 1922, and served a medical internship at the Massachusetts General Hospital between September, 1922, and June, 1924. I was married that same June and we have lived in Boston ever since, spending the summers in Manchester, Massachusetts.

In September, 1924, I became associated with Dr. G. A. Waterman of Boston in the practice of neurology and psychiatry, and since 1924 I have been on the Neurological Staff at the Massachusetts General Hospital and more recently on the Consulting Staff at the New England Deaconess Hospital and instructor in neurology at the Harvard Medical School.

I have been interested chiefly in the treatment of disturbed, emotional, nervous, and psychic states. I am coming to feel that the physical element in these conditions is often more important than has been generally thought in recent years. But although

treatment of the physical aspects of these cases is frequently important, patients suffering from them are usually most helped by psychotherapy, by an understanding of what they are up against and of how to direct their energies so as to work out of the illness most quickly. Persons who try to fight through these disturbed states alone are handicapped by the fact that they seldom understand the real cause of their symptoms, and develop unfortunate reactions and unnecessary fears which a physician trained in the understanding of dynamic psychology, as well as in the understanding of the physical element in these conditions, can help them to avoid. It is unfortunate that a prejudice against psychiatry prevents many persons from availing themselves of the help that a psychiatrist is trained to give. A false pride leads many to pretend that they are well rather than to seek help that will enable them to be well. They may also be motivated by the superstition that if they behave as though they are well they will actually be well. There is, of course, a grain of truth behind this, but it is not a magic way of avoiding illness or of curing it. Psychiatry has been going through a period of rapid growth, due largely to the stimulus of psychoanalysis. It has been contaminated by a good deal of nonsense, but I feel strongly that it is getting back to reality and to common sense, and I hope that the distrust of it, which the public, and other physicians, have had some justification in having, will soon disappear.

I have continued to play a good deal of lawn tennis and golf when time permits. While in Medical School I won the Massachusetts State lawn tennis singles and reached the semi-finals of the national singles (1920). I also reached the semi-finals in doubles at Wimbledon in 1922 with Dean Mathey. It was, doubtless, to prevent anything like that from happening again that the system of seeding the better players was instituted, so I gave up tournament play except for an attempted comeback in my prime, during which I succeeded in winning the veterans doubles with Cornelius Conway Felton, '16. The doubles matches that I have had with Guild, Abbot, Weld, or Harte have given me some very enjoyable times, and I look forward to one of these matches next spring.

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WILLIAM HENRY CANTWELL

HOME ADDRESS: 4814 El Sereno Ave., La Crescenta, Calif.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Fidelity and Deposit Co. of Maryland, 650 S. Spring St., Los Angeles, Calif.

BORN: March 20, 1895, Buffalo, N. Y. PARENTS: Stephen Patrick Cantwell, Agnes Elizabeth Stevens.

PREPARED AT: Lafayette High School, Buffalo, N. Y.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914-1917. DEGREES: S.B., 1917; LL.B. (Univ. of Colorado), 1926.

MARRIED: Virginia Craig Henderson, April 28, 1926, Long Beach, Calif.

CHILD: Samuel Henderson, Feb. 24, 1928.

OCCUPATION: Assistant Manager, Los Angeles Branch Office of Fidelity and Deposit Company of Maryland.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled seaman 2d class U. S. Naval Reserve Force June 13, 1917; called to active duty Aug. 2 and assigned to Naval Aviation Detachment, Mass. Inst. Tech.; transferred to Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Fla., Oct. 15; qualified as Naval Aviator and appointed ensign Jan. 20, 1918; sailed for overseas service July 15; assigned to Advanced Flying School for Gunnery and Bombing, Moutchic, France, in August; transferred to Northern Bombing Group; to Headquarters U. S. Naval Aviation Forces, Paris; promoted lieutenant (junior grade) Oct. 1; released from active duty Jan. 8, 1919.

MEMBER OF: University Club, Los Angeles, California.

WE regret that Bill Cantwell did not write a longer biography in his humorous style. His story:

I WAS probably the worst naval aviator ever turned out at Pensacola. My best work in France was fighting the Battle of Paris. I spent about two years in the Orient selling "oil for the lamps of China." I returned to the States in 1922 and migrated to Colorado, where I lived in retirement for two more years. Thence to the University of Colorado Law School to be exposed to enough jurisprudence to acquire a degree. I was admitted to the Bar in California in 1926 and following my pattern of consistency, became identified with the field of suretyship. I have been supported by the Fidelity and Deposit Company continuously since.

I cannot savvy the indifference of the student body to the threat of the Nazi gangsters.

We live a semi-rural life in the foothills of the San Gabriel Mountains, thirteen miles from Los Angeles, and like it a lot.

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PHILIP LORD CARRET

HOME ADDRESS: 28 Circle Rd., Scarsdale, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Carret, Gammons & Co., 120 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

BORN: Nov. 29, 1896, Lynn, Mass. PARENTS: James Russell Carret, Hannah Maria Todd.

PREPARED AT: Cambridge High and Latin School, Cambridge, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREE: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917.

MARRIED: Elisabeth Osgood, Sept. 4, 1922, Thetford, Vt. CHILDREN: Gerard Osgood, Jan. 26, 1924; Donald, April 22, 1927; Diane Elisabeth, March 20, 1930.

OCCUPATION: Dealer in Securities.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private 1st class Aviation Section, Signal Corps July 7, 1917; sailed for France Oct. 27; qualified as Reserve Military Aviator April 19, 1918; commissioned 1st lieutenant Air Service; served at Aërial Gunnery School, Cazaux, 3d Aviation Instruction Center, 5th Air Depot, Vinets; discharged March 5, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Director, Consolidated Coppermines Corporation; trustee, Scarsdale School District.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of New York; Bankers Club.

PUBLICATIONS: "Buying a Bond"; "The Art of Speculation"; various magazine articles.

PHIL CARRET'S equanimity has not been disturbed by the financial maelstrom he has been in or by a recent plunge over a waterfall. Such composure is not apt to be disturbed by future events. He reports:

AFTER sixteen months' service in France, during which I neither disgraced nor distinguished myself, I returned to Boston in March, 1919, and found a job as statistician with a small Boston investment banking house. Six months later my efforts were rewarded with a magnificent increase in compensation from \$15 to \$20 per week. Because of chagrin and a desire to see the world, I easily succumbed to the temptation to shake the dust of Boston from my feet, and started a westward journey which took me eventually to Seattle. There I spent nearly two years in the selling end of the securities business, with somewhat more satisfactory results.

In Seattle I met a fellow-victim of the wanderlust, a native of Vermont and graduate of Wellesley, and persuaded her to share my further wanderings. As a first step we returned to Boston in the fall of 1921. To the modest extent that our exchequer and

the responsibility of a growing family would permit we have continued to indulge our joint love of travel, but have left plenty of ground to cover after the present war.

With the exception of five years in financial journalism, I have devoted my business life to the securities business. At the bottom of the recent depression two fellow-employees and I left the house with which we were connected to form our own firm. On a small scale we have prospered in the ten years which have elapsed and I, for one, have found that to be self-employed affords a good deal of compensation aside from the figures filed with the Bureau of Internal Revenue. Wall Street has been in popular disfavor for many years now. Holding the opinion, nevertheless, that "capitalism" and "economic freedom" are synonymous terms, I believe that stocks and bonds are among the most important of human inventions. It follows that I consider myself to be engaged in a most useful business. It has the further advantage, to a somewhat superficial mind, that it involves contacts with and a smattering of knowledge about almost every other form of economic activity. The financial rewards fluctuate wildly, but every day's task is fascinating.

Thus far my life has been rather uneventful, though Mrs. Carret and our three healthy, reasonably intelligent children have made it a very happy one. My nearest approach to brief notoriety came in the fall of 1940 when, on a hike with my children, my foot slipped and I plunged head first over a waterfall on to a rock twenty feet below. Fortunately, my forehead took the blow with minimum ill effects and I emerged from the hospital in time to do a little neighborhood campaigning before election. As usual, I was on the losing side. Like our 1940 candidate I was a Democrat in pre-New Deal days. If isolationists rule the Republican party, I shall probably turn Democrat again.

Although he commenced life almost in the shadow of Memorial Hall, my older son has entered Yale. A talent for painting and the reputation for excellence of the Yale School of Fine Arts, rather than any disloyalty to Harvard, are responsible. I am hopeful that my second son will be a member of the Class of 1948 at Harvard. My eleven-year-old daughter has practically never heard of any college but Wellesley.

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HERBERT PAUL CARTER

HOME ADDRESS: 181 Lowell St., Andover, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Mechanic Arts High School, Boston, Mass.

BORN: Dec. 1, 1894, West Pembroke, Maine. PARENTS: George Manning Carter, Bessie Ann Rose.

PREPARED AT: Punchard High School, Andover, Mass.; Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917; A.M., 1930.

MARRIED: Phoebe Anna Berry, June 18, 1919, Andover, Mass. CHILDREN: Elizabeth May, April 11, 1920; Janet Rose, Aug. 2, 1923; Thomas Edward, Dec. 7, 1925.

OCCUPATION: Teacher.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: With the 12th Division, Camp Devens, June, 1918, to March, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Member, Andover School Committee, for five years.

MEMBER OF: New England Modern Language Association; Harvard Teachers' Association; Harvard Club of Andover; American Association of Teachers of German; Merrimack Valley Guidance Association; the Grange.

LIKE many another classmate, Herbert Carter looks back on the last twenty-five years and tries to understand why the tragic present state has come about. He admits that he is "perplexed and bewildered" but he does have two convictions which "emerge, sharp and clear." He writes:

THE story of my life can be outlined briefly, for my career has been rather uneventful.

After graduation I spent a most enjoyable year as a master at the Middlesex School in Concord, an excellent preparatory school which sends most of its graduates to Harvard. I taught Latin and German, as I recall. Then I enlisted in World War I, was sent to Camp Devens, and served for a period of nine months with the 12th Division. We were just about to leave for duty overseas when the flu descended upon us with a devastating effect that anybody who was in camp at the time will never forget. When that scourge had run its course and the division was on its feet again, the Armistice had been signed. Most of us were mustered out of the service shortly thereafter.

For the next eight years I turned my back upon teaching and managed my father's farm, because of the untimely death in France of a brother who had been planning to take over the ancestral

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fields. By the end of that time I had had more than my fill of farming as a vocation and returned to my first love, teaching. I still manage the farm, but have relegated agriculture to the status of an avocation in my scheme of things. I give it a large dose of the absent treatment, and find I can lose money as easily that way as I could the other.

In the fall of 1926 I obtained a position as teacher in the Gloucester, Massachusetts, High School, where I remained for four years. Meantime I renewed my contacts with the University by enrolling as a part-time student in the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences. I completed my work for a Master's degree, finally, in 1930. In the fall of that same year, like the boy in the story book who went to the big city in search of fame and fortune, I moved to Boston and became an instructor in the Mechanic Arts High School. I am still located there. I teach German and history and do some work in vocational guidance. I like Boston. I have found both fame and fortune exceedingly elusive, but have succeeded in finding happiness and contentment in my work.

I married in the summer of 1919, soon after leaving the service. My wife at the time was employed in a broker's office on State Street. We have three children, a boy and two girls. All three are still living and in good health, in spite of the usual quota of children's diseases, plus pneumonia, scarlet-fever, tonsil and appendicitis operations. This spring my elder daughter married and is established in a home of her own. The other two youngsters are still in school, the girl at Northfield Seminary, and the boy in the Andover Junior High School.

The Class Secretary suggests that this life story should reflect myself and my viewpoints, and should include an account of my travels, hobbies, and various beliefs.

I have only two hobbies, my family and my books and magazines. I should like to include travelling as a third, but I find that after I have supplied a family of five with the necessary food, shelter, and clothing, and have paid incidental taxes, doctors' and dentists' bills, along with tuition fees, etc., I have neither the time nor the means for going places. That is one of the luxuries I have promised my wife and myself after the last of our children has been educated and is able to make his own living.

My social contacts have been intentionally limited, because I

am not a gregarious individual or a good mixer. I have joined one fraternal organization, but I never attend its meetings, much to my wife's disgust. I did serve on the Andover School Committee for five years, and for more than twenty years I have been an active worker in the church, in which I take a particular interest. On the whole, however, my happiest hours are those which I spend with my family and my books.

As I look back on the twenty-five years since graduation and especially over these last tragic and terrible years, and try to understand what it is all about and why such things must come to pass, and when I attempt to chart in my own mind the proper course of action for our country and for myself as an individual, I am perplexed and bewildered. Out of the confusion of my thoughts, however, two convictions do emerge sharp and clear.

In the first place, I am what is known as an interventionist. I believe that a policy of isolation is impossible in a world in which science and invention have virtually annihilated space and distance. I am convinced that whether we like it or not, the immediate fortunes of this country are inextricably interwoven with those of the British Empire and of all who are opposing with their blood and their lives the German Juggernaut. A Nazi victory, I feel sure, would mean the end of free enterprise and of democratic government as we have known them in this country for a long time. The totalitarian powers constitute a menace to all free peoples everywhere, in whatever hemisphere they happen to be. The extent of our intervention, and the tactics we should employ in opposing our strength to the might of the totalitarian countries I am satisfied to leave to our President and his advisers. They and they alone have daily and even hourly contacts with every corner of the globe, and are informed as nobody else can be about every phase of the emergency that confronts us.

Finally, I have come to feel a deep and abiding faith in our democratic processes of government and in the ability of the American people, given freedom from outside interference, to maintain a position of respect and leadership among the nations of the world, and to achieve here at home a higher standard of living and a greater measure of happiness than any we have known in the past. I am not a confirmed New Dealer, but I do believe that President Roosevelt, in his efforts to bring about a

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fairer distribution of the vast wealth of this land, in his humanitarian concern for the economically submerged section of our people, and in his willingness to modify traditional government procedures to meet new situations as they arise, is taking the people of this country along the road that will lead, eventually, to the building of a finer and greater nation.

I am not unaware of the gravity of the crisis in which we find ourselves, meantime, or of the stupendous problems of readjustment that we must face when the emergency is over and the defense program recedes. But the American people have always been at their best when confronted by a task that challenged their utmost intelligence and loyalty and devotion. I am confident that once again, as we have done in the past, we shall put our shoulders to the wheel together, do the job that has to be done, and emerge from the ordeal a stronger, more united, and more truly democratic people than before.

JACOB MONROE CARTER, JR.

HOME ADDRESS: 1907 N. Third St., Monroe, La.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Nehi Bottling Co., West Monroe, La.

BORN: Nov. 24, 1895, Texarkana, Ark. PARENTS: Jacob Monroe Carter, Nellie Haywood Estes.

PREPARED AT: Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, N. H.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREE: A.B., 1917 (16).

MARRIED: Pauline Almeda Booker, Dec. 30, 1922, Texarkana, Ark. CHILD: Juliet Nell, Oct. 20, 1923.

HARVARD BROTHER: Benjamin Estes Carter, '16.

OCCUPATION: Manufacturer of Carbonated Beverages.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Member Troop B, 1st Squadron Cavalry, Massachusetts National Guard, 1914-1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Cavalry June 14, 1917; assigned to 17th Cavalry, Fort Huachuca, Ariz.; promoted provisional 1st lieutenant Cavalry, Regular Army, Oct. 25; resignation accepted Jan. 8, 1919; on duty with C. C. C. as major Cavalry Reserve 1933-1936.

CARTER has been, and is, a Southern Democrat, consistent in everything but his betting "gold money" on the 1916 elections and not offering the same on his bet on the next election. He writes:

I RECEIVED my degree in 1916 but missed Class Day of that year by being called into federal service with Troop B of the Massachusetts Cavalry for border service. I returned to Cam-

bridge in November of 1916, after a pleasant military summer at El Paso, Texas. The return trip was a very memorable one. Being a lone Democrat on a train load of Republicans, all having been paid in gold before entraining, I was compelled to place several bets on the presidential election of that year. We were somewhere in Kansas on election day and the odds were five to one on Hughes. When we reached Boston the pay-off came, and I mean a pay-off with gold money.

I enrolled at Massachusetts Institute of Technology in November and was again called into federal service in April, 1917. I was sent to Douglas, Arizona, and spent the months of the war there, in the 17th United States Cavalry. I resigned my commission in January, 1919, and became associated in an engineering capacity with the cottonseed crushing industry, remaining in that line until 1922.

From 1922 until 1928 I was associated with several railroads in the engineering departments of the roadway and mechanical divisions. In 1928 I joined the engineering staff of a large oil company, with which concern I remained until 1932. The engineering work with the railroads and oil company carried me all over the South, from Texas to the Carolinas. For a few months in 1933 I was with the revenue department of the State of Arkansas, on gasoline tax work.

In September, 1933, I was placed on active duty as a reserve officer and sent to Iowa with the C. C. C. I remained on this duty until March, 1936.

After a life of moving about from state to state, I determined to settle down for the rest of my days. I acquired the business of the Nehi Bottling Company in Monroe, Louisiana, where I am now located. This work involves the manufacture, sale, and distribution of carbonated beverages in a large territory in northeast Louisiana. The only other beverage "skeeter" that I notice in the Class records is Walter Mack, Jr., of the Pepsi-Cola Company. From the pictures I see in the trade journals Walter seems to have retained the youthful appearance he displayed as a football-manager candidate.

As to political convictions, I am still a Democrat, and looking for another Democratic victory with the odds five to one on the

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Republican. However, those incidents seem to happen only once in a lifetime.

✠ ARVIN EDWARD CASE

BORN: Feb. 8, 1894, Augusta, Maine. PARENTS: Albert William Case, Mary Louise Proctor.

PREPARED AT: Brookline High School, Brookline, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1914.

DIED: Sept. 11, 1914, North Sutton, N. H.

MOTHER: Mrs. Albert William Case, 1404 Beacon St., Brookline, Mass.

FOR the one year that he was in College, Case was a member of the Freshman Track Squad, the Harvard Union, the Pierian Sodality Orchestra, and the Brookline High School Club. He was on the honor list in that year. He was drowned after suffering a heart attack.

Case possessed a fine baritone voice and was soloist at St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Brookline at the time of his death. He was also an accomplished violinist, and as an entertainer, with both voice and instrument, had taken a leading part in the social activities of his high-school years. At the time of his death, our classmate, Edward P. Goodnow, wrote the following tribute:

"During his first year at Harvard Case lost in no measure the characteristic of active versatility which was so well recognized by those of us who were privileged to know him during his high-school years. He early became a leading member of the Pierian Sodality, and of the Mandolin Club. The track team, too, was ably supported by the splendid abilities and admirable ideals of honesty and fair play which ever marked him. His abundant good-fellowship, combined with his amiable personality, gained for him the cordial affection and sincere devotion of his many friends."

In a letter from Case's mother we learn that the following lines by Henry Van Dyke expressed his idea of life:

Four things a man must learn to do
If he would keep his record true:
To think without confusion, clearly,
To love his fellow man sincerely,
To act from honest motive purely,
To trust in God and Heaven securely!

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EDWARD THOMAS CAULEY

HOME ADDRESS: 1874 Beacon St., Brookline, Mass.
OFFICE ADDRESS: 199 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
BORN: Jan. 7, 1894, Charlestown, Mass. PARENTS: John Henry Cauley, Johanna F. Tierney.
PREPARED AT: Public Latin School, Boston, Mass.
YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1914. DEGREE: LL.B. (Suffolk Law School).
MARRIED: Alma C. McKenna, July 12, 1927, Newton, Mass. CHILDREN: Margaret E., June 1, 1930; Edward Thomas, Jr., Aug. 22, 1931; Alma C., Dec. 9, 1933.
HARVARD BROTHER: John Henry Cauley, M.P.H., '39.
OCCUPATION: Attorney-at-law.
MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Ensign, U. S. Navy.
MEMBER OF: University Club, Boston, Mass.; Racquet Club, Washington, D. C.

ALL the information we have about Edward Cauley may be seen above.

NOËL CHADWICK

HOME ADDRESS: 554 Baker Ave., Webster Groves, Mo.
OFFICE ADDRESS: W. H. Markham & Co., 1601 Railway Exchange, St. Louis, Mo.
BORN: Dec. 22, 1894, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: George Whitefield Chadwick, Ida May Brooks.
PREPARED AT: Noble and Greenough School, Boston, Mass.
YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1915.
MARRIED: Elizabeth Haberling Young, July 12, 1919, York Harbor, Maine (divorced 1933); Mary Martha Timberlake, June 29, 1934, Webster Groves, Mo. CHILDREN: Richard Young, April 22, 1921; George Miller, Jan. 19, 1932; J. Brooks, Nov. 7, 1938; Nancy Boyd, Sept. 26, 1940.
HARVARD BROTHER: Theodore Chadwick, '13.
OCCUPATION: General Insurance.
MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled quartermaster 1st class, U. S. Naval Reserve Force May 25, 1917; qualified as Naval Aviator Oct. 27; appointed ensign Nov. 1; assigned to Naval Air Station, Key West, Fla., Jan. 11, 1918, as chief dirigible officer; served at Naval Air Station at Montauk, N. Y., and Cape May, N. J.; promoted lieutenant (junior grade); released from active duty Jan. 8, 1919.
OFFICES HELD: District governor, District 26, Lions International, 1933; president, Webster Groves Lions Club, 1940; skipper Sea Scout Ship *Sea Lion* since 1934, 1941 National Flagship.
MEMBER OF: Webster Groves Lions Club; American Philatelic Society; So-

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ciety of Philatelic Americans; Collectors' Club of New York; Precancel Stamp Society; Boy Scouts of America; Deep Sea Scouts.

BROUGHT up in the salt air of Boston and later an officer in the Navy, it is fitting that, 'way out in St. Louis, Chad combined his training with his hobby. He goes back to the period after the war to start his story:

AFTER the war I tried to sell investments for several years. No go. I ran a stock farm for two years and went broke doing it. I have been in the general insurance business since 1927 connected with the oldest old-line agency in St. Louis. I moved to Webster Groves in 1924 and have been here ever since. I have been closely connected with and very active in service-club work for the past fifteen years, and, along with that have been very active in the St. Louis Council of the Boy Scouts of America, division of senior scouting.

I have been the head (skipper) of the S. S. S. *Sea Lion* since it started and have watched it develop from "a" sea scout ship to "the" sea scout ship. In the process there have been over 200 boys of high school age come in as raw (some of them were mighty raw!) recruits and, with very little guidance, become the epitome of Americanism as we of '17 knew it twenty-five years ago. To my way of thinking, no man could have a finer hobby nor a more challenging project than to take some small part in the development of age sixteen — particularly if it is a boy.

I have also been interested in philately, specializing in United States revenue stamps and Bureau Print precancel stamps of the United States.

In addition, I am in the insurance business handling individual accounts rather than commercial accounts.

NORMAN BEMIS CHANDLER

HOME ADDRESS: 77 Larch Rd., Cambridge, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Lybrand, Ross Bros. & Montgomery, 80 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: July 1, 1896, Medford, Mass. PARENTS: Norman Fitch Chandler, Alice Goodhue Bemis.

PREPARED AT: Noble and Greenough School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

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MARRIED: Mary Laning Palmer, June 9, 1923, Washington, D.C. CHILDREN:
Norman Palmer, April 27, 1924; John Palmer, May 18, 1926.

OCCUPATION: Certified Public Accountant.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Commissioned provisional 2d lieutenant Infantry, Regular Army, Oct. 26, 1917; assigned to 22d Infantry in November; detailed to Army Service Schools, Fort Leavenworth, Kans., Nov., 1917, to Feb., 1918; promoted temporary 1st lieutenant June 1; 1st lieutenant Aug. 12, 1919; transferred to 5th Infantry Aug. 28; sailed for overseas service Oct. 18; with Army of Occupation, Germany; returned to United States May 23, 1920; reassigned to 22d Infantry, Fort Jay, N. Y., June 5; in service with 22d Infantry Nov., 1917, until Sept., 1919, and May, 1920, until June, 1922; promoted captain July 15, 1921; with 5th Infantry Sept., 1919, to May, 1920; served in American Forces in Germany Oct., 1919, to May, 1920; retired from active duty on account of physical disability received in line of duty June 29, 1922.

OFFICES HELD: Director, Cambridge Y. M. C. A. since 1931, and treasurer since 1935.

MEMBER OF: American Institute of Accountants; Massachusetts Society of Certified Public Accountants (fellow).

IT is interesting to note that many members of the Class believe in fighting the economic battle with the back-to-the-farm technique, as a secondary defense, rather than the back-to-the-wall method. Norm Chandler evidently is a believer in this system. His "Life":

THE first five years after Commencement I spent in the Regular Army as a lieutenant and later captain of Infantry. Most of that time I was stationed at posts in the eastern part of the United States. For a little over six months in the winter of 1919-1920 I was with the Army of Occupation in Germany. In June, 1922, I was retired from active service because of a heart injury attributable to a case of flu in 1918.

The next three or four years were devoted to getting started on a business career. For a little more than two years I tried my hand at production management. In January, 1926, I changed to public accounting. In October of that year I joined the staff of Lybrand, Ross Brothers & Montgomery in Boston and have been a member ever since. In recent years my work has been largely supervisory. Since 1931 I have been a director of the Cambridge Young Men's Christian Association and for over six of those years its treasurer.

In June, 1923, I married Mary Laning Palmer in Washington,

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D. C. We have two sons. In 1923 we established our home in Cambridge, Massachusetts, because of its general convenience, and for that same reason have continued to live there. For some twelve years we have had a former farm in New Hampshire for a summer home, to which my family has gone as soon as school is out in June to remain until school is about to open again in September. I, too, have been there as much as possible and have found much enjoyment in planning and working to make the house more convenient and comfortable and to hold off the encroachments of nature.

WALTER SAMUEL CHARAK

HOME ADDRESS: 25 Washington Sq., N., New York, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Charak Furniture Co., 444 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

BORN: Oct. 21, 1895, Cambridge, Mass. PARENTS: Jacob Charak, Pauline Somers.

PREPARED AT: Cambridge Latin School, Cambridge, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Amy Prince, March 4, 1921, New York, N. Y.

OCCUPATION: Vice-president, Charak Furniture Company, Manufacturers; Treasurer Arrow Editions, Publishing House.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled seaman 2d class, U. S. Naval Reserve Force March 20, 1918; assigned to Bureau of Intelligence, Navy Yard, Brooklyn, N. Y.; promoted chief boatswain's mate Aug. 19; transferred to Officer Material School, Cambridge, Mass.; appointed ensign Dec. 7; released from active duty Dec. 24, 1918.

OFFICES HELD: Vice-president, Charak Furniture Company; treasurer, Arrow Editions.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of New York.

WALTER CHARAK had varying business experiences before settling down to become a furniture manufacturer. He writes:

I MIGHT actually have something to write about if this were a fiftieth anniversary report. Twenty-five years out of College have brought me just out of that thumb-sucking stage when one begins to question universalities, when one begins that agonizing self-discipline of refusing the second helping of pie or the fifth Scotch-and-soda.

Within the past twenty-five years I have been a musician, a sailor, a chemist, a publisher, a businessman — and perhaps at all times a headache. Some of these activities I still manage to pur-

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sue concurrently to various degrees of success. It has often been said that as a businessman I'm a fine musician.

As a sailor I was in "for the duration" (the last one) and can report with regret that no action of mine accounted for any of the enemy. The transition from fighting to-save-the-world-for-democracy to buying cocoa beans in Santo Domingo (my first job out of College) was too abrupt. It seemed too futile to be wet-nursing a Hershey chocolate bar so nearly after a world disaster. Two years of that and with one thing leading to another, the other got to be a chemical business of my own which ended when my fan mail disclosed a testimonial proving that the only efficacious way to kill a fly with my product (shades of Flit) was to hit it with the can itself.

For the past fifteen years I have been in the furniture business, manufacturing perfectly beautiful furniture that all people admire and few buy.

The overtones of my life find their outlet in chamber music in which I play the 'cello. I read the *Saturday Evening Post* and the *New Masses*.

ROY WILLIAM CHESNUT

HOME ADDRESS: 115 Inwood Ave., Upper Montclair, N. J.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Bell Telephone Laboratories, Inc., 463 West St., New York, N. Y.

BORN: Jan. 20, 1892, Kiowa, Kans. PARENTS: Granville P. Chesnut, Alice Ann Smith.

PREPARED AT: Northwestern State Normal School, Alva, Okla.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREE: A.B. *summa cum laude*, 1917 (16).

MARRIED: Florence Parmley, June 14, 1924, Upper Montclair, N. J. CHILDREN: Roy William, Jr., July 20, 1926; Walter Granville, July 20, 1928; Florence Ann, April 7, 1934.

OCCUPATION: Member of the Technical Staff, Bell Telephone Laboratories, Incorporated.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Commissioned 1st lieutenant Signal Corps Oct. 30, 1917, in France; assigned to Division of Research and Inspection, Signal Corps, Paris, Nov. 19; through 1918 carried out technical investigations and development of anti-aircraft detecting devices in and around Paris; discharged Feb. 20, 1919.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of New Jersey; Cosmopolitan Club of Montclair; Masons; American Legion; American Institute of Electrical Engineers; American Physical Society; American Association for Advancement of Science; Phi Beta Kappa.

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PUBLICATIONS: Several technical papers on long distance telephone communication in technical journals.

ROY CHESNUT does not think that a maternalistic government makes its citizens strong men. He writes:

IN the late summer of 1916 Eddie Ehrensperger, '16, and I went abroad together on Sheldon Travelling Fellowships. We wandered through England, France, and Italy during that winter and the following spring, living with the people and learning to know and admire them under the leveling strain of the war. By June, 1917, I was working with the French Bureau of War Inventions on airplane detecting devices. Later that year I was commissioned a first lieutenant in our own Army Signal Corps and continued similar work in the American Expeditionary Forces for the rest of the war.

But with the war over, my own battle really began. It was a battle of how to live and yet make a living. The blood of my pioneer ancestors rebelled at the thought of taking on the restraints associated with working for a large corporation. Yet nowhere else could a place be found to indulge my desire to live by technical engineering work. Needless to say, the rugged individualist lost — he always does — the corporation won — it always does — and I became entangled in the maze of the telephone company organization out of which I have never since been able to find my way. But the association has been a happy one.

As the years went by I found a Wellesley girl, and we took each other for better or worse. Then a few more years and there were the children to occupy our time and keep our minds filled with thoughts of more healthy things than the degenerating influences of the New Deal, the unholy religion of the Nazis, and the bloody purges of the Communists. But in spite of the diversion of the children, I have found time now and then to become a little annoyed at Maw Perkins and the rest of the maternalistic clique down at Washington who seem to regard us as irresponsible children to be mothered and coddled and taken care of. But by the time of our fiftieth reunion I expect to find that we have taken at least a few small steps back towards treating men as men in place of puppets, the strings of which are to be pulled from

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Washington. And the dignity of the individual will be a little restored.

EDMUND STEVENS CHILDS

HOME ADDRESS: 7 Adams St., Lexington, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Batchelder & Snyder Co., Inc., 55 Blackstone St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Feb. 24, 1893, Arlington, Mass. PARENTS: George Henry Childs, Leilia Edna Fletcher.

PREPARED AT: Stone School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1914.

MARRIED: Barbara Holmes, June 15, 1916, Waverley, Mass. CHILDREN: Edmund Stevens, Jr., Nov. 29, 1917; Phyllis, June 8, 1919; Richard Holmes, April 17, 1921.

HARVARD SON: Edmund Stevens Childs, Jr., '40.

OCCUPATION: Vice-president, Batchelder & Snyder Company, Wholesale Foods.

OFFICES HELD: Director, Batchelder & Snyder Company, Incorporated; offices in Masonic orders.

MEMBER OF: Lexington Golf Club; Manchester Country Club.

ED CHILDS is an excellent golfer. Perhaps he gets so accustomed to "slices" and "hooks" in his business he cannot tolerate them on the links. He writes:

I LEFT Harvard in June, 1914, to enter business with my father, who was the owner of a meat business known as Childs, Sleeper Company. I left school in 1914 because of the apparent ill-health of my father. It afterwards developed that my decision was a wise one because of my father's death early in 1919. From that date on I carried on my father's business until February, 1935, at which time the affairs of the business were terminated and I went to work with General Foods, accepting my present position.

Life has certainly been most kind to me as I have spent twenty-five years of happily married life and am blessed with three healthy, normal children, all of whom are now grown up. The older son was graduated from Harvard in 1940.

My travels have been very limited, consisting of an occasional trip to Bermuda and the South and, therefore, are not worthy of mention. My greatest satisfaction seems to be the pleasure I have received from my business and the friends I have made in the industry. My principal hobbies have been golf and shooting,

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both of which have occupied what spare time I could find and both of which I still enjoy.

PHILIP MOËN CHILDS

HOME ADDRESS: 25 Seaver St., Brookline, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 77 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Aug. 28, 1895, Worcester, Mass. PARENTS: Arthur Edward Childs, Alice Grant Moën.

PREPARED AT: Noble and Greenough School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Roberta Wiley, Feb. 4, 1918, Washington, D. C. (divorced 1933); Elizabeth D. Galloway, Dec. 23, 1934, Keene, N. H. CHILDREN: Roberta, Nov. 9, 1918; Philip Moën, Jr., Feb. 19, 1920.

OCCUPATION: Director of Several Companies; Secretary, American Investment Securities Company; Trustee, Arthur Edward Childs Estate.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled seaman 1st class U. S. Naval Reserve Force May 4, 1917; assigned to 1st Naval District, Newport, R. I., May 11; transferred to Scout Patrol No. 585 July 22; promoted gunner's mate 3d class Sept. 12; transferred to Officer Material School, Cambridge, Mass., Oct. 11; to U. S. S. *Georgia* Jan. 28, 1918; appointed ensign Feb. 11; assigned to U. S. S. *Louisville* on transport duty May 28; transferred to Naval Training Camp, Charleston, S. C., Sept. 12; released from active duty Jan. 1, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: President and director, Massachusetts Lighting Company; first assistant secretary and director, Columbian National Life Insurance Company; director, American Investment Securities Company, American Trust Company, Arlington Gas Light Company, Clinton Gas Light Company, Gloucester Gas Company, Leominster Electric Light Company, Leominster Gas Company, Milford Electric Company, Milford Gas Company, Northern Berkshire Electric and Gas Company, Northampton Electric Light Company, Northampton Gas Company, Wachusett Electric Company, Palmer Gas Company, Plymouth Electric Company, Williamstown Electric Company, Southern Berkshire Electric Company, Lexington Gas Company, Stamford (Vermont) Electric Company, Norwood Gas Company, Jones, McDuffee & Stratton Corporation, Amesbury Electric Company, Hotel Somerset Company, Merrimac Valley Power and Buildings Company, Weymouth Electric Light Company, Daytona (Florida) Electric Company, Light, Heat, and Power Company, Massachusetts Trust, and several holding companies and special trusts.

MEMBER OF: Bass River Golf Club; Bass River Yacht Club.

PHIL CHILDS likes travel and takes every opportunity to indulge in it. He doesn't like to follow any set schedule. He writes:

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AFTER graduating in February, 1917, I had made plans for an extensive tour of South America, but war seemed close so I went to Bryant and Stratton Business School for a few weeks, until I enlisted on May 3, 1917, as a second-class seaman at Newport, Rhode Island. After promotion to gunner's mate third class, I was put on a patrol boat and spent until October on guard duty (Breton's Reef to Point Judith). I received an appointment to the Ensign School at Cambridge, graduating in February, 1918. From there to the Fleet for further training. Then to *U. S. S. Louisville* (armed transport) plying between New York and Liverpool. After the Armistice I went to Charleston, South Carolina, training camp, receiving my release early in 1918. I returned to Boston, and after some time at the Harvard School of Business Administration, I procured a position with T. F. Russell Company, exporters, and rose to purchasing agent with a good salary. By the end of 1920 the exporting business slowed down, and the future became less promising. I left and started in again at \$25 a week with the Columbian National Life Insurance Company in 1921. I rose slowly and became first assistant secretary by 1927. In the meantime I had been elected director and vice-president of several electric and gas companies, and also a trustee of the Massachusetts Lighting Company (the first voluntary trust to be formed under Massachusetts laws.)

Gradually my public utility work increased until by 1929 I was made president of twenty operating companies and took up full management of these. I still retained my position with the insurance company, but by arrangement with them I gradually turned over my work to others. In 1928 the "amalgamation" of power and gas companies was well under way (as an example our common stock went from \$56 to \$360 a share). For protection we went into the Massachusetts Utilities Associates (a newly formed voluntary trust). In 1932 this trust, by vote of the trustees, came under the control of the New England Power Association. In 1934 I resigned all my active positions in both the insurance company and the utility companies, but retained my directorships. This gave me leisure and a chance to travel, which I proceeded to do, though I kept in touch with what was going on in Boston.

I have always been very partial to travel without any set sched-

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ule. As a boy (before college) I had been to Europe a number of times, spending a year at school at Montreux, Switzerland, and this had given me a taste of the different. Since 1933 I have been to Great Britain and the Continent three times, Africa once, South America once, and Central America three times. I lived for almost a year in Pembroke, Bermuda, and part of a winter at Bridgetown, Barbados. My last trip to Britain was in the summer of 1939, when I purchased a Vauxhall in Glasgow and drove 5000 miles around Scotland, England, Wales, and Cornwall. I got back to the United States shortly before war broke. Last year I motored through Mexico, spending part of my time at Alcapulco — 300 miles south of Mexico City on the Pacific. This last summer, however, we took a cottage at Bass River on Cape Cod, for we have two English boys, aged eleven and six, living with us for the duration.

My wife is equally fond of travel, but now our scope is limited. My longest trip this year was to Washington, D. C., to show the boys the Capitol. Last June I tried to get back in the United States Naval Reserve Force, but no luck. Perhaps they will need us older men yet.

DALZELL REED CHROW

BORN: Feb. 7, 1894, Bradenville, Pa. PARENTS: John Franklin Chrow, May Ethel Fetter.

PREPARED AT: Washington and Jefferson College, Washington, Pa.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916.

DALZELL CHROW is another "lost" man and the following was recently reported in Seventeen Men: "Dalzell Reed Chrow never had a mailing address in the files of the Alumni Directory Office, but became lost immediately upon leaving Cambridge in 1916. Prior to 1917 his father was a superintendent in the mines of the Latrobe-Connellsville Coal and Coke Company, Bradenville, Pennsylvania. Inquiries addressed to that company have gone unanswered. Washington and Jefferson College, which Chrow attended before transferring to Harvard, can give no information. The town clerk at Bradenville cannot help. W. A. Augur, who roomed with Chrow, has made an unavailing search."

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CHUNGTAO TAHMY CHU

ADDRESS: National Resources Commission, Nanking, China.

BORN: Oct. 5, 1895, Kiang-su, China. PARENTS: Fe Shav Chu, Su Chung Li.

PREPARED AT: Soochow University Preparatory School.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1915-1917. DEGREES: A.B. *summa cum laude*, 1917; PH.D., 1920.

OCCUPATION: Chinese Government Service.

CHUNGTAO TAHMY CHU'S Phi Beta Kappa key was recovered from a Chinese bandit in 1930 as is shown in the following letter dated December 3, 1930, to Ed Whitney from Charles F. Robinson of Wellesley, Massachusetts, whose son, Dr. Hugh L. Robinson, was at that time at the American Board Hospital at Lintsing, Shantung Province, China: "It is in a letter describing this trip that our daughter-in-law, Olga (Olsen) Robinson, writes as follows: 'The already mentioned Ch'ih Shih Fu stepped on the gas and we flew through the villages. He's a marvellous driver. Last year when the bandits captured Dr. Tucker and his car in our nearby village of Sun Ling, they took Ch'ih Shih Fu's keys away from him. He asked for them back and they gave him a double handful, just for fun, which included a Harvard Phi Beta Kappa key in the lot. Hugh has explained to Ch'ih Shih Fu the meaning of the key, and delicately hinted that it might be well for him to have some one hunt up Mr. Chu, Harvard 1915, to whom it belongs, but Ch'ih Shih Fu wears it proudly every day, dependent from a breast pocket!' I do not consider the '1915' anything more than a slight inaccuracy in remembering the Harvard date, as Chungtao Tahmy Chu is the only Chu of those times who earned the key. Whether he has been killed or only held up and robbed by the bandits that have been infesting Shantung, is impossible to say."

We are glad to report that Chu was not killed by bandits, as in June, 1937, we had his address as shown above. However, we have heard nothing from him since then.

HSIN HSUAN CHUNG

ADDRESS: National Wu-han University, Wuchang, Hupeh, China.

BORN: March 26, 1892, Nanchang, China. FATHER: Pang Chuan Chung.

PREPARED AT: Hsin Yuen School, Nanchang, China.

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YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914-1917. DEGREES: S.B. *cum laude*, 1917; A.M., 1918.
OCCUPATION: Education.

HSIN HSUAN CHUNG in 1920 was a student at the Harvard Graduate School of Arts and Sciences. In 1927 he was at Amoy University, Amoy, China, and in 1937 he was at the National Wu-han University, Wuchang, Hupeh, China.

✠ ALAN CAMPBELL CLARK

BORN: Sept. 11, 1895, Bangor, Maine. PARENTS: Donald Campbell Clark, Elizabeth Prentiss.

PREPARED AT: Middlesex School, Concord, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1915. DEGREE: A.B.† 1917 (19).

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Fort Riley, Kans., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Aug. 15; sailed for France Sept. 8 as casual; detailed to British Infantry Training School, Arras; assigned to Machine Gun Company, 26th Infantry, 1st Division, in November; wounded July 20, 1918; died of wounds July 31, 1918, Paris, France. Engagements: Ansauville sector, Cantigny, Noyon-Montdidier defensive, Marne-Aisne offensive.

HARVARD BROTHER: Kenneth McRuer Clark, '11.

DIED: July 31, 1918, Paris, France.

BROTHER: Kenneth McRuer Clark, 346 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

CLARK spent but a year and a half with our Class but in that short time had attained prominence as a member of the Freshman football team. He also played on the baseball team and was a member of the Institute of 1770, the D. K. E., the S. K., and Delphic Clubs. Although he was successful in nearly all his endeavors, he left College during Sophomore year feeling that a continuance of his course would not justify itself. He took a position with the Fidelity Trust Company in Kansas City, Missouri, where he won the confidence and admiration of his associates.

When the United States entered the World War Clark entered the First Officers' Training Camp at Fort Riley, Kansas, and was soon commissioned second lieutenant of Infantry. He sailed for France as a casual in September and for two months attended the British Infantry Training School at Auxi-le-Château, near Amiens. In November he received his assignment to the Machine Gun Company of the 26th Infantry, 1st Division. From December, 1917, to February, 1918, he was with his division at Menancourt and Gondrecourt; from February to March in the

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Toul sector. From there the division went to Montdidier and then, after a few days' rest, entered the Soissons offensive. It was during this engagement that he received the wounds that caused his death.

Clark's name was among those of officers and men cited "for conspicuous gallantry in action during the operations, 18-23 July, 1918, near Soissons." He, "until wounded, fearlessly exposed himself throughout the attacks the better to direct and consolidate the guns of his platoon."

A tablet in his memory was placed in the Fidelity Trust Company of Kansas City and another in Eliot Hall at Middlesex School.

"Fearlessness, together with a keen sensitivity bordering at times almost upon the morbid," wrote James Paul Warburg of our Class in the Triennial Report, "were the basic elements of his character. He had an intense love of the dramatic, and a real talent in this direction. A voracious reader, he was interested in a great variety of subjects, and was far fonder of a good book than he was of discussing his own or his friends' experiences, hopes, and ambitions. Although loyal to a friend in the last degree, he was not of an expansive nature, and his reticence at times amounted almost to secretiveness. A born crusader, he died the death he would have chosen."

EDWARD STRONG CLARK

HOME ADDRESS: 136 Bonita Ave., Piedmont, Calif.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Los Angeles Port of Embarkation, Wilmington, Calif.

BORN: April 16, 1894, Baltimore, Md. PARENTS: William Bullock Clark, Ellen Clarke Strong.

PREPARED AT: St. George's School, Newport, R. I.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Marion Wilson Hendricks, Feb. 26, 1918, New York, N. Y. CHILDREN: William Bullock, June 29, 1920; Harriet Brooks, July 14, 1924; Ellen Strong, June 7, 1928.

HARVARD BROTHER: Atherton Clark, '22.

OCCUPATION: Major, Quartermaster Corps, attached to the Army Transport Service, United States Army.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled quartermaster 3d class U. S. Naval Reserve Force Oct. 6, 1917; assigned to S. S. *El Capitan*; transferred to Naval Training Station, Pelham Bay, N. Y., Jan., 1918; appointed ensign Feb. 23; assigned to S. S. *Pheeda* March 19 as commanding officer; transferred to U. S. S. *Manchuria* on transport duty April 26 as watch and

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division officer; promoted lieutenant (junior grade) Oct. 10; transferred to U. S. S. *Ophir* on transport duty Oct. 23 as navigating officer; ship burned Nov. 11; released from active duty Dec. 16, 1918.

OFFICES HELD: Director, Merchants Exchange Club, San Francisco, San Francisco Museum of Science and Industry; past secretary, Pacific Traffic Association, San Francisco; marine associate, Peabody Museum, Salem, Mass.; member Editorial Advisory Board, *The American Neptune*, Salem.

MEMBER OF: Merchants Exchange Club; University Club of San Francisco; Commercial Club; Pacific Traffic Association; California Historical Society, all of San Francisco.

PUBLICATIONS: Contributions to *The American Neptune*, a quarterly devoted to marine research, published by the Peabody Museum in Salem, Mass.

THE sea has been a dominant factor in Ed Clark's life in the last twenty-five years. First he did transport duty in the Navy, then he was in the steamship business with a side hobby of marine research, and now he is a Major, Quartermaster Corps, attached to the Army Transport Service. He writes:

SINCE graduation, and after serving in the Navy during the past war, and after the rather usual go at selling bonds, I settled down in the steamship business. There I have remained since 1922.

At first I was in Baltimore, but in 1924 I came to San Francisco, and here I have stayed. I have worked for several companies out here and have been running various lines of ships between the Pacific Coast and many parts of the world. At different times during the past seventeen years I have been in charge of lines running to Europe, the Orient, South America, the West Indies, and the Atlantic Coast. I cannot say it has been so very remunerative, but I have had a lot of fun and it has been a busy life, to say the least.

Now, with the war on, I am working for the government, at first as Port Consultant of the Army Transport Service, Quartermaster Corps of the United States Army, and now, after obtaining my commission, as major in the Quartermaster Corps, U. S. Army. Last war — Navy; this war — Army; next war — maybe the Marines.

My hobby — like my work — is ships. I have collected much material relating to marine research and am an associate of the Peabody Museum of Salem. I also contribute to the Marine His-

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torical Association of Mystic, Connecticut, the Mariner's Museum of Newport News, Virginia, and the Penobscot Marine Museum of Searsport, Maine.

I was instrumental in the establishment of a marine museum here in San Francisco and am the director and a trustee. It is known as the San Francisco Museum of Science and Industry. We are hoping it will survive the war.

My family consists of a son, twenty-one, now a draftee in the Coast Artillery, probably on his way to Alaska or the Hawaiian Islands; two daughters, one eighteen and just graduating from high school, and the other thirteen, just entering high school.

Social, political, and religious convictions and pet aversions — better not elaborate on all that now. In fact, I have probably said too much already.

JAMES AVERELL CLARK

HOME ADDRESS: Westbury, Long Island, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: New York Stock Exchange, 11 Wall St., New York, N. Y.

BORN: July 23, 1893, New York, N. Y. PARENTS: George Crawford Clark, Harriet Seymour Averell.

PREPARED AT: Groton School, Groton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Helen Hitchcock, Nov. 29, 1919, Westbury, Long Island, N. Y.

CHILDREN: James Averell, Jr., Sept. 7, 1920; Thomas Hitchcock, July 15, 1922.

HARVARD SON: Thomas Hitchcock Clark, '44.

HARVARD BROTHER: George Crawford Clark, '01.

OCCUPATION: Broker; Member, New York Stock Exchange.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Machinist's mate 2d class U. S. Naval Reserve Force on duty on Scout Patrol No. 56 when United States entered the war; rating changed to boatswain's mate 2d class Sept. 1, 1917; appointed ensign Sept. 21; assigned to Scout Patrol *Wadena*; overseas Feb. 22, 1918, to Jan. 3, 1919; released from active duty Jan. 4, 1919.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of New York; Racquet & Tennis Club; Brook Club; Meadow Brook Club, Westbury.

EVERYONE knows about the R. A. F., but Averell Clark is especially interested in this famous aviation corps. He writes:

I LEFT College in March, 1917, and enlisted in the Navy. I got my commission late that summer and finally left for Bermuda in February, 1918. I ended up in Gibraltar where I was

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when the Armistice was signed. I arrived home on New Year's Day, 1919. After a short time I started to work in Wall Street, and I am still there. I have been a member of the New York Stock Exchange since 1934.

My elder son left Dartmouth last spring and is now a pilot officer in the Royal Air Force. Tommy has just resigned from Harvard in his sophomore year and is about to enter the Royal Air Force School in Austin, Texas. The world seems to turn pretty much on a timetable.

THEODORE CLARK

HOME ADDRESS: 147 Canton Ave., Milton, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Kendall Co., Walpole, Mass.

BORN: June 28, 1895, Spokane, Wash. PARENTS: Francis Lewis Clark, Winifred Wiard.

PREPARED AT: St. George's School, Newport, R. I.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917.

MARRIED: Dorothy Ayer, Nov. 3, 1917, Bangor, Maine. CHILDREN: Dorothy Wells (Mrs. Wilhelm Fagginger-Auer), Aug. 10, 1918; Theodore Lewis, Oct. 15, 1922.

HARVARD SON: Theodore Lewis Clark, '45.

OCCUPATION: General Manager, Kendall Mills.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Commissioned 1st lieutenant Chemical Warfare Service April 15, 1918; assigned to American University Experiment Station, Washington, D. C.; discharged Dec. 1, 1918.

OFFICES HELD: Trustee, Milton Savings Bank.

MEMBER OF: Milton Club; Hoosic Whisic Club; Harvard Varsity Club.

TED CLARK in his Sexennial Report said, "I seem to be a jack-of-all-trades. Probably mechanical engineer is my best guess, Harvard training to the contrary notwithstanding." His best guess at that time was only partially correct. His "Life":

DECEMBER, 1918, found me back at my old job of making paper in Bangor, Maine, my wife's home. The next several years, with quite a little time in the Maine woods, were happy ones in every way except financially. Since babies had to have shoes, even then, an opportunity with a young and vigorous textile concern (yes, there are such, believe it or not!) looked too good to pass by. The change was a happy one that I never regretted. The last sixteen years have been spent for the most part in Milton, with three years in Chicago and another in Cohasset

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as a diversion. My principal memory of Chicago is that our stay there encompassed the hottest summer and the most severe winter on record.

My job has been a most satisfying one, now principally administrative, but with a leavening of engineering and research work as an interesting diversion from straight executive work.

For recreation golf has been slipping, with the old man's sport — gardening — in the ascendancy. My wife is responsible for that development, one more tribute to her many accomplishments. As hobbies, tinkering with radios and navigating other people's boats seem to endure, although I fear for the future of the latter.

My two children — I think — are grand. My daughter married a young geologist this summer and is discovering how hot Central Nicaragua can be. My boy is a freshman at Harvard, signed up in the Naval Reserve Officers' Training Corps.

THOMAS HENRY CLARK

HOME ADDRESS: 353 Chester Ave., Mount Royal, P. Q., Can.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Redpath Museum, McGill University, Montreal, P. Q., Can.

BORN: Dec. 3, 1893, London, England. PARENTS: Thomas Clark, Elizabeth Lydia Anstiss.

PREPARED AT: Bridgewater Normal School, Bridgewater, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B. *magna cum laude*, 1917; A.M., 1921; PH.D., 1923.

MARRIED: Olive Marguerite Melvina Prichard, April 1, 1927, Montreal, P. Q., Can. CHILD: Joan, Feb. 8, 1930.

OCCUPATION: Professor of Geology.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Medical Department Oct. 27, 1917; assigned to Physical Examining Station, Headquarters Northeastern Department, Boston, Mass., Oct. 29; promoted sergeant Dec. 5; transferred to Office of Department Surgeon, Headquarters Northeastern Department March 1, 1918; commissioned 2d lieutenant Sanitary Corps Aug. 14; assigned to 312th Sanitary Train, 87th Division, Aug. 21 and appointed personnel adjutant; sailed for France Aug. 26; returned to United States Jan. 22, 1919; assigned to Hospital, Air Service Depot, Garden City, N. Y., Feb. 8, and appointed property officer; discharged March 28, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Logan Professor of Paleontology, McGill University since 1930; curator Redpath Museum, since 1930; geologist, Geological Survey of Canada, 1926-31, 1935, 1936; geologist, Bureau of Mines, Quebec, since 1938; president, McGill Chapter, Sigma Xi, 1939-1942.

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MEMBER OF: Geological Society of America; Society of the Sigma Xi; Phi Beta Kappa; Paleontological Society of America; American Association for the Advancement of Science; Royal Society of Canada; Wedgwood Club; Art Association of Montreal.

PUBLICATIONS: Thirty articles on geological subjects.

If anyone thinks a geologist has an easy life, let him read what Tom Clark says:

I HAVE worked hard for twenty-five years — since graduating in 1917.

GEORGE WADSWORTH COBB, JR.

HOME ADDRESS: 55 W. 11th St., New York, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: American Radiator & Standard Sanitary Corp., 40 W. 40th St., New York, N. Y.

BORN: March 8, 1895, Chicago, Ill. PARENTS: George Wadsworth Cobb, Elizabeth Soaper Dallam.

PREPARED AT: Noble and Greenough School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Margaret L. Henderson, May 28, 1938, Old Greenwich, Conn.

HARVARD BROTHER: Richard Henderson Cobb, '18.

OCCUPATION: With the American Radiator & Standard Sanitary Corporation.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Battery A, 101st Field Artillery, 26th Division, June 25, 1917; sailed for France Sept. 23; detailed to Artillery School, Saumur, July 1, 1918; commissioned 2d lieutenant Field Artillery Sept. 23; detailed to Field Artillery School, Coetquidan, Oct. 1; attached to 20th Balloon Company, French Army, Nov. 1; transferred to 25th Balloon Company, A. E. F., Nov. 18; to 113th Field Artillery, 30th Division, Dec. 18; discharged April 19, 1919. Engagements: Chemin des Dames sector, Toul sector, Meuse-Argonne offensive.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of New York.

GEORGE COBB can usually be found in the Harvard Club of New York, which seems to be a second home to him. It is not surprising, therefore, to learn that this organization has been one of George's interests and that he has been a faithful worker for it. He writes:

I ANTICIPATE that it is going to be extremely difficult to outline a history of my life for the twenty-four years just elapsed in a world which is moving as fast as ours has been. However, many of our classmates are undoubtedly hard pressed to write histories of themselves in such a manner as will be in-

teresting to those who were more or less closely associated with them during the four years between 1913 and 1917. So I, too, shall try, ramble a little, and trust to luck.

Like many other members of 1917, I left College in the middle of our Senior year to join the United States Army, but unlike most, I received two diplomas representing A.B. degrees. The military unit with which I allied myself was then known as Battery A of the Massachusetts State Militia, subsequently designated the 101st Regiment of Field Artillery — 26th Division, nicknamed "Yankee." With that organization I spent slightly over a year, mostly in France, before being sent to the Officers' Training School in Saumur. After receiving a commission as 2d lieutenant, I was assigned to balloon service with the French until the Armistice, at which time I went back to a field artillery regiment, this one being from North Carolina. It thus happens that my military service included that of private, non-commissioned officer, and commissioned officer at the front and commissioned officer in the Army of Occupation. I returned to the United States and was discharged from service in April, 1919.

After military life was over, difficulties were encountered in getting adjusted and placed in civilian occupations. Having tried banking, construction work, and a term in a mill, I became associated with the American Radiator Company in New York, was appointed assistant secretary in 1930 and subsequently secretary, acting in that capacity until the company was merged into the American Radiator & Standard Sanitary Corporation.

So much for the career as it has transpired to the present time, October, 1941. During the twenty-four years since graduation, I have indulged in a number of hobbies, but the more lasting seem to have been affiliated with sports, mostly as an observer, but also as a participant in sailing boats and squash tennis. Now that a war is again with us, I have taken considerable interest in ways and means in which veterans from the last hostilities, particularly my own divisional veteran association, can be of voluntary service when they so desire. The interest of longest standing, however, has been the Harvard Club of New York, where I have served on numerous committees and undertaken various activities in an effort to help where help has been needed or asked.

The above, together with my home life, I believe constitute

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the entire story. Of course, this mode of living necessarily develops opinions and convictions of divers sorts as well as pet aversions. The opinions and convictions have long ago become frayed through constant use, so I shall not dwell on those. The pet aversion, however, is the all-too-prevalent individual whose conversation invariably includes, "The paper says —," "If you had read Mr. So and So's article —," "They tell me —," "They ought to do such and such —," and "That's what they say —" — parrot talk with no thought behind it. Perhaps Mr. Pope — I believe it was he — had some foresight in the common use today of one of the three R's when he wrote "A little learning is a dangerous thing."

✠ JOHN DENNIS COFFEY

BORN: July 29, 1895, Fall River, Mass. PARENTS: Dennis Coffey, Annie Agnes Sullivan.

PREPARED AT: B. M. C. Durfee High Schcol, Fall River, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted seaman, 2d class, U. S. N. R. F.; served at Hingham Training Station, Wakfield Range, Bumkin Island; May, 1918-July, 1919, attached Boston Section Base; four months guard duty, nine months storekeeper; discharged July 7, 1919.

DIED: July 20, 1934, Fall River, Mass.

FATHER: Dennis Coffey, 4 Coral St., Fall River, Mass.

FOR a short time after his discharge from war service Coffey was employed as a statistician with the Knights of Columbus Employment Bureau in Boston. At the same time he studied accounting. From June, 1920, until January, 1921, he was a clerk at the Watertown Arsenal. He then received an appointment as auditor with the Treasury Department, but was unable to accept it because of illness. From that time until his death he was incapacitated and unable to engage in active business.

Upon his graduation from the Davenport Grammar School in Fall River Coffey was awarded the Davis Medal, and when he graduated from the B. M. C. Durfee High School he was awarded the John S. Brayton Scholarship. While he was in College he was a member of the St. Paul's Catholic Club and the Phillips Brooks House Association.

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✠ JOHN COHEN

BORN: Dec. 21, 1890, Balta, Russia. PARENTS: Morris Cohen, Celia Rivlin.

PREPARED AT: Morris High School, New York, N. Y.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1912-1913, 1914-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; M.D., 1924.

MARRIED: Julia E. Cohen.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private 1st class Aviation Section, Signal Corps, Aug. 29, 1917; detailed to School of Military Aëronautics, Mass. Inst. Tech. Nov. 17; to School of Military Aëronautics, Cornell University, Dec. 26; to Ellington Field, Texas, Jan. 26, 1918; commissioned 2d lieutenant, Air Service, Military Aëronautics, May 29; detailed to Post Field, Okla., June 10; to Taliaferro Field, Texas, Oct. 25; discharged Jan. 15, 1919. Commissioned 2d lieutenant Air Service Officers' Reserve Corps.

DIED: Jan. 25, 1936, New York, N. Y.

WIDOW: Mrs. John Cohen, High Bridge, N. J.

WE can best understand Cohen's worth and accomplishments in his field of medicine by referring to the tributes of his colleagues.

The late Dr. Louis Gross, director of laboratories of the Mt. Sinai Hospital at the time of Cohen's death, wrote of Cohen in the *Journal of Mount Sinai Hospital*:

"Like many emigrés in poor circumstances, Dr. Cohen was in every sense a self-made man. He employed his few spare moments to earn sufficient income to pay for his studies. Shortly after receiving his medical degree, Dr. Cohen was invited to work with Minot in Boston. There he soon displayed his scientific ingenuity in devising apparatus for the study of blood-cell respiration. These studies were amongst the earliest undertaken in this important field. After several years with Minot, Dr. Cohen was invited to join the laboratory staff of the Mount Sinai Hospital in the capacity of assistant in hematology.

"It was during this period that I met him. I was immediately drawn to him through his gentle personality. It was this outstanding characteristic that won for him devoted friends among his colleagues in the Mount Sinai, Montefiore and Beekman Street Hospitals, as well as among his patients.

"It was not long before I recognized Dr. Cohen's imaginative-ness and talent in devising new technical methods and planning experiments. Shortly after undertaking a series of investigations

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on the pathogenesis of lung suppuration, to which he made fundamental contributions, the bacteriological department of the Mount Sinai Hospital saw fit to replace entirely the previously employed anaerobic technique with that devised by Dr. Cohen.

"Dr. Cohen was an indefatigable worker. In spite of his connections with a number of institutions, he did not hesitate to spend his energies in many medical activities and to give freely of his medical skill and sympathy to his patients. They loved him as much for his kindness and understanding as they admired him for his thoroughness and competence as a physician.

"The many who knew Dr. Cohen and loved him will miss the gentle smile of the man, the loyal and deep devotion of a friend, and the stimulating influence of the physician seeking after truth."

Another colleague, Dr. Sylvan E. Moolten, writes:

"As an individual Doctor Cohen impressed me and many others by four important characteristics: his absolute honesty in dealing with facts and with people, his intellectual gifts which were of exceptionally high order, bordering upon genius, his unfailing modesty, and his enormous kindness. These four characteristics combined to make friends even of those whose faults he knew and declared, and he was never afraid to declare them. At the same time his modesty served to delay the recognition due him until the true importance of his contributions was evaluated by the passage of time. He lacked the polish of certain other scientists who brought their work to public notice sometimes too quickly, but in all his work the truth always shone and invariably became revealed in the end.

"The work which I am occupied in completing was begun by Doctor Cohen in the laboratory of Doctor Gregory Schwartzman and, in its implications, may prove to be a fundamental contribution in the problem of the mechanism of lung abscess and analogous conditions."

MAXWELL ABRAHAM COHEN

HOME ADDRESS: 14 Ellison Rd., Newton Center, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Maxwell Corrugated Box Co., 10 Chamber St., Charlestown, Mass.

BORN: April 14, 1896, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: David Cohen, Molly Berman.

PREPARED AT: English High School, Boston, Mass.

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YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917.

MARRIED: Charlotte Goodwin, Feb. 18, 1937, Brookline, Mass. CHILD: Harold Jay, March 3, 1941.

OCCUPATION: Jobber, shipping corrugated cases.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Sanitary Corps, Feb. 14, 1918; assigned to Gas Defense Service and stationed at Astoria, N. Y.; as chemist; served in Gas Defense Division, Chemical Warfare Service; stationed at Boston, Mass., Millbury, Mass.; Long Island City, N. Y.; discharged Jan. 25, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Treasurer, English High School Club; member of board, West End House Alumni Association.

MEMBER OF: New Century Club; Brookline, Mass., Post of Jewish War Veterans.

COHEN, with commendable judgment, is more interested in his Boys' Club than his golf club. His "Life":

WHILE waiting for a call in the Chemical Warfare Service, I had a brief manufacturing career as foreman of a dye factory in East Providence, Rhode Island. I also served a short term as dyeing apprentice with the Pacific Print Works in Lawrence, Massachusetts. After a year in the Chemical Warfare Service testing gas mask chemicals and special felt absorption masks, I worked for a year and a half in the chemicals and waxes export department of J. Aron & Company, Incorporated. I have been in business for myself since 1923, selling corrugated shipping containers.

I was married ten years too late because the lady did not like the way I wore my hats. But that and my son were worth waiting for. We had a memorable wedding trip on the S. S. *Lafayette* through the West Indies and along the north coast of South America.

I am a lousy golfer. I experienced every adverse circumstance in the game, and I always came back for more punishment. I played through winter storms and lightning and almost knocked myself out with a full — or "fool" — swing.

I have been interested in a famous boys' club, the West End House, where a group of graduates pursue a work of devotion and loyalty worthy of emulation everywhere.

I hope that this land never forgets "the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man."

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CORNELIUS EMMETT COLEMAN

HOME ADDRESS: 276 Field Point Rd., Greenwich, Conn.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Hilbert, Condon & Bassett, 120 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

BORN: Aug. 3, 1894, St. Albans, Vt. PARENTS: Cornelius Coleman, Emma Fallon.

PREPARED AT: Johnson High School.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1918. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

OCCUPATION: Finance.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled U. S. Naval Reserve Force Oct. 1, 1918; released from active duty April 1, 1919. Appointed ensign U. S. Naval Reserve Force Aug., 1919.

WE don't know much about Connie Coleman except what he told us at our Twentieth Reunion. We believe he is still in the investment business.

BASIL SANFORD COLLINS

HOME ADDRESS: 17 Hammond Rd., Belmont, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Old Colony Trust Co., 17 Court St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: July 23, 1894, Somerville, Mass. PARENTS: John Lincoln Collins, Annie Jane MacDonald.

PREPARED AT: Watertown High School, Watertown, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917 (19); LL.B. (Northeastern Univ.), 1921; C. L. U. (American Soc. of Chartered Life Underwriters), 1935.

MARRIED: Abbie Louise Wood, April 23, 1925, New Haven, Conn. CHILDREN: Barbara Ann, Oct. 21, 1931; Gale Sanford, Feb. 22, 1936.

OCCUPATION: Assistant Vice-president, Old Colony Trust Company.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled chief yeoman U. S. Naval Reserve Force June 11, 1917; appointed ensign Oct. 11; assigned to Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation, Quincy, Mass., Nov. 10, 1918; released from active duty July 7, 1919.

MEMBER OF: Masonic Fraternity.

PUBLICATIONS: "The A. B. C. of Business Insurance Trusts," 1936; constant contributions to banking, trust, and insurance publications.

WE always admired that tranquil air about Bas Collins and now know that it is the result of his philosophy of life. He writes:

THERE isn't much in my life for the record. My family life consists of a wife and two daughters who take up practically all of my time. I have no social, political, or religious convictions. There are so many around me who have these that I

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do not feel that I should usurp the authoritative position which they apparently assume. I have no pet aversions; the advance of old age precludes such a mental process in my make-up.

I still play tennis and have taken on ping-pong to some extent. Gardening takes a great deal of my time and seems to give me a feeling of contentment.

All in all, life has been good to me and I have no deep-rooted convictions of an adverse nature.

WARREN HATCH CONN

HOME ADDRESS: 77 Arnold Rd., Newton Center, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Hood Rubber Co., Inc., Watertown, Mass.

BORN: July 5, 1896, Woburn, Mass. PARENTS: Chauncey Blanchard Conn, Annie Florence Hatch.

PREPARED AT: Newton Technical High School, Newton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Juliana Zepko, Sept. 16, 1928, Providence, R. I.

OCCUPATION: Industrial Engineer, in charge of production planning and scheduling.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private U. S. Army Ambulance Service June 4, 1917; assigned to Section 511; sailed for France Dec. 26; discharged April 22, 1919. Engagements: Saint-Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne offensives.

WARREN CONN thinks of the last twenty-five years as a "fruitless era," but hopes that "the courage and morale of 1917 may carry on in 1942." He says:

I WAS one of the many of our Class unable to attend our graduation exercises, having enlisted early in June, 1917, in one of the Harvard sections of the United States Army Ambulance Corps—the outfit which took over the work of the American Field Service in France.

I was on overseas service from Christmas, 1917, to Easter, 1919, with various French divisions. I was mustered out in April, 1919. I "retired" for two months on my federal and state bonuses, and then, of necessity, went to work.

I entered the employ of the Hood Rubber Company in August, 1919, and have been there ever since, rapidly approaching another twenty-fifth anniversary.

In the rubber footwear manufacturing business I have handled

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cost work, time-study, wage incentives, and the various phases of production planning and control. At present it all adds up to — less and less rubber.

My activities outside business have been those of the great majority — marriage, building my own home, paying taxes, participating in the neighborhood improvement association, the Community Chest, etc.

I consider myself fortunate in living near enough to the University to have attended the inspirational Tercentenary exercises and to be present at the annual Alumni Day in June and such other current events as may occur.

Looking back over the last twenty-five years, it seems to me that our Class has indeed been in the midst of a fruitless era. We were graduated into the disruption of two years of war, were barely able to obtain a foothold as the hectic twenties sped by, and the Depression largely nullified what modest gains we may have made.

Now we are on the threshold of another cycle. Though our physical participation may not be as active as before, other burdens and sacrifices will be our lot.

JOHN MICHAEL CONNOLLY

ADDRESS: 11 Lakeside Drive, Baldwin, Long Island, N. Y.

BORN: Dec. 27, 1896, New York, N. Y. PARENTS: John Joseph Connolly, Mary Veronica Meehan.

PREPARED AT: Boys' High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1915-1917. DEGREE: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917.

MARRIED: Grace Eileen Hurley, Feb. 1, 1928, Baldwin, Long Island, N. Y.

CHILDREN: John Michael, Jr., July 19, 1930; Eileen, May 1, 1934.

OCCUPATION: Merchandiser; Buyer; Lecturer on Merchandising.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled seaman 2d class U. S. Naval Reserve Force June 14, 1918; assigned to Naval Training Camp, Hingham, Mass., July 9; to Naval Training Camp, Bumkin Island, Mass., July 26; to Patrol Boat Base, Lockwood's Basin, Boston, Mass., Sept. 14; to Commonwealth Pier, Boston, Oct. 11; to Officer Material School, Cambridge, Mass., Oct. 18; appointed ensign and released from active duty February 21, 1919.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of New York; Mountain Lakes Country Club.

PUBLICATIONS: Articles on publicity and retail merchandising; book on specific phase of retail buying now in preparation.

IT is obvious that John Connolly has had fun and still has it. He writes:

WHEN a fellow can't remember to make an appointment to be photographed for the edification or irritation of posterity, how in the name of Harry Hopkins or any other champion of government largesse do you expect him to recall what happened in the last twenty-five years? (Wow! it's a relief to reach a salutary ending like that before straining a wrist!)

Funny, isn't it? So darned much has happened — the cycle has been completed and the country is back over the threshold of war again (October 6, 1941). And, by gosh, funnier still is the fact that the battle cry is once more "Make the world safe for the Democrats." This time there's no fooling about that slogan, because if we don't let ourselves be elbowed into this competitive holocaust, we're going to see the collapse of one of the cutest Democratic dynasties yet conceived for these United States! It's all equipped with officers arrayed in gorgeous dress uniforms and has plenty of public dough to spend as long as a war can be carried on. By gosh and by gravy (I'd swear worse than that only Joe Stalin might be offended since he has just got religion agin), we'd better have war or else! Or else what? Or else we won't be able to perpetuate the dynasty, and it's going to be mighty hard to sell newspaper columns, insurance, or radio continuities after the spending spree is over. (And when we are edged further into the seething battle, we'll realize the pitiful results of ten years of a devitalizing economic and political philosophy.)

The immediate foregoing settles two phases of this required "Life": what I'm thinking and what my pet aversions are. To these add wars discovered to smother political opposition or to conceal disastrous national administrative mistakes; and the aversion to fighting by groups and individuals most anxious for involvement in such wars (cushy jobs for the President's sons are cases in point).

The matter of travel puzzles me a bit. Do you want distance or speed? Well, you chose it; we'll talk about speed. Legend has it that Man-o'-War was greased lightning and Charley Paddock was the "world's fastest human." A Bronx cheer for both

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of them. You'd agree, had you seen Pete and me tearing away from a squad of Nazi mammas (not bombers) who surrounded us in a side street near Dom Square at Köln innocently shouting "Komm trink mit uns." Pete and I could always contain our share, but the volume of the mass invitation in tone and avoirdupois quenched our thirsts pronto. With Pete running interference we tore from the banks of the Rhine like Roosevelt after more spending money, and never stopped travelling until we reached the more demure and sensitive approach of the Café de la Paix or Place de l'Opéra. Of course, that was not the end of our tests for either speed or distance. But we never showed greater speed. Out-racing the gendarmes across the Coliseum and around the Vomitory out into the fields and streets beyond was quite a bit of travelling, too. However, it was very early in the morning, and we were slowed up fighting our way through hordes of gladiators and flocks of lions floating around the amphitheatre in the Chianti and Frascati of the night before!

Great fun travelling, but where can one go now for romance, fun, and adventures with cops? Oh, well! Europe was always a nice place to visit. But who in hell would ever want to live there!

The allotted space is consumed without a word about my hobbies and convictions. They're one: my family. That's where real fun centers now. Bam, seven — that's my girl; Bill, eleven — that's my boy; and Bob, (?) — that's my wife — keep the mass off my frame. They have one thing in common — the urge for outdoor sports; so I inherit the same, that's naturally true. Though shoulders creak and legs refuse, such minor complaints we always buried in the mass demand for a little roughhouse baseball, football, swimming, riding, and (add what you will, gentle reader). A life-long desire to smoke a leisurely pipe remains unfulfilled. I never get the chance to sit down long enough! Even a casual observer may see we're heartily devoted to the finer things of life — poetry, art, and all literature. But, even if that's not exactly so, family ebullience at least prevents me from feeling that this stint is meant for 1917's Twenty-fifth Anniversary Report, and keeps my waistline flat.

So, gentle reader, we have run the gamut from national to international to personal affairs. In this era of turmoil let us con-

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clude on an international note: Finland pays her own debts, but we pay England's.

ROBERT STRONG COOK

HOME ADDRESS: 50 Gibson St., Canandaigua, N. Y.

BORN: Feb. 11, 1895, Ogdensburg, N. Y. PARENTS: Robert George Cook, '86, Mary Belle Strong.

PREPARED AT: Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917; S.B. (Mass. Inst. Tech.), 1921.

MARRIED: Bertha Estelle Atwater, Feb. 6, 1937, Canandaigua, N. Y.

HARVARD BROTHER: Alan Augustus Cook, '18.

OCCUPATION: Civil Engineer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Madison Barracks, N. Y., May, 1917; transferred to Officers' Training Camp, Fort Niagara, N. Y., Aug. 26; commissioned 2d lieutenant Field Artillery Nov. 27; sailed for France Jan., 1918; detailed to Artillery School, Saumur, Feb. 1; assigned to Battery B, 7th Field Artillery, 1st Division, May 3; with Army of Occupation, Germany, Dec. 14 to June 25, 1919; discharged July 9, 1919. Engagements: Cantigny, Noyon-Montdidier defensive, Marne-Aisne offensive, Saizerais sector, Saint-Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne offensives. Cited in general orders Headquarters 1st Division, A. E. F.

MEMBER OF: American Legion; Masons; American Road Builders' Association; Association of Highway Officials of North Atlantic States; New York State Association of Highway Engineers.

BOB COOK'S communiqué on his life brings back poignant memories to a majority of the Class. He writes:

THREE months to turn us into officers. Our country had joined the Allies in the first world war. It was a busy time. After a month of infantry training I transferred to the Artillery at Madison Barracks, New York. There was drill and more drill, classes and more classes, and finally inoculations. At the end of the first camp, I was recommended for the second at Fort Niagara. In November there was a commission, second lieutenant, Field Artillery Reserve Corps.

One occasion seemed at the time all-important. That was when we finally fired a few rounds of service ammunition with 3-inch guns. One near-tragedy comes to mind. There was a class in equitation without saddles, just blankets. The officer in charge

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ordered a slow trot and apparently forgot about us. Forty-five minutes later there were plenty of sore trainees.

I reported at Hoboken in December and sailed in January on the *Mongolia*, beautifully camouflaged in blues, pinks, and greens. There followed a course at Saumur on the seventy-five under French instructors. Some were unusually good and even made subjects like ballistics interesting. There were good riding horses and halls especially built for riding classes. On the bad side were the morning fogs which rolled in and often lasted almost until noon.

Spring came and my section was sent to the First Division, then in the Montdidier sector. I was assigned to Battery B, 7th Field Artillery. It was an active front, where a major German offensive had nearly separated the French and British armies a month earlier. For several weeks another officer and I manned the battalion observation post watching for signals from the Infantry. Next came duty with the battery. Firing data were figured out from the map and became my principal concern. On May 28 we fired our first rolling barrage when the Division took Cantigny. The following days we fired night and day, part of the time with only two guns serviceable. The enemy made numerous counter-attacks in a desperate effort to discredit the first American advance, and supporting French artillery had been withdrawn to oppose a German attack just east of us.

In July we moved, marching all night with the gun flashes from the front on our left. Guns and gunners were loaded into trucks for the last part of the trip. On the morning of the 18th the division attacked across the wheat fields towards Soissons. The German lines and most of their artillery were taken. In two days we advanced four miles and in two more a total of seven, cutting a main highway and railroad supplying the Marne salient. After the initial surprise, enemy resistance stiffened. Ravines were crossed in spite of heavy flanking fire and well-organized strong points were finally taken, but at a cost of over 7000 casualties. On the second afternoon a long column, marching to the rear in close order, appeared and proved to be over 500 prisoners captured in a big cave. French cavalry was on hand looking very dashing, but drew artillery fire and had to move back. Enemy planes flew low attacking ground formations with machine guns

and our men tried to shoot it out with 45's, some claiming to have brought one down.

There followed an easy time in a quiet sector. Then the Saint-Mihiel drive went off on schedule. The Argonne was a different story, desperate fighting in the mud against determined opposition. Here the division pushed ahead until there was enemy fire from three directions on our battery positions. Losses were heavy, but our men did their most effective fighting. On November 1 our artillery brigade supported the 2d Division and there was a definite break in the enemy line. The news of the Armistice could not be believed for some time. There followed a month of marching into Germany and across the Rhine.

In the fall of 1919 I entered Massachusetts Institute of Technology. There I completed the civil engineering course in two years. After the first term I got my bearings. The exposure to so much mathematics apparently has done no permanent damage, nor was it entirely digested.

Came the fall of 1921 with the post-war depression in full swing. Illinois was paving its roads, and I worked for the State with headquarters in Elgin. My first job was in De Kalb. Other construction work was near Geneva, Joliet, and Grays Lake. In the winter there were surveys to be made or work on plans in the district office. After three years in the Middle West I took a New York State examination, and in the fall of 1924 received an appointment and returned to New York, working from the Rochester office.

The public seems to take good roads for granted. Only an exceptional project rates more than passing notice, and even then is soon accepted as a matter of course. There has been a steady development from the narrow and often winding macadams of the early days. It has required an army, and a well-trained one, working with many machines to connect our main cities with ribbons of concrete.

The largest, and the job which has interested me most, is twelve miles of concrete pavement built in 1929, running north from Naples, New York, to Woodville and then along the hills west of Canandaigua Lake. Much of the way it is really a scenic ride. Traffic has remained light for the most part. It required six weeks to build the first lane for six miles and at the time seemed a really

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epic effort. Two culverts under high fills were strengthened by adding new side walls which supported steel beams.

Vacations have been taken in the winter, and since the dark days of 1932 I have driven to Florida almost every year, spending a good share of the time at Fort Lauderdale. Fishing and bathing are major attractions there, along with occasional excursions to horse or dog races.

In 1940 my wife and I enjoyed a most interesting trip to Mexico City. We drove by way of Laredo and the Pan American Highway. The final day we followed an endless succession of curves in the mountains through heavy fog. We brought back a varied assortment of handicraft work. Armed with a new camera, I took colored pictures of many Mexican scenes. Showing them brings back incidents of our travels and provides our friends with a much better idea of the country than mere words could give.

✦ ROLAND MILLER COOK

BORN: Oct. 13, 1893, Worcester, Mass. PARENTS: William Henry Cook, Maroa Beatrice Smith.

PREPARED AT: South High School; Mercersburg Academy, Mercersburg, Pa.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Edith Frances Faxon, Aug. 18, 1917, Brookline, Mass. CHILDREN: Suzanne, July 20, 1920; Roland Miller, Jr., Feb. 12, 1924 (died Jan. 19, 1925); William Huntington, March 16, 1927.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Aug. 15; assigned to Company M, 304th Infantry, 76th Division; sailed for France July 8, 1918; returned to United States Aug. 16, 1919, as 1st lieutenant; discharged Aug. 17, 1919.

DIED: June 15, 1939, Worcester, Mass.

WIDOW: Mrs. Roland M. Cook, 52 Highland St., Worcester, Mass.

DURING our Senior year Cook attended the Business School as an unclassified student. In 1919 he was employed in the Industrial Relations Department of the Hartford Rubber Works Company in Hartford, Connecticut. He resigned that position in January, 1922, to become production manager of the Boston Pressed Metal Company in Worcester. At the time of his death, which resulted from a heart attack suffered while playing golf, he was sales manager of the Worcester Pressed Steel Company.

While he was in College Cook held membership in the D. K. E.,

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the Institute of 1770, the Hasty Pudding Club, the D. U. Club, the Memorial Society, the Musical Clubs, the University Glee Club, and the Freshman Glee Club. During Senior year he was leader of the University Glee Club.

Our classmate, Walter Wright Webster, writes of Cook:

"For many years Ro was a director of the Worcester Music Festival Association, also an active member in the Worcester Oratorio Society. He sang regularly in the Unitarian Church Choir. Ro was also active in the local Harvard Club and in other civic affairs. He had a host of friends, the natural result of his eager, active, and friendly personality.

"In addition to his Worcester associations and friendships, Ro's business connection had required quite a bit of travel. This gave him many contacts and interests, in the steel industry particularly. In his own organization he had progressed to the responsible position of sales manager."

AMORY COOLIDGE

HOME ADDRESS: 230 Heath St., Brookline, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Pepperell Mfg. Co., 160 State St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: March 23, 1895, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Thomas Jefferson Coolidge, Clara Amory.

PREPARED AT: St. Mark's School, Southboro, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

UNMARRIED.

HARVARD BROTHERS: Thomas Jefferson Coolidge, '15; William Appleton Coolidge, '24, LL.B., '36.

OCCUPATION: Cotton Manufacturer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted quartermaster 3d class U. S. Navy April 8, 1917; appointed ensign U. S. Naval Reserve Force Oct 1; graduated U. S. Naval Academy and commissioned ensign U. S. Navy Feb. 1, 1918; assigned to Destroyer *Allen*, based at Queenstown, Ireland; promoted lieutenant (junior grade, temporary) Aug. 15; resignation accepted Feb. 19, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Director, Pepperell Manufacturing Company, Scott & Williams, Incorporated, Submarine Signals Company, Old Colony Trust Company, Boys' Clubs of Boston, Children's Hospital.

MEMBER OF: Country Club, Brookline, Mass.; Tennis and Racquet Club; Somerset Club; Myopia Hunt Club; Essex County Club.

AS an old textile man Bunny Coolidge says he is going to stay in that business "until the curtain falls" and, as an old crew man, he

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hopes that, in a changing world, he will always be pulling his weight in the boat. He writes:

COLLEGE days and a year overseas on a destroyer were followed by an introductory glimpse of the business world through the bars of a cage in the Old Colony Trust Company. Finding the atmosphere somewhat stale after the fresh breezes of the Atlantic, I exchanged it for an opportunity to go through the Amoskeag Mills as an apprentice. A year later, after an undeniably stiff workout there, and a session in a cotton merchant's office in the South, I returned to Boston as a clerk in the treasurer's office. Imagine my surprise, after having thus prepared myself for any position (up to and including leadership in the management) to find that the boss had a diametrically opposite viewpoint of my value, informing me that my talents might be appreciated more elsewhere.

Having thus failed to hold down even a clerk's position, I was reluctantly compelled to sell my services elsewhere. I found the Pepperell Mills more favorably inclined towards me and willing to accept me at my face value. I have been with them ever since. Despite its volatile nature, the textile business, with its severe competition, has offered me an interesting and constructive career, which I thoroughly enjoy and propose to follow until the curtain falls.

My business career has been supplemented by various hobbies, the chief among which is yachting. I have tried my hand at the horses, ski-running, and other pursuits of youth, but am inclined to think it almost time I contented myself with tennis doubles, golf, curling, trimming trees on my place at Dedham, or carpentry in the workshop.

I have travelled for my concern through the Far East as well as twice to England, but the trips I shall always look back on with the greatest satisfaction were those made on my schooner, *Blue Dolphin*. On her I cruised with my friends to the West Indies, the Galapagos and Cocos Islands in the Pacific, Bermuda, and the length and breadth of the Atlantic Coast. From her pulpit many a swordfish has been landed and from her stern many a game fish angled. Now she has gone to the United States Coast Guard. May she serve the country as well as she served me!

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I always worked hard and received tremendous satisfaction in return. The same has been true of the other activities I have engaged in, which include many charitable and social enterprises. I feel that I have had my fair share of those things that give life its true meaning, and it is my sincere hope that I can participate in the activities of this ever-changing world to a greater extent in the next twenty-five years and always succeed in pulling my weight in the boat.

CHARLES ALLERTON COOLIDGE

HOME ADDRESS: 567 Concord Ave., Belmont, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 50 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Oct. 13, 1894, Chicago, Ill. PARENTS: Charles Allerton Coolidge, Julia Shepley.

PREPARED AT: Groton School, Groton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917; LL.B., 1922.

MARRIED: Alison Jones, June 14, 1922, Boston, Mass. CHILDREN: Charles Allerton, Jr., July 14, 1923; Daniel Jones, Aug. 18, 1924; Alison Richardson, April 19, 1931.

HARVARD SON: Charles Allerton Coolidge, Jr., '45.

OCCUPATION: Lawyer. Member of firm, Ropes, Gray, Best, Coolidge & Rugg.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry July 18; promoted captain Aug. 15; assigned to 151st Depot Brigade, Camp Devens, Mass., in September; transferred to Company C, 303d Machine Gun Battalion, 76th Division, May 18, 1918; sailed for France July 9; attached to 148th Machine Gun Battalion, 41st Division, Nov. 1; assigned to Company B, 147th Machine Gun Battalion, 41st Division, Jan. 15, 1919; discharged March 14, 1919, and commissioned captain Infantry Officers' Reserve Corps; resigned 1934. Now major, 1st Motor Squadron, Massachusetts State Guard.

OFFICES HELD: Director, Second National Bank of Boston; trustee and member Executive Committee, Eastern Gas and Fuel Associates; trustee, Suffolk Savings Bank, Soledad Associates; director and voting trustee, Compania Azucarera Soledad; trustee and chairman of Executive Committee, Groton School; fellow, Harvard College.

MEMBER OF: Somerset Club; Tavern Club; The Links, New York; Metropolitan Club, Washington; Century Association, New York; Massachusetts Society of Cincinnati; American Legion; various bar associations, Harvard Clubs, fishing and skiing clubs.

THE only reason we can think of why Charlie Coolidge was not an editor of the "Lampoon" when he was in College is that he

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was in so many other activities that he just did not have the time. One of the most amusing articles contributed during the past year to the "Seventeen Men" was from his pen and the following biography contains many a chuckle:

I THINK that before writing a "Class Life" one should take a job for at least two years with the *Reader's Digest*. In fact, one should develop twice the skill necessary to hold that job, so the result will be twice as painless to read. On receipt of Clem Stodder's first notice, I started off under full steam, but the effort was so bad it has lain untouched until the second, and now the third, notice has come around.

In the meantime, I have cheated by taking a peek at the "lives" already sent in by those of our Class with greater talent or a more highly developed conscience. For instance, there is Robert Hill-
yer's. It is good, but I was disappointed that it was not written in beautiful verse. And yet I suppose if his should be verse, mine should be in the verbiage of a business lawyer:

"WHEREAS the Harvard Class of 1917 is about to hold its
25th Reunion . . . ; and

"WHEREAS the awful moment has now arrived . . . ;

"NOW THEREFORE, I take my pen in trembling hand . . ."

Mine seems an uneventful record in these days. Leaving College at midyears Senior year, I went to the Plattsburg Training Camp and then to the 76th Division. I spent eight months in France as captain of a machine gun company, training replacements — no combat. And so the war experience petered out. It was like sitting on the sidelines all through a football game as a substitute, and yet I think nobody with any imagination could honestly wish to enter actual battle. The honest man would like to *have had* the experience — and survived.

The Harvard Law School followed, mixed with courting my better half at Vassar. I claim to have attended more lectures at Vassar (trying to be inconspicuous in the rear row, and wondering if my tie was straight, *all* buttons buttoned, *etc.*) than any other Harvard student. The girl pays the bill at the Vassar Inn! Even then I realized that was to prove a unique experience.

Ever since I have been practising law with my present firm.

After a taste of trial law, it has been business or "corporation" practice, security issues, reorganizations, bank loans, and the like, with the inevitable personal side of divorces, wills, etc. The present expansion of administrative law is forcing corporate lawyers to do more quasi-trial work, in the way of introducing evidence and arguing before the S. E. C., the I. C. C., the A. A. A., and the rest of the alphabet. It is a welcome change to the lawyer from a purely professional point of view, even if at moments he must share his client's impatience with the cumbersomeness of these mechanics.

As someone has said, a lawyer in private practice "writes his name in water." And so it is natural that many turn to some form of community service on the side. Mine has been of the George Apley type, boards of local hospitals, and the like. Incidentally, I hold the lowest elective office in the United States — a Town Meeting Member in my home town. Since 1935 I have concentrated practically all outside activities in trying to do a good job as a member of the Harvard Corporation. The job is as long as a piece of string. The better informed a member can be, the more valuable he is apt to prove, and it takes time to keep up with the personalities and ramifications of a modern university. Especially is it difficult in these days of the New Deal to estimate the financial future of a privately endowed institution. My views of the soundness of the current social revolution led by the New Deal vary with my digestion. One moment I am for it, because it has perforce raised the moral standards of the security business and given the needy a larger share of these worldly goods. The next moment I am overpowered by the conviction that it has destroyed the moral virtues of self-reliance and industry and is bankrupting the economy of the nation. Is it a net gain? I do not know. The only thing I think I do know is that a new economy will result. Whether or not individual initiative will survive, it is certain that the basis of the country's credit is no longer a promise to pay that will be met at its maturity. In this we are no different from any other major country today, but at what time we shall cease to use the form of a promise to pay and what will be substituted for it, and what the effect will be on the promises to pay contained in Harvard's endowment — and therefore what will be the effect on Harvard — I can't guess.

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As old age sticks its lonely old head over the horizon, violent physical sports are out and the simpler hobbies of the past become more and more satisfying. Especially is this so if my wife and children participate. With one boy entering Harvard this year, another two years behind, and a ten-year-old daughter, the children improve at sports as I get worse — but we have fun. Mild skiing, fishing, short cruises on chartered boats, and bird shooting cover the year, so that always there is the cross pull between work and pleasure. Just now there is added service in a grade B military outfit — the State Guard. In this I hold the exalted rank of Major, Executive Officer, of the First Motor Squadron (which has no motors). I was inclined to feel myself a better officer now than I was in the last war — but a few days of hard physical work changed my mind.

So, looking back over the last twenty-five years, it all seems pretty local. I suspect that the insidious atmosphere of Boston — probably both the good and the bad — has crept in, and I have a sneaking feeling that posterity will remember the name of Adolf Hitler (or even F. D. R.) longer than it will mine.

JOHN COOLIDGE

HOME ADDRESS: 17 Blaine St., Hudson, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Kendall G. Hathaway & Co., Boston, Mass.

BORN: July 18, 1893, Watertown, Mass. PARENTS: Dr. Sumner Coolidge, '83, Alice Austin Maguire.

PREPARED AT: Middleboro High School, Middleboro, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913–1917. DEGREE: A.B.† 1917 (23).

MARRIED: Arline Beatrice Woodbury, April 8, 1921, Berlin, Mass. CHILDREN: John, Jr., Feb. 18, 1925; Eric Woodbury, June 22, 1930.

OCCUPATION: Investments.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Aug. 27, 1917; assigned to Company D, 101st Engineers, 26th Division; promoted corporal Sept. 22; sailed for France Sept. 26; appointed wagoner Jan. 1, 1918; transferred to Military Police, 26th Division, Sept. 3 as private 1st class; promoted sergeant and detailed as postmaster Headquarters 101st Train and Military Police, 26th Division, Oct. 1; discharged April 29, 1919. Engagements: Chemin des Dames sector, La Reine sector, Marne-Aisne offensive, Champagne-Marne defensive, Saint-Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne offensives. Received Croix de Guerre. Commissioned Captain, Company F, 21st Infantry, Mass. State Guard, Jan. 27, 1941, and military custodian of Hudson Armory.

OFFICES HELD: Member Town of Hudson Planning Board, three years;

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treasurer, Hudson Community Health Association, nine years; past master, Doric Lodge, A. F. & A. M.; past master, 38th Lodge of Instruction.

MEMBER OF: First Unitarian Society, Hudson; Doric Lodge, A. F. & A. M. (auditor); Houghton Chapter, R. A. M.; Trinity Commandery No. 32 Knights Templar; Aleppo Temple, A. A. O. N. M. S.; American Legion; Anchor & Ark Glee Club; National Guard Association of Massachusetts.

JOHN COOLIDGE, without stint, gives his spare time to his community and to his state. He writes:

THE end of our undergraduate days found our country at war, and now twenty-five years later, we are again at war. Like many of our Class, I served in the Army for the duration of World War I. I had believed in military training before entering college, and had enlisted in the First Corps Cadets of Boston in 1913. My war experience and these twenty-five years find me more convinced than ever that military training makes better men and better citizens. In this respect my ideal is the Swiss system and the Swiss attitude toward service.

As soon as I became acclimated to civilian life I felt that I wanted to enter manufacturing. An opportunity was presented by George P. Keith, '83, in a tannery in Hudson. My job was to learn as much as I could about the leather business and make myself useful as well. One by one I learned the various factory operations and found considerable satisfaction in putting them all together as superintendent and assistant treasurer a few years later. This apparent success was short-lived for the death of one partner and Mr. Keith's failing health necessitated the liquidation of the corporation and my career in the leather business.

Then came a couple of years of getting accounting experience in various ways, and in April, 1926, came the beginning of a very pleasant business association which was to last ten years. I entered the service of E. H. Rollins & Sons as a bond salesman. Two incidents stand out in that experience. (1) Invariably when calling on a man for the first time I had to answer the question "Any relation to Calvin?" which of course gave me a lead for future political discussion. (2) A varied experience prior to entering the bond business was the most important factor in my progress in that field.

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Good health has been ours generally and contributes to the happiness of the whole family. Both Mrs. Coolidge and I have taken an active part in civic, church, and fraternal organizations, in the belief that we all owe some service to our community and from such service comes a satisfaction not attainable in any other way.

In 1938 I became associated with Kendall G. Hathaway & Company in Boston in the investment business. This is a very pleasant association with some very competent men, which I hope may long continue.

From 1924 to 1939 my hobby was farming in which I was engaged with my father, specializing in poultry and certain garden specialties (ask George Bulwinkle). Those days are gone, but their memory lingers.

Masonic membership and activity have left their mark on me and I find no more agreeable associations anywhere than in the lodge room. Progress through the chairs of a Masonic lodge is an education in itself, and its climax comes when by practically unanimous choice of the brethren one is elevated to the office of Worshipful Master.

More recently I have enjoyed active membership in the Anchor & Ark Glee Club, a member club of the New England Federation of Men's Glee Clubs.

The formation of the Massachusetts State Guard, early in 1941, made another opportunity for service in which I undertook the job of enlisting and commanding a company of infantry at the Hudson Armory. This is now Company F, 21st Infantry, Massachusetts State Guard, and because of the fine caliber of men who answered the call for volunteers, this unit has already made an enviable reputation. No sooner was news of Pearl Harbor received than we were mobilized for guard duty. Drill and training continue at weekly meetings so we may back up our slogan at all times — "Massachusetts, we are ready!"

My pet aversions are: (1) the appalling waste and inefficiency in government (federal); and (2) the indifference of some people to the conditions around them which necessitate a "Pearl Harbor" to arouse them to action.

With the knowledge that the first twenty-five years are the

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hardest and with longevity in my veins, I'm looking forward to writing Chapter II in 1967.

ALEXANDER COOPER

HOME ADDRESS: 5509 Beacon St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 2909 Grant Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

BORN: Feb. 22, 1891, Russia. PARENTS: Maceo Cooper, Clara Gerb.

PREPARED AT: Pittsburgh Central High School, Pittsburgh, Pa.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREES: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917; LL.B. (Univ. of Pittsburgh), 1922.

MARRIED: Helen Jagaman, May 14, 1935, Pittsburgh, Pa. CHILD: Alexander, Jr., May 14, 1936.

OCCUPATION: Lawyer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Thirteen months' service in World War I.

OFFICES HELD: Deputy attorney general, Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, 1928-1936.

A POSTCARD started Alexander Cooper towards Harvard and he has never regretted his decision. He writes:

YOUR telegram finally did it, or rather, to be more truthful, your letter written to the better half. Since she received the letter from you, I have had no peace at home, and tonight the final ultimatum was delivered to me — it's either — or — and since I have a healthy respect for my home, here goes.

About a half a century ago I was born somewhere in Russia, in a small village — name unknown. It may well be that that spot is now forming a battleground for the forces which, we hope, will ultimately lead to the destruction of dictatorship and totalitarianism. Memories of that place are dark and vague, since, as a youth, we trekked through lands and across oceans to come to the United States and into the city of Pittsburgh. Here it was grammar school, high school, and finally, in 1914, Harvard. Why Harvard? The answer lies in the fact that one of my teachers in grade school took a summer course at Harvard and sent me a postcard from there. That planted a thought and created a desire which made me turn down a four-year scholarship at another university, and I was amply rewarded, dwelling among the giants, Kittredge, Babbitt, Neilson, and Perry. They opened vistas and blazed trails along which I have walked all the days of my life.

After Harvard it was thirteen months' service in World War I,

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then the laborious days in law school, during which I was teaching English at the University of Pittsburgh. This I continued to do after hanging up my shingle and for many long and seemingly hopeless months the teacher, from his meager salary check, had to pay the lawyer's office rent and expenses. I often wonder why I ever strayed from the field of teaching. And now it is twenty years of the practice of law. During six of these years I was connected with the attorney general's department of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. I also did a considerable amount of lecturing, principally in the field of literature.

This, in brief, is the skeleton. As for details, I am leaving those for personal discussion with the gang when I meet them all in Cambridge in June.

FRANK HAMMOND COPELAND

HOME ADDRESS: 605 Meadow Lane, Oreland, Pa.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Engineering Dept., Brewster Aëronautical Corps, Johnsville Plant, Box 217, Hatboro, Pa.

BORN: Jan. 4, 1896, Cambridge, Mass. PARENTS: Arthur Leonard Copeland, Estell Blanch Carleton.

PREPARED AT: Brockton High School, Brockton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; S.B., 1920.

MARRIED: Mildred Alice McQuinn, June 27, 1922, Brockton, Mass.

HARVARD BROTHER: Ralph Warren Copeland, Law School 1922-23.

OCCUPATION: Weight Control Engineer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Engineer Enlisted Reserve Corps Jan. 25, 1918; called to active duty Nov. 23 and transferred to Air Service, Military Aëronautics; assigned to 882d Aëro Repair Squadron, Montgomery, Ala., Nov. 29; promoted corporal Dec. 16; promoted sergeant 1st class Jan. 1, 1919; discharged March 29, 1919.

MEMBER OF: Masons; Society of Aëronautical Weight Engineers.

FRANK COPELAND engagingly airs his views about aviation. He writes:

DURING the last few months of our Senior year one of our fellow-classmates, Clarence Dean Hanscom, sold me on the idea that "aviation was the coming industry." Along towards the end of the year I made plans to take a two years' course at Massachusetts Institute of Technology as a candidate for my S.M. in Aëronautical Engineering. After a course in mathematics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology Summer School,

I registered for the course that fall. During the year I found time to help to organize and act as secretary of the Tech Aëro Club. In February the Engineers' Enlisted Reserve Corps was set up, and I signed up and was assigned back to Massachusetts Institute of Technology to complete my course. I spent the summer of 1918 as an apprentice mechanic at the Standard Aëro Corporation in Elizabeth, New Jersey. That fall the Army Air Corps took over the Massachusetts Institute of Technology aëronautical course and wouldn't let me in because I was not a "flying officer." After two months of correspondence and several trips to Washington, I finally wound up on active duty in the Aviation (Repair) Depot in Montgomery, Alabama, with orders to be trained as a ground officer. Some strange destiny scrambled my call to active duty with the Armistice with the result that I served about five months there mending smashed airplanes, worked up to chief rigger, with the rank of first class sergeant, but received no officer training whatsoever.

At this time the authorities at Massachusetts Institute of Technology decided that "aviation was *not* the coming industry" and eliminated their aëro course, for the year 1919-20. About the same time the Massachusetts Courts decided to annul the marriage of the Harvard Engineering School and Massachusetts Institute of Technology. I returned to the newly reopened school at Harvard and managed to get my S.B. in M.E. in 1920. Meanwhile that aviation bug took another bite. A week before graduation, at a moment when I had just become engaged to my wife, but with no visible means to support her, I received an offer to go out to Cleveland with Hanscom, who in the meantime had become chief engineer for Glenn L. Martin. The next year we spent building the MB-2 Bombers with which Billy Mitchell proved to the world that battleships were obsolete. However, the military world would not admit it, so after going without any orders for seven months, we finally had to give up and try some other way of earning a living.

Small-house-building was booming back home in Brockton, so I decided to return there and try my luck at that. I built a couple of houses that season, got married, set up housekeeping in one of them, and sold the other. The next summer, while we had three more houses under construction, the shoe industry there suffered

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the worst labor strike in its history. It lasted five months. By then Brockton had suffered such a set-back that it has never been able to recover. As far as I was concerned, the less said of the next five years of the "Coolidge Prosperity" the better.

With 1929 came the boom in aviation. I spent some months with Moth Aircraft in Lowell, Massachusetts, as chief draftsman. Then the Wall Street crash made itself felt and the small sports plane business folded up for a while. I then turned back to military construction in which I have been engaged ever since. I spent four years with the B/J Aircraft in Dundalk, Maryland, building pursuit and fighter planes. There I started to specialize in the weight control end of the game. I then went with Hall-Aluminum Aircraft in Buffalo, and later in Bristol, Pennsylvania, for a total of six years, building Bomber-Torpedo-Patrol planes for the Navy and Patrol-Rescue planes for the Coast Guard. When they sold out to Consolidated two years ago, I went with Wallace-Martin in Long Island City. For the past ten months I have been with Brewster Aëronautical Corporation, having moved with them to the new Johnsville, Pennsylvania, plant only the first of this year.

Like most aëronautical engineers, I long since learned that one never gets rich in this game, but one can have a lot of fun trying to keep a jump ahead of the wolf in good times and taking pot shots at him in bad ones. One never can own a home because just about the time one has saved enough for a down payment, the company one works for runs out of orders, decides to move part way across the country, or else folds up entirely. The bank balance takes the count, and one starts the cycle all over again.

You asked for my pet topic of conversation. For twenty years it has been the need of an adequate air force for national defense. In 1921 I was proud to say I helped design and build those bombers that Billy Mitchell used when he proved airplanes could sink battleships. From then on I realized how big a part aviation could play in future wars, and how much this country needed to develop her own air force for her own defense. Despite all Mitchell, Al Williams, or any of the rest of us in the game could say, the government refused to face the facts. We all tried to make our fellow-citizens realize the need of an adequate air force, but met only deaf ears. Back in 1934 many of us in the industry had to loaf for months while Congress argued over the

wording of military airplane contracts. Still I stuck by the game and with others tried to help develop the best planes possible for the armed forces, even though at times we could not get orders sufficient to give us a good living. Alas, it took the Japs just three hours to make the public realize what Billy Mitchell proved twenty years ago, and what we in the industry had been preaching ever since. Now the country expects us to work seven days a week feverishly turning out planes to get us out of the unprepared state our politicians and the apathy of the general public has gotten us into. It is not too late, but it is a tough assignment. America has had to learn the hard way.

As for my hobby, for the past few years it has been motoring. With the help of a Ford we managed to acquire in 1935, my wife and I started out to find what the countryside really looked like. I can truly state that none of you, even though you may have a Rolls Royce at your disposal, can get any more pleasure out of a tour into some new corner of our neighboring states than we do. From Bar Harbor, Maine, to the southern end of the Skyline Drive of Virginia, as far west as Buffalo and Pittsburgh, we have crisscrossed our way, never repeating if we can help it except to show some beauty spot to some friends. Never having any regular vacations, our trips are always limited to long weekends. By careful planning we always manage to reach some new objective each time. We have found the vantage points from which to view the scenic masterpieces of the White Mountains, the shores of Lake George, the Grand Canyon of Pennsylvania, and the Valley of the Shenandoah. Still we realize that there are many more spots awaiting our exploration. We are always on the lookout for nice places to dine. We have found perhaps a score of outstanding ones in our travels. The Toll House in Whitman, Massachusetts, not five miles from our old home in Brockton, still tops the list.

Now, I must bring these ramblings to a close as Clem has just sent another reminder that this should have been in Cambridge long ago.

Aviation is still the "coming industry." We are pledged to do our part to "Keep 'em Flying."

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HERBERT BARTLETT COURTEEN

HOME ADDRESS: Bellmeade Drive, Nashville, Tenn.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 2411 West End Ave., Nashville, Tenn.

BORN: April 16, 1895, Milwaukee, Wis. PARENTS: Sidney Gerald Courteen, Lena Bartlett.

PREPARED AT: Milton Academy, Milton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Josephine Ross, Aug. 14, 1917, Newburgh, N. Y. (divorced 1939); Elizabeth Wenger, June, 1939, Cairo, Ill. CHILDREN: Jane, Dec. 18, 1919; Edith, July 22, 1921; Herbert Bartlett, Jr., Sept. 17, 1923; Aileen.

OCCUPATION: Superintendent, Tennessee-Kentucky, for Interstates Accounts Service, Incorporated, of Chicago, Illinois.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Fort Sheridan, Ill., May, 1917; transferred to Coast Artillery Officers' Training Camp, Fort Monroe, Va., June 15; commissioned 1st lieutenant and assigned to 56th Coast Artillery, Dec. 4; sailed for France March 27, 1918; detailed to Army Tractor School April 12; promoted captain Sept. 6; discharged Dec. 5, 1918. Engagements: Marne-Aisne and Meuse-Argonne offensives.

AFTER the war Herb Courteen returned to his home town of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, where he was in a seed business probably up until 1937. In 1938 Chick Stewart reported that Herb was with a cement company in Hartford, but that he had been unable to get in touch with him. The next we heard was that his address was Memphis. We immediately wrote Kavanaugh who reported, in the early part of 1941, "In answer to your inquiry about Herb Courteen, I saw him here several years ago, but have not seen him since and assumed that he had moved elsewhere. . . . I imagine that he must travel a lot himself, otherwise I surely would have run across him at one time or another." We are glad to have received Herb's questionnaire and picture.

JOHN FRANKLIN COVER

HOME ADDRESS: 3021 Warrington Rd., Shaker Heights, Cleveland, Ohio.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Morris Plan Bank, 921 Huron Rd., Cleveland, Ohio.

BORN: July 9, 1895, Ottawa, Ohio. PARENTS: John Franklin Cover, Martha Ann Hoadley.

PREPARED AT: Lima High School, Lima, Ohio.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914-1917. DEGREE: S.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Janet White (Wellesley '25), June 9, 1926, Lima, Ohio. CHILDREN: Phoebe, May 14, 1929; John Franklin, 3d, March 15, 1931.

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OCCUPATION: Vice-president, Morris Plan Bank of Cleveland; Managing Director, Industrial Credit Company, Cleveland.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Truck Company No. 1, Division Supply Train, Ohio National Guard, July 3, 1917; organization federalized and designated 112th Supply Train, 37th Division; promoted sergeant Aug. 6; sailed for France April 23, 1918; detailed to Artillery School, Saumur; commissioned 2d lieutenant Field Artillery Aug. 1; assigned to 302d Field Artillery, 76th Division, Sept. 18; discharged May 17, 1919. Engagement: Meuse-Argonne offensive.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of Cleveland.

JOHN COVER believes that "the essential philosophy of the American way of life is freedom and truth without harm to others." He writes:

IMMEDIATELY after graduation I enlisted in the 37th Ohio Division. Then followed the usual war routine. In August, 1918, at Saumur, France, I was commissioned 2d lieutenant, Field Artillery, and then assigned to the 302d Field Artillery.

Following the war, I returned to my home at Lima, Ohio, to begin a banking career with the Lima Trust Company. Later I became treasurer of the Franklin Finance Company and its affiliated companies in Ohio and Florida.

In 1926 I married Janet White at Lima. We spent two years in Florida observing the rise and fall of the Florida boom. As the fall was especially effective, I returned to Cleveland to continue in finance with C. I. T. Corporation.

Then came the big boom, my daughter, my son, John Franklin, 3d, and the Depression. In 1934 I joined the Morris Plan Bank of Cleveland and am now vice-president.

At various times I have been active in finance associations, the American Institute of Banking, the Ohio National Guard, the American Legion, the Masons, the Community Fund, and the Safety Council.

As at the time of our graduation, now twenty-five years later, winning the war seems our most important purpose in life. In this quarter-century the teaching and training of Harvard and in the Army have guided me successfully towards this purpose.

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✠ TENCH FRANCIS COXE

BORN: March 22, 1893, Richmond, Va. PARENTS: Otis Mills Coxe, Mary Connolly.

PREPARED AT: Asheville School, Asheville, N. C.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916.

MARRIED.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Field Artillery Aug. 15; sailed for France Sept. 7; detailed to Artillery School, Fontainebleau; to 1st Corps School, Gondrecourt in December; assigned to 149th Field Artillery, 42d Division, Jan. 1, 1918; returned to United States June 22; assigned to Field Artillery Replacement Depot, Camp Jackson, S. C.; sailed for France Aug. 8 with 306th Ammunition Train; returned to United States June 22, 1919; discharged June 28, 1919. Engagements: Dombasle sector, Baccarat sector, Meuse-Argonne offensive.

DIED: Jan. 18, 1923, Asheville, N. C.

WIDOW: Mrs. Tench Francis Coxe, "Fernihurst," Asheville, N. C.

THE Secretary had heard nothing of Coxe from the time he left College until news of his death was received from Mrs. Coxe.

✠ ROBERT NATHAN CRAM

BORN: July 12, 1894, Biddeford, Maine. PARENTS: Edwin James Cram, Sarah Cleaves Lord.

PREPARED AT: Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, N. H.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; M.L.A., 1922.

MARRIED: Katharine Delabarre of Boston.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled quartermaster 1st class U. S. Naval Reserve Force May 15, 1917; detailed to assist special agent, Dept. of Justice, Bureau of Investigation, Portland, Maine; in charge of Office of Naval Intelligence, Portland, Maine, after Jan. 15, 1918; appointed ensign July 25; transferred to Radio Office, Navy Yard, Boston, Mass., Aug. 15; to Destroyer *Thatcher* Nov. 15 as radio and signal officer; released from active duty Feb. 10, 1919.

DIED: April 3, 1930, Boston, Mass.

WIDOW: Mrs. Robert Nathan Cram, 96 Chestnut St., Boston, Mass.

WHILE in College Cram was interested in many extracurricular activities. He was a member of D. K. E., the Topiarian Club, the Speakers' Club, the Maine Club, the Institute of 1770, the Alpha Phi Sigma Society, the Exeter Club, the Memorial Society, the Signet Society, the Student Council, and

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the Hasty Pudding Club. During his Senior year he was president of the *Advocate* and secretary of the Memorial Society.

In 1919 he returned to Harvard to study landscape architecture, taking the degree of Master of Landscape Architecture in 1922. He then travelled abroad under the auspices of Harvard University to study English and Italian gardens. On his return he became associated with the firm of Olmsted Brothers, landscape architects in Brookline. Later he opened his own office on Beacon Hill in Boston.

"Cram," writes Professor H. V. Hubbard, "was a man of the highest professional ideals. He was intensely interested and enthusiastic about his profession, not only in the execution of his work, but also in the character and detail of the plans which he prepared. His Lumière color photographic plates of American gardens, English manor gardens, and Italian villa gardens are evidence of his taste and technical thoroughness. He was a pioneer of Lumière autochrome photography in this country. This collection of plates, which he used in his lectures throughout the country, he left to the Department of Landscape Architecture of Harvard University where he was an instructor. An energetic teacher and keen artist, his temperament led him to expend his energies without thought for himself in his work and for his friends and for those who came to him for help. He gave more of himself in his short life than most of us will ever be able to do. Creative genius and integrity marked his character, and these he expressed with great simplicity.

"Whether large or small, the gardens he created bear witness to the survival of a beauty which endures vicissitudes and are enriched in mellowness by the passage of time."

RICHARD ZEIGLER CRANE

HOME ADDRESS: 1222 Yorkshire Rd., Grosse Pointe, Mich.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Detroit Ordnance District, 1832 National Bank Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

BORN: April 2, 1896, Quincy, Mass. PARENTS: Emery Locke Crane, Ada Pierce Zeigler.

PREPARED AT: Quincy High School, Quincy, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; M.B.A. *cum laude*, 1938.

MARRIED: Elizabeth Netherton Ringwalt, June 4, 1921, Omaha, Nebr. CHILD-

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DREN: Richard Clarkson, Sept. 6, 1924; Elizabeth Meliora, Dec. 21, 1927; Dorothy Louise, June 19, 1929.

OCCUPATION: Colonel, Ordnance Department, United States Army; Deputy District Chief, Detroit Ordnance District.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Commissioned provisional 2d lieutenant Infantry, Regular Army, Oct. 26, 1917; assigned to Company M, 22d Infantry, Nov. 14; promoted temporary 1st lieutenant Feb. 14, 1918; 1st lieutenant Aug. 9, 1919; commissioned 1st lieutenant Ordnance Department, Regular Army, Sept. 2; stationed at Aberdeen Proving Ground, Md.; still in service.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of Michigan; Engineering Society of Detroit; Army Ordnance Association; Country Club of Detroit.

DICK CRANE tells about his army life and, while he admits that it may be varied, he denies that it is ever dull. He writes:

LIKE most of the Class of 1917, I found myself in the Army shortly after graduation. Unlike most of the Class, however, after the war I decided to adopt the Army as a career. This decision was influenced largely by two factors. The first was the fact that the few plans I had for the future were thoroughly upset as the result of the war. The second was that a recent transfer from the Infantry to the Ordnance Department had opened up an intensely interesting field for work. I have never regretted that decision.

Army life is popularly visualized as deadly routine, periodically interrupted by changes of station. On looking back over the years, however, it has been anything but that for me. Five of those years were spent at schools, three at army schools, and two at the Harvard Business School getting my Master's degree. Four were at the University of Wisconsin in the Military Department and three at Springfield Armory, where I was privileged to have a small part in the development of the Garand rifle which is now standard for the Army. My foreign service consisted of two and a half years in the Philippines during which I lived in the old walled city of Manila just outside Fort Santiago. In addition to learning a lot about the social, economic, and political aspects of the Philippine problem by direct observation during this time, I spent a month's leave in China, including several days in Peking with short stops at Shanghai and Hongkong. As a result recent developments in the Far East have been matters of more than average interest and understanding.

My particular assignment in the Army for the past few years has been in the field of industrial mobilization, as indicated by my detail to the Business School and my assignment to the Detroit Ordnance District. My district chief is Mr. Alex Dow, chairman of the Board of the Detroit Edison Company, who serves in an advisory capacity. Since I arrived in Detroit a little over three years ago, the functions of the district office have changed from a strictly planning agency to an actively operating procurement office with full responsibility for negotiation, executing, and administering contracts, and for inspecting, accepting, and shipping the finished product. During that time personnel in the office has increased from three to thirty-five hundred with over half of that increase coming since Pearl Harbor. Largely as a result of this background, my pet aversion has become the extreme complacency with which the average American normally regards all matters pertaining to national defense.

As for my hobbies, I think perhaps the outstanding one is my family. Army life is not without its inconveniences and the ready adaptability of my wife and children to sudden and unexpected situations has been a continued source of wonderment and pride. Our three children were born at Omaha, Nebraska, Manila, Philippine Islands, and Winthrop, Massachusetts, respectively, and our home has been wherever we happened to be. Nevertheless, it has always been a real home with all that that implies. No one who has never crossed the Pacific with a year-old baby from San Francisco to Manila in an army transport with its limited accommodations and facilities, and returned over the same route with a five-months-old baby and a four-year-old child can fully appreciate the adaptability required. Interrupted schooling and friendships through changes of station have been no minor hardships for the children. But we have survived them all with nothing but pleasant memories to remind us of them.

My son, Dick, is in his final year in high school and recently won a competitive examination for principal appointment to West Point. If he succeeds in passing the entrance examination, he is scheduled to enter West Point next July. Naturally, I am somewhat disappointed that he is not entering Harvard next fall, but under existing circumstances feel that he has chosen wisely. On looking back over the twenty-five years between World War I

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and World War II, I am still pessimistic enough to believe that we as a nation will never learn our lesson and that twenty-five years hence we shall sorely need capable men in our Army.

JAMES DONALD CRICHTON

HOME ADDRESS: 4106 Gilbert Ave., Western Springs, Ill.

OFFICE ADDRESS: United Air Lines, 5959 S. Cicero Ave., Chicago, Ill.

BORN: Oct. 10, 1895, Syracuse, N. Y. PARENTS: James Brown Crichton, Anna Elizabeth Joss.

PREPARED AT: Central High School, Syracuse, N. Y.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917.

MARRIED: Nell Quick, Dec. 25, 1920, Tacoma, Wash. CHILD: Zoe Phebeann, Oct. 1, 1924.

OCCUPATION: Civil Engineer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: In the U. S. Navy in the first World War; in U. S. Naval Reserve from World War I until 1938.

OFFICES HELD: Plant engineer, United Air Lines.

WE are glad to learn that travel is one of James Crichton's hobbies, as he has told us that he flies about 150,000 miles a year. Perhaps old silver and glass will be his next hobby, since at present he seems to be exposed to them. He writes:

MY wife and I, and even our seventeen-year-old daughter, think of ourselves mainly as tramps. We can't seem to stay put. Mrs. Crichton was born in Oklahoma, I in New York, we met first in Seattle, and our life together has been consistent with that sort of spread of territory. We've lived in camps at construction projects in California, along the beautiful Columbia River in Oregon, in Alaska, in Missouri, and have prowled up and down most of the Atlantic Coast. We solemnly promised each other at one time to settle down, get ourselves rooted somewhere, selected Seattle, and purchased a home to prove to ourselves that we meant it, but it didn't stick. Possibly something along that line may develop now, but we believe it can happen only because our present situation makes possible more or less frequent trips by plane east, west, north, or south, and—we sometimes think—straight up.

Hobbies? Already said it—travel mostly, with some photographic records as a sub-item. Mrs. Crichton has a yen for collecting old silver and glass with resulting occasional major up-

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heavals in the budget. This rules me out as to a side-line hobby except to ever seek new ways of making disparaging remarks about the silver and glass.

Aversions? Again, already said it — the confounded old silver and glass, Nevertheless, out of Mrs. Crichton's hearing, I might occasionally indulge in a little bragging to those willing to listen, concerning her accomplishments in following that hobby.

Ho hum! Where do we go next, when do we start? Let's get going.

✦ ALFRED EDWARD CRIGHTON

BORN: Dec. 25, 1894, Springfield, Mass. PARENTS: Alfred Edward Crichton, Elizabeth J. Brennan.

PREPARED AT: Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, N. H.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916.

UNMARRIED.

DIED: April 15, 1931, New York, N. Y.

CRIGHTON had never replied to questionnaires for Class Reports. However, W. N. Post, who roomed with him during his employment in New York, gives us the following sketch of him:

"After he left Harvard, Crichton came to New York and worked at the Guaranty Trust Company. I was working at the bank at the time and, having been at Harvard in graduate work about the same time as Crichton, we struck up an acquaintance and this developed into a real friendship. We shared an apartment for a short time. Then he was called in the draft of World War I. He went to Camp Upton on Long Island in the Infantry but because of his knowledge of French he was soon sent overseas as an interpreter and spent the duration of the war in Paris in that capacity. After the war he applied to the Guaranty Trust Company for a position in one of their French offices and he was sent to their office at Le Havre, where he remained several years.

"During a period of retrenchment he was brought back to the New York office of the bank. After a short time, unhappy back in New York, he resigned and hoped to get a position in France. I believe that he held several jobs in the next few years, but did not again go back to France.

"Crichton had a fine brain and a charming personality and I

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am sure that those of his Class who knew him at Harvard will hold a very dear memory of him."

GEORGE HERBERT CROCKER, JR.

HOME ADDRESS: 55 Lee Rd., Chestnut Hill, Mass.

BORN: Jan. 15, 1893, Fitchburg, Mass. PARENTS: George Herbert Crocker, Helen Weyman.

PREPARED AT: Groton School, Groton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916.

MARRIED: Elsie Tyler Goodhue, Dec. 6, 1919, New York, N. Y. CHILDREN: Priscilla Alden, Dec. 4, 1920; Margaret Stockton, Jan. 11, 1922.

HARVARD BROTHERS: Frank Weyman Crocker, '22, LL.B., '24.

OCCUPATION: Retired.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted and appointed sergeant U. S. Marine Corps June 19, 1918; assigned to duty at Headquarters, Washington, D. C.; transferred to 3d Squadron, 1st Marine Aviation Force; sailed for France July 8; organization attached to Day Wing, British Northern Bombing Group; commissioned 2d lieutenant Oct. 31; returned to United States Dec. 22; assigned to Marine Flying Field, Miami, Fla.; discharged Feb. 21, 1919.

WE are extremely sorry that George Crocker has had to spend so much time in hospitals. His "Life":

WENT to China with the Pacific Development Corporation in 1920. Returned and worked at the Old Colony Trust Company until going into business for myself. Inactive since 1925 because of ill-health due to severe injuries received when I was torpedoed on the *Sussex* in the English Channel in March, 1916. Have been in and out of hospitals ever since. One of my great hobbies is chess. I also enjoy literature with especial interest in subjects pertaining to the Civil War, Army, Navy, aviation, ballistics, and photography.

✠ CORNELIUS FRANCIS CROWLEY

BORN: April 3, 1895, Cambridge, Mass. PARENTS: Cornelius Crowley, Honora M. Buckley.

PREPARED AT: Cambridge High and Latin School, Cambridge, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1915.

DIED: June 22, 1921, Billerica, Mass.

BROTHER: John D. Crowley, 55 Garfield St., Cambridge, Mass.

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AT the time of our Triennial Report, which was published shortly before his death, Crowley was employed by Curtis & Sanger in Boston. He had been in Billerica for several months before his death, in an effort to improve his health.

While he was in College he was a member of the Cambridge Latin School Club, the Phillips Brooks House Social Service Department, and St. Paul's Catholic Club.

Our classmate, Charles Henry White, writes:

"Connie was keenly alive to what was going on in the world, had a fine sense of humor, and was a walking encyclopedia on sports affairs. He could give the up-to-the-minute batting averages of the major league ball players and could tell the athletic history of various members of the college sports squads."

JOSEPH LAWRENCE CROWLEY

HOME ADDRESS: Goshen Point, Waterford, Conn.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Robertson Paper Box Co., Montville, Conn.

BORN: July 26, 1894, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Daniel Joseph Crowley, Elizabeth Josephine McGovern.

PREPARED AT: Public Latin School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Doris Cooke, Sept. 1, 1923, Boston, Mass. CHILD: Alan, March 10, 1931.

OCCUPATION: Salesman.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of Boston; Harvard Club of New York; New London Country Club.

JOE CROWLEY wrote in 1923, "I was group representative for the Traders Insurance Company to March 1, 1922. Since then I have been associated with the Robertson Paper Company as a salesman." He has been with this company ever since.

✠ KENNETH PICKENS CULBERT

BORN: Aug. 22, 1895, Pittsburgh, Pa. PARENTS: William Henry Culbert, Emma Leonie Pickens.

PREPARED AT: East Orange High School, East Orange, N. J.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Miriam Edith Towle, Sept. 19, 1917, of Cranford, N. J.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Commissioned 2d lieutenant U. S. Marine Corps Reserve July 5, 1917; detailed to Quantico, Va., July 23; assigned to 74th Company, 6th Regiment as 2d lieutenant, U. S. Marine Corps;

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sailed for France Sept. 22; attached to Squadron 217, French Army, Feb. 5, 1918; assigned to 1st Aëro Squadron, A. E. F., April 1; wounded in airplane accident May 22; died of wounds May 23, 1918, at Sebastopol, near Toul, France. Engagment: Seicheprey. Awarded Croix de Guerre.

DIED: May 23, 1918, Sebastopol, France.

IN the fall of his Freshman year Culbert was on the 1917 football squad, and in the spring rowed on the Class crew. In the following year he was also a member of the football team but thereafter concentrated his efforts on crew, rowing for three years on the University squad. In addition to his athletic activities he held membership in the Freshman Mandolin Club, the University Musical Clubs, the D. K. E., the Institute of 1770, the Speakers' Club, the Phoenix Club, the Stylus Club, the Signet Society, and the Hasty Pudding Club. He made the *Crimson* in his Sophomore year and served the following year as secretary of the Board of Editors.

Before leaving College to enter the United States Marine Corps he had attained the rank of captain in the Harvard R. O. T. C. After attending the training school at Quantico, Virginia, he was commissioned a second lieutenant and assigned to the 74th Company, 6th Regiment, United States Marines. On September 17 the regiment sailed from Philadelphia, but the boat was forced to put back to New York, sailing finally on September 22, 1917.

Soon after reaching France Culbert became so interested in aviation that he secured a transfer to the First Corps Aviation Schools at Gondrecourt, where he was commissioned Student Naval Aviator. In February he was assigned to Escadrille 217 of the French Army, operating in the Champagne sector. For a time he flew for the French but in April was transferred back to the First Aëro Squadron. During this time he had become, as expressed by one of the majors of his former regiment, "one of our most skillful and daring aërial observers." He was awarded posthumously the Croix de Guerre in recognition of his work during the battle of Seicheprey and other occasions.

Our classmate, Russell Thurston Fry, relates the circumstances of Culbert's death as follows:

"About five o'clock on the afternoon of May 22, 1918, while

flying over the lines near Saint-Mihiel, the plane, apparently struck by a German anti-aircraft shell, became unmanageable and crashed just behind our lines, the pilot being killed instantaneously and Culbert rendered unconscious.

"He was taken at once to the American hospital at Sebastopol Farm, just north of Toul, where he died at midnight without having regained consciousness. And there he was buried, his body being moved later to the American cemetery at Thiaucourt."

To this account Fry adds the following tribute:

"His life had been spent in the great outdoor world, leaving him as free from the affectations of conventionalized man as the great seas which shattered themselves against that Maine island, his summer home. His was an essentially elemental character — honest, upright, unafraid; quick to applaud another's accomplishments, equally quick to condemn his shortcomings. And as his life was fearless, vigorous, unselfish — so, too, was his death."

✦ LINCOLN CLIFFORD CUMMINGS, JR.

BORN: June 18, 1895, Portland, Maine. PARENTS: Lincoln Clifford Cummings, Sarah Chase.

PREPARED AT: Gilman Country School, Baltimore, Md.; Brookline High School, Brookline, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

DIED: Sept. 11, 1916, Brookline, Mass.

BROTHER: William Leverett Cummings, 40 Jane Rd., Newton Center, Mass.

LINCOLN CLIFFORD CUMMINGS, JR., died during an infantile paralysis epidemic at the beginning of our Senior year. Since he had completed the requirements for a degree in three years, the Corporation voted to award him the degree of A.B. posthumously.

Classmates will recall Cummings as a "swell fellow." Capable of a tremendous amount of hard academic work while carrying on in many activities, he was at all times cordial and had a good word for, and about, everybody.

Boats were his hobby; parallel rulers, compass, and taffrail log his language.

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WILLIAM GERALD CUMMINGS

HOME ADDRESS: Barnstable, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Internal Revenue Service, Room 214, Federal Court Bldg., Portland, Maine.

BORN: Sept. 18, 1894, Charlestown, Mass. PARENTS: William Joseph Cummings, Nora Agnes Fitzgerald.

PREPARED AT: Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, N. H.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Constance Hopkins, Aug. 18, 1928, Hyannis, Mass. CHILDREN: William Gerald, Jr., Jan. 17, 1931; Sean Howard, Nov. 15, 1935; Faith, Dec. 16, 1936.

OCCUPATION: Internal Revenue Service in Maine.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Commissioned provisional 2d lieutenant Field Artillery, Regular Army, Oct. 26, 1917; promoted temporary 1st lieutenant Oct. 26; assigned to 16th Field Artillery in November; 1st lieutenant Feb. 9, 1918; transferred to 13th Field Artillery, 4th Division, in April; sailed for France May 21; with Army of Occupation, Germany, Dec. 13, 1918, to July 15, 1919; resignation accepted Sept. 6, 1919. Engagements: Marne-Aisne, Saint-Mihiel, and Meuse-Argonne offensives. Captain 101st Field Artillery, Massachusetts National Guard, Sept., 1923, to March, 1937.

BILL CUMMINGS was a member of the Boxing Team and we feel sure that he can still take care of himself if anyone should try to get tough with him. He writes:

FROM the time I returned to civil life from the Army in 1919 until March, 1935, I was employed by the Yellow Cab Company of Boston. I then entered the Internal Revenue Service, a bureau of the United States Treasury Department. During my governmental service I have been stationed at Providence, Rhode Island, Boston, Massachusetts, Hartford, Connecticut, and finally at Portland, Maine, where I am now in charge of the Alcohol Tax Unit of the Internal Revenue Service for the State of Maine.

I have made my home variously in Cambridge, Newton, and Barnstable.

JOE VERN CUMMINS

HOME ADDRESS: c/o Roger T. Boyden, 6372 31st Pl., N.W., Washington, D. C.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Office of Price Administration, Bldg. D, Washington, D. C.

BORN: May 7, 1894, Des Moines, Iowa. PARENTS: Frank Cummins, Minnie Mosher Hinckle.

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PREPARED AT: North Des Moines High School, Des Moines, Iowa.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Karmalene Kunkle, April 8, 1920, Chicago, Ill. CHILD: Robert Vincent, March 21, 1921.

OCCUPATION: Salesman and Accountant.

FOR many years Joe Cummins was a "lost" man and it is with a great deal of pleasure that we welcome him back into the fold. His story:

A SCORE and five have passed since that wonderful June day when President Lowell conferred degrees upon us, concluding with these words: ". . . and I now pronounce you educated men." Ah, yes, educated men! Educated in the best manner and finest traditions of the day, but how very, very ignorant I really was!

Most of the things I learned in the classroom have long since been forgotten, but the foundations I laid there have proved to be most substantial and adequate. Ideals formed there have stuck to me, standards of responsibility which were then raised I have never once lowered. And it was there that I learned not to accept just one person's opinion, but to search out the facts for myself and form my own opinions. It was there I made friends, really true friends who have remained both loyal and humble in spite of their successes.

Those days I spent in Harvard were happy, even though they were fraught with financial anxieties that even a quarter of a century has failed to erase from my mind completely. Those days seem now but as a few minutes, or even a few seconds, in relation to the tough, long years of struggle that followed, but they are now most precious in memory. College days! How wonderful it would be if I were now just beginning them again!

Life has been good to me these twenty-five years. It owes me nothing henceforth. I have sometimes even wondered if I deserved so many of the fine things which have come my way. I haven't made a lot of money. Many of my classmates have likely made a lot more than I have. I doubt that any of them, however, has had more fun making it than I have had. I have managed to make a comfortable living, plus a few dollars now and then for the old-age security account (without referring to the government deductions with which we are all so familiar).

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Mine has been a happy home, blessed by a beautiful, loving wife and by a wonderful son. No one could possibly ask for more harmonious home surroundings than I enjoy and no one appreciates them more than I do. Son Bob, now nearing his twenty-first birthday, has never given us a moment of anxiety. His principles are fine and clean and he has already distinguished himself as an outstanding leader and public speaker. He is an unusual student, seemingly possessing a photographic mind which gives him the greatest elasticity. His friends, as well as his Dad, predict a most outstanding degree of success for him, when his law training is completed. Because of his brilliance and natural ability as an executive, coupled with his convincing manners and great breadth of knowledge, there are many who freely predict that he will be President some day. Even Dad's natural vanity doesn't go exactly that far.

As for myself, there is such a little to relate. I followed chemistry for the first few years I was out of College, then turned chemical accountant, later entered the sales field, and eventually found myself in sales executive work. At present I am on leave of absence from a Philadelphia paint-brush manufacturer whose St. Louis district interests I managed. I am now affiliated with the Office of Price Administration as a staff member for the duration. I plan to return to my former connection in St. Louis after the war. I am finding my government duties strenuous and exacting and exceedingly interesting. I expect that I shall somehow survive the pressure, but I doubt that I'll ever look the same after it's all over.

MACKLIN CUNNINGHAM

ADDRESS: Goshen, Conn.

BORN: Feb. 21, 1894, Washington, D. C. PARENTS: Seymour Cunningham, Stephanie Whitney.

PREPARED AT: St. Mark's School, Southboro, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1914.

MARRIED: Janette Miller Todd, Feb. 7, 1939, Northford, Conn. CHILD: Seymour, 2d, June 29, 1940.

OCCUPATION: Agriculture.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Sept. 19, 1917; assigned to 304th Infantry, 76th Division, Camp Devens, Mass., Sept. 19; promoted ordnance sergeant 1st class Nov. 1; detailed to Officers' Training School,

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Camp Devens, Jan. 5, 1918; assigned to 155th Depot Brigade, Camp Lee, Va.; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry June 1; assigned to Company B, 387th Infantry, 97th Division, Camp Cody, N. Mex., Sept. 19; discharged Dec. 1, 1918.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of New York; The Sanctum, Litchfield, Conn.

MACK CUNNINGHAM has had many interesting experiences which he fails to mention. He is our only acquaintance who at one time was an olive-taster in California. Mack is at home on a farm as he is an outdoor man and a nature lover. He writes:

AFTER leaving College I went into manufacturing, remaining until I joined the Army in 1917. After my discharge I went back into manufacturing, but I always had a desire to get into agriculture. First I raised pheasants and sheep on my farm in Goshen, starting about 1925, but I gradually shifted into cattle. I now have a herd of Guernseys (about ninety head) and am selling milk. You can't make much money at it, but you are free to live your own life and are not the slave you are when working for some commercial organization.

I was married late in life and have one son, who is a great little fellow and who constitutes a real incentive for living. I enjoy travelling and have travelled throughout this country, Central and South America, and Europe. I hope for the opportunity of seeing more of the world when conditions get settled — if ever.

FRANCIS MORTON CURRIER

HOME ADDRESS: 348 Harvard St., Cambridge, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge, Mass.

BORN: July 30, 1895, Somerville, Mass. PARENTS: Charles Francis Adams Currier, Florence May Morton.

PREPARED AT: Winchester High School, Winchester, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1912-1917. DEGREES: A.B. *magna cum laude*, 1917; A.M., 1921; PH.D., 1936.

MARRIED: Margaret Woodbury Chase, Oct. 27, 1927, Stoneham, Mass.

OCCUPATION: Assistant Professor of German.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered service private Infantry unassigned July 29, 1918; detailed to Recruit Camp, Syracuse, N. Y.; to State, War and Navy Building, Washington, D. C., Nov. 8 for duty in connection with personnel department of intelligence service; discharged Dec. 21, 1918.

OFFICES HELD: Vice-president, New England Modern Language Association

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(one year) and member Board of Directors (two years); president, Boston Chapter, American Association of Teachers of German (one year).

MEMBER OF: New England Modern Language Association; American Association of Teachers of German.

PUBLICATIONS: "Native and Foreign Influences in the Works of Hofmanswaldau" (in Summaries of Ph.D. Theses, 1936, published Harvard University, 1938).

FRANCIS CURRIER says, "I can see nothing to distinguish me from the usual type of Harvard man twenty-five years out." Here's his story:

IN the main I have devoted my time to educational work. In connection with this I have had occasion to make a couple of trips to Europe, in which my wife and I saw more or less of England, Scotland, France, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, and especially Germany.

We have also visited Canada, Bermuda, and our southern states, and I once went to California. As a result of what I have seen, I am very sure that our American form of government is by far the best for us.

Aside from travel, I am interested in stamp-collecting, which is a pleasant relaxation. Attending meetings of linguistic societies is another pastime of mine, though rather of a professional sort.

JOSIAH STEARNS CUSHING

HOME ADDRESS: 91 Bourne St., Middleboro, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Town Hall, Middleboro, Mass.

BORN: April 17, 1892, Middleboro, Mass. PARENTS: Josiah Herbert Cushing, Harriet Warren Phillips.

PREPARED AT: Middleboro High School, Middleboro, Mass; Bridgewater Normal School, Bridgewater, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914-1916.

MARRIED: Marjorie Augusta Luce, Feb. 21, 1917, Brockton, Mass. CHILDREN: Robert Lovell, May 21, 1918; Carol Arnold, Aug. 2, 1924.

OCCUPATION: Superintendent of Schools, Middleboro, Mass.

OFFICES HELD: President, Old Colony's Superintendents' Association, Plymouth County Teachers' Association; vice-president, Chamber of Commerce; past president, Kiwanis Club, Lions Club; officer, Royal Arch Chapter.

MEMBER OF: National Education Association; Association of School Administrators; New England Superintendents' Association; Massachusetts

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Superintendents' Association; Plymouth County Teachers' Association; Middleboro Teachers' Association; Old Colony Superintendents' Association; Middleboro Lions Club; Middleboro Chamber of Commerce; B. P. O. E.; A. F. of A. M.; "etc., etc., far into the night."

CUSHING has an optimistic creed. He says, "No complaints, no kicks, no nothing. See you in '42." The year 1942 will be a big year for him for, he says:

I SHALL celebrate my twenty-fifth wedding anniversary along with the Reunion and it should be some party. My boy is now with the War Department and located in Charlestown, Indiana, and my girl is a senior in high school. As you know, my education has continued ever since leaving the University — ten years as a teacher and principal, and fifteen as superintendent of schools. I have tried to keep the old spirit up through activities in golf, etc., but over the years I see no improvement in that particular game. My spare time is spent with my stamps. Let me recommend philately for any of you birds who feel you are slipping athletically. It is great fun, with something doing all the time. Business in my line is always good although they tell us the population is falling off nationally. It shows no sign locally.

HARRIE HOLLAND DADMUN

HOME ADDRESS: 56 Robbins Rd., Arlington, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Lang & Dadmun, Inc., 53 State St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: June 25, 1894, North Cambridge, Mass. PARENTS: Nathaniel Francis Dadmun, Katharine I. Whitney.

PREPARED AT: Arlington High School, Arlington, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914-1917. DEGREE: S.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Rita A. Goodwin, July 23, 1920, Hudson, Mass. CHILDREN: Harrie Holland, Jr., March 23, 1922; Patricia Ann, May 24, 1924; Cynthia, Oct. 6, 1935.

OCCUPATION: President, Lang & Dadmun, Incorporated, Investment Securities.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Ambulance driver, American Field Service, Section 30, June 2 to December 13, 1917, with French Army on Verdun and Aisne fronts. Enrolled seaman 2d class U. S. Naval Reserve Force Dec. 21, 1917; assigned to Naval Training Camp, Hingham, Mass., Jan., 1918; promoted chief boatswain's mate Feb. 12; entered Officer Material School, Cambridge, Mass., Feb. 18; appointed ensign June 6; assigned to U. S. S. *Great Northern* on transport duty; released from active duty Jan. 13, 1919. In U. S. Naval Reserve Force until Sept. 30, 1921.

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OFFICES HELD: Member, Arlington School Committee, 1933-1937 (chairman, 1936-1937); director, Arlington Boys Club; treasurer, Unitarian Historical Society; president, Lang & Dadmun, Incorporated, since 1930.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of Boston.

PUBLICATIONS: "Harvard's Day" (football song).

AS captain of the football team Harrie Dadmun was a "tower of strength," and he still is a substantial fellow, as even a springboard will (or at least did) testify. He writes:

JUNE, 1917, found me taking final examinations on a steamer bound for France. I had signed up with and was leader of the Harvard Ambulance Unit of the American Field Service.

After serving six months with the French Army on the Verdun and Aisne fronts, I went to Paris to enlist in the Naval Air Service. Upon advice of the officer in charge I returned to the United States to get a commission. After I had enlisted in the Navy, an order was issued disqualifying for heavier-than-air ships anyone weighing over one hundred sixty-five pounds. I became a line officer on the U. S. S. *Great Northern*, a transport, and made six round trips from New York to Brest.

In February, 1919, I entered the Law School. After completing one year, I went into the leather business with the A. C. Lawrence Leather Company, and subsequently with E. C. Mills Leather Company.

In June, 1920, Rita Goodwin became my wife. That fall we went to Ohio where I played professional football with Jim Thorpe's Canton Bulldogs, then the world's champions.

I came back to New York to go into the investment field. I spent two years and a half with Halsey Stuart & Company and six and a half with Wise, Hobbs & Arnold. In January, 1930, the firm of Lang & Dadmun, Incorporated, was organized. I have been associated with that company since that time.

I have served the Town of Arlington in several elective offices — town meeting member, chairman of the school committee, chairman of the sinking fund committee, trustee of various trusts, and am now a member of the local draft board.

My son, Harrie, Jr., twenty years of age, after completing two years at Browne and Nichols, has started on a business career associated with Lever Brothers. Patricia, the student and athlete

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of the next generation, expects to enter Wellesley this fall. It is too early to know what the future has in store for seven-year-old Cynthia, the youngest member of the family.

O. GORDON DALY

ADDRESS: Owen Daly & Co., Stock Exchange Bldg., Baltimore, Md.

BORN: July 14, 1894, Baltimore, Md. PARENTS: Owen Daly, Anna Irene Helman.

PREPARED AT: Gilman School, Baltimore, Md.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1912-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Dorotita O'Donnell, April 14, 1920, New York, N. Y. CHILDREN: Kathleen, Feb. 16, 1922; Owen, 2d, Sept. 4, 1924.

OCCUPATION: Investments.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Fort Myer, Va., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Aug. 15; detailed to School of Trench Warfare, Cambridge, Mass.; assigned to 154th Depot Brigade, Camp Meade, Md., Sept. 25; promoted 1st lieutenant Dec. 31; discharged March 6, 1919.

AFTER the war Gordon Daly was with a Boston investment company for a couple of months and then was sent to their New York office. In September, 1920, he moved to Baltimore and entered his father's investment company. About 1921 he moved to Denver to enter the bond department of a bank. He was there in 1923, but in 1927 he was back in his father's business in Baltimore. We have received a recent picture of him, but that is all. Willie Willcox reports seeing Daly in Baltimore last year at the meeting of the Associated Harvard Clubs.

LOUIS PHILIP DANAHY

BORN: Dec. 20, 1894, Rutland, Vt. PARENTS: Philip Vincent Danahy, Emma Donnelly.

PREPARED AT: Albany Academy, Albany, N. Y.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1914.

LOUIS DANAHY is a "lost" man who was reported in Seventeen Men as follows: "Louis Philip Danahy came to Harvard on a scholarship from the Harvard Association of Western New York. His father was an executive of the Cigar Makers' Union and prominent in social service work. The son prepared at Albany Academy. His only schoolmate in our Class is Robert W. Babcock. Danahy withdrew from College in good standing after one

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year. Babcock has not heard from him since. Mail is returned from the old family address in Albany. The family doctor has died, but the executor of the family doctor's estate has gone to great pains in an effort to help us. A former schoolmate in an Albany bank says that Danahy's name is frequently mentioned at alumni meetings but that no one seems informed as to his exact whereabouts. The officials of the Cigar Makers' Union and of the New York Federation of Labor can tell us nothing about the family."

BLAKE DARLING

HOME ADDRESS: Britton Ave., Atherton, Calif.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Travelers Fire Insurance Co., 315 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif.

BORN: Oct. 14, 1895, Brookline, Mass. PARENTS: Herbert Henry Darling, '89, Harriet Langdon Brown.

PREPARED AT: Volkmann School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; S.B. (Mass. Inst. Tech.), 1919.

MARRIED: Mary Louise Michaels, March 25, 1924, San Francisco, Calif. CHILDREN: Michael, May 19, 1925; John Blake, July 7, 1930.

HARVARD BROTHER: Herbert Henry Darling, M.D., '25.

OCCUPATION: Assistant Manager, Pacific Coast Department, Travelers Fire Insurance Company.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered service private March 29, 1918; assigned to 151st Depot Brigade, Camp Devens, Mass.; transferred to Medical Department April 23; assigned to Base Hospital, Camp Devens; transferred to Engineers' Enlisted Reserve Corps May 7; detailed to Mass. Inst. Tech.; discharged Dec. 15, 1918.

MEMBER OF: Menlo Country Club; Merchants Exchange Club; Blue Goose; Harvard Club of Northern California.

IN the Sexennial Report Blake Darling told how he happened to get into the fire-insurance business. He wrote, "A bad fire at the mill followed by a lecture on fire causes and remedies, given by a representative of an insurance company, first attracted me to the subject of fire prevention. I have always wondered at the coincidence which very soon afterwards gave me the opportunity to enter this work as a profession." His story:

MY father wrote in the Twenty-fifth Anniversary Report of the Class of '89, "My greatest pleasure has been my work as a member of the Class Committee and as Class Treas-

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urer. . . . I wish that I could explain what I mean when I say that I have a feeling of intimacy with the Class as a whole which has been a constant inspiration."

Unfortunately, my own experience, through force of circumstances, has not followed the same course. After leaving Tech I spent a year as salesman for the American Vulcanized Fibre Company, but soon realized that salesmanship was not my forte.

This brief effort was followed by two years as chemical engineer at the Brompton Pulp and Paper Company at East Angus, Quebec. My next job as fire prevention engineer with the Hartford Fire Insurance Company in Hartford, Connecticut, began what seems to have turned out to be my life work. In due course I was transferred by this company to San Francisco. In 1927 I joined the insurance brokerage firm of Hall & Rambo, but once again I learned that I was not a salesman. I was, therefore, delighted when the opportunity arose again to affiliate myself with company organization, namely the Travelers Fire Insurance Company where I have been toiling since 1928.

I live in the country on the peninsula, thirty miles south of San Francisco, where I indulge in my chief hobbies of tennis, golf, and badminton in our year-round "ideal weather." My wife and I look forward each summer to camping trips in the Sierras.

My elder boy attends the Menlo School, and the younger the Peninsula School, both in this neighborhood and both institutions of progressive education where they will — God willing — make the grades for college.

NEWTON PROUTY DARLING

HOME ADDRESS: 23 Russell St., Milton, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: c/o Newton Abbe & Co., 60 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Dec. 17, 1896, Worcester, Mass. PARENTS: Newton Darling, Anna Richardson Prouty.

PREPARED AT: Worcester High School, Worcester, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917.

MARRIED: Marcella Hathaway Foster, Oct. 9, 1920, Worcester, Mass. CHILDREN: Marcella Hathaway, July 4, 1921; Newton Prouty, Jr., June 16, 1924; Foster, Nov. 8, 1925.

OCCUPATION: Investment Banking.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Quartermaster 3d class U. S. Naval Reserve Force on duty on Scout Patrol *Talofa* when United States entered the war;

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promoted chief quartermaster July 1, 1917; appointed ensign Sept. 18; entered Reserve Officers' Training Class, U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md., Oct. 15; graduated and commissioned ensign (temporary) U. S. Navy Feb. 1, 1918; assigned to U. S. S. *Pennsylvania*; transferred to Receiving Ship, New York, N. Y. Jan. 29, 1919; to Joint Merchant Vessels Board, 3d District Section, New York, March 26; resignation accepted May 22, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Town Meeting Member and Member of Warrant (Finance) Committee, Town of Milton.

MEMBER OF: Union Club of Boston; Milton Club; Appalachian Mountain Club.

NEWT DARLING was a prominent single sculler in his time at College and was the winner of many a race. He now admits that his skull is barer than he likes. His story:

FOR two years, after leaving the Navy in 1919, I worked in steel mills in Pennsylvania and New York State. Thereafter I shifted to the bond business, that happy hunting ground of so many college graduates in the 1920's. I am still in it, "bloody, but unbowed."

We are living a quiet life in Milton, taking a mild interest in civic activities, and getting our children ready to meet the problems of a changing world.

Our daughter graduated from Milton Academy in 1939, spent two years at Smith College, and has this year been at Tobé-Coburn, a merchandising school in New York City. Our older son will graduate from Milton this year and expects to enter Williams in the fall. The younger boy, with another year at Milton before him, is undecided on a college; I have hopes for Harvard.

My hobbies are few and unchanged. When I can't sail or play tennis, I get a workout on the grounds around our home. The old waistline hasn't yet gone out of control, but the hairline has been thrown for a bad loss.

LELAND GAY DARROW

HOME ADDRESS: 58 Bow Rd., Belmont, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Shell Oil Co., Inc., 787 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Sept. 2, 1894, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Alfred Lyman Darrow, Ada Eliza Leland.

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PREPARED AT: Cambridge Latin School, Cambridge, Mass.; Browne and Nichols School, Cambridge, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1918. DEGREE: A.B.† 1917 (19).

MARRIED: Katherine Frances Lehane, April 11, 1923, Belmont, Mass. CHILDREN: Katherine Ada, Feb. 19, 1925; Phyllis Anne, Dec. 27, 1926; Sylvia Gene, July 15, 1929; Leland Gay, Jr., Oct. 4, 1937.

OCCUPATION: Fuel Oil Sales.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled seaman 2d class U. S. Naval Reserve Force, May 3, 1918; assigned to Naval Training Camp, Hingham, Mass., May 7; to Naval Training Camp, Bumkin Island, Mass., June 15; on duty at East Boston, Gloucester, and Eastern Point, Mass., in July and August; promoted chief boatswain's mate and entered Officer Material School, Cambridge, Mass., Aug. 16; appointed ensign Dec. 16; released from active duty Dec. 27, 1918.

LEE DARROW'S reference to following the ball shows that he was once a soccer player. He says "life is fun" and his philosophy certainly is not morose. He reports:

ANNIVERSARIES are those self-searching times forced on us by the passing of the years, and now we face an anniversary when Harvard steps in front of us and waves a "Stop, Look and Listen" sign. Our Alma Mater wants to know what we have done with the talents she entrusted to us, and we, equally querulous, look back at the University and try to assess these talents in light of the fact that the nation is no longer on the gold standard.

In history it would probably be difficult to find a period in which life, instead of taking the even tenor of its way, went so badly off-key. Destiny, luck, fate, or what you will, has called the tune, but who are we to complain? There can be only complaint if we have not done our best, not followed the ball on the soggy part of the field as well as on the part that was firm underfoot.

At this twenty-five-year period one of the most interesting and philosophical things we can do is to hark back to that golden glow which surrounded our graduation.

Then our imagination spun out a plot, a course of action for our life. But we were hardly fresh from the halls of Harvard before we found that instead of being dramatist, we were only actor. Literally, the world blew up in our faces, taking many of our carefully-laid plans into the realm of the impossible. We

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became warriors bold, and I made my salute to Father Neptune, doing my bit in the Navy.

For seventeen years after this salty and unimagined experience I was associated in various capacities with the purchase and sale of securities. Need I say more? If you were not distributing securities in those days, you at least had the fun of trying to reassemble yours after the Depression had distributed them for you.

There is none of the old oil in my remark when I tell you that my next work in this world was in the fuel oil business, either a hundred gallons or a hundred thousand gallons was a pleasure, and still is, in spite of presumed shortages and the wraths of the Olympians.

Domestically, with the kind help of Mrs. Darrow, I reached high pinnacles and have surrounded myself with three lovely daughters and a glorious son, ranging from the eldest daughter, who will enter Radcliffe next year, to the youngest who will enter Harvard in A.D. 1956. In between there is one Miss whom you may hear singing on the radio most any day, and another Miss who wants to be a doctor — more power to her to bind up the earth's wounds!

My observation in passing is that, in spite of wars, revolutions, dictators, and crumbling empires, Life is Fun. I like to think, and find it easy to believe, that my old school tie with Harvard gave me this enlightened point of view in a crazy world.

I know that the faces of my classmates, seen so often, but not often enough, along old Boston's streets, have been among the richest assets and rewards of the last quarter-century, and I confidently expect, in spite of more wars and worse revolutions, that in the next quarter-century they will be equally precious to me.

Here's to the next twenty-five years, to the Fiftieth Anniversary, and may we say then as we say now, that the race was worth the running; and we toast the school, Harvard, for giving us the understanding background on which to comprehend the lurid events which have lighted, if not enlightened, the days of our years.

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917

✦ EDWARD CLARK DAVIDSON

BORN: July 2, 1894, Pittsburgh, Pa. PARENTS: James Edward Davidson, Ida Kaufman.

PREPARED AT: Allegheny Preparatory School, Pittsburgh, Pa.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREES: S.B., 1917 (16); M.D. (Johns Hopkins Univ.), 1920.

MARRIED: Alice Drew Musser, Sept. 7, 1921, Little Falls, Minn. CHILDREN: Drew Musser, Aug. 4, 1922; James Edward, Oct. 24, 1924.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Medical Dept., Oct. 3, 1917; stationed at Fort Howard, Md.; transferred to Johns Hopkins University Unit, Students' Army Training Corps, Baltimore, Md., Oct. 11, 1918; discharged Dec. 10, 1918.

DIED: Aug. 7, 1933, Detroit, Mich.

WIDOW: Mrs. Edward Clark Davidson.

EDWARD CLARK DAVIDSON maintained high scholarship throughout his student years. He was graduated from the Allegheny Preparatory School with honors, winning a scholarship given by the Harvard Club of Pennsylvania. In College he completed his course in three years and entered Johns Hopkins Medical School in the fall of 1916. In the summer of 1917 he spent six weeks at the Harvard Medical School, taking a special course in blood chemistry. He worked through the summer of 1918 at Middletown, Connecticut, State Hospital for the Insane, and spent his last summer vacation at the Mayo Clinic. In 1920 he was graduated with honors from Johns Hopkins and the following year he served a medical internship in the Johns Hopkins Hospital. At College he was awarded a Phi Beta Kappa key and at medical school, membership in the Alpha Omega Alpha honorary medical fraternity.

During a resident service at the Henry Ford Hospital in Detroit from 1921 until 1927 he performed a large number of major operations with great success, and in 1926 was elected a Fellow of the American College of Surgeons. From his early years as an intern he continually carried on scientific research, publishing many papers. The responsibility for burn cases which came into the hospital was practically turned over to him on account of his great interest in the subject. He is credited with revolutionizing the treatment of burns through the use of tannic acid. Through his treatment he saved many lives and

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often prevented disfigurement of sufferers from severe burns.

Leaving the Henry Ford Hospital in 1927, Davidson became one of the associates of the late Dr. Max Ballin on the surgical staff of Harper Hospital in Detroit, and of Dr. Grover C. Penberthy on the surgical staff of the Children's Hospital of Michigan. With the latter the work on burns was carried forward until Davidson's sudden and untimely death. He lectured before medical groups in all parts of the United States and wrote a large number of papers on the tannic acid treatment.

EUGENE LEON COATES DAVIDSON

HOME ADDRESS: 1333 R St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Social Security Bldg., Fourth & C Sts., N. W., Washington, D. C.

BORN: May 3, 1896, Washington, D. C. PARENTS: Shelby Jeames Davidson, Leonora Coates.

PREPARED AT: M Street (Dunbar) High School, Washington, D. C.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; LL.B. (Howard Univ.), 1925.

MARRIED: Faustina Ann Walker, March 10, 1928, Rockville, Md. (divorced).

OCCUPATION: Field Representative, President's Committee on Fair Employment Practice.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Commissioned 1st lieutenant Infantry Oct. 15, 1917; assigned to Company D, 367th Infantry, 92d Division, in November; sailed for France June 10, 1918; detailed to 1st Corps School, Gondrecourt; designated officer in command Company D, 367th Infantry; discharged May 19, 1919. Engagements: Saint-Dié sector, Meuse-Argonne offensive. Awarded Croix de Guerre. Commissioned captain, 369th Infantry, New York Guard.

OFFICES HELD: Administrator, New Negro Alliance, since 1939; chairman, Washington Civil Rights Committee, since 1940, Board of Trustees, National Capital Lodge of Elks, since 1938; member Committee of Management, 12th Street Y. M. C. A., since 1922.

MEMBER OF: Independent Benevolent Protective Order of Elks of the World; James E. Walker Post of American Legion.

EUGENE DAVIDSON who now is a Negro labor leader, won a Croix de Guerre as commander of an Infantry company. About 1923 he was secretary of the Harlem Stock Exchange. Then he went to Washington, where he studied law at Howard University. From 1927 through 1937 he was a member of a Washington real estate company. He also became alumni secretary of Howard

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University. For several years he was chief of the Washington Bureau of the Associated Negro Press. In October, 1941, he was a member of a committee, appointed by President Roosevelt, to hear testimony on problems involving discriminations in employment in defense industries because of race, color, creed, or national origin.

BERTIE WITLEY HORSFORD DAVIS

HOME ADDRESS: 17 Holborn St., Roxbury, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Copley Crafts Mfg. Co., 1 Sterling St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Feb. 26, 1886, St. Johns, Antigua, B. W. I. PARENTS: Joseph Davis, Grace Amelia Horsford.

PREPARED AT: Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, N. H.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Corinne Bessie Wilson, Dec. 25, 1919, Washington, D. C. CHILDREN: Bertie Witley Horsford, Jr., Dec. 10, 1920; Gwendolyn Wilson, Feb. 22, 1925; Corinne Amelia, July 26, 1926.

OCCUPATION: Manufacturer.

BERTIE DAVIS thoroughly believes that higher service to mankind must be made the dominant theme and he has contributed his bit towards this end. His "Life":

SINCE I left College twenty-five years ago, many things have happened, most of them contrary to my early plans and expectations. I left College with the intention of studying law and doing further graduate work in international law and government with the avowed purpose of eventually practising in my home in the British West Indies or in Africa, neither of which I accomplished. The business I had founded in my freshman year — the Varsity Shop — proved so lucrative after the war that I had to revise my plans. I got married and raised a family, too. Economic independence was then my chief concern. With very hard work this was achieved, but the Depression upset all dreams, hopes, and desires. The eventual loss of business in 1937 has changed the whole picture.

Though the latter was a great shock, I have had to take it rather philosophically. This severe mental and physical strain was greatly lessened through the great truths I learned from Christian Science, which I embraced two years after leaving College. Really, I feel this is the greatest good that has ever come into my experience,

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for I am learning more and more of ontology, the science of being.

As I said before, my great desire was to work among my racial group in the West Indies or Africa. Though I was compelled to change my original plans, I feel that after all it was part of life's great plan. In my business relations I have developed many friendships and acquaintances that may fit into a larger scheme of things later. The great truths I learned at Exeter of service to mankind have in later years become more poignant.

The swift-moving events of the present war and the acquisition of a naval air base in my home in the British West Indies — Antigua — brought to the forefront a dream of my life, a higher cultural, educational, and economic development of the islands. As a result I laid the basic work in the formation of the American Caribbean Foundation, the sole purpose of which is to advance a closer educational and cultural collaboration between the West Indian Islands and the United States. Through this Foundation scholarships are to be maintained for as many students as possible to American and Canadian colleges and universities. The primary beneficiaries are to be those of inadequate means to further their development and education. The West Indies offer a particularly fertile field for this activity.

This fast-changing world is bound to provoke thoughts and contemplations. As I view it, all our duty as educated men must be dedicated to higher service to mankind. The future world emphasis will not be nationalism, but a fuller realization of a better state and standard of living for man. The dominant theme and emphasis from now on will be mankind the world over. What we in America call the American way of life must become a universal panacea. It is the only way of life that offers a surcease from all the world's ills. Its true application will know no race, creed, nor color, but man made in the divine image. This is America's mission — yea, her inescapable heritage and obligation.

HAROLD HOMER DAVIS

ADDRESS: P. O. Box 59, Santa Barbara, Calif.

BORN: Sept. 7, 1894, Milton, Mass. PARENTS: Charles Davis, Jr., Margaret Homer.

PREPARED AT: Pomfret School, Pomfret, Conn.

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YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Alice Catherine Troy, March 17, 1921, Providence, R. I.

HARVARD BROTHERS: Aaron Davis, '00; Charles Claflin Davis, '01; LL.B., '10.

OCCUPATION: Rancher.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Ambulance driver, American Field Service, Section 30, June 15 to Oct. 20, 1917, with French Army. Entered American Red Cross service, France, May 17, 1918; served as shipping clerk; duty completed June 17, 1918.

OFFICES HELD: Various official and semi-official offices largely dealing with the cattle industry or the government of Santa Barbara County.

MEMBER OF: Santa Barbara Club; Valley Club of Montecito; Harvard Clubs of Santa Barbara and Boston; various business associations.

WHEN world affairs threaten to trouble him, Tubby Davis need only look at the hills to find peace. He writes:

AFTER finishing college in February, 1917, there came a couple of years in France, first as an ambulance driver with the Harvard Unit of the American Field Service, and afterwards with the United States Embassy in Paris.

In the fall of 1919 I moved west, and took courses at the College of Agriculture, University of California. For over twenty years now I have been a rancher, handling mostly beef cattle. I have operated largely in Santa Barbara County, though at one time I also ran a ranch in Wyoming. In addition I have sold some real estate, have been interested in a rural bank, and have done considerable work in connection with county government finances.

Hobbies tie in closely with work, as the home ranch is an hour from Santa Barbara and supplies good riding, excellent hunting, and a pleasant place to live. Los Angeles, our main market, is not too far away, and offers a big city choice of things to do. Cattle-buying trips and livestock shows are pleasant jaunts, and we try to get East every few years. The trip never gets tiresome, as there are so many routes and methods of going — rail and car, plane and boat. I have covered the West Coast from fishing in Alaska to trips through the Panama Canal, and made one short trip to Europe in 1926.

As to philosophy and convictions: when you live in a valley surrounded by pretty good-sized mountains that are always changing a little but never very much, it is easy to take your cue from the hills and not get unduly excited.

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MILTON CORNWELL DAVIS

ADDRESS: Miller Place, Suffolk Co., Long Island, N. Y.

BORN: Nov. 7, 1897, Miller Place, Long Island, N. Y. PARENTS: Chauncey Woodhull Davis, Mary Catherine Jones Smith.

PREPARED AT: Port Jefferson High School, Port Jefferson, N. Y.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; A.M., 1918.

MARRIED: Frances Eleanor Stevens, Aug. 16, 1923, Detroit, Mich. CHILDREN: Mary Catherine, Nov. 10, 1925; Margaret Stevens, Oct. 14, 1926.

OCCUPATION: Retired.

WAR-TIME SERVICE: One year in France (1919-1920) under the American Friends Service Committee.

MEMBER OF: American Philological Association; Modern Language Association; American Academy of Political and Social Science.

MILTON DAVIS was a student in the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences, during 1917-1918. In January of 1919 he went to France under the auspices of the American Friends Service Committee and became head of the Personnel Department of the Mission Anglo-Americaine de la Société des Amis. He returned to the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences at Harvard to work for his Ph.D. In 1920 he wrote, "I was to have been drafted the day following the Armistice, and should have been a conscientious objector, as I am a strong pacifist." Just before our Twentieth Reunion he wrote, "Other responsibilities make my attendance at the Reunion quite impossible, but I hope it may be a pleasant and helpful occasion for each one who can go." We hope he can be with us in Cambridge this June.

ROBERT HOWELL DAVISON

HOME ADDRESS: 99 Irving St., Cambridge, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Haussermann, Davison & Shattuck, 15 State St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: May 30, 1896, Dorchester, Mass. PARENTS: Frank Gilman Davison, Virginia Margaret Hackett.

PREPARED AT: Roxbury Latin School, Roxbury, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; LL.B., 1921.

MARRIED: Elisabeth Ten Broeck Jackson, Sept. 1, 1923, Portland, Maine.

CHILDREN: Robert Ten Broeck, Sept. 30, 1925; Judith Stuyvesant, Aug. 30, 1930; Nicholas Stuyvesant, Oct. 21, 1938.

OCCUPATION: Lawyer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Ensign U. S. Naval Reserve Force stationed in 2d Naval District, Newport, R. I., when United States entered the war; transferred to U. S. S. *Hancock* Dec. 18, 1917; in transport service

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Jan. 9, 1918, to Jan. 16, 1919; released from active duty Jan. 16, 1919. Appointed lieutenant (junior grade) U. S. Naval Reserve Force July 1, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Chairman, Cambridge Republican Finance Committee; vice-chairman, Cambridge Republican City Committee; member New England Executive Committee, Committee to Defend America and Fight for Freedom, Inc.; member Selective Service Board, Cambridge, Mass.; Corporator Cambridge Savings Bank; Director, Cambridge Taxpayers' Association.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Clubs of Boston and New York; The Country Club, Brookline, Mass.; Cambridge Club.

I HAVE had the opportunity of working with Red Davison on the plans for our Twenty-fifth Reunion — plans which have had to be changed — and I have seen at first hand his dynamic action, his executive ability, and his logical reasoning. Surely his hope for the respect of his contemporaries has been fulfilled, as anyone who has been associated with him will testify. He writes:

IN *The Little Minister* J. M. Barrie says: "The life of every man is a diary in which he means to write one story, and writes another; and his humblest moment is when he compares the volume as it is with what he vowed to make it." I can't agree with him. Perhaps youthful aspirations or writing our names eternally on the pages of history haven't been realized, and won't be. I wonder if such aspirations weren't, after all, a worship of false gods. There are so many things in life so much more important. The respect and affection of one's family and one's contemporaries — these, perhaps, are riches far more to be cherished. I hope I have the respect of my contemporaries. I know I have the affection of my family.

Twenty-five years after graduation I can find very little to criticize adversely and very much for which I am grateful. I have a family of which I am proud, a reasonably successful law practice, and good health. I enjoy life fully — so what more can one ask?

Since graduating from Law School I've practised in Boston and lived in Cambridge. The oldest of our children is at St. George's and we expect him to enter Harvard with the Class of 1947. Our second child is a daughter, eleven, and the third is a boy of three. Plans for the younger two are necessarily vague.

Politically, I am a Republican, disgusted at the moment with

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the position of many national leaders with respect to foreign policy, but proud of Mr. Willkie and hopeful that his good judgment will prevail. I'm lacking in hobbies. I take a few pictures and enjoy trying to make something of them in the darkroom, albeit wholly without success. I enjoy golf, whether golf can be called a hobby or a vice.

In twenty-five years the world has gone from one war to another. It seems to me a sad indictment of our civilization that we left College a war class and return after a quarter-century in the midst of an even more hideous conflict. To what end are technological advances, and advances in scholastic research, if the world is to be periodically torn apart because of differences in ideology? Perhaps a new generation can bring a solution. It must, if the world as we have known it is to continue.

I'm rambling now, which means it is time to stop. Life really has been fun. If I had the twenty-five years to live over I shouldn't want my life to be different.

The news has just come that the Japanese have attacked. Perhaps all that I have written should be destroyed. Certain it is that our gathering for our twenty-fifth will be far different from that which we have planned. The world can never be the same as it was yesterday.

LORENZO BARRY DAY

HOME ADDRESS: 164 Woodward Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Burns Bros., 449 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

BORN: Aug. 7, 1890, Minneapolis, Minnesota. PARENTS: Leonard Austin Day, Mary Elizabeth Barry.

PREPARED AT: Stone School, Boston, Mass.; W. W. Nolen, Cambridge, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: S.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Geraldine Garrison, April, 1921, Chicago, Ill. (divorced 1926); Mrs. Dorothy (Wilner) Forbush, Oct. 10, 1931, Buffalo, N. Y. CHILD: Wallace Clifford Forbush, Jr. (stepchild).

HARVARD BROTHER: Paul Austin Day, '16.

OCCUPATION: Salesman.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled chief machinist's mate U. S. Naval Reserve Force April 30, 1918; assigned to Navy Yard, Boston, Mass.; released from active duty Dec. 16, 1918.

MEMBER OF: Sons of the Revolution, Buffalo Chapter; Lamm Post No. 622, American Legion; Harvard Club of Western New York.

FAT DAY was always one of the high spots of Class dinners in College, not to mention our Decennial Reunion. His "Life":

IT seems a long time ago that I went to work in East Boston for Mead, Morrison & Company, as an erecting machinist on coal-handling machinery and six-gun mounts for the new destroyers that were being built. That was in April, 1917. The following April I joined the United States Naval Reserve and shortly afterwards was transferred to the regular Navy. I finally ended up at the Boston Navy Yard under Captain Keyes who got my release from active duty in December, 1918.

After trying an overland motor freight line from Boston to Lawrence and Haverhill, Massachusetts, for a time, I landed in Cambridge and helped to coach the second football squad in the fall of 1919. As will be remembered the Varsity went to the Rose Bowl that year to win.

Early in 1920 I went out West to Minneapolis, and with my brother Paul, formed the firm of Day Brothers, Incorporated, to do highway construction work, then in its infancy. Until 1924 we built roads in the Middle West and then went to work for Johnson, Drake & Piper, Incorporated, general contractors located in Minneapolis. I stayed with them until 1928 and did work in Minnesota, Pennsylvania, and on Long Island, New York, except for a short period when I worked for the Ford Motor Company at the Twin-City Plant at St. Paul. While there I worked as a machinist on the closed-body erecting line.

It was in the early summer of 1928 that I went to work as an investment salesman for West & Company on Wall Street. In the spring of 1929 I was sent to Buffalo as their branch manager. When West & Company went out of business in 1931 I went with Sidney S. Walcott & Company. After six months I opened my own office. In 1940 I went to work for Burns Brothers as a salesman.

Shortly after I came to Buffalo I met the girl who is now my wife. The first few summers of our married life we spent camping in the Adirondacks, but finally I bought a small tract of land at Holland, New York, which we are slowly reforesting. My wife's son, Wallace Forbush, who is just finishing his course at Cornell, will be a second lieutenant in the Infantry on Feb-

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ruary 5, 1942. It looks as though the nearest I shall come to participating in this war is in the capacity of air-raid warden.

I wish to pay my respects to Clem Stodder for the grand job he has done in keeping after us all to write our few words. He even enlisted my wife in his cause and she has not let me forget it.

HAROLD LEWIS DAYTON

ADDRESS: Anderson Rd., Greenwich, Conn.

BORN: Oct. 25, 1885, Somerville, Mass. PARENTS: James Lewis Dayton, Margaret Agnes Harrigan.

PREPARED AT: Berkeley Preparatory School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: S.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Edith Kaelin, Oct. 21, 1925, New York, N. Y. CHILD: Helen, July 17, 1926.

HARVARD BROTHER: Herbert Francis Dayton, Business School, '11-'12.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; discharged June 26, 1917, for physical disability.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of New York.

WE appreciate the fact that it has been no easy matter for many members to write their Class Lives and we like Harold Dayton's description of his effort. He writes:

I'VE tried twice to write this "Life." It ought to be easy — the living of it was, on the whole. While I was at Plattsburg in 1917 Harvard presented me with a war degree. *Fair enough, Harvard.* Then came service with the Shipping Board, terminated, just like that, by the Armistice. Then followed, successively, Edith, matrimony, and a bouncing baby girl.

Next came the migration, New York to Connecticut, and the zinnias and the phlox and the pheasants and rabbits that Cinder loves to flush. Then developed the attempt to pattern one life on the cloth of two, to show the right to an alert and doubting daughter. Helen is now just fifteen and in the throes of college prep, reminding me frequently that the whole is still the sum of its parts.

FRANCIS BAYLIES DEAN

HOME ADDRESS: Nutmeg Lane, Westport, Conn.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., 1 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

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BORN: Aug. 31, 1895, New York, N. Y. PARENTS: Clarence Randall Dean, '82, Eloise von Colson Waith.

PREPARED AT: Pawling School, Pawling, N. Y.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Margaret Armstrong, May 28, 1927, St. Paul, Minn. CHILDREN: Mary Eloise, April 22, 1929; Margaret Randall, May 13, 1934.

HARVARD BROTHER: William Waith Dean, '20.

OCCUPATION: Appraiser in charge of the Resale of Real Estate.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Field Artillery Aug. 15; assigned to 152d Depot Brigade, Camp Upton, N. Y., Aug. 31; attached to Battery E, 306th Field Artillery, 77th Division, Oct. 20; transferred to Camp Jackson, S. C., June 15, 1918, and assigned to 9th Regiment, Field Artillery Replacement Depot; detailed as regimental supply officer 7th Regiment, Field Artillery Replacement Depot, Camp Jackson, Aug. 20; promoted 1st lieutenant Sept. 22; discharged Dec. 21, 1918.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of New York; Fairfield Beach Club, Fairfield, Conn.

FRANK DEAN speaks of having had a "stimulating slice of life" and everyone who knows Frank knows that he is a very interesting slice of life and would be the Class entry in any national storytellers' contest. His story:

DURING the ten years of "the Era of Wonderful Nonsense" which followed my discharge from the Army, I successively had a go at shipbuilding, sales promotion for the Edison Lamp Works, financial and bank advertising, the leasing and sale of real estate, and the sale of stock in a carburetor enterprise which held great theoretical promise but which has not yet revolutionized the automotive industry as expected.

While my material successes during this decade were not altogether insignificant, they fell far short of elevating me to the country estate and yacht status attained by many of my acquaintances. Though somewhat disappointing at the time, the subsequent jolt during the period following the 1929 debacle wasn't as jarring as it might otherwise have been.

Since 1932 I have had the supervision of a section of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company devoted to the sale of real property acquired by deed and through foreclosure. This has proved an interesting and enjoyable assignment. With its countless variations and problems, it has been sufficiently engrossing to speed the past ten years with disconcerting rapidity.

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On May 28, 1927, I was married to Margaret Armstrong of St. Paul, Minnesota, and have two daughters. While devoted to and enthusiastic about my two girls, I genuinely regret that I have no son to send to Harvard.

Though variations and extremes of a nature far more violent than might normally have been anticipated have been crowded into the past twenty-five years, in retrospect both the good and the bad features have combined to make for an intensely absorbing and stimulating slice of life in which I, for one, am glad to have had a share.

✠ DONALD WILLIAMSON DE COSTER

BORN: Nov. 3, 1894, St. Paul, Minn. PARENTS: Cyrus Cole De Coster, Julia Williamson.

PREPARED AT: St. Paul Academy, St. Paul, Minn.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: S.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Marie Meland, Jan. 3, 1920, Red Wing, Minn. CHILDREN: Donald Williamson, Jr., Jan. 6, 1921; Douglas Meland, Sept. 11, 1922; Norman Simmons, April 3, 1924; Elizabeth Alida, Feb. 24, 1926; Steven C., Aug., 1933.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Camion driver, American Field Service, Motor Transport Unit 184 (Réserve Mallet), June 2 to Nov. 18, 1917, with French Army on Malmaison and Chemin des Dames fronts. Enlisted private Dec. 2, 1917; assigned to Transportation Divison, Air Service, A. E. F.; commissioned 2d lieutenant Railway Transport Corps June 18, 1918; assigned to 65th Engineers (Railway Operating); designated officer in command Company C; discharged July 14, 1919.

DIED: Aug. 8, 1939, St. Paul, Minn.

WIDOW: Mrs. Donald Williamson De Coster, 892 Fairmount Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

AFTER his discharge from the Army De Coster entered business in St. Paul with Gordon & Ferguson, fur house. He later became secretary-treasurer of Wright, De Coster, Incorporated, manufacturers of radio products in St. Paul.

Our classmate, Pierre Bédard, who roomed with De Coster during Senior year, writes of him as follows:

"Donald De Coster since College and war days seemed to have detached himself in a large measure from his former associations. I think that this attitude most probably reflected his deep and absorbing attachment to his home life and family which, as I look back, could easily have been foreseen during College days.

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Don was affectionate and needed affection, though he never showed any great emotion. He was of an even temper, never betraying anger or, for that matter, any great joy. Still there was often to be seen a little twinkle in his eye.

"Big and husky, he was good at sports but did not go in for them very much. In his calm, quiet way he never said much about it, but he was deeply affected by the departure and later by the death overseas in the Canadian forces of the man who was supposed to room with us but never did — Allen Shortt. We never discussed our feelings, yet I still think Don was unusually sensitive to the thoughts and feelings of others. Not socially aggressive, but sociable, Don was quiet and considerate. I never knew him to do a mean act. I think that he, like many others of us in our Class, was stirred by the march of events leading to the declaration of war by the United States in our Senior year. Without fuss or heroics Don made his plans to go overseas first, as you know, in the American Field Service, and later to serve in the Railway Transport Corps of the United States Army.

"I saw Don overseas in Paris on a couple of occasions when he was on leave. There we picked up the threads of our friendship as if both of us had seen each other the previous day and as if nothing had occurred in the meantime. I found Don to be the same good old fellow ready for the jolly times we had together."

WILLIAM HERBERT DERBYSHIRE

ADDRESS: 1503 N. W. 110th St., Miami, Fla.

BORN: Nov. 1, 1893, Philadelphia, Pa. PARENTS: William Herbert Derbyshire, Katharine Alexander Austin.

PREPARED AT: Northeast Manual Training High School, Philadelphia, Pa.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: S.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Irene Augusta Hunter, Aug. 16, 1922, Philadelphia, Pa. (divorced 1932). CHILDREN: Irene Austin, Jan. 18, 1925; William Herbert, July 24, 1926.

OCCUPATION: Retired.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Commissioned 2d lieutenant U. S. Marine Corps Oct. 8, 1917; stationed at Mineola, N. Y., November and December; detailed to Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 1, 1918, as instructor; assigned to 1st Marine Aviation Force, Miami, Fla., Feb. 1; served as adjutant; qualified as Naval Aviator Feb. 28; injured March 12; promoted 1st lieutenant in June; reported for active duty in September; rejected for further flying because of injuries; served as aide-de-camp to

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Major General Waller Sept. 16 at Headquarters Advance Base Force, Philadelphia, Pa.; discharged June 28, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: President, Chambersburg Engineering Company; director, Farmers and Merchants Trust Company, Chambersburg, Pa.

MEMBER OF: Army and Navy Club, Washington, D. C.; Veterans of Foreign Wars.

IN 1923 Bill Derbyshire wrote, "There is nothing of any interest from the time of my discharge from service until October, 1920, when I was elected president of the Chambersburg Engineering Company, builders of all types of hammers (steam, air, and board), wheelpresses, punches and shears, hydraulic presses, etc. I have been granted a United States patent on an expansion wedge for use in steam and board chop hammers!"

THOMAS SIEGER DERR

HOME ADDRESS: 260 Quinobequin Rd., Waban, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: American Steam Automobile Co., West Newton, Mass.

BORN: June 10, 1896, Brookline, Mass. PARENTS: Louis Derr, Jane Evelyn Coy.

PREPARED AT: Brookline High School, Brookline, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B. *magna cum laude*, 1917; S.B. IN MECH. ENGIN., 1918 (20); S.B. (Mass. Inst. Tech.), 1919.

MARRIED: Mary Ferguson Sebring, July 12, 1930, Bellefonte, Pa. CHILDREN: Thomas Sieger, Jr., June 18, 1931; Mary Bailey, Feb. 21, 1933; Jane Ferguson and Louise Sebring (twins), July 26, 1936 (Louise died Jan. 17, 1941); Anne Frederica, Aug. 22, 1939; John Sebring, Nov. 12, 1941.

OCCUPATION: Mechanical Engineer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Aug. 6, 1918; called to active duty private 1st class Chemical Warfare Service Oct. 16, 1918; assigned to Laboratory Detachment, Long Island City, N. Y.; discharged March 5, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: President, American Steam Automobile Company.

MEMBER OF: American Society of Mechanical Engineers.

PUBLICATIONS: *The Modern Steam Car*, 1932; three United States patents.

THOMAS DERR is the only steam-car manufacturer in the Class. He writes:

IS there a prize for the most unusual occupation among 1917 members? If so, may I put in my bid for it, as a manufacturer of steam cars? On leaving College, I did not immediately jump into this occupation as it took me some years to get up my courage. First, I put in a year at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and collected another degree. I then had a session in the

Chemical Warfare Service, followed by three years of being an instructor at Technology. By this time I had a patent which looked as if it might have some value. This patent and my services were purchased by the Bristol Company of Waterbury, Connecticut. But the lure of the steam car finally prevailed, and in due time I embarked on my extraordinary occupation.

It is indeed an interesting job. The steam-car owners represent all possible types of humanity — rich and poor (mostly poor), educated and ignorant (some never even heard of Harvard), old and young, tall and short, fat and thin, aggressive types and shrinking violets, bootleggers and ministers of the gospel, and Democrats and Republicans. But there is one characteristic they do seem to have in common, and that is the desire (if not always the ability) to think things out for themselves and come to their own conclusions — even if they are erroneous conclusions. In these days of regimented living and thinking (here as well as in foreign countries) independence of mind is valuable, stimulating, and encouraging — even when it annoys.

In the course of the years I have been more and more impressed with the enormous amount of bunk in our daily lives. It almost seems to be a necessary part of our diet, like vitamins. To give just a few instances I have noticed and found amusing or annoying:

1. In the automobile business (among other things) the almost universal assumption that the gasoline automobile is the only practical kind, when there are definitely two other good kinds (steam and electric) in existence, and several more kinds possible if developed.
2. Numerous trade phrases, such as "the telephone has been temporarily disconnected." This means nearly always that the subscriber hasn't paid his bill. When the subscriber's credit is good, the telephone company is very careful to say: "At their request, the telephone has been temporarily disconnected." Another phrase is "half and half solder." This is supposed to mean solder that is half tin and half lead, but actually "half and half" is much more than half lead and much less than half tin. If the proportions are really 50-50, the phrase is "genuine half and half," or the like. Another is "really fresh eggs." When the marketman really means this he says "strictly fresh eggs." Another market phrase is "fancy fish" which my wife tells me is common frozen fish.

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3. Financing companies calling attention to their "6%" interest rate which is really 12%. This fools nearly everyone who hasn't had a course in mathematics at Harvard. Our mathematics professors, at least, are realists.
4. The artificial, soothing tone of telephone operators in large business houses. It is refreshing to find one now and then who speaks naturally.
5. The frequent changes in women's styles, simply to sell more goods. The same holds true for automobile body styles.
6. Prices like \$19.90, \$1.95, and \$29.98.
7. Excessive use of the word "you" in advertising. Some day I expect to see something like this: "Your neighborhood garbage collector will call at your home every Wednesday and Saturday hereafter till further notice, to remove your garbage for your health and your convenience."
8. Real estate agents putting sign "Sold" on lot at entrance to real estate promotion, so that the sign is the first thing a person sees as he drives in.
9. Real estate agents quoting as the value of pieces of property in a certain locality figures five to twenty-five times the assessed value. My experience with real estate in the last decade has taught me that assessed values are more apt to be over than under the actual market values.
10. The phrase on the back of our war-bonus certificates, for us to sign when cashing them: "Payment of this certificate is hereby *demand*ed." Just try using that kind of language to a government bureau on your own initiative!
11. Drafting men for "one year's service," when any thoughtful person could be reasonably sure that war was coming and that the draft would be for the duration.

Would people, even Harvard men, be happy if they weren't being fooled a great deal of the time? Probably not. It may be more pleasant to be fooled and half realize it than to live in a world of plain facts. Anyhow, my wife thinks so.

CHARLES MALCOLM DERRY

HOME ADDRESS: 172 Standish Rd., Watertown, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Derry, Inc., 1320 Beacon St., Brookline, Mass.

BORN: Dec. 3, 1895, Cambridge, Mass. PARENTS: Charles Tyler Derry, Fannie Louisa Thayer.

PREPARED AT: Cambridge High and Latin School, Cambridge, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Marguerite Bond, Aug. 26, 1922, Adams, Mass. CHILD: Dorothy, Feb. 2, 1925.

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HARVARD BROTHERS: Cecil Thayer Derry, '03, A.M. '04; Arthur Tyler Derry, '10.

OCCUPATION: President and Treasurer, Derry, Incorporated, Stationers.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private U. S. Army Ambulance Service June 21, 1917; assigned to Section 512; promoted private 1st class Aug. 1; sailed for France Aug. 7; served with the 27th French Division until Oct., 1918; with the 3d and 8th Italian Divisions Oct. 15, 1918, to Feb. 1, 1919; discharged April 26, 1919. Engagements: Aisne, Alsace, Flanders, Champagne, and Lorraine fronts. Awarded Croce al Merito di Guerra.

OFFICES HELD: Treasurer, Old Cambridge Baptist Church.

MEMBER OF: Brookline Lodge of Masons; Brookline Post of American Legion.

CHARLES DERRY'S complaint, that he can't find time enough to do all he wants to, is shared by the majority of his classmates. He writes:

TWENTY-FIVE years have flown by incredibly fast. I find it difficult to believe that it is time to make a report of progress. However, the earnest endeavors of Clem Stodder, our efficient secretary, have pinned me down to the inescapable fact that our Twenty-fifth Anniversary is upon us.

My months in France during the war were very interesting. My unit travelled extensively across France, serving at various fronts. We had a real respect for the French soldier with whom we worked in close alliance.

Returning in April, 1919, I attempted to find my place in the world of commerce. After making two or three starts, I went to Lever Brothers Company, where I served in the Cambridge office, and then went to Atlanta as assistant division manager and later to Detroit in the same capacity.

Some fate seemed to urge me to establish a business of my own, and, after fifteen years of struggling with it, it is still my own. But the struggle has deprived me of the leisure necessary for the successful pursuit of avocations.

I am always hopeful that I will find a few moments for something that will be "just fun," such as making bookcases for that corner in the sun parlor, etc. But the appointments seem to follow along in an unending chain—an extra time-consuming job at business, an air-raid wardens' meeting, church executive committee, financial report for the church, party for Dorothy and her friends—and each duty seems important.

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So the weeks roll around. It is difficult to find time for wood-carving, the avocation Mrs. Derry has tried to superimpose upon me. She has presented me with wood-carving tools and instructions for their use. They are still in the file of "unfinished business."

Through these years I have gained many friends — and not too many enemies, I hope. I have lived a normal life, have been blessed with excellent health, have made no startling discoveries. I have acquired no wealth. I have had an extremely happy family life and find pleasure in the company of my wife and growing daughter.

I am thrilled when my daughter succeeds in making the honor roll at high school. I admit that I have been dropped as her tutor, because my knowledge of chemistry, history, Latin, etc., has become a little rusty.

Dorothy is engaged, outside her school activities, in learning the general service code, so as to be prepared to carry on communications work, if called upon during this emergency.

I foresee that the records of the Class of 1942 will resemble those of our Class. The members will be stepping into a world holocaust, as we did upon graduation. We of 1917 may be watching from remote sidelines, but, as we read the stories of the graduates of 1942, we shall be living in retrospect those days of 1917 to 1919, when as proud sons of Harvard, we took our places in that last great struggle.

[Ed. note: On April 30, 1942, the Secretary received the following note from Derry: "I have accepted a commission as captain in the United States Army Air Corps and have been ordered to report to Miami Beach for duty on May 2. I expect to be allocated to the Department of Supply. I am certainly sorry to lose out on the 25th Reunion."]

FREDERIC DEWART

HOME ADDRESS: 1937 Midvale Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Consolidated Petroleum Co., 420 N. Rodeo Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

BORN: Aug. 17, 1895, St. Louis, Mo. PARENTS: Frederick Wesley Dewart, Edith Lou Drought.

PREPARED AT: Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, N. H.

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YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Sonia Feofanovna Speransky, May 1, 1925, Mukden, China. CHILDREN: Marcia, Aug. 14, 1932; Frederick, 3d, June 21, 1934.

OCCUPATION: Accountant; Secretary-treasurer, Consolidated Petroleum Company.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Sept. 20, 1918; assigned to 166th Depot Brigade, Camp Lewis, Wash.; transferred to 37th Field Artillery, 13th Division, Camp Lewis, Nov. 1; discharged Jan. 11, 1919.

MEMBER OF: American Legion; Harvard Club of Southern California.

FRITZ DEWART sends "greetings and best wishes for happiness" to all classmates and says he "will be seriously offended if any come to Los Angeles and fail to say 'hello'." His "Life":

AFTER completing the college course, I joined the National City Bank of New York's foreign training class. In July, 1917, I was assigned to the Petrograd, Russia, branch. This branch was closed by Bolshevists in February, 1918. I returned across Siberia to enlist in the Army. In February, 1919, I was assigned to the National City Bank of New York in Vladivostok, Siberia. This branch was closed by Bolshevists in March, 1920. I was then assigned to the International Banking Corporation (a subsidiary of the National City Bank) branch in Harbin, Manchuria, and later Dairen, South Manchuria. At this time I emerged from the twilight of ordinary existence into the sunlight, marrying the only one on May 1, 1925.

I realized that China with its easy life and much liquor was no place to live normally or to raise a family. I returned to the United States in August, 1925, since which time I have had an economic struggle but considerable fun. I have lived in and near Los Angeles since 1925, and miss the marked seasonal changes of other sections. I feel that physiologically we are better for such changes.

I believe that my family and I could be happiest on our gold placer claim in the high Sierras, thirty-two miles from the store, eight miles from the nearest neighbor, in the healthful atmosphere of the mountains surrounded by the quiet dignity of the forest. Contact with the world is afforded by radio, magazines, books, welcome visits from outside friends, and occasional trips to the bright lights of San Francisco or Los Angeles. In such a situation children acquire naturally healthy bodies, active minds, and those

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invaluable traits of self-confidence and self-reliance. This, however, must await more definite signs of pay dirt on the claim.

I realize that above all physical health is the *sine qua non* of a happy and useful life; that the now long forgotten visits to the "Nip" et al were no help to this end; that the public of the United States looks on Harvard graduates as "gentlemen and scholars;" and that the friendships of youth and college are the vivid, lasting, and satisfactory ones.

✦ LOUIS DLUGG

BORN: March 8, 1896, North Stratford, N. H. PARENTS: Hyman David Dlogg, Jennie Liverman.

PREPARED AT: Berlin High School, Berlin, N. H.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914-1917. DEGREE: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Medical Enlisted Reserve Corps Dec. 14, 1917; not called to active duty.

DIED: Jan. 29, 1919, Boston, Mass.

BEFORE coming to Harvard, Louis Dlogg had studied at the Montreal College of Pharmacy and at Tufts College. After his graduation he immediately entered the Harvard Medical School, where he applied himself to his work with the same intensity which had won him distinction in College. His deskmate in Medical School was Jean A. Curran, now dean of Long Island College of Medicine. Dr. Curran and Dr. William B. Castle have collaborated in recalling Dlogg as his fellows of those days saw him:

"Louis Dlogg was stockily built," they write, "with straw-colored hair and ruddy face, and wearing horn-rimmed glasses. In manner he was friendly and inclined to joke a good deal. His mother was a widow, and he was very short of money. He worked tremendously hard and always sat in the front row of the lecture room so that he would not miss one word. He was reputed to be the most industrious note-taker in the class and, instead of taking time off for rest and recreation on weekends, he used to work straight through Saturday afternoon and all day Sunday.

"During his first year at the Medical School Dlogg was awarded the George Haven Scholarship, and during his second year the Joseph Pearson Oliver Scholarship, on the basis of his excellent

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grades. In the first half of his second year his constant pre-occupation with his studies began to affect his health adversely. In the end it may have cost him his life. During the great influenza epidemic of 1918-1919 he developed this disease with the fatal complication of bronchopneumonia."

ROLAND FREEMAN DOANE

HOME ADDRESS: 4 Cedar Lane, Burlington, Vt.

OFFICE ADDRESS: University of Vermont, Burlington, Vt.

BORN: June 22, 1895, North Brookfield, Mass. PARENTS: Albion Harwood Doane, Mary Adna Varney.

PREPARED AT: North Brookfield High School, North Brookfield, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: S.B., 1917; A.M. (Middlebury Coll.), 1928.

MARRIED: Helen Ellsworth Dexter, Sept. 12, 1925, Hanover, Mass. (divorced 1932); Caroline Visscher, 1936, Paris, France.

OCCUPATION: Assistant Professor of Romance Languages.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered service private Oct. 6, 1917; assigned to 151st Depot Brigade, Camp Devens, Mass.; later Pathological Laboratory, and Educational Service, Base Hospital, Camp Devens; discharged July 1, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Local chairman, American Committee for Non-participation in the Japanese Aggression, American Bureau for Medical Aid to China.

A DEGREE and a wife. At two different times Paris offered both to Doane. We are glad, since Fate would allow him only one, that he acquired the more important. He writes:

I AM so thankful that Hitler missed the bus to England in 1940 that I am reconciled to his having prevented me from receiving a Doctor's degree that year at the Sorbonne. It was to be received on the strength of my thesis, "L'Influence des Sciences Biologiques sur la Littérature Française." In retrospect, the difficulty in the writing of it was nothing compared with that involved in fulfilling the three contradictory marriage law requirements encountered as an American in my attempt to marry a Hollander in Paris. The most difficult thing of all was to persuade the American consul, before he issued a visa, that a language professor could support a wife. Alas! his doubts may have emanated from official knowledge of the meagerness of my support of the Harvard Fund. But I would not exchange her for ten times the Fund.

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✦ MALCOLM DODD

BORN: Sept. 4, 1894, Lynn, Mass. PARENTS: George T. Dodd, Lilian Warren Alley.

PREPARED AT: Newton High School, Newton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917, 1918-1919. DEGREE: A.B., 1917 (19).

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., Aug., 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Nov. 27; discharged Dec. 21, 1918.

DIED: April 22, 1922, Boston, Mass.

FEW of his classmates knew Dodd well, and those few found him quiet and reserved. "Mack always seemed to be a very studious person," one of his roommates has written. "He kept entirely to himself and always studied in his bedroom with the door closed. The rest of us seldom saw him or knew what he was thinking, for he never joined in the activities of the gang."

Dodd played with the Mandolin and Banjo Clubs — his principal extracurricular interest. He was also a member of the Christian Science Society. After leaving College he worked for the Christian Science Publishing Society in Boston.

RALPH LAURENCE DODGE

HOME ADDRESS: 2206 Baynard Blvd., Wilmington, Del.

OFFICE ADDRESS: E. I. duPont de Nemours & Co., Ammonia Dept., Nemours Bldg., Room 10404, Wilmington, Del.

BORN: Nov. 4, 1895, Peabody, Mass. PARENTS: Ralph Franklin Dodge, Laura Gray Lane.

PREPARED AT: Beverly High School, Beverly, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917 (18); PH.D., 1924.

MARRIED: Gertrude Mary Winter, March 19, 1919, North Brookfield, Mass.

CHILDREN: Sarah Elizabeth, April 18, 1922; Laura Lane, July 12, 1923.

OCCUPATION: Chemist.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Ensign, U. S. Naval Reserve Force; called to active duty April 19, 1917, stationed at Marblehead, Mass., Boston, Mass., U. S. Naval Academy; assigned to Submarine Chaser No. 18 as commanding officer; commissioned ensign (temporary) U. S. Navy; promoted lieutenant (temporary); commanding officer on various Eagle boats; resignation accepted Dec. 13, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Commander, Wilmington Power Squadron of United States Power Squadron, 1940; chairman, Delaware Division, Citizens' Enrollment Committee for Fourth Naval District, 1941; Pilot Committee, Wilmington Girl Scout Mariners, 1938-1941; president, Kanawha Players, Little Theatre, Charleston, West Virginia, 1934.

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MEMBER OF: American Society for Testing Materials; American Chemical Society; American Institute of Chemical Engineers; United States Power Squadron; Elk River Yacht Club.

FROM the following account the reader might think that Ralph Dodge was an obscure chemist in a big chemical concern. We know several of his associates, and they are full of praise for his work and the new products he has discovered. The account:

ALMOST any individual's life history is disappointingly uneventful, when recited against the tempo of the current movies or of 1941 world events. A hitch in the 1917-19 Navy that will some day be described apologetically to grandsons (yet to materialize): "Grandpa, what did you do in the first World War?" "Well, you see, grandson, I was in the Navy."

A few years in Civil Service learning the technique of nitrogen fixation were followed by the remainder of the twenty-five years helping, where possible, to apply and extend that technique in the new high-pressure, synthetic chemical industry. I am duly thankful that I have had the uncommon opportunity of seeing several of the "Better Things for Better Living through Chemistry" start in the laboratory, develop slowly, with many a blind alley to be explored and abandoned, and at long last emerge in the plant as another profitable manufacturing operation.

HAROLD SANFORD DOLE

ADDRESS: Old Bedford Rd., Concord, Mass.

BORN: March 30, 1893, Jamaica Plain, Mass. PARENTS: Nathan Haskell Dole, Helen James Bennett.

PREPARED AT: Stone School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1914.

OCCUPATION: Letters.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private 1st class Aviation Section, Signal Corps, July 9, 1917; detailed to School of Military Aëronautics, Mass. Inst. Tech., Aug. 20; transferred to Mineola, N. Y., Oct. 17; sailed for France Nov. 1; detailed to 2d Aviation Instruction Center, Tours; to Redistribution Center, Saint-Maixent; to French School of Military Aviation, Chateauroux; to 3d Aviation Instruction Center, Issoudun; commissioned 1st lieutenant Air Service, Military Aëronautics May 1, 1918; discharged Feb. 3, 1919.

HAROLD DOLE'S classification is given as "Letters," but nary a one have we had from him.

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✦ HAROLD NICHOLAS DONOVAN

BORN: Jan. 7, 1895, Jamaica Plain, Mass. PARENTS: Cornelius Henry Donovan, Eliza Esther Tirrell.

PREPARED AT: Public Latin School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B.† 1917 (19).

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., Aug., 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Nov. 27 and assigned to 304th Infantry, 76th Division; sailed for France July 8, 1918; detailed to intelligence duty; died of pneumonia Nov. 10, 1918, at Neuilly, France.

DIED: Nov. 10, 1918, Neuilly, France.

FATHER: Cornelius Henry Donovan, 41 Oakview Terr., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

HAROLD NICHOLAS DONOVAN came to Harvard from the Public Latin School where he had taken high rank in his studies. At Harvard he made himself a vital part of the activities of the College, taking an especial interest in politics and economic problems. He held membership in the History Club, the Economic Club, the Philosophy Club, the Woodrow Wilson Club, the Democratic Club, and the St. Paul's Catholic Club. He was also a member of the University boxing team and the Harvard R. O. T. C.

Our classmate, Edward Allen Whitney, wrote of Donovan: "Donovan had an unusually keen mind and a vigorous enthusiasm for whatever work he undertook which carried him over all difficulties and made him a constant stimulus to his friends. As one of his old friends remarked: 'I have known few men more vital and alive than Harold Donovan.'"

Donovan attended the Second Plattsburg Camp, at the end of which he received a commission as a second lieutenant of Infantry. He was attached to the 304th Infantry, 76th Division, at Camp Devens and, after a period of training, sailed for France on July 8, 1918. He was assigned to intelligence work and became a battalion intelligence officer, a most dangerous position. During the Château-Thierry engagement he was wounded, though not fatally. He was transferred to the base hospital at Neuilly-sur-Seine where he contracted pneumonia and died on November 10, 1918.

Donovan is said to have been the first officer of his regiment to volunteer to deliver troops to the front, which he did under

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heavy shell fire at Château-Thierry. Henry Pennypacker, Harvard '88, then headmaster of the Public Latin School, paid the following tribute to his memory:

"From a merry, light-hearted boy in school, Donovan grew into a conscientious student at college, with high ideals of duty and of honor, with standards of living and of being fixed in the highest places. It was no mere love of adventure that prompted him to offer himself to the army of his country, but that best of motives, an eagerness to help, a desire to serve, a spirit of sacrifice. He knew he might be asked to give all, and he was so asked indeed. The answer that he made fills us all with pride, while we deeply lament the loss, both to the family and to the country, of this youth of high promise and sterling manhood."

At the Harvard Commencement of 1919 Donovan was voted the posthumous war degree of Bachelor of Arts.

DONALD HARDY DORCHESTER

HOME ADDRESS: 25 Poquonock Ave., Windsor, Conn.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, Windsor, Conn.

BORN: May 24, 1895, Westfield, Mass. PARENTS: Liverus Hull Dorchester, Eleanor Hardy.

PREPARED AT: Lackawanna Academy, Scranton, Pa.; Wilbraham Academy, Wilbraham, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1915-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; B.D. (Yale Univ.), 1920.

MARRIED: Mary Elizabeth Freese, May 16, 1921, Framingham, Mass. CHILDREN: John Wesley, Feb. 29, 1922; Douglas Freese, March 17, 1924; Malcolm Livy, Sept. 21, 1927 (died June 4, 1930); Charles Donald, March 22, 1934.

OCCUPATION: Minister in Methodist Church.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Y. M. C. A. service June 10, 1917, to September 2, 1918, at Camp Darling, Framingham, Mass., and Fort Ethan Allen, Vt. Enlisted private Motor Transport Corps Sept. 18, 1918; assigned to 21st Emergency Motor Transport Corps, Mineola, N. Y., Oct. 12; discharged Nov. 22, 1918.

OFFICES HELD: Grand chaplain, Connecticut Masons, 1928-1929; member, Hartford Committee of Ministers and Rabbis, Character Committee for Tobacco Workers, Rural Life and Work Committee, Connecticut Federation of Churches; chairman, Committee on Unity and Amity under State Civilian Defense Council.

MEMBER OF: King Solomon's Lodge of Masons; New York East Conference of Methodist Church; Groton Long Point Yacht Club; many church clubs.

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YOU will be amused by Donald Dorchester's story about the organ in his church. He writes:

IN my high school days and academy days I was impressed with the power of Shakespearean drama, and through the guiding friendship of E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe, decided upon Harvard so that I might sit under the mighty Kittredge and have the courses of George Pierce Baker, English 14, 39, and the 47 Workshop. I entertained the belief that I was to be the world's greatest Hamlet. While my highest hopes were far from being realized, the greatest experience of my life certainly was Harvard College, and to such personalities as Bliss Perry, Edward Caldwell Moore, Stanwood Pier, Josiah Royce, George Santayana, William Allan Neilson, George Pierce Baker, George Herbert Palmer, and Dean Briggs I owe a debt which can never be repaid.

During the early winter of 1916 my chum, Bill Hinman, joined the Merchant Marine. I missed his cheery personality very, very much. In 1917 he died of exposure in an open boat, which he rowed all the way to the Irish Coast through a winter sea, lashed by the wind, dying when land was sighted. On the Irish Coast his grave is on the shore, marked by the simple inscription: "He died at the Oars."

During the war I was stationed at Fort Ethan Allen and thereafter decided to enter the ministry believing that that profession would give me a chance to do my bit. Dean Charles R. Brown of Yale made a deep impression upon me, and I received my B.D. from Yale in 1920. During the winter of that last year I made many trips to Framingham to see a young lady who was teaching in the Framingham High School. She was a member of a family which originated in Friesland, a wind-swept island in the North Atlantic. Her brother, Carl, was Harvard '15. In May we were married, with my dear pal, Bill Snow, acting as best man. After a honeymoon at Kennebunkport, we went to my first parish, Grace Church in Waterbury, where Harwai Kashiwagi, a fine Japanese Christian, assisted me in the church and where John Wesley was born, at which time I received congratulations from Father O'Donnell who lived across the way.

In 1922 I became a country parson, going to that lovely spot, Southbury, Connecticut, to serve a Federated Church, Congre-

gational and Methodist, and living in the Manse, built by money derived from driving a herd of cattle to New York, driven by P. T. Barnum. I gathered bullets on Bullet Hill, found the site of the Ethan Allen mill, saw Ed Monson win a log-splitting contest, delved into the historical data of the Aston Home — formerly Mosley's Tavern, where Lafayette stayed over one night — heard the Breakneck Hill story, the Ben Sherman story, the family feud of the Whittemores and the Hinmans, and the rivalries of the Stiles, Hinmans, and Hicocks. The heavy-drinking John Graham, inventor of Graham flour, and Benjamin Wildman preached for the first hundred years, much longer than any of their temperate successors. Squire Russell told me "not to put the contribution box under the noses of the summer folks," because it would scare them away.

I found that denominational prejudice begins at birth. A baby born in a Congregational home always became sick when the Methodist bell rang, but sang over his bottle when the Congregational bell rang. In Southbury I began using dramatics in church work. It is a deep instinct in everyone which ought to be cultivated.

In 1927 I accepted a call to the Seymour Methodist Church, in line with my tradition since my father, grandfather, and great-grandfather have been in the Methodist itinerancy. Douglas and Malcolm arrived to gladden our home at about this time, and in Seymour we came to enjoy a warm-hearted group of earnest folk in a factory city. In 1930 Malcolm died of empyema, following pneumonia, at the age of two and a half years. He was a very lovable boy who left an empty place in our hearts.

In 1933 we received a call to Windsor, Connecticut, the oldest town in this state, some members of our family having been among the first settlers. This has proved to be a very, very lovely home. The church is very beautiful, now that it has been remodelled after the cathedral style of architecture. It was a monstrosity when we saw it first, with a terrific row of organ pipes across the whole front, placed there by a plumber. A mathematical trustee used to count, during the sermon, the number of pipes to the right and left of the minister's head. In the spring of 1935, during the singing of "Crown Him with Many Crowns," one of the largest pipes fell, from vibration, and narrowly missed the

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tenor's head. This was the end of the pipes and led to the designing of our beautiful sanctuary.

In 1934 Charlie arrived. He is quite an unusual boy, sometimes spoiled by us all. At this juncture Charlie is in Grade 2, and Douglas is a senior in Loomis Institute, an excellent private school, where he is leading his class. Jack is a sophomore at Trinity College in Hartford, where he will remain until Uncle Sam calls him. At the moment Jack says he is going to enter business. Doug says he is bound for the ministry, and he feels this so keenly that he has elected Greek in his studies for two years. The boys have assisted themselves toward college expenses by teaching sailing, a love for which was handed down from my father to me and from me to my sons. We all follow the sea summers, sailing in an Alden Sloop or a Herreshoff Sloop from Groton Long Point, Connecticut, to many points on the New England Coast. It puts tonic in the system with which to meet the long winter.

All during these years I have kept my interest in the drama, following all the George Pierce Baker productions at the Yale Workshop. Another interest is yacht-racing, and I have enjoyed acting as chairman of the race committee of the Groton Long Point Yacht Club. Much of my time has been given to Masonry, the fraternity having honored me with the office of associate grand chaplain and the office of grand chaplain of the Masons of Connecticut. During my present year I am busy serving the boys in the service located at our Windsor Air Base. Trinity Church has enrolled about four hundred boys in our Guest Book. It has furnished hospitality, hospital visitation, and dinner invitations, and the young people give dances for the air corps twice a month. In all these projects all through the years I have had an able helper in my wife, a graduate of Mt. Holyoke.

In my profession we find many cares and much hard work, but rich compensations in the love of friends, and in the joy to the sorrowing, and comfort to the sick that we are sometimes privileged to render. We hope that many of us will join together at Reunion time and receive fresh inspiration and courage for the ordeals of a world once again torn by war and hatred.

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FRANK WAKEFIELD DORT

ADDRESS: 84 Forest St., Keene, N. H.

BORN: Jan. 19, 1895, Keene, N. H. PARENTS: Frank Gilman Dort, Kate Cobb.

PREPARED AT: Tutoring School.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Elizabeth Baker Edwards, Sept. 3, 1921, Bridgeport, Conn. CHILD:

Frank Wakefield, Jr., July 16, 1923.

HARVARD SON: Frank Wakefield Dort, Jr., '44.

FOR a while Wake Dort turned an avocation into a vocation, but now he yearns "to do something in this new war" and probably will be by the time this story is published:

AFTER College there was a war if you remember. I left early with others for Plattsburg. Unfortunately, I had from an operation a weakish side which postponed an opportunity to saber a few Huns. I lent my services to the Department of Justice where there were some fairly exciting doings for a while, shooting, murder, barricades — a few things like that; little sleep. Then back in the Army. Chemical Warfare Service offered the quickest route to France. I passed a board (on which Percy Haughton sat) for a captaincy with the promise of a majority to follow, but the Armistice again interfered with my very earnest desire for combat with the people who destroyed so many of our friends and classmates.

Following the war, New York seemed a good place to go. So I went, and after a variety of jobs, I became interested in a new plastic, formed an experimental outfit, then a company of which I had the somewhat doubtful honor of being president. When this company was merged with another, I retired from active management and went into game-conservation work. Hunting and fishing were always hobbies of mine and constructive conservation an avocation. It now became a profession. I became secretary-treasurer of the American Game Protective Association, that fine old-line national organization, and then a vice-president. I edited a magazine in connection with this job, wrote extensively for magazines and newspapers, and lectured a good deal. It was a very busy life. We had the whole United States to play with and the organizing and promotion were largely mine for years.

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Finally I had to leave New York — no, not the police; my insides and overwork. I returned to my native New Hampshire and went into conservation work there for more years. Then to Connecticut for some time in publicity and organization and also in Massachusetts. In the intervals I have spent four years as a member of the New Hampshire House of Representatives and have also done a bit of police work. There's a fascination about it. Once during a crime wave here I headed a police patrol that cleaned things up and caught some miscreants, including one astonished New York gangster who was foolish enough to buck us country boys.

My family? The same wife for more than twenty years (what a siege she must have had) and a son, Wakefield, Jr., now a sophomore at Harvard (a junior, I hope, by the time this is published). He is, s'help me, a geologist. You know, one of these chaps who runs around picking up every stone he sees, no matter whether it's a pebble or a boulder, pounds it with the ever-present hammer, and pores over it with a magnifying glass. He's been doing it for years. The house is so filled with rocks, it may fall down at any moment. (There, it just creaked then.)

What now? I'm sitting here in a house at Spofford Lake, New Hampshire, just outside Keene, with the snow deep all about and two feet of ice on the lake. I chop wood and tour the woods, snow-shoe here in the rugged country, and observe certain groups of possible trouble-makers (whom I deeply distrust) while I wait. For what? The old urge is back on me, an urge which has become a necessity to do something in this new war, something as useful as my curious career will permit. I am trying to get back in the Army. If they won't have me, I want some other post which will justify existence. Perhaps I shall have it before the Reunion.

ERIC ALEXANDER DOUGLAS

HOME ADDRESS: 390 S. Grand Ave., Pasadena, Calif.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 1741 Cloverfield Blvd., Santa Monica, Calif.

BORN: April 16, 1895, Buffalo, N. Y. PARENTS: William Alexander Douglas,
Alice Charlotte Hedström.

PREPARED AT: Middlesex School, Concord, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

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MARRIED: Katherine A. Leeming, Dec. 1, 1916, Buffalo, N. Y. (divorced 1935); Louise Sill, 1937. CHILDREN: William Alexander, 2d, Nov. 20, 1917; Peter Leeming, Dec. 20, 1918.

HARVARD SONS: William Alexander Douglas, 2d, '39, A.M., '40; Peter Leeming Douglas, '39.

OCCUPATION: Manufacturer.

OFFICES HELD: President, Santa Monica Tiles; director, Union National Bank of Pasadena.

MEMBER OF: Valley Hunt Club, Pasadena, Calif.

WE have heard that you can't make bricks without straw and now Eric Douglas tells us that you can make them without being a specialist in foreign languages. Even college Spanish doesn't help him with his Mexican employees. He writes:

I AM afraid that, having been uprooted in 1917 from the environs of Cambridge and transplanted to southern California, I am very much out of touch with the spirit of the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Class of 1917. When I was in Boston this summer for the first time in years, I noticed great enthusiasm in next spring's reunion. I hope very much to be present for I shall find pleasure in renewing connections with the happiest days of my life so far.

As a family man I find my college degree entirely inadequate as far as making me a fine *pater familias*. In that respect I am a complete flop.

As a businessman, fate settled me in a business very far removed from the cultured halls of Cambridge — manufacturing brick, roofing tile, etc. Think of it, a specialist in foreign languages, the diplomatic career I planned, possibly a doctor — and the irony of it all. Most of my employees are Mexican and my college Spanish of Professor Ford does not register on them.

Suffice it to say, politically I have been thrown out of the best houses in Pasadena and environs. Need I say that my immediate locale is strictly conservative.

My hobby is helping to find jobs for the many men who come to this part of the world without some occupation in view. Don't do it!

It is very satisfying to be a Harvard graduate. The state universities turn out so many thousands of graduates out here that to go to college seems no great distinction, but from those who

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have heard of Harvard seems to creep a note of admiration and, let me add, a little curiosity.

I dislike intensely women in slacks, men in Hollywood shirts and pastel trousers, and also women in bars, when they exclude men. I have some feeling about women in barber shops.

Until this moment I have felt reasonably satisfied with the past twenty-five years. Now that the book has caused me to glance more carefully over these years, it seems to me that my life has been rather dull.

CHARLES DOUGLASS

ADDRESS: 77 Lowell St., Manchester, N. H.

BORN: Oct. 8, 1895, New York, N. Y. PARENTS: Alfred Douglass, Florence Louise Wilson.

PREPARED AT: Sanford School, Redding Ridge, Conn.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

OCCUPATION: Business Manager, Douglass, Incorporated.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., Aug., 1917; commissioned 1st lieutenant Infantry Nov. 27; assigned to 310th Infantry, 78th Division, Dec. 15; sailed for France May 20, 1918; detailed to Infantry Specialists School, Langres, July 1 to July 31; to American Students' Detachment, University of Birmingham, England, March 20, 1919; discharged Aug. 14, 1919. Engagements: Saint-Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne offensives.

CHARLES DOUGLASS was a mining engineer for many years.

SPENCER BROWN DOWNING

HOME ADDRESS: 325 Hathaway Lane, Wynnewood, Pa.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Sun Shipbuilding & Drydock Co., Chester, Pa.

BORN: Oct. 6, 1893, Wallingford, Pa. PARENTS: Robert William Downing, Katharine Parker Dickson.

PREPARED AT: St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1915.

MARRIED: Mae Duross Patterson, Oct. 3, 1916, Philadelphia, Pa. CHILDREN: Spencer Brown, Jr., Dec. 1, 1918; Mary Duross, Aug. 18, 1922.

OCCUPATION: Employed in Purchasing Department, Sun Shipbuilding & Drydock Company.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: American Red Cross Ambulance Service, 1917; corporal, 307th Infantry, Company A, 1917-1919; overseas 380 days with A. E. F.

OFFICES HELD: President, Roadway Advertising Company, Philadelphia, Pa.; partner, John H. Gardner, Incorporated, Upper Darby, Pa.

HAVING been in a number of selling jobs, Spencer Downing must enjoy being on the other side of the desk — in the purchasing department. He writes:

AFTER service in France with the American Red Cross Ambulance Service, I was drafted into the 77th Division of the National Army, 307th Infantry, and I left the service in May, 1919, a corporal, after a year plus in the American Expeditionary Forces. No wounds, no citation, plenty of excitement. I worked in a broker's office until 1924, when I formed a small advertising company, which I liquidated in 1931. Subsequently I was unemployed, or at odd selling jobs until 1934, when I joined a local auto dealer and I sold autos from that time until mid-July, 1941, when I secured permanent employment with the Sun Shipbuilding & Drydock Company of Chester, Pennsylvania, in the purchasing department.

I still have a wife and a son and a daughter, and we all enjoy each other's company and had a fine vacation together in July, 1941, at Long Lake, New York, in the Adirondacks. I am a dyed-in-the-wool Republican, but am not the least bit interested in political activities. My hobby, and according to my wife my obsession, is photography. I have just built myself a model dark-room. My children and I enjoy horseback riding and tennis. I gave up golf during the Depression and have not been drawn to it since. Next to photography, I prefer fresh-water swimming as an extracurricular activity. I am a member of the Harvard Club of Philadelphia, but seldom have time to see many of the boys.

I am grey-haired, not too stout, very healthy and active; I like to read, and do not patronize night clubs to any extent; in fact I might be called a home-body.

I believe that we should beat Hitler — all out! But I do not believe in the thirty-month service plan, as I think the boys can be trained in one year under competent instructors (which at present seem to be few and far between), and the instruction should be of a character to develop the individual initiative in action and in map-reading and planning, instead of the close-order drills and details of kitchen police, etc., which now consume about three-quarters of the soldier's life.

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ROBERT MARSTERS DRIVER

HOME ADDRESS: 211 High St., Newburyport, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: New England Telephone & Telegraph Co., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Oct. 13, 1893, Weston, Mass. PARENTS: Andrew Brown Driver, Susan Porter Dodge.

PREPARED AT: Browne and Nichols School, Cambridge, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1915.

MARRIED: Josephine Pierce Little, Sept. 10, 1921, Newburyport, Mass. CHILDREN: Susan, Aug. 3, 1924; Henrietta, Aug. 6, 1928.

OCCUPATION: Engineer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Aug. 15; assigned to Headquarters Company, 101st Infantry, 26th Division, Aug. 31; transferred to Company E, 104th Infantry, 26th Division; to Company G, 1st Army Headquarters Regiment; promoted 1st lieutenant Jan. 30, 1918; sailed for France March 21; detailed to American Students' Detachment, Cambridge University; discharged July 29, 1919.

BOB DRIVER must be "the soul of wit" according to W. Shakespeare's definition of "brevity." He reports briefly:

I HAVE lived for the last twenty years in Newburyport, Massachusetts, the native city of my wife and the birthplace of my two daughters.

Including the depression years of the nineteen thirties, I have commuted regularly to my job with the New England Telephone & Telegraph Company in Boston.

EDWARD WILFRED DUGGAN

ADDRESS: 1 West St., Milford, Mass.

BORN: Nov. 11, 1895, Milford, Mass. PARENTS: John Joseph Duggan, Catherine Veronica Carroll.

PREPARED AT: Milford High School, Milford, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

OCCUPATION: Retired.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled seaman 1st class U. S. Naval Reserve Force April 21, 1917; assigned to Scout Patrol No. 610; appointed ensign Feb. 8, 1918; entered Reserve Officers' Training Class, U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.; graduated and commissioned ensign (temporary) U. S. Navy May 29; assigned to U. S. S. *Kearsarge*; transferred to 9th Naval District, Great Lakes, Ill., Nov. 20 as aide to commandant; to Submarine Chaser No. 432 March 15, 1919; to Submarine Chaser No. 411 March 30; to Submarine Chaser No. 438 May 15 as command-

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ing officer; to Submarine Chaser No. 432 June 5 as commanding officer; promoted lieutenant (junior grade, temporary) July 1; transferred to U. S. S. *Babbitt* Nov. 5; resignation accepted Jan. 10, 1920.

EDWARD DUGGAN in 1920 was in Milford, Massachusetts; in 1923 he was in New York with the American Express Company; in 1927 he was with the same company in Hong Kong, China; and in 1940 he was back in Milford, Massachusetts.

GARDNER DAVIS DUMAS

HOME ADDRESS: 376 Andover St., Lowell, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Dumas & Co., 67 Middle St., Lowell, Mass.

BORN: Dec. 18, 1895, Lowell, Mass. PARENTS: Ernest Grant Dumas, Seraphine Gardner Mason.

PREPARED AT: Lowell High School, Lowell, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1914.

MARRIED: Beryl Mills, Sept. 18, 1929, Lowell, Mass. CHILD: Ernest Mills, Nov. 3, 1932.

HARVARD BROTHER: Allan Mason Dumas, '11 (deceased).

OCCUPATION: Manufacturing Stationer — Printing, Paper Ruling, Bookbinding.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled quartermaster 1st class U. S. Naval Reserve Force May 2, 1917; assigned to Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Fla., June 26; appointed ensign Dec. 26; assigned to Naval Training Station, Great Lakes, Ill., Jan. 15, 1918; transferred to Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Sept. 26; released from active duty Jan. 25, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Secretary, Lowell Lions Club; past master, Ahasuerus Council, A. F. & A. M.

MEMBER OF: A. F. & A. M.; Vesper Country Club; Yorick Club; Lowell Harvard Club.

AS far as we know Gardner Dumas has been a manufacturing stationer ever since 1919. There's an old proverb that "Shoemakers' wives are worst shod." In this case it might be changed to "Manufacturing stationers' Class Secretaries are least written."

✠ ATHERTON KINSLEY DUNBAR

BORN: Aug. 15, 1895, Canton, Mass. PARENTS: Kinsley Dunbar, Anna Marsh Hewett.

PREPARED AT: Brookline High School, Brookline, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: S.B. *cum laude*, 1917.

MARRIED: Luena Nelson, March 22, 1919.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Quartermaster 3d class U. S. Naval Reserve Force stationed at Naval Training Station, Marblehead, Mass., when

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United States entered the war; promoted quartermaster 1st class June 1, 1917; transferred to Patrol Boat *Aztec* June 10; appointed ensign Sept. 28; entered Reserve Officers' Training Class, U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.; graduated and commissioned ensign (temporary) U. S. Navy Jan. 30, 1918; assigned to Submarine Base, New London, Conn., Feb. 4; transferred to Submarine L-8 July 1; promoted lieutenant (junior grade, temporary) Aug. 15; transferred to Submarine Base, New London, Oct. 11 as aide to commander; resignation accepted Jan. 16, 1919.

DIED: May 19, 1922, Cambridge, Mass.

FATHER: Kinsley Dunbar, 100 Winchester St., Brookline, Mass.

DUNBAR spent a year in the Graduate School after graduation and then became an assistant in chemistry at Harvard. In 1919 he was appointed a fellow for research in cryogenic engineering. His work was carried on under Professor Harvey N. Davis, now president of the Stevens Institute of Technology, and included a revision of "Baly's curve," for twenty years considered a statement of fundamental law. He made this discovery in repeating for another pair of gases the work of Baly, an English physicist who had measured the temperatures at which various mixtures of oxygen began to liquefy, and the extent to which the liquid thus formed was richer in oxygen than the original mixture.

His last work was on a problem assigned by the United States Bureau of Mines as a part of their effort to put the production of helium for balloons on a sound engineering basis. It was while on this work that he was killed in an explosion in the Jefferson Physical Laboratory.

In his memory, and bearing his name, a new laboratory for cryogenic engineering research was later established at Harvard by his friends. In the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin* of May 25, 1922, Professor Harvey N. Davis wrote of him: "I have seldom known a man better fitted for research work. He had great manipulative skill, that is, the ability to do anything with his hands supremely well; he had also a fine, keen, clear brain; and, best of all, he had initiative, he kept his job going and growing for himself, and most of the help that the rest of us gave him consisted of encouragement and appreciation. Any one of these qualities raises its possessor above the average; the combination of all three is extremely rare. His temperament also was ideal for his work. Happy, eager, indefatigable, unafraid, he brought to his work

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an enthusiasm that surmounted all obstacles, and inspired all who knew him."

✠ DAVID DUNCAN

BORN: Dec. 5, 1893, Westchester, N. Y. PARENTS: William Butler Duncan, Blanche Havermeyer.

PREPARED AT: Groton School, Groton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917.

MARRIED: Emmalena Sizer, Jan. 17, 1920, New York, N. Y. CHILDREN: David, Jr., Nov. 8, 1920; Ann Mary, April 22, 1924.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Distinguished war record; Croix de Guerre with star; citation from city of Château-Thierry; three separate citations from Major General John A. Lejeune, war-time Marine commander.

DIED: Jan. 2, 1936, Providence, R. I.

WIDOW: Mrs. David Duncan, 55 Olive St., Providence, R. I.

AT the time of his death, which followed a long illness, Duncan was prominent in the textile business, being secretary of the Lonsdale Company in Providence, textile manufacturers, and a member of the firm of Goddard Brothers, mill agents. He joined the Lonsdale Company after the war and became a member of Goddard Brothers a few years before his death. He was also treasurer of the Butler Hospital in Providence, a director of the General Cotton Corporation of Fall River, and had served as secretary of the American Association of Cotton Manufacturers. He was a major in the United States Marine Corps Reserve.

While he was in College Duncan was a member of the Freshman Football Team, the University Football Squad, the Institute of 1770, the D. K. E., the Iroquois Club, the Fly Club, the Hasty Pudding Club, and the Groton School Club.

"Dave Duncan was first and last a gentleman," writes our classmate, Greenough Townsend, "not in the popular acceptance of the word, but in the real sense — that he would never let one down. He was a real soldier, an able businessman, a useful and active citizen, a loyal friend, a thoroughly sound man who had only just begun to do his job in life, a great credit to his family, his University, and his country.

"Although I had known Dave Duncan casually since our Freshman year, I never became really close to him until we were in the same Machine Gun Company on the Mexican Border in 1916. It was then that he began to show his ability as a soldier, an

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ability which reached its climax with his very fine service with the Marine Corps in France in 1918. After our association on the Border, Dave and I were very much together until after the war, when he went to live in Providence.

"He was not an easy man to know, but once one won his confidence one could be sure that Dave would always be a reliable tentmate. I believe he was considered snobbish by some who did not know him or were unable to gain his friendship. A snob was the last thing he was. True, he had no patience with any who did not come up to scratch, in his own or any other walk of life, but he was equally free to give his friendship to any or all who were worthy of his confidence.

"Throughout our career together — Cambridge, Mexican Border, Washington, Parris Island, Quantico — I always considered myself lucky and honored to be considered one of his intimates. And Dave and I saw a good deal of life together, much of it pleasant, and a good deal of it sordid and difficult. We were together in a good many situations where we might easily have come out bitter enemies, and no doubt I tried him sorely at moments, as he did me, but we always emerged with the bonds of friendship bound more securely than ever."

✦ ANDREW KERSHNER DUNN

BORN: April 21, 1894, Charleston, Ill. PARENTS: Frank Kershner Dunn, Alice Rose Trimble.

PREPARED AT: Eastern Illinois State Normal School, Charleston, Ill.; Hill School, Pottstown, Pa.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Aug. 15; assigned to 304th Infantry, 76th Division, Aug. 29; sailed for France, July 8, 1918; killed in action Sept. 12, 1918 at Bois-le-Prêtre, France. Engagement: Saint-Mihiel offensive.

DIED: Sept. 12, 1918, Bois-le-Prêtre, France.

FATHER: Frank Kershner Dunn, 924 S. Sixth St., Charleston, Ill.

OF all the Harvard men who were strengthened to endure the burden of war by a vital and passionate devotion to ideals," we read in *Memoirs of the Harvard Dead in the War Against Germany*, "few were more uplifted and inspired by their convictions than Andrew Kershner Dunn. The simplicity of his

faith, the quiet nobleness of purpose and the never-failing cheerfulness with which he met the problems of life and even of death, made a lasting impression on everyone with whom he came in contact. And, as his classmate, Russell Thurston Fry, says in the Triennial Report of the Class of 1917:

“His friends were not confined to those he made in college, for in his home town — where one finds the acid test of a man's worth — the Charleston Post of the American Legion has taken his name, and the Andrew Kershner Dunn Post will long stand as a fitting memorial to one whose devotion to duty, whose sincere desire to give his utmost in service cost him his life.’ ”

Dunn was never an athlete in College, but derived his chief pleasures from his studies and the conversation of his particular friends. He was a member of the Western, Speakers', and D. U. Clubs, and took an active part in the affairs of these organizations. After taking his examinations in May of our Senior year, he entered the First Officers' Training Camp at Plattsburg. In August he received his commission as a second lieutenant of Infantry, Reserve Corps, and was attached to the 76th Ammunition Train at Camp Devens, Massachusetts. Applying for a transfer to an infantry regiment, he was assigned to the 304th Infantry, 76th Division.

Nearly a year later his division sailed for England, crossed to Havre, and was designated as a replacement division. Dunn was ordered to the Vosges and assigned to the 359th Infantry, 90th Division. His request to be sent into the line was granted and, being sent to Company G, 359th Infantry, he went to the front-line trenches in the Puvenelle sector on the night of August 23. A few days later his unit was relieved but, as the relieving company did not have its full quota of officers, Dunn stayed on. On the morning of September 12 the first large-scale operation under complete American control began at Saint-Mihiel and Dunn took up his share of the great attack. It was here that he was killed instantly by a burst of shrapnel while encouraging his men.

“Sincerity and devotion were the driving forces of Andy's life,” Russell Fry wrote of Dunn, “sincerity in all his dealings with his fellows, devotion to his ideals and to the tasks which he undertook. And it was these same most laudable characteristics which led him to his death. For his ideal of an officer was a leader of

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men — not a truck driver or pusher of pens. And so he left the sheltered jobs which chance had given him, and asked for the assignment which cost him his life.”

JAMES PHELAN DYER

HOME ADDRESS: 386 High St., Newburyport, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Merrimac Hat Corp., Amesbury, Mass.

BORN: Jan. 4, 1895, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: John Henry Dyer, Mary Phelan.

PREPARED AT: Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, N. H.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Margaret Ann Connolly, Nov. 17, 1917, Beverly Farms, Mass.

CHILDREN: Mary, June 26, 1919; John, Jan. 3, 1922; Brenda, April 18, 1926.

HARVARD SON: John Dyer, '44.

OCCUPATION: Hat Manufacturer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Ensign, United States Naval Reserve Force, first World War.

JIM DYER'S business experience began with shoes and worked up to hats. His "Life":

I JOINED the Navy shortly after receiving my diploma from the office boy, he having conferred this upon me because I was in Wakefield with the Harvard Reserve Officers' Training Corps during Commencement exercises.

After my discharge from the Navy I tried to sell bonds, but discovered that that was as difficult as buying them without any money. I manufactured shoes for a few years and then joined the Merrimac Hat Corporation to manufacture hats — definitely coming up in the world. I have been happily and busily engaged in production planning with Merrimac for the past sixteen years.

About my family life? I can best express myself by stating that it is practically my entire life. I firmly believe that the world would be a far better place in which to live if man planned his life around his family, providing, guiding, and striving to bring happiness into his home.

Hobbies? Gardening, golf, and, thanks to Professor George Lyman Kittredge, an appreciation of Shakespeare that increases as the years go by.

Pet aversions? Having my picture taken, and writing the ac-

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count of my life since graduation. I'm sure our Class Secretary will confirm this.

MADISON PARKER DYER

ADDRESS: 10 Park St., Brookline, Mass.

BORN: May 11, 1895, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Frank Wells Dyer, Ruth Hurlbut Parker.

PREPARED AT: Volkmann School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Marjorie Mildram, Aug. 2, 1918, Baltimore, Md. (divorced 1926); Victoria Munn Childs, April 18, 1934, Brookline, Mass. CHILDREN: Georgia Victoria Childs, April 24, 1929 (stepchild); Peter Madison, Nov. 22, 1934.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Dec. 13, 1917; assigned to Company B, 8th Division Motor Supply Train; promoted corporal November, 1918; discharged March, 1919.

MEMBER OF: American Legion; Massachusetts State Guard.

MADDY DYER has had a varied career but like other classmates he has "had a lot of fun." He writes:

BORN May 11, 1895, in Boston, Massachusetts, of Yankee parentage: father, Frank Wells Dyer, mother, Ruth Hurlbut Parker. Attended primary school in Boston. Graduated from Volkmann School, 1913. Attended Harvard four years and graduated 1917. Member Harvard Reserve Officers' Training Corps. Enlisted fall of 1917. Served in the Eighth Division Motor Supply Train as a non-commissioned officer. Discharged at Camp Devens March, 1919. In the meantime, was married in Baltimore, Maryland, August 2, 1918, to Marjorie Mildram. One child born in summer of 1919 died in infancy. Attended Harvard Business School for one year — special session August, 1919, to May, 1920.

Entered employ of L. M. Dyer & Company in May, 1920, wholesale and retail provision dealers in Faneuil Hall, Boston. Remained there until business was dissolved in 1926. Was divorced in September, 1926. Went into business in Portland, Maine, for a year. Then became a salesman for two years with an oil burner and refrigerator company which is now out of business. In August, 1929, entered the employ of R. L. Day & Company and was associated with them until January, 1941. Brokerage business being what it is, since my connection with

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them was severed, I have done various things. Connected with Blyth & Company for a time. In 1934 was married to Victoria Munn Childs, in Harvard Church, Brookline, and our son Peter Madison, was born in the same year, the week of the Harvard-Yale football game. Consequently, I always remember his birthday. I also have a stepdaughter, Georgia Victoria Childs. She is twelve years old, red-headed, and I am sure she is going places.

As for clubs, I cannot afford them. I resigned from the Harvard Club ten years ago. I belong to the American Legion, and am also a member of the Massachusetts State Guard.

We haven't much money, but we have had a lot of fun. I only hope we can keep this country that way for our children, who live after us. Let us hope our Twenty-fifth Reunion in June is not like our graduation in June, 1917.

I am a Republican and Episcopalian. I never voted for Franklin D., but am afraid I support him now.

CHARLES FRANCIS EATON

ADDRESS: Flint St., Marblehead Neck, Mass.

BORN: July 8, 1895, Marblehead Neck, Mass. PARENTS: Charles Samuel Eaton, Ella Frances Thompson.

PREPARED AT: Middlesex School, Concord, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: S.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Ethel Melba Mersereau, Jan. 8, 1921, Brookline, Mass. CHILDREN: Randolph Clay, Dec. 11, 1921; Richard Sumner, Jan. 14, 1925.

HARVARD BROTHER: Ezra Samuel Eaton, '10.

OCCUPATION: Retired.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Oct. 4, 1917; assigned to Headquarters Company, 301st Field Artillery, 76th Division, Camp Devens, Mass., Oct. 23; transferred to Aviation Section, Signal Corps Dec. 4; detailed to School of Military Aëronautics, Princeton University, Feb. 16, 1918; transferred to Scott Field, Ill., May 15; qualified as Reserve Military Aviator and was commissioned 2d lieutenant Air Service, Military Aëronautics July 16; detailed to Brooks Field, Texas, Aug. 10; transferred to Air Service Mechanics' School, St. Paul, Minn., Sept. 16; discharged Jan. 3, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Vice-president and assistant treasurer, Thompson's Spa, Boston, 1929-1933; treasurer, 1933; trustee, Northeastern University, 1931-1936.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of Boston; Eastern Yacht Club, Marblehead, Mass.; The Beach Club, Swampscott, Mass.

CHARLIE EATON, born and brought up in Massachusetts, has

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succumbed to the lure of Florida where all the year he can pursue his hobby of yachting. His "Life":

FOLLOWING a stretch in the Army, I went to work in Thompson's Spa, from which I resigned as treasurer in 1933, after about fifteen years. Since 1936 I have spent most of my time in Florida, principally at Fort Lauderdale, and became a resident of that state in 1939.

I have done considerable yachting on the east coast between Maine and Florida, and as far west on the Gulf as New Orleans. I have acquired some land at Fort Lauderdale and am looking forward to building a home there as soon as conditions warrant, which I trust will be in the not too distant future.

THOMAS HOOPER ECKFELDT, JR.

HOME ADDRESS: 62 Bond St., Fitchburg, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Headquarters 33d Field Artillery, 1st Division, Camp Blanding, Fla.

BORN: Jan. 28, 1896, New Bedford, Mass. PARENTS: Thomas Hooper Eckfeldt, Grace Marston Weed.

PREPARED AT: St. Andrew's School, Concord, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Ruth Carter Grant, April 27, 1918, Fitchburg, Mass. CHILDREN: Thomas Hooper, 3d, May 26, 1920; Grant, Oct. 15, 1921; Rosamond, Jan. 10, 1924; John Marston, Feb. 28, 1926; Carolyn, Nov. 19, 1928.

HARVARD BROTHER: Roger Weed Eckfeldt, '13.

OCCUPATION: Major Field Artillery, United States Army.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Sergeant Battery C, 1st Massachusetts Field Artillery; organization federalized and later designated Battery C, 101st Field Artillery, 26th Division; commissioned provisional 2d lieutenant Field Artillery, Regular Army, Aug. 7; promoted provisional 1st lieutenant Aug. 7; detailed to Officers' Training Camp, Fort Leavenworth, Kans.; assigned to Battery A, 3d Field Artillery, 6th Division, Nov. 18; detailed to School of Fire, Fort Sill, Okla., Feb. 9 to April 18, 1918; promoted temporary captain July 9; sailed for France July 14; resignation accepted Aug. 25, 1919. Captain and major Field Artillery Reserve since 1922; on extended active duty since Dec. 9, 1940.

TOM ECKFELDT went back into the Army Dec. 9, 1940, and probably has had no chance to write his "Life." From 1919 to 1923 he was with a textile concern in Fitchburg, and since then he had been transportation manager of a Fitchburg manufacturing concern.

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CHARLES HENRY EGLEE, JR.

ADDRESS: 1298 Chapel St., New Haven, Conn.

BORN: July 4, 1894, Flushing, N. Y. PARENTS: Charles Henry Eglee, Frances Boyden Sammis.

PREPARED AT: Brookline High School, Brookline, Mass.; Stone School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1915.

MARRIED: Mildred Douglas Read, Oct. 30, 1919, New Haven, Conn. CHILD: Donald Read, May 19, 1925.

OCCUPATION: Real Estate and Insurance; Lieutenant Commander, United States Naval Reserve.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled seaman 2d class, U. S. Naval Reserve Force, Jan. 30, 1918; assigned to Naval Training Camp, Bumkin Island, Mass.; transferred to Scout Patrol No. 548 May 8; appointed ensign June 7; graduated Reserve Officers' Training Class, U. S. Naval Academy and commissioned ensign (temporary) U. S. Navy; assigned to U. S. S. *Michigan* on patrol duty; later to destroyer *McDougal*; resignation accepted June 23, 1919. Commissioned lieutenant U. S. Naval Reserve May 1, 1932, and lieutenant commander Jan. 1, 1940.

RECENTLY we wrote Charlie Eglee and as a postscript added, "I suppose that by this time you are an admiral." Charlie came back with, "Admiral, Hell! I'm in line for Chief of Naval Operations." Possibly by the time this is published he will be. We hope so. His "Life":

AFTER reading *H. M. Pulham, Esq.*, the difficulty of writing such a thing as a Class Life becomes rather awesome. This is particularly true when you have led a rather prosaic and routine sort of life such as mine.

Having rather fanciful ideas toward the end of the Sophomore year, and not being within reach of passing off too many conditions, I left to go into construction work on a dam in Maine. After living in the sticks for seven months, I returned to civilization and went to New Haven, Connecticut, where my company was putting up several large factory buildings for Winchester Repeating Arms Company to be used for the manufacture of rifles and ammunition for the British. It was not until then that the realization of a war in Europe was brought home; it meant nothing in the woods of Maine. I drifted to shipbuilding and then went into the Navy as a seaman, second class, after the entry of the United States into the war had been a reality for some

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time. My war service was as routine as it possibly could be: training camp, sub-chaser, officer school at Annapolis, battleship, destroyer, discharge. The one bright spot in this service was a rather long cruise through the Caribbean and then duty in the eastern Atlantic as a station ship for the transatlantic NC Flying Boats of the Navy on their memorable flight in 1919.

I returned to Winchester's after the war, remaining until the depression of 1922, when I bounced from pillar to post, finally landing in the real estate business. I have been in that business ever since in one form or another.

Marriage took place in 1919, shortly after discharge, and a son was born in 1925. A daughter came in 1930, but did not live.

My main hobby has been the Naval Reserve in which I enrolled immediately after discharge in 1919. The result has been that I have been on active duty since October, 1940. The usual collecting hobbies have passed me by except for periodic dabbling in stamps. I'm thankful that the "antique bug" never bit me.

Travel has never been within my reach and so after settling down in New Haven, I stayed there and am living in the same house, when home. The neighborhood has become most enlightening as it has gradually descended from being residential. We now enjoy varying types of boarding and rooming houses and a restaurant and tavern across the street — all of which has been quite educational.

So you see, nothing of importance or interest has transpired during the twenty-five years since 1917. Boring, possibly, to some, but satisfying with it all.

KARL MARX ELISH

ADDRESS: R. D. 2, Box 61, Middleburgh, N. Y.

BORN: May 3, 1895, New York, N. Y. PARENTS: Maurice Murdock Elish, Annie Matlin.

PREPARED AT: Erasmus Hall High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Mabel McKee Nixon, Feb. 25, 1926, New York, N. Y.

OCCUPATION: Poultryman.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Aug. 15; assigned to 103d Infantry, 26th Division, Sept. 1; sailed for France Sept. 27; attached to 101st Military Police June 1, 1918; transferred to

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Headquarters 1st Army Aug. 1; detailed to American Students' Detachment, University of Paris, March 8 to July 1, 1919; discharged Aug. 29, 1919. Engagements: Chemin des Dames sector, La Reine sector, Château-Thierry, Marne-Aisne, Saint-Mihiel, and Meuse-Argonne offensives.

OFFICES HELD: Chairman, Americanism and Oratorical Committee, Timothy Murphy Post No. 248, American Legion (1941).

MEMBER OF: American Legion; Grange; Schoharie County Farm Bureau.

WHEN he sent in his Questionnaire Karl Elish wrote, "I couldn't bring myself to the point of drawing morals and a lucky thing too, for with a war on, the combined reflections of the whole Class are something less than a kitten's sneeze in a high wind. As I should like very much to help finish the job that we started out to do in 1917, I have applied for a commission. If you know someone, or even someone who knows someone, please use your influence." Later, he wrote, "Your Final Goad received. If you are not content with the bare outline of a misspent life, you may print the sour memo I sent with it."

✦ PHILIP HASKELL ELLIOTT

BORN: Sept. 21, 1894, Roxbury, Mass. PARENTS: Frederick William Elliott, Ethel Haskell.

PREPARED AT: Public Latin School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1914.

HARVARD BROTHER: Paul Blodgett Elliott, '19.

DIED: May 27, 1914.

BROTHER: Paul Blodgett Elliott, 11 Warren St., Winchester, Mass.

PHILIP HASKELL ELLIOTT, who died towards the close of his Freshman year, was a boy of unusual promise. Quiet, unassuming, conscientious, and earnest, he had won the friendship and admiration of all his associates and made an outstanding record at his school and at summer camps which he attended.

Although by no means the most brilliant scholar in his school classes, he attained very high standing by virtue of long, hard work. Each year at Latin School he won the Fidelity Prize, which is given to the boy who in the masters' opinion has demonstrated the most honest, conscientious, and sincere effort in all his work. Henry Pennypacker, at that time headmaster of Latin School, said that Philip was one of the most high-minded, conscientious,

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able, and promising boys who had ever graduated from the school during his mastership there.

At summer camps for boys, which Philip attended as a boy and junior counsellor, he was awarded the cup for general excellence and highest camp honors.

Philip's Harvard life was unfortunately brief, as he had to leave because of illness in the spring of his Freshman year. He achieved a high standard of class work and found time to enter the competition for Freshman football manager, to run on the cross-country team, and to try for the *Crimson* board. Karl Jackson, one of his college roommates, has written of him as follows:

"It was my pleasure to know Phil Elliott quite well during pre-college days. We became acquainted at a summer camp for young boys, and we maintained the friendship continuously. Phil was a delightful fellow, sincere, generous, earnest, and fine. He took college life very seriously, was successful in his studies, and was actively interested in all college activities. Without doubt he would have had a brilliant career."

One feature of Philip's life which it may not be amiss to mention, though he himself never paraded it, was his intense interest in his church and Sunday School, and his devotion to a Christian ideal of living. He had a deep-seated conviction, unusual in a boy of his age, of the value to him of his religion, and he tried, with great success, to follow its teachings in his everyday life. The pastor of the Stoughton Street Baptist Church, where Philip was a leader in the Christian Endeavor Society, taught Sunday School, and had a troop of Boy Scouts, wrote of Philip:

"It is almost thirty years since I knew Philip, but despite this lapse of time I do not fail to recall his interest in the finer things of life, his looking forward to his college course not merely as a means of livelihood, but as an opportunity to prepare himself to render a real service to his fellow-man, all the enthusiasms and idealisms of a clean-minded youth."

EBEN HOWES ELLISON, JR.

HOME ADDRESS: 48 Sargent St., Newton, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 26 South St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Sept. 8, 1894, Newton, Mass. PARENTS: Eben Howes Ellison, Grace Melville.

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PREPARED AT: Newton High School, Newton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: S.B., 1917.

UNMARRIED.

OCCUPATION: Sole Leather Tanner.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Gunners' mate 3d class U. S. Naval Reserve Force when United States entered the war; called to active duty April 14, 1917, and assigned to Patrol Boat *Talofa*; promoted gunner's mate 1st class June 1; appointed ensign Sept. 27; entered Reserve Officers' Training Class, U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md., Oct. 10; graduated and commissioned ensign (temporary) U. S. Navy Feb. 1, 1918; assigned to U. S. S. *Des Moines* on convoy duty Feb. 21; transferred to Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation, Quincy, Mass., May 27 for duty in connection with fitting out Destroyer *Maury*; promoted lieutenant (junior grade, temporary) Sept. 21; overseas on Destroyer *Maury* Sept. 23; transferred to Destroyer *Dyer* April 16; resignation accepted July 19, 1919.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of Boston; Harvard Club of New York; Chemists' Club, New York.

SINCE his resignation from the Navy Eb Ellison's sole business has been leather. He writes:

I LEFT College in the spring of 1917 to go on a coast patrol boat. Later I was sent to Annapolis where I received a temporary commission as ensign. From there I spent about three months on a gunboat taking convoys to Europe, after which I was transferred to a destroyer building at Fore River. This was commissioned in September, 1918, and from then until the middle of November, we were convoying troop ships.

After the Armistice we were sent to the Mediterranean for nine months in connection with the Peace Conference in Paris, and returned to the United States in June, 1919, when I was discharged.

Early in 1920 I started in business with Proctor Ellison Company, tanners of sole leather, where I have been ever since.

ELMER MORRISON ELLSWORTH

ADDRESS: Treasure Island Plantations, Cidra, Puerto Rico.

BORN: Dec. 22, 1895, Braintree, Mass. PARENTS: James Drummond Ellsworth, Mabel Silsbee Morrison.

PREPARED AT: Barnard School, New York, N. Y.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Amo Umbstaetter, Aug. 18, 1917, Lexington, Mass. (died April 22,

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1925); Margarita Domenech, Feb. 13, 1926 (divorced 1931); Gregoria Torres, July 7, 1941. CHILDREN: Sylvia Morrison, Sept., 1928; Jeremiah Domenech, Oct., 1930.

OCCUPATION: Grower of Pineapple and Citrus Fruit, Truck Crops and Flowers.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Aug. 15; assigned to 151st Depot Brigade, Camp Devens, Mass., Sept. 1; promoted 1st lieutenant Aug. 23, 1918; transferred to 36th Machine Gun Battalion, 12th Division, Camp Devens, Oct. 30; discharged Jan. 29, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Manager, Day Plantations, 1921-1926; founding director, Puerto Rico Pineapple Growers Association; member House of Representatives of Puerto Rico as candidate for Popular Democratic Party (elected November 5, 1940); member, Finance Committee, Commission of Agriculture, Commission of Industry, Commission of Labor of the 15th Puerto Rican Congress.

PUBLICATIONS: Various articles in magazines and periodicals in the United States and in Puerto Rico.

ABOUT a year ago Elmer Ellsworth wrote, "Perhaps you have seen in the papers that the new Popular Democratic Party (which I helped to organize) came out the winner in the recent elections here in Puerto Rico. I ran for the House of Representatives and was elected. All campaign speeches I made in Spanish. There hasn't been a continental American in the Legislature here since about twenty years ago when Walter McK. Jones, another Harvard man, was elected." Ellsworth's "Life":

WHAT "blows and bludgeonings of fate" have rained upon the innocent heads of the generation which graduated from college some twenty-five years ago. Without even time to finish their senior year normally, smash bang into the first World War! Their first test by fire! But to be followed in staggering succession by others different but no less trying on body and soul — the grand boom years, with stocks on the up and up; the "Dance of the Millions" wilder and wilder, drunker and drunker on bathtub gin; the grander Crash with oh, such a hangover, oh, such a head; the Great Depression bearing down harder and harder until there seemed nothing left in one to squeeze; and then a brief moment of let-up and of taking one's breath before the second World War!

And believe it or not, there are quite a number of us still surviving, still alive and kicking with "heads bloody but unbowed."

Yes, and still in the process of acquiring the education which innocently we may have thought we were completing in that spring of 1917. Still learning, and perhaps more important, *unlearning*! And what a terrible amount to unlearn had a Harvard or Yale or Princeton graduate of twenty-five years ago, who came from the "right side of the tracks," the "cream of the crop" in the golden age of American business. For myself, I know, the unlearning began with a rush within a few months after leaving Cambridge. As an officer in a Depot Brigade Company at Camp Devens, my job was to begin making soldiers out of the draftees that kept pouring in and out of our outfit at the rate of about 200 every three or four weeks. Those hundreds, those thousands (during a year on the job) of men from all walks of life — a typical cross section of the American melting pot — gave the first big impetus to my own "learning," or "unlearning." They were my instructors, teachers in a bigger and more important sense than I was theirs. They taught one something more valuable than "squads right." They taught me about human nature. They gave me a great faith in the common man, in the masses of common men, which has never left me. Those men of so many racial stocks, workers mostly of the humblest origin, began the process of demolishing the structure of prejudices, false values, yes, and snobberies which private school and college, and probably home background, too, had solidly erected in my mind.

And after the war here in Puerto Rico the lowly peons and campesinos of this poor orphan colony of the United States have pretty thoroughly finished the job. Living in the most appalling poverty and want, these Puerto Rican neighbors and good friends of mine somehow miraculously retain their human dignity, their self-respect, their integrity, and most important of all, their morale. Yes, I have had a long, close look at humanity in one of the most wretchedly poor and underprivileged spots of the western hemisphere, and yet, instead of diminishing, that faith of mine in the common man (first learned at Camp Devens) has grown mightily. The brotherhood of all mankind — to find the key, social and economic, so that this old but still greatest of visions may become a reality — that has become for me the one job most worth doing, the challenge most worth meeting!

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✠ LORRAINE COLSON ELTERICH

BORN: Oct. 15, 1893, New York, N. Y. PARENTS: George Elterich, Evelyn Colson.

PREPARED AT: Worcester Academy, Worcester, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1915.

MARRIED: Constance Howard Punchard, Sept. 12, 1918, Brookline, Mass.
CHILD: Daughter.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered service private Coast Artillery Nov. 6, 1917; assigned to 7th Company, Boston, Mass.; detailed to Coast Artillery Officers' Training Camp, Fort Monroe, Va., July 4, 1918; assigned to 14th Company Fort Heath, Mass., Aug. 8; promoted corporal Oct. 15; discharged Dec. 13, 1918.

DIED: Nov. 3, 1926, Brookline, Mass.

WIDOW: Mrs. Lorraine Colson Elterich, 14 Dana St., Brookline, Mass.

ELTERICH entered business in Boston after his discharge from the Army, and at the time of our Triennial and again for the Sexennial Report he was assistant manager of the Evans Music Company.

✠ WILLIAM SMITH ELY

BORN: Nov. 18, 1895, Rochester, N. Y. PARENTS: Dr. William Smith Ely, Helen Lincoln Gamwell.

PREPARED AT: St. George's School, Newport, R. I.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Aviation Section, Signal Corps April, 1917; detailed to School of Military Aëronautics, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in May; sailed for France July 21; commissioned 1st lieutenant Aviation Section, Signal Corps in September; stationed at Northolt and at Oxford in November; killed in airplane accident Jan. 2, 1918, at Oxford, England.

DIED: Jan. 2, 1918, Oxford, England.

WHILE he was at St. George's School Ely was known as a reserved and studious boy, not prominent in athletics, but taking a high stand in his studies. He won prizes in mathematics, Latin, and Greek, and in his fifth form year won the Binney Prize for the best scholarship in the fifth and sixth forms. The books which he won as prizes have been given to the School by his mother and are in its library. At Harvard he was a member of the Institute of 1770, the D. K. E., and treasurer during Junior year of the Hasty Pudding, Iroquois, and Spee Clubs.

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At the outbreak of the war Ely abandoned his plans to study medicine, as his father and grandfather had done before him, and enlisted in the Aviation Section of the United States Signal Corps, and in May, 1917, was assigned to the Ground School of Military Aëronautics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. On July 21 he was ordered to England to await further instructions. First he went to the Aviation Headquarters in Paris and in September received his commission as first lieutenant. He was then detailed to England for special training as a squadron leader, and was stationed at Northolt and Port Meadow, Oxford.

The available records of Ely's experiences as an aviator are meagre, but in a letter to his mother dated September 9, 1917, he wrote:

"I had my first real flight a few days ago, and the sensation is wonderful. You have no feeling of danger at all, and no sense of forward motion until you look at the ground and see how fast you are moving. The pilot who took me up is one of the most expert in France, and he did all sorts of tricks and stunts in the air. We have visited all the flying schools in this part of the country and have studied the methods of instruction."

From *St. George's School in the War* we learn the circumstances of Ely's tragic death.

"On the afternoon of January 2, after he had finished his day's work, Ely was invited to go up as a passenger with an English instructor, a pilot who was considered an expert flyer. What happened is not known exactly, but the report of the inquest states that 'by an error of judgment the pilot stalled the engine in turning when about three hundred feet in the air.' The machine crashed to the ground and both pilot and passenger were instantly killed. They are buried in Oxford."

JACOB ADAMS EMERY

ADDRESS: 33 Church St., Guilford, Conn.

BORN: March 12, 1895, Topeka, Kans. PARENTS: Charles Washburn Emery, Luella Adams.

PREPARED AT: Central High School, Philadelphia, Pa.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917.

MARRIED: Dorothy Culver Mills, Dec. 28, 1929, Valley Forge, Pa.

OCCUPATION: Retired.

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MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Camion driver, American Field Service, Motor Transport Unit 526, May to Sept., 1917, with French Army; commissioned 1st lieutenant Field Artillery; assigned to Battery F, 6th Field Artillery, 1st Division, A. E. F.; detailed to Field Artillery School, Camp de Souge as instructor; with Army of Occupation, Germany; American Students' Detachment, Oxford University; discharged Aug. 29, 1919. Engagements: Noyon-Montdidier defensive, Marne-Aisne offensive. PUBLICATIONS: "The Stage Germany," *The Nation* (London), July 12, 1919.

HAVING once been lightweight wrestling champion in College, Emery, during vacations, has used his powerful shoulder muscles to travel over 1400 miles by canoe. In case someone should think that this is purely a matter of brawn, we might mention that he was also a member of Phi Beta Kappa. He writes:

FILLED with the desire to see the "biggest show on earth" before it was over, I left College in the middle of March of my Senior year, joined the American Ambulance, and arrived in Bordeaux on May 1, 1917. There being at that time more ambulance drivers than ambulances in France, I joined the Reserve Mallet, sponsored by the American Ambulance, and drove a truck until September 12. On that date, having applied in Paris for a transfer to the newly-arrived American Army, I became a first lieutenant in the 6th Field Artillery, 1st Division, a rank I held for the remainder of the war. I was among those present at the capture of Cantigny and the counter-attack of July 18, 1918, at Soissons, a firing instructor at Camp de Souge during the severe fighting toward the end of hostilities, in the Army of Occupation, on University Detail at Oxford University during the spring term, 1919, and was mustered out of service in August, 1919.

For three months following my return I was associated with a still-born Greenwich Village magazine. Then, for a little over a year, I worked with my father in the sale of stationary vacuum-cleaning apparatus for the cleaning of large buildings. In the spring of 1921 I was employed in the circulation department of the Curtis Publishing Company, where I held various positions until February, 1927. For about a year I was a sales consultant on the staff of a large Philadelphia accounting firm. Then, being offered a very substantial advance in salary, I returned to the Curtis Publishing Company as an executive in the Division of Commercial Research. Theoretically, the main work of this

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division is to make marketing studies for advertisers and prospective advertisers, and my principal assignment was that of a specialist in the grocery field. But practically, the division received a great variety of analytical work to do, at home and in the field, and my own work varied all the way from population studies to legislative work in Washington and detached service with various associations and manufacturers.

I married in 1929. In the spring of 1939 I had a nervous breakdown, resigned my position, and moved to the wooded hills of Guilford, Connecticut, on the shore of Long Island Sound. Now I am feeling a good deal better, but, having simple tastes and being under no financial pressure, I have not yet decided whether to continue my "life of leisure," return to commercial employment, or to occupy myself with volunteer work in New Haven, which is only seventeen miles away.

My compelling interests have always been centered in the out-of-doors. During seven successive vacations my wife and I made extended canoe trips in the Canadian woods without guides, making as much as twenty-five miles of portage in the course of a trip and travelling in all about 1400 miles. These trips were ended at least temporarily by my nervous breakdown, but since then I have made a 7000-mile trip to the eastern Arctic on the Hudson's Bay Company's supply ship which took me within 900 miles of the North Pole on the west coast of Greenland. This spring I was a member of a small geological expedition for three months in southern Nevada. Aside from exploring new landscapes, my chief hobby (in a very amateurish sort of way) is ornithology, and all that is needed to make for me a red-letter day is to see some rare bird that I have never or seldom seen before.

GEORGE BEALE EMMONS

HOME ADDRESS: East Greenwich, R. I.

OFFICE ADDRESS: c/o Crown Worsted Mills, Providence, R. I.

BORN: April 5, 1894, St. Louis, Mo. PARENTS: George Beale Emmons, Marie Dupont.

PREPARED AT: Volkmann School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Alice Wetherill, Nov. 29, 1922, Philadelphia, Pa. CHILDREN: Alice Wetherill, Oct. 17, 1923; Marianna, May 13, 1926; George Beale, Jr., Aug. 18, 1927; Ann Wales, Aug. 2, 1930.

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HARVARD BROTHER: Arthur Brewster Emmons, '98, M.D., '02.

OCCUPATION: President, Crown Worsted Mills.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; later with Aviation Section, Signal Corps; at School of Military Aëronautics, Mass. Inst. Tech., Gerstner Field, La.; Ellington Field, Texas; commissioned 2d lieutenant Air Service, Military Aëronautics; detailed to Baker Field, N. Y., as instructor and to Langley Field, Va., in same capacity; discharged Dec. 13, 1918.

OFFICES HELD: President, Potowomut Jersey Farms.

GEORGE EMMONS, in his relationship to business, seems to be in the position of the man wrestling with the bear who did not know if he had the bear or the bear had him. He writes:

I WAS interested in business with the hope of eventually giving it up. Giving it up is no longer a matter of choice due to one of the better advertised graduates. I should like to convict all proletarians, especially New Dealers, also college athletic policy. Since they gave up football, they have no cause to feel superior.

I am quite fond of my family and feel sometimes that they are fond of me. I have developed some social vices since leaving College, but no convictions or reflections. I am permanently tied up in farming and am afraid that some day it may be of use, also due to above graduate. In spite of Mr. Willkie I am still a Republican and have picked out my grave.

LINFORD BLISS EVERITT

HOME ADDRESS: 816 N. Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Mount Calvary Church, 816 N. Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md.

BORN: Sept. 10, 1890, Westfield, Pa. PARENTS: Wilbur Fiske Everitt, Clare Bliss.

PREPARED AT: Mansfield State Normal School.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREE: A.B., 1917 (16).

OCCUPATION: Priest.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Infantry April 26, 1918; assigned to 152d Depot Brigade, Camp Upton, N. Y.; detailed to Officers' Training School, Camp Custer, Mich., May 28; transferred to Infantry Central Officers' Training School, Camp Lee, Va., June 25; assigned to Infantry Replacement and Training Troops, Camp Grant, Ill., Aug. 31; promoted sergeant Sept. 18; discharged March 19, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Assistant in Mount Calvary Parish; vicar, Chapel of St. Mary the Virgin.

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LINFORD BLISS EVERITT is chary of words and charitable in actions. His story:

REPORTER on *Atlanta Constitution*; master at Kent School; Army; master at the Donaldson School, Olchester, Maryland; General Theological Seminary; Holy Cross Monastery; Donaldson School; Mount Calvary Church as curate; vicar of the Chapel of St. Mary the Virgin, which is maintained for colored people by this parish. That's all.

WILLIAM DANA EWART

ADDRESS: 26 Concord Ave., Cambridge, Mass.

BORN: Jan. 8, 1895, Chicago, Ill. PARENTS: Edward Gear Ewart, Harriet Marshall Hayward.

PREPARED AT: University High School, Chicago, Ill.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916.

MARRIED: Rey Leland Funk, 1917, Chicago, Ill. (divorced 1924). CHILDREN: William Dana, Jr., Aug. 11, 1918; Sarah Leland, March 5, 1920.

OCCUPATION: Architect.

BILL EWART returned to this country not because he loved Paris less. He writes:

UPON leaving College in 1916 I rejoined my parents in Chicago. As my eyes were giving me a great deal of trouble at this time, I gave up returning to College and my chosen profession of architecture, and started in the banking business. Shortly afterwards I met and married Rey Leland Funk of Bloomington, Illinois. We lived on the south side in Chicago, and it was there that our son, William, was born.

When this country entered the first World War, I was eliminated from military service for physical reasons. Shortly thereafter I moved with my family to Santa Fe, New Mexico. We lived in this quaint and lively old town for about four years, and it was there that our daughter, Sally, was born. I opened an office in Santa Fe for the practice of architecture and decoration.

In 1922 our marital ship went on the rocks and I decided to have a change of scenery. From the great open spaces of one of the wildest sections of the New World I jumped to the most civilized center of the Old World, namely Paris. Here I resumed my architectural studies, and entered the École Nationale des Beaux Arts.

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This was a training and experience for which I am very grateful.

The longer I studied in Paris and travelled about Europe, the more I became convinced that Europe was the place for me. There is a saying that "when a good American dies he goes to Paris." Instead of waiting for this uncertain eventuality, I decided to stay there while still very much alive.

Rather than return to this country to practise my profession, I established myself in Paris. Being in the world's center of works of art, I soon began the study and collection of fine antiques. For years I have specialized in tapestry, and the furnishings of the Italian and French Renaissance, and was collecting material for publication on these subjects when interrupted by the present war.

It is my conviction after eighteen years of life in Paris, seeing it not as a tourist, but as a resident, that it is the most beautiful, charming, and civilized city on earth. I remained there for the first year of the present war and returned to this country when France fell.

SYDNEY FAIRBANKS

ADDRESS: 20 Boylston St., Cambridge, Mass.

BORN: June 8, 1895, New York, N. Y. PARENTS: Robert Noyes Fairbanks, Camilla Van Kleeck.

PREPARED AT: Perse School, Cambridge, England.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1911-1912, 1914-1916. DEGREES: A.B. † 1917 (20); LL.B., 1925; A.M., 1933; PH.D., 1936.

DIVORCED. CHILD: Austen Crocker, May 9, 1921.

OCCUPATION: Tutor.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Driver, Norton Harjes Ambulance Corps, Section 7, July, 1916, to August, 1917, with French Army on Verdun, Soissons, Chemin des Dames and Saint-Quentin fronts; driver, American Red Cross Ambulance service, Section 1, Dec., 1917, to June, 1918, with Italian Army on Monte Grappa front; received assimilated rank of 1st lieutenant American Red Cross in October; served Palestine; transferred to Paris, France, January, 1919; duty completed July, 1919. Awarded Croix de Guerre.

PUBLICATIONS: *The Old West Frisian Skeltana Riucht*, Harvard University Press.

SYDNEY FAIRBANKS in 1923 wrote, "Entered Harvard Law School in the autumn of 1919 — left the school to go to Italy as private secretary to Ambassador Johnson. Returned to America

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the following year, acted as secretary for the Foreign Policy Association of Massachusetts, and re-entered the Law School in 1922." In 1927 he was in a Boston law concern.

✠ CLAUDIUS RALPH FARNSWORTH

BORN: March 25, 1895, Providence, R. I. PARENTS: John Prescott Farnsworth, Margaret Cochrane Barbour.

PREPARED AT: Moses Brown School, Providence, R. I.; Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, N. H.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Private Battery A, 1st Massachusetts Field Artillery; organization federalized July 25, 1917, and later designated Battery A, 101st Field Artillery, 26th Division; sailed for France in September and made corporal in November; killed in action July 12, 1918, near Montreuil, France. Engagements: Chemin des Dames sector, La Reine sector, Château-Thierry.

DIED: July 12, 1918, near Montreuil, France.

FATHER: John Prescott Farnsworth, 107 Prospect St., Providence, R. I.

FARNSWORTH'S ambition was to go to West Point, but defective eyesight precluded that possibility and he came to Harvard as a member of our Class, with the intention of preparing himself for the medical profession. In his Junior year he won a Harvard College Scholarship. Although he was not one of the athletes of the Class, he took an active interest in football and rowing.

In the summer of 1916 he attended the Plattsburg Camp and in March, 1917, he enlisted in Battery A, First Massachusetts Field Artillery, later designated Battery A, 101st Field Artillery, 26th Division. He sailed for France with his regiment in September and the following month was promoted corporal. His regiment took part in the engagements of the Chemin des Dames and La Reine sectors, and finally at Château-Thierry. The circumstances of Farnsworth's death are told as follows in the obituary written by James William Davenport Seymour for our Triennial Report:

"It seems that his gun had been fired more than any other, and a comrade quotes his own words, 'its life was about ended.' At 3 A.M. on the twelfth an order came to put down a barrage. Overheated by the rapid firing, his piece made a shell explode prematurely. The gun corporal had already been killed, and Farnsworth, although acting as sergeant and chief of section was loading and

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sighting the gun. He had with him only one other man who pulled the lanyard. Ralph was leaning over to pick up a shell to reload when the explosion came.

"Ralph had been a straightforward man's man always," continues Seymour. "He gave the best that was in him to any cause he felt to be right, and he never hesitated to give himself wholly and without reservations."

✦ JAMES WARREN FEENEY

BORN: June 17, 1895, Andover, Mass. PARENTS: James Joseph Feeney, Mary Warren.

PREPARED AT: Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1915, 1916-1917. DEGREE: A.B. † 1917 (19).

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Quartermaster Corps Aug. 15; stationed at Camp Devens, Mass., Aug. 29 and detailed in charge Motor Transportation; discharged as captain Jan. 31, 1919.

DIED: Feb. 16, 1921, Littleton, Mass.

FATHER: James Joseph Feeney, 115 Holt Rd., Andover, Mass.

DURING his three years as an undergraduate, Feeney was prominent in athletics, being a member of his Freshman Track Team, and captain of his Freshman Soccer Team. He was on the Varsity Soccer and Track Squads for two seasons, and in the winter of 1914-1915 he ran on the long distance Relay Team.

When the war broke out, he went to the Officers' Training Camp at Plattsburg in May, 1917, and was commissioned a 2d lieutenant in the Quartermaster Corps in August. For a short time, he was in charge of Motor Transportation at the depot of the Quartermaster Corps at Washington, D. C. On March 11, 1918, he was promoted to 1st lieutenant, Quartermaster Corps. In the early fall of 1918 he was transferred to Camp Custer, Michigan, where he was made assistant to the camp Quartermaster, and promoted to captain. In December, 1918, he was made disbursing officer and athletic officer also. He received his discharge from the service in January, 1919.

While in the service, Feeney was attacked by tuberculosis, although his trouble was not diagnosed as such at the time. Apparently recovered from this attack, he went to work for the White Motor Car Company at Cleveland to learn the business. Here he

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was forced to give up work and go to Saranac Lake for his health. Finally realizing the seriousness of his condition, he came, with his wife and little boy, to his home in Andover. From there he took up his abode in Littleton, and settled down to fight the disease with the help of his brave wife. He never gave up the battle, and to within a few hours of his passing, he expected to get well and be of use again to the world and his fellow-men.

To those privileged to know "Doc" Feeney, he presented a sterling character. He was a man of high ideals, so high in fact that the impossibility of attaining them threw him often into the depths bordering on despair. Yet his face was ever turned forward, and he followed a conscience which, weathering many a storm of harrowing uncertainty, kept him in the paths of righteousness. He was honest; he was loyal; he was clean of living; he was loveable. He met adverse circumstances with an indomitable spirit, which brought him through many a struggle a victor. In school he was popular among his fellows, both in the athletic and the intellectual fields. There, as in College later on, he was greatly admired by his many friends for his keenness of mind, and never-failing humor. During the track season in College, especially at the training table, he was the life of the crowd, as he was on many occasions. He saved many an anxious contender an attack of "palsy" during the last minutes before a race.

He was an exceptionally promising young man and a true friend and comrade.

A. O. P.

HARRY MORRIS FEINBERG

HOME ADDRESS: 46 Grant Ave., Newton, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Boston Paper Board Co., 171 Albany St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: June 6, 1895, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Morris Harry Feinberg, Annie Yanes.

PREPARED AT: Chelsea High School, Chelsea, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Anna Pauline Epstein, March 7, 1922; Bangor, Maine. CHILDREN: Norman Selig, May 28, 1923; June Marie, July 1, 1926.

HARVARD SON: Norman Selig Feinberg, '45.

HARVARD BROTHER: Walter Charles Feinberg, '34.

OCCUPATION: Paper Business.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled chief commissary steward, U. S. Naval

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Reserve Force May 15, 1917; assigned to Patrol Boat *Machigonne* May 19; transferred to Naval Air Station, Killingholme, England; to U. S. Naval Base, Plymouth; to U. S. S. *Zeppelin*; released from active duty May 4, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: President, Boston Paper Board Company, Newsprint Specialty Corporation, Limited, Canada; member of various charitable institutions.

MEMBER OF: Pine Brook Valley Country Club; Ellsworth Yacht Club; Lake St. John Fish and Game Club.

HARRY FEINBERG appended a note to his "Life" saying, "I'll never forgive you if this doesn't conform and you let it ride as a beautiful example of the garrulous grad." We have "let it ride" as "a beautiful example" — *unquote*. Here it is:

IF only Marquand had come a year after me instead of a couple of years ahead of me, I think I might enjoy this job. As it is, I feel self-conscious and tremble at the possibility of this turning out to be a stodgy bit of business. However, there's very little that I've done that I would want to have done differently.

My enlistment in the United States Navy in May, 1917, bridged what might otherwise have been a tedious period of adjustment for the ordinary college graduate, and my honorable discharge from active service two years later turned me out as a rather mature individual. This war experience left me with no special psychology that I can now discern. I think, though, that it helped me to become closer to many individuals whom I might never have known otherwise. Also, it instilled in me a wholesome respect for the value of discipline that I might never have felt in the ordinary course of events.

A job in my father's business awaited me, and I plunged into it full tilt. I had a most instructive and beneficial period of training under my father and later with him. He was a gentleman in every sense of the word, and he set a standard of pure scholarship that I never expect to equal, even though he had no formal education as we know it. He was also a fine companion and I am beginning to realize, now that I have a growing son, what a tough job it is to earn and retain the companionship and friendship of one's own son, one who is a business associate as well. There was a real gap in my life when my father died in 1934. But to go back:

When I met my wife in December of 1921, I knew that there

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was the person I had been waiting for, and in March of 1922 we were married. We have lived happily ever after and she has made a real wife and mother. My two children, a boy and girl, eighteen and fifteen, respectively, round out a very closely-knit family group.

The boy has finished three years at Andover and a year at Governor Dummer Academy. The latter school has earned my undying gratitude for the splendid work that the faculty did with my son, Norman. There was a fine boy whose head had been turned from his studies by athletics and social life at Andover. The attitude of the faculty towards him, however, was too severe. I think they are wrong in assuming that boys of sixteen or seventeen should be mature enough to appreciate what the school has to offer. I found Dr. Fuess, the headmaster, most coöperative and understanding, but some of his younger assistants were quite Jovian in their predictions which turned out to be entirely wrong. Dr. Fuess's help put the boy in Governor Dummer and under Mr. Eames, the headmaster. There are a man and a school that will be heard from throughout this country relative to preparatory school education. They are doing a marvelous job there and any boy there studies as his parents want him to study. This school created somewhat of a student out of my boy and he passed his board examinations for Harvard.

My daughter, June, is returning to Dana Hall for her second year. She is a good student and a diligent worker and her marks are quite high.

Both my children are well-adjusted socially and my wife and I feel that our continued companionship is bearing fruit. They have spent a minimum of their very young years in the care of hired help and we were always reluctant to leave them at home evenings. We managed to be together much more than most parents are with young children.

Looking back, it seems to me that I have been extraordinarily fortunate. There have been no crippling illnesses, no devastating financial reverses. We have survived the ordinary sieges of family sickness and I have managed to make some sort of progress financially.

I have never been driven by any desire to amass a fortune nor have I been envious when learning of a friend's sudden fortune.

It might be fine if I could now say that fame and great fortune came to me in spite of modest aims. However, I have succeeded in providing my family with the general luxuries enjoyed by their neighbors and at the same time I have managed to enjoy myself by doing most of the things I wish to do.

My happiest diversions have to do with outdoor sports. A couple of hunting trips and a couple of fishing trips a year round out a summer vacation spent in sailing. A fellow really can't ask for more. Of course, my trips are short ones, but they are a lot of fun and serve to put the edge of anticipation on the next trip. My hope is to do more of this sort of thing when I am able to get more leisure. A fair game of golf and the customary winter indoor exercises keep me in fairly good shape physically and mentally.

Socially, my life is a bit different from most. I have a few close friends and, since we play no card games of any sort, a whole stratum of life is shut off from us. I am afraid that I don't miss this at all. My business forces me to travel extensively and continually. Consequently, when I come home, it is extremely comfortable not to have to wrack my brain to decide on which side of me the king lies and to make a lot of duty visits.

With my family, which is large, my mother, whom I visit at least once a week, the demands of the community, to which I am beginning to listen more and more as I grow older, and the requirements of my own family of wife and children, there doesn't seem to be any room left for anything else of a social nature.

Religion has been a disappointment to me. I always had a strong religious streak in me as a youngster, but as I have grown older, I have been losing this. It keeps striking me that there are too many non-essential, roundabout, devious approaches, and there has been and is too much of the professional about it. Institutions have grown too large, have needed too much money, and have taken to harassing the ready giver. It has largely become a matter of duty with me, coupled with my desire to please my mother, who puts great store by religion and whose love I truly cherish.

Politically, my idealism has received a severe set-back. It is still a complete surprise to me that so many Americans can be taken in by Roosevelt's promises and wishes. I can't say that he doesn't

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mean to give these beautiful things to the country, but dammit, you can't give this to a people — they've got to earn it on their own. They can't seem to differentiate between desire and performance; and it's in the carrying out of Roosevelt plans that so much bogs down.

Well, here is my Twenty-fifth, and I refuse to get myself too excited about matters that don't jibe with things as I think they should. Perhaps we'll have a better country when this is over. I honestly think we shall.

NORMAN LINCOLN FELDER

ADDRESS: Coney Island Shops, N. Y. R. T. C., Annex X, Brooklyn, N. Y.

BORN: Dec. 14, 1894, Newark, N. J. PARENTS: Charles Felder, Laura Harriet Pullin.

PREPARED AT: Patterson High School, Patterson, N. J.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1915.

OCCUPATION: Transportation.

NORMAN FELDER has never been heard from, but it was discovered about two years ago that he was associated with the New York Rapid Transit Company.

✦ NELSON FELL

BORN: Oct. 11, 1895, New Haven, Conn. PARENTS: Edward Nelson Fell, Anne Mumford Palmer.

PREPARED AT: Rugby, England; St. George's School, Newport, R. I.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Elizabeth McVicker, June 4, 1924, Morristown, N. J.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Commissioned 1st lieutenant Aviation Section, Signal Corps, Sept. 24, 1917; sailed for France in October; stationed at Le Havre as aviation personnel officer Nov., 1917, to Jan., 1918; detailed to General Headquarters, A. E. F., Paris, May, 1919, for duty as liaison officer, Athletics Section; discharged Aug. 15, 1919.

DIED: Dec. 19, 1926, Warrenton, Va.

WIDOW: Mrs. T. A. Fransioli, Jr., 65 E. 96th St., New York, N. Y.

AFTER his discharge from the Army Fell was employed by William Schall & Company, exporters in New York City. In October, 1920, he returned to Virginia, and farmed his father's place until September, 1921, when he entered the Law School of the University of Virginia. There he made one of the most distinguished records in the school and in his final year was editor

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of the *Law Review*, the highest honor open to a student. He was also elected a member of Phi Beta Kappa.

Fell was graduated from the law school in 1924 with honors and set up his own law office in Warrenton soon after graduation. Early in 1926 he bought a place called "Edgehill" and moved into it that spring. The following December he was killed in an automobile accident.

"Nelly" Fell was a kindly, quiet-spoken boy with a nice sense of humor. He was always good company.

NORMAN FENTON

HOME ADDRESS: 340 Churchill Ave., Palo Alto, Calif.

OFFICE ADDRESS: School of Education, Stanford University, Calif.

BORN: March 21, 1895, New York, N. Y. PARENTS: Dr. Israel Feinberg (name changed in 1917), Rose Hirschman.

PREPARED AT: Townsend Harris Hall, New York, N. Y.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914-1916. DEGREES: S.B., 1917 (18); A.M., 1917; PH.D. (Stanford Univ.), 1925.

MARRIED: Jessie Chase, June 9, 1921, Palo Alto, Calif. CHILDREN: Norman Eugene, July 17, 1922; Lewis Loury, Aug. 20, 1925.

OCCUPATION: Teacher.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private 1st class Medical Department July 30, 1917; assigned to Psychopathic Hospital, Boston, Mass., Dec. 26; transferred to Base Hospital No. 117 March 1, 1918; sailed for France May 16; promoted sergeant December 1; discharged April 12, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Member, boards of various welfare organizations.

PUBLICATIONS: "Shell Shock and its Aftermath," 1935; "The Delinquent Boy," 1935; "State Child Guidance in California," 1938; "Self-Direction and Adjustment," 1926; "History of the Neuropsychiatric Division of the A. E. F."

NORMAN FENTON will probably approve of the following verse by Robert Burns:

*But human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges and schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They mak enow themselves to vex them.*

SINCE graduation I have been interested in the application of mental hygiene to human life. This has led to work in various welfare agencies, hospitals for the mentally ill, schools for delinquents or defectives, child guidance clinics, etc. My

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special activities have been concerned with the problems of children. I have been in various child welfare agencies, and on faculties of teacher-training institutions. The mental health of the teacher and parent have provided sources of investigation and practical clinical studies. At the present time I am on the faculty of the School of Education of Stanford University.

LEOPOLD JOSEPH FERBSTEIN

HOME ADDRESS: 1071 N. Portage Path, Akron, Ohio.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Ferbstein & Sicherman, 531 Second National Bldg., Akron, Ohio.

BORN: July 28, 1896, Akron, Ohio. PARENTS: Herman Ferbstein, Bertha Sicherman.

PREPARED AT: Central High School, Akron, Ohio.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914-1917. DEGREES: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917; LL.B., 1921.

MARRIED: Helen Turner Crecelius, Dec. 29, 1934, Norwalk, Ohio. CHILDREN: Anne Katharine, Feb. 3, 1936; Frances Lee, July 13, 1940.

OCCUPATION: Lawyer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private May 31, 1918; assigned to 6th Company, Coast Artillery Corps, Fort Howard, Md., June 7; detailed to Officers' Training Camp, Fort Monroe, Va., July 5; commissioned 2d lieutenant Coast Artillery Corps Sept. 25; ordered to Port of Embarkation, Hoboken, N. J., Oct. 31; transferred to Camp Abraham Eustis, Va., Nov. 21 and appointed assistant personnel adjutant; discharged Jan. 3, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Assistant prosecuting attorney, Summit County, Ohio, 1927-1928; member Civil Service Commission, Akron, 1926-1927; member, Board of Directors of the University of Akron; member Board of Trustees of Akron Y. M. C. A.; member Board of Trustees of Akron City Hospital; member Board of Trustees of Child Guidance Clinic; vice-president, Summit County Tuberculosis Association; member of board and formerly president, Family Service Society; member of board and formerly president, Jewish Social Service Federation; member Court of Awards of Boy Scouts.

MEMBER OF: Masonic bodies (32°) and Shrine; American Bar Association; Ohio State Bar Association; Summit County Bar Association; American Legion; Rosemont Country Club.

LEE FERBSTEIN is worried by the cheap cynicism which he believes is increasing. He writes:

I WONDER how many '17 men, writing "an account of my life since graduation," shared with me the discomfoting thought that no one actually cared or was interested in what

I've done or thought these past twenty-five years? This mad world plunged into near chaos by power-drunk maniacs has no time for "Class lives." Yet, it may be just such things as twenty-fifth reunions, perpetuation of college friendships and "Class lives" that tie us to life as civilized human beings. Yes, I do want to know what you my classmates have been doing and thinking these past twenty-five years. So here goes.

After leaving Cambridge in 1917 I spent several months in Arizona surveying part of the National Forest Reserve near the Grand Canyon. Then I enlisted in the United States Army, was thereafter sent to the officers' training school at Fort Monroe, Virginia, and made a gentleman by act of Congress, to wit, commissioned a second lieutenant in the Coast Artillery Corps. I received my sailing orders to France, was torpedoed by a flock of flu bugs, had my sailing orders cancelled by a tender-hearted camp surgeon at Hoboken, and fought the rest of World War I in the mud at Camp Eustis, Virginia. I was mustered out in January, 1919, and tendered my services to my blessed Father, who promptly rejected them. So, I entered Harvard Law School and emerged with my LL.B. in 1921.

I practised law in Akron, Ohio, till January, 1927, when I entered upon my first (and last) public office, as assistant prosecuting attorney of Summit County, Ohio. I was a lone Republican in that office, appointed by a Democrat. During the two years I served as a state's attorney — the heyday of prohibition — I saw dramatic proof of the soundness of what I had regarded as an empty, abstract political theory when I heard it announced in Government 6 (remember A. N. Holcombe?), namely, that "no law in a democracy can be successfully enforced without the sanction of sound public opinion." I now see the application of that principle in a wider scope. It controls the continued existence of our present form of government.

The dictators by skillful propaganda have conditioned public opinion in their respective countries to scorn the freedoms we cherish and to accept with blind subservience the deification of the state and the consequent degradation of the individual as a human being. The bullets of their propaganda have damaged severely our fortress of beliefs and ideals. I was disturbed by several bits of concrete evidence of this damage.

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First, I noticed widespread doubts as to the value and worth of certain privileges which our forefathers bought with their very lives, to wit, religious liberty, and the freedom of speech and press. There appeared a growing tendency to ask "What good is this unalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness? You can't eat it, you can't pay bills with it, you can't feed it to a hungry family." A rather cheap, shallow cynicism to be sure, but widespread and growing rapidly.

Secondly, I heard expressed by supposedly intelligent men high in industrial, political, and economic circles, grave doubts as to the possibility or even advisability of continuing our present form of government. "We must streamline our government — fight fire with fire — we really need a dictatorship here to compete with these other dictatorships — we debate while they act." It was shocking to find men convinced that we must abandon our belief that the dignity of the human being is all-important — that government exists for human beings and not the reverse.

Thirdly, I noticed an amazing tendency on the part of some to indulge in hero-worship of these international gangsters. It was not uncommon to hear young men and women say grudgingly but yet admiringly, "Well, you'll have to hand it to Hitler and Mussolini, they certainly get things done and even if their methods are somewhat questionable, they still go out and get what they want and make the rest of the world like it." I know now that we must educate for democracy just as the dictators educate for their form of government. We must make our people want the freedoms, want the guarantees of liberty, want the right to exist as human beings and not as slaves of a super state. For, if we and our children no longer sanction these freedoms, we must lose them no matter how many times they be written in our Constitution, no matter how many legal safeguards we erect. The very first time that public opinion permits to be written into our Declaration of Independence one exception, then on that day the end of American freedom has begun. For when we say to the world, "All men are created free and equal, *except*," then we have effectively destroyed this democracy. We of '17, together with all others who still cherish Harvard ideals, have a major work to do.

But to get on about me. I opened my own law offices in Jan-

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uary, 1929, and practised law with indifferent success financially. I did become interested in civic and social enterprises and have served on the boards of various social service and civic agencies, such as the Family Service Society (the largest non-sectarian social service agency in Akron), the Y. M. C. A., the Child Guidance Center (which opened the first psychiatric clinic in Akron), the Boy Scouts, and the City Hospital of Akron. I was also honored by being appointed in 1932 to the Board of Directors of the University of Akron, and, gentlemen, there has been a most interesting experience. Try to maintain your ideals of academic freedom and high standards of education on a limited budget, such as we have, and you will find that the problems are many and interesting.

In 1934, after most of my friends had abandoned all hope for me, I married Helen Turner Crecelius — one of the few really smart things I ever did — and we have two children. In our travels we have managed to see quite a few of my classmates and I find that those friendships established as an undergraduate still ring true and hold fast.

There isn't much more to tell. I developed a fair golf game and for some years we were able to enjoy the symphony concerts given by the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra at Cleveland. The present need to conserve tires is going to stop that source of enjoyment.

In closing, let me assure you that I'm not a complete pessimist. In spite of what I have observed, I have a deep and abiding conviction in the fundamental good sense and fairness of the American people. I know the leadership established at Harvard will spread the breadth and length of this country. Harvard men will send forth a powerful impetus to keep alive in this people a passionate love of freedom, a sense of fair play and decency. Those of us who were born free men are firm in our convictions that we shall die free men and here's a fond hope that we may see the truths of these things more clearly than ever when we meet again for our Fiftieth.

DAVID FISHER

HOME ADDRESS: 84 Gordon Rd., Waban, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 311 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass.

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BORN: April 4, 1894, Brooklyn, N. Y. PARENTS: Adolph Fisher, Rose Friedman.

PREPARED AT: Everett High School, Everett, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917; M.D., 1921.

MARRIED: Helen Lockman, Dec. 31, 1916, New York, N. Y. CHILDREN: Harold and Norman (twins), Jan. 23, 1922; Florence, Dec. 13, 1929.

HARVARD BROTHER: Joseph Fisher, '25, LL.B., 1928.

OCCUPATION: Surgeon.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: National Military Hospitals, Dayton, Ohio, Danville, Ill., Milwaukee, Wis., 1921-1925.

MEMBER OF: Pine Brook Valley Country Club; Massachusetts Medical Society; Post-Graduate Medical Club.

PUBLICATIONS: "Insulin-Glucose Treatment of Surgical Shock;" many contributions to medical and surgical journals.

DAVID FISHER feels that your education will not be complete until you have carefully and thoughtfully read this 25th Anniversary Report. His contribution to your more complete education follows:

AFTER completing my medical course at Harvard, I found myself, the day after my last examination, at the National Military Hospital in Dayton, Ohio. While I was stationed there my twin sons, Norman and Harold, were born. After spending four years and three months in the National Military Hospitals at Dayton, Danville, Illinois, and Milwaukee, I returned to Boston and began the practice of surgery, at which calling I am still engaged. My daughter, Florence, was born in 1929, and we call her our depression baby.

My twin sons entered the University of Virginia in September, 1939, and I hope they will enter the Medical School in September, 1942.

As I reflect back to my college years, there is nothing I should want to change very much, could I do so. Harvard, like any other college, gives back to you in proportion to what you put into it; hence, I cannot bear very long with those who are apt to criticise the College for many of their own shortcomings in later life. My Harvard degree did not guarantee me a successful life, and I did not expect it to, but Harvard did place before me countless opportunities to learn how to think and to appreciate the many finer things in life. For that I have always felt deeply grateful, and I feel that my life has been the better for it.

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With all the world crumbling around us at the time of our Reunion, recording one's own philosophy of life seems very unimportant indeed when measured against the lives of millions being snuffed out, and various philosophies, like theories of economics, have become very fluid during the past quarter-century, and can easily be made to fit any given set of conditions. Hence to me any lengthy discussion is just so much claptrap. He has the best philosophy of life who renders the greatest service of which he is capable to mankind, and with that conviction I manage to get a good deal of fun out of life. It has been a grand experience to live for twenty-five years after graduation and a thrill to sit down now and write back that experience to its original source, and it will give me a sense of enlightenment to read the comments of my classmates who have been alive with me during the same period, and to see if and how their ideas and opinions have been warped or sharpened by their contact with life.

I honestly feel that our education will have become completed only when each one of us diligently reads and carefully and thoughtfully ponders over each word written in this volume by every contributing member. Then perhaps we shall realize that our college years are now looking down upon us, winking slyly, and saying, "Would you do it over again?" And I can hear a thundering, roaring cavalcade shouting, "Yeah, Bo!"

THOMAS KNIGHT FISHER

ADDRESS: St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H.

BORN: Jan. 11, 1894, Clinton, Mass. PARENTS: Rev. Thomas Legate Fisher, Gertrude Vickery.

PREPARED AT: St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; A.M., 1920

MARRIED: Margaret Burns Vose, Aug. 18, 1917, Milton, Mass. CHILDREN: Thomas Legate, 2d, Feb. 17, 1919; Josiah Howe Vose, May 27, 1921.

OCCUPATION: Teacher of English and Director of Examinations.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Field Artillery June 7; sailed for France Sept. 7; detailed to French Artillery School, Fontainebleau; to Artillery School, Saumur; assigned to Battery B, 150th Field Artillery, 42d Division; detailed to Artillery School, Saumur as instructor; returned to United States May 18, 1918; detailed to Field Artillery Brigade Firing Center, Fort Sill, Okla., July 6 as instructor; promoted 1st lieutenant Aug. 21; promoted captain Sept. 12; detailed

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to 51st and 55th Field Artillery as director of instruction; discharged Dec. 14, 1918. Commissioned captain Field Artillery Officers' Reserve Corps Feb., 1919. Engagement: Dombasle sector. Captain, Coast Artillery; Adjutant, Plans & Training Officer; Major Coast Artillery Corps; Executive Officer, 197th Coast Artillery (Anti-Aircraft), New Hampshire National Guard, 1921-1938; resigned July 1, 1938.

OFFICES HELD: Director of Examinations, St. Paul's School; chairman English Committee, Secondary Education Board; member Technical Committee, Educational Records Bureau, New York; member Committee on Relationship between Elementary and Secondary School, Educational Records Bureau; head coach of hockey, St. Paul's School.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of New Hampshire.

PUBLICATIONS: *Ice Hockey*, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1926; various magazine articles.

IN the Sexennial Report Tom Fisher wrote, "My work furnishes a real opportunity for service and is therefore worth while, not to speak of its being most pleasant and congenial." Nineteen years later he has not changed that opinion. He writes:

LIKE so many of us, I departed for Plattsburg after finishing graduation examinations around the first of May, 1917. This was the beginning of one year and nine months of army experience in World War I. Army training was exciting and full of interest, though not new, as it followed three years in Battery A, 1st Massachusetts Field Artillery, and several months on the Mexican Border. My commission as a second lieutenant, Officers' Reserve Corps, for which I had taken examinations previous to graduation, came on June 7, after which I played the dual rôle of candidate and instructor. As I helped correct the weekly written tests, I found myself one Sunday confronted with my own paper and inquired of the Regular Army instructor: "Any objection to my correcting the paper of one T. K. Fisher?" "Give me that paper!" he growled, snatching it away. Tsch! Tsch! Such confidence in the fairness of a Harvard man! The course was finally finished, and I went home to get married.

Not desiring to enter into a state of wedded bliss without a due amount of forethought, I had concentrated on one young lady since the age of twelve. And they say Harvard men are indifferent! Consequently, courtship culminated quickly in marriage to Margaret Burns Vose in the Episcopal Church at Milton, Massachusetts. The lady in question, being a Phi Beta Kappa at

Vassar, surely must have made her choice with intelligence. The honeymoon in Maine was surcharged with unusual poignancy, as I had my orders to sail for France on September 7.

Plunging into war on a heaving overseas transport is nobody's idea of beginning marital life. The less said the better, even though we were fired with the spirit of crusaders. The start of my war experience was fortunately less bloody than might have been expected, for after eluding a German submarine, fifty of us had a mighty interesting time going through a three months' course at the Ecole d'Artillerie, at Fontainebleau, France, finishing our course and graduating at Saumur. As executive officer of Battery B, 150th Field Artillery, 42d Division, I saw a few months of action in the Dombasle sector, following which I was sent to instruct in the United States at the Field Artillery Firing Brigade Center, at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, where, beginning in July, 1918, I received the greatest inspiration of the war period from the most efficient, most exacting, and understanding superior under whom I have ever had the good fortune to work, Colonel E. L. Gruber, U. S. A., whose recent death as a brigadier-general I wish to note here with a sense of deep personal loss. My experience there as senior instructor of several regiments probably did more than anything else to start me on a teaching career.

Having gone back to Harvard and obtained an A.M. degree between January and September, 1919, I went with my wife and young son that fall to begin my teaching career at St. Paul's School, at the behest of its famous headmaster, the late Dr. Samuel S. Drury. Thus began a thrilling life of service in which rewards were of that lasting nature derived from a sense of satisfaction not merely in a job accomplished, but mainly in the growth of character of the boys entrusted to one's care — in the classroom, in the dormitory, on the playing fields, and on the ice. Let no one go into the teaching profession unless he has a joy in giving and a joy in growth as a result of his gifts, for he will receive no other substantial reward, either monetary or as the world may measure them. The profession is already too cluttered with "country club boys," cheap politicians, and those whose thirst for power cannot be slaked in the rougher battle of life, where abler and even more ruthless men idolize their ambitions and where the ineptitude of these pygmies would keep them at the

bottom in any stern and selfish contest. However, passing over these threats to the best interests of youth, one comes back to a great and fundamental happiness in doing good. What greater joy than in helping a boy develop and use a skill, and eventually find the spark that may inflame his life?

Outside the classroom and the dormitory, too, one finds glorious opportunities to inject the divine spark on the playing fields that are but the training camps for the battle of life. These opportunities, which I can only pray that I have wisely used, have come teeming, day in and day out, as I have coached football, hockey, baseball, and rifle-shooting. Newbolt well knew what the teacher had done for the youth of England when he told all men: "Play up! Play up! and play the game!"

As this happy and rewarding school life progressed, my happy family life likewise grew, until, almost before I knew it, I had two sons, both students in my own school. Bacon was an inexperienced and narrow-minded old fool to write: "He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune." He could not give a true definition of "fortune." Now time has slipped by, and I proudly proclaim that my older son graduated this year from West Point and is a Regular Officer in the Coast Artillery Corps, and that my younger son found his happy niche at Williams College, where, as a freshman this year, he won his numerals on the hockey team. What an intense happiness are children who gratefully honor their parents.

Not only has my school life been crowded from early morning to midnight daily, but also my summers — when a teacher in a private secondary boarding school must recuperate from an intense strain quite beyond anything known to the business or professional man — have been full. For sixteen years I took boys on a salmon-fishing trip into the wilds of Newfoundland and went to army camp, in addition, on my return. I finally had to give up both as a result of the development of my school duties and as a result of the developing demands of my family life, but they are both happy memories. Now in the summer both my wife and I are teaching remedial English in Camp Waya-Awi, Rangeley, Maine, to highly intelligent boys who have been so unfortunate as to have linguistic "blocks" which were not understood and remedied by teachers who had not progressed with the technical

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advance of their professions. It is thrilling to see the hopeless regain hope and, in making definite progress towards success, restore their faith in themselves. Though the strain of continued teaching is severe, when one should be resting and getting refreshment for the coming year, the rewards are inspiring.

Two recent summers were highlighted by special rewards: that of 1938 when my West Pointer and I travelled through England, Scotland, and France to see ancient glories still untouched by the blight of Hitlerian poison; and one summer of glorious horseback trips through the beauties of the Wyoming Rockies. These are precious memories, with the comradeship of my son and myself abroad the greatest of the favors a beneficent Providence has showered upon me.

Is this the close of one chapter of twenty-five years in the book of life — from one world war to the next? Our way of life is again threatened, but we shall not fail! A cowboy once said to me: "Why worry! You can't get out of this life alive anyway!" Under a light-hearted exterior and with calmness of soul, you and I are ready and eager for the grim fight. Only those with faith in God can win, as my loving parents revealed to me in their own meaningful lives. Is it not now that you and I carry on and quite simply say:

"Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy Name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven!"

LELAND LEROY FITZ

HOME ADDRESS: 71 Circuit Rd., Dedham, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: American Mutual Liability Insurance Co., 142 Berkeley St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: May 29, 1895, Bangor, Maine. PARENTS: Thomas Jefferson Fitz, Alice Fay Fifield.

PREPARED AT: Melrose High School, Melrose, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: S.B., 1917; M.B.A., 1920.

MARRIED: Ruth Frances Brooks, June 11, 1924, Melrose, Mass. CHILDREN: Robert Leroy, Dec. 13, 1925; Gertrude Alice, Oct. 20, 1928.

HARVARD BROTHER: Howard Irving Fitz, '21.

OCCUPATION: Group Insurance Underwriter.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., Aug., 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Nov. 27; reported at Camp Stanley, Texas, Dec. 12; at Kelly Field, Texas, Dec. 24; commissioned 2d lieutenant Aviation Section, Signal Corps, Feb. 1,

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1918; assigned to 29th Aero Squadron; ordered to Brooks Field, Texas, June 11; to Camp Henry Knox, Ky., Sept. 18; discharged Jan. 15, 1919. OFFICES HELD: Assistant actuary, Massachusetts Insurance Dept.; Actuary, Joseph Froggatt & Company, New York City; group accident and health underwriter, American Mutual Liability Insurance Company; member, Casualty Actuarial Society; secretary, Troop Committee, Boy Scouts of America.

MEMBER OF: Masons.

PUBLICATIONS: "Digest of Insurance Laws Relating to Amortization of Fixed Term Securities for Casualty Insurance Companies," 1932.

LELAND FITZ is a man who plans his work and then works his plan. In 1923 he wrote, "My work is now largely actuarial work in life insurance. I enjoy the work and will probably make a life career out of it. It is very much concerned with mathematics, the subject in which I specialized at Harvard." He now writes:

IN summarizing the twenty-five-year record of one's life since graduation I suppose it is appropriate to express some kind of sincere judgment on the value of a college education in general and of a Harvard education in particular.

I have never ceased to be grateful for the opportunity of spending four years at Harvard College. It has helped me to earn a better living than I should have done otherwise. I have found in my business experience that the Harvard stamp on any man means much, more than it should sometimes. But to me the more important values of a Harvard past cannot be measured in tangible rewards. The influence on the mental life and viewpoint of a growing boy exerted by personal contacts, some only casual, of the great Harvard teachers of our day — Lowell, Briggs, Osgood, Cole, Graustein, Bôcher, and many others whose names fade from memory — must be regarded as one of the most durable blessings of this life. I have seldom met their equal in mental power or leadership.

That last paragraph sounds like an English A theme deposited twenty-five years ago in the wooden box in Sever. My only comment is that it's truth as I see it.

My business life has been occupied almost entirely with home office work in insurance companies. My first insurance position was in the actuarial department of the Liberty Mutual Insurance Company. I have been successively assistant actuary of the Massa-

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chusetts Insurance Department, assistant actuary of the Acacia Mutual Life Insurance Company, actuary of Joseph Froggatt & Company, consulting actuaries, assistant to the group underwriter, Equitable Life Assurance Society, and group accident and health underwriter, American Mutual Liability Insurance Company, my present position.

I have been most happily married for eighteen years to Ruth Brooks, Wellesley '19. We have a son, Bob, aged sixteen, and a daughter, Alice, aged thirteen.

WALLACE FLEMING

ADDRESS: Seven F Ranch, Willcox, Ariz.; Zaca Ranch, Los Olivos, Calif.

BORN: Nov. 4, 1894, Augusta, Ga. PARENTS: Lamar Lafayette Fleming, Susan Harley Wallace.

PREPARED AT: Middlesex School, Concord, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Jane Cooper (divorced). CHILD: David Wallace, July 20, 1931.

OCCUPATION: Rancher.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Field Artillery; assigned to 307th Field Artillery, 78th Division; sailed for France, May, 1918; detailed to 2d Aviation Instruction Center, Tours; promoted 1st lieutenant; wounded; invalided to United States June, 1919; discharged Oct. 31, 1919. Engagements: Saint-Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne offensives.

WALLY FLEMING wrote in 1938: "My address for the past five years has been Seven F Ranch, Willcox, Arizona. This California ranch (Zaca Ranch, Los Olivos, California) is only where we finish steers for market. Was interested to see Greg Jones, Jr., at Paul Squibb's nearby school." Wally is a picturesque figure in his cowboy costume.

ELDON BRUCE FLU

HOME ADDRESS: 1533 Crooks Rd., Royal Oak, Mich.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Champion Spark Plug Co., Ceramic Division, Detroit, Mich.

BORN: Feb. 4, 1895, Lynn, Mass. PARENTS: Sherman Ferdinand Flu, Agnes Crawford Bruce.

PREPARED AT: Lynn English High School, Lynn, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: S.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Melissa Roanna Nicholson, Sept. 22, 1917. CHILDREN: Richard Sherman, June 20, 1918; Bruce Nicholson, Nov. 4, 1925.

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OCCUPATION: Chemist, Engaged in Ceramic Development.

MEMBER OF: A. F. & A. M.; American Ceramic Society; Detroit Engineering Society.

THE first record we have of Eldon Flu is in our Decennial Report, which showed that then he was with the same company as he is now.

WILLIAM VINCENT JOSEPH FORD

HOME ADDRESS: Myles Standish Hotel, 30 Bay State Rd., Boston, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Post Publishing Co., 257 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: June 25, 1893, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Cornelius Joseph Ford, Josephine Mary Murphy.

PREPARED AT: Public Latin School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

UNMARRIED.

HARVARD BROTHER: Francis Joseph William Ford, '04, LL.B., '06.

OCCUPATION: Classified Advertising Manager, Post Publishing Company.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled chief quartermaster U. S. Naval Reserve Force; released from active duty.

STICKS may break some people's bones, but Bill Ford's "sticks" are of a more limited nature, we might even say, more true to type. He writes:

GIVE it a stick! It's worth no more! Twenty-five years of living — and a philosophy of life — in a stick of type! What an assignment! Yet that is all it is worth at that. Will my obituary get more? I doubt it — few do. And I've written many of them.

How often have I been confined to a stick in my twenty years spent in the newspaper business. The command was snapped, "Give it a stick!" I gave it a stick — or else. They wield a ruthless pencil in emasculating copy on the night desk of the *Boston Post*.

Freedom of the press! What freedom — and freedom from what? Freedom to write what one thinks? Yes, if one thinks as the paper does, and as the advertiser does. In fact, advertisers now seem to think that they run the newspapers. They do run many of them at that. If your opinions are moulded by your newspaper reading, then a penny for your thoughts on any subject is much more than they are worth. The *Boston Post*? It has held

firm against this policy — look at the advertising lineage figures and see it clearly.

Sure, that's a plug for the *Post*, but I'm classified advertising manager of that sheet, and it's a poor class report that can't stand one plug at least. We defend with our lives our right to say it — on the *Post* — as Voltaire said for himself, before me.

Defense? That brings me back to earth. Sure, I went to war. I was in the Naval Aviation Corps just long enough to celebrate Armistice Day by parading the streets of Boston in 1918, and to celebrate it twice, only to find out that it wasn't Armistice Day at either time.

All my life from that day on I have been marching seemingly on the wrong day and in the wrong parade. I thought I would like the grocery business, but didn't. I thought I would like reporting the news, but didn't. Then I went into the advertising department of the same paper — the *Post* — and still would like to be doing something else.

Possibly that is because of my bachelorhood. Somebody said that celibates replace sentiment by habits. Well, maybe he is right. It's a habit now, both the state of being a bachelor and the state of being dissatisfied after twenty years on one newspaper. If there's a chink in my armor, it is the fact that sentiment still persists alongside habit.

It would be nice so to frame life that fact and your dreamings meet. But look what we are up against! The man with the hoe, symbolic once of Americanism, has been displaced by the man with the chisel. Everybody is chiselling these days in one way or another. There is no real honesty left in the world. A "fixed" parking tag can corrupt a whole police force, yet who among us has not tried to fix one? You can go on from there — it will tell you what has happened in city, state, and nation.

So what! Well, I can dream, can't I? Dream of the blunting of those chisels in our hands. They must be blunted if we are to exist as a nation. Look at what happened to France. Hitler is not the only menace to America. Let's set our own house in order — while we prepare for war.

Idealist? In a sense. But an idealist after twenty years in the newspaper business is something at that. What an odd philosophy of life, you say. Guess you are right when you continue, "His

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obituary will get only a stick at that." Well, then, give it a stick — it's probably worth no more.

ALDEN SIMONDS FOSS

HOME ADDRESS: 10 Avon Pl., Cambridge, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Boston Woven Hose & Rubber Co., Cambridge, Mass.

BORN: May 21, 1896, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Granville Edward Foss, Hattie Crosby Simonds.

PREPARED AT: Noble and Greenough School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Dorothy Parker Tenney, Oct. 16, 1920, Boston, Mass. CHILDREN: Alice Parker, Nov. 25, 1925; Harriet, Nov. 21, 1927.

OCCUPATION: Assistant Treasurer, Boston Woven Hose & Rubber Company.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Camion driver, American Field Service, Motor Transport Unit 133 (Réserve Mallet), May 19 to Nov. 30, 1917, with French Army on Chemin des Dames front. Enlisted private 1st class Aviation Section, Signal Corps Dec. 14, 1917; detailed to School of Military Aëronautics, Cornell University; detailed to Hazelhurst Field, N. Y., May 1, 1918; commissioned 2d lieutenant Air Service, Military Aëronautics July 18 and assigned to 1st Provisional Wing, Mineola, N. Y.; detailed to School of Bombing, Ellington Field, Texas, Sept. 4; discharged Jan. 6, 1919.

MEMBER OF: Cambridge Boat Club; Peterborough, New Hampshire, Golf Club.

WE are grateful to Alden Foss for reminding us of President Lowell's definition of the aim of Harvard. A large majority of the "lives" in this book show that the College succeeded unusually well in teaching 1917 "how to get the most real enjoyment out of life." Foss writes:

MY family raised me with the sole idea that I would devote my life to operating the woolen and worsted mill which was pretty much a family venture. I was scarcely initiated to the business after the last World War when financial difficulties beset it, and even my Harvard education was not enough to save it from complete collapse a few years later.

Early in our Freshman year President Lowell, I believe it was, told us that Harvard College aimed to show its sons how to live better lives and how to get the most real enjoyment out of life, but not how to make money. It was even suggested that if earning capacity was one's chief consideration one should quit Harvard right at

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the start. I did not believe him then, but I do now. I have been able to provide for my family through the vicissitudes of both the old and the New Deal only in a modest sort of way, but have managed to have a pretty good time through it all. If it had not been for Harvard, however, I might have really achieved success.

My pet aversions are the movies, *Life* (the pictorial magazine), and golf. The last-named I am now trying to take in small doses like a medicine, as something that may be good for what ails me in my old age, but it is still painful.

My hobbies are skiing — I should not mention it in the company of a Bright — badminton, and Americana. Our summers are spent on a New Hampshire hilltop in a story-and-a-half house that once was a tavern on the stage route from Keene to Boston via Nashua. It had to be appropriately furnished, and so we have made friends with most of the antique dealers in the vicinity, have attended most of the country auctions thereabout, and read with enthusiasm each month *Antiques*, a publication which is not written down to the layman.

My only real achievements in life, however, have been carrying some small part of the burden in the management of one of the leading industries of Greater Boston and in raising two daughters who bid fair to be a credit to their parents.

FRANCIS BARING FOSTER

HOME ADDRESS: 35-34 84th St., Jackson Heights, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Pepsi-Cola Co., Long Island City, N. Y.

BORN: Dec. 4, 1895, Milton, Mass. PARENTS: Alfred Dwight Foster, Evelyn Margaret Samborne.

PREPARED AT: St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; S.B. ENGIN., 1923.

MARRIED: Violet S. Woodson, June 19, 1926, New York, N. Y.

HARVARD BROTHER: Dwight Foster, '16.

OCCUPATION: Engineer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private 1st class Aviation Section, Signal Corps July 14, 1917; detailed to School of Military Aëronautics, Princeton University; to Royal Flying Corps School of Aërial Gunnery, Toronto, Sept. 1; transferred to Fort Worth, Texas; commissioned 1st lieutenant Aviation Section, Signal Corps Dec. 15; assigned to 139th Pursuit Squadron and detailed as armament and engineering officer; sailed for France Feb. 26, 1918; attached to 88th Observation Squadron, 3d Corps, Sept. 28; discharged Jan. 9, 1919. Engagement: Meuse-

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Argonne offensive. Officially credited with the destruction of two enemy airplanes. Cited by General Pershing. Cited in general orders Headquarters 1st Army Air Service.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of New York; Harvard Engineering Society.

MIKE FOSTER has had experiences over and under the earth and is now assisting a classmate to cover the country with a well-known beverage. He writes:

THE last twenty-five years have been entirely different from the plans I had when I entered College. I expected to work for some old established Boston firm and progress slowly as the years went by. It might have been a little more secure, but would not have been half as interesting as the life I have actually led.

A year and a half in the Army Air Service as engineering officer and observer was followed by two years in a woolen mill. Finding that I still preferred engineering, I spent two years in graduate study at the Harvard Engineering School, then three years on the Holland Tunnel.

In the spring of 1926, the tunnel being practically completed, I combined the urge to travel with the necessity of supporting a wife by sailing for Chile as an engineer for the Guggenheim Nitrate Interests. I stayed two three-year contracts as a plant superintendent until the industry collapsed in 1932.

Returning to the States when engineers were to be had at a dime a dozen, I found the next several years instructive but not very remunerative. Then came jobs in refrigeration and allied fields. For the last two years I have been working under Walter Mack in the Pepsi-Cola Company.

Flying, compressed air work, and working in a foreign country were youthful adventures and pleasant to look back on, but I have reached the age when I want to settle down and grow with a company and a community. A home shop to putter in, boating, and fishing are some hobbies I like but have not had much chance to indulge in so far.

JAMES FORSYTH FOSTER, JR.

HOME ADDRESS: 95 Highland Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Airport Publishers, Inc., 210 Ellicott St., Buffalo, N. Y.

BORN: Oct. 29, 1895, Buffalo, N. Y. PARENTS: James Forsyth Foster, Ellen Louise White.

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PREPARED AT: Lafayette High School, Buffalo, N. Y.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Dorothy Reidpath Martin, June 14, 1923, Buffalo, N. Y. CHILDREN: Margaret Reidpath, Jan. 31, 1930 (adopted at birth); Darwin Martin, Nov. 11, 1930.

OCCUPATION: Printing, Advertising, Publishing.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered service private Nov. 23, 1917; assigned to 303d Motor Transport Repair Shop Unit, Quartermaster Corps; sailed for France Jan., 1918; recalled to United States in April for industrial service; honorably discharged May 1, 1918.

OFFICES HELD: President, Airport Publishers, Inc.; vice-president, Foster & Stewart Publishing Corp.; director, Lyon & Coulson, Inc.; publicity director, Hotel Stuyvesant, Buffalo.

MEMBER OF: Greater Buffalo Advertising Club; University Club of Buffalo; Mid-Day Club; Harvard Club of Buffalo (secretary).

PUBLICATIONS: Contributions to periodicals.

JIM FOSTER'S life for the last twenty-five years sounds like a rondo:

IN April, 1917, Professor Ripley and others advised us not to sacrifice our precious college training by plunging blindly into the Army or Navy, especially if we could serve in defense industries. I was quite transported by this noble sentiment—literally. Back home the Curtiss Aëroplane and Motors Corporation wanted young engineers, and I came to earth in their testing laboratory.

Returning to Cambridge for graduation in June, I found I had undergone a mysterious metamorphosis from an S.B. to an A.B., because of an elementary Greek course that crept into my Senior year, and for which I've since been very grateful. Then the Curtiss Corporation had an argument with the Draft Board and on November 23, 1917, the Army took me over, assigned me to the Engineering Section of the 303d Mechanical Repair Shop Unit of the Quartermaster Corps, and shipped me overseas in January. After three peaceful, futile months in Nevers, France, they ordered me right back to the Curtiss plant, handed me an honorable discharge on May 1, and within about six months I had won the war with a slide-rule!

Drifting naturally into the business in which my family was heavily interested, I next tackled the job of running the Enameling Plant of the Republic Metalware Company (later Savory,

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Incorporated), in Buffalo. But I discovered that it is often more agreeable and profitable to talk engineering than to practise it, and during the next decade talked myself successively into the positions of advertising manager and director of the company.

Having thus become infected with printer's ink, I bought an interest in a printing business in 1929. Of this I am now president. It is called Airport Publishers, Incorporated (don't ask me why), and specializes in advertising and publishing. Subsequently a subsidiary was organized under the name of Foster & Stewart, which functions as an advertising agency, produces books, and attempts almost anything — for a consideration.

Early in my business career I hoped that some day, when I had attained the ripe old age of forty-five or fifty, I might be a director of several corporations, disseminating sage advice and garnering gold pieces. Before I was forty my wish had come true, and I was thoroughly disillusioned and off the gold standard.

I have served as a director of the Republic Metalware Company, Airport Publishers, Foster & Stewart, Buffalo Phenix Corporation (a family finance company), Lyon & Coulson (sporting equipment), and the Stuyvesant Hotel (the best place to stop in Buffalo — advt.). Most of these companies survived.

Perhaps I should now break down and admit that I was born in Buffalo on October 29, 1895, of parents who were not exactly poor, but yet surprisingly honest. After surviving association with most of the private schools in the home town and a few tutors while visiting Bermuda and Europe, I finished preparing for Harvard at Buffalo Lafayette High School.

It was when I was in about the fourth grade that I met Dorothy Reidpath Martin, and I promptly proposed. After pursuing her for nearly twenty years, through school and Smith College, I finally succeeded in marrying her on June 14, 1923. Throughout the United States flags are officially displayed on our anniversary!

No young appearing for some time, we were able to make a couple of pleasant trips to Europe, first in 1926 and again in 1929, when we took our car and covered 8000 miles, spending five months and a small fortune (from our present viewpoint), and came home money ahead, because it was 1929.

After vainly waiting seven long years for progeny, we adopted

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a baby girl, and Nature played one of her pleasanter pranks by presenting us with a son in the normal way on the following Armistice Day. We decided to keep him, too. Our home has always been a very happy one.

Religion has meant a great deal in my life. I have been an active Christian Scientist since boyhood, served as "First Reader" in Third Church, Buffalo, during 1933, 1934, and 1935, and am now a trustee and Sunday School superintendent, a job I enjoy very much.

As a clubman I'm something of a loss—I don't drink well enough. However, I'm a member of the University Club, the Mid-Day Club, and the Greater Buffalo Advertising Club, of which I was a director from 1923 to 1925. I occasionally sing outrageously in choral groups. I have always been much interested in Boy Scout work, starting as a tenderfoot in 1911, and I am now a vice-president of the Buffalo Council and a member of the National Council. It looks as if my most effective war work might well be in this field. Our scouts are certainly being splendidly prepared for war—or peace.

Then there's the Harvard Club of Buffalo, in which I've had a lot of fun as secretary. Recently we entertained the boys who were home from Harvard for the holidays. They said they were being advised not to sacrifice their precious college training by plunging into the Army or Navy, especially if they could serve in defense industries.

But isn't this where I came in?

✦ MARCELLUS FITZHUGH HOWARD FOSTER

BORN: Jan. 27, 1895, Houston, Texas. PARENTS: Marcellus Eliot Foster, Edna Weeks.

PREPARED AT: St. Paul's School, Garden City, Long Island, N. Y.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1915.

DIED: Jan. 2, 1928, Columbia, S. C.

FATHER: Marcellus Eliot Foster, 5367 Institute Lane, Houston, Texas.

OUR classmate, John G. Heinz, writes: "All of us who knew him, liked Foster. He was quiet, studious, and in his own chosen field of history, brilliant. He was not a 'good mixer' but self-contained and rather shy—a credit to the College. I lost track of him after graduation. It is a pity he passed away so soon.

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"If the world were peopled by his sort, there would be fewer troubled problems to solve."

RONALD MARTIN FOSTER

HOME ADDRESS: 122 E. Dudley Ave., Westfield, N. J.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Bell Telephone Laboratories, 463 West St., New York, N. Y.

BORN: Oct. 3, 1896, Brooklyn, N. Y. PARENTS: Frederick Langdon Foster, Emily Jane Martin.

PREPARED AT: Boys' High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: S.B. *summa cum laude*, 1917.

MARRIED: Annabel Conover, April 12, 1924, Swedesboro, N. J. CHILDREN: Ronald Martin, Jr., June 7, 1926; Hubert Conover, Jan. 12, 1928; Theodore Dean, July 25, 1929; Alan Stuart, June 30, 1933.

OCCUPATION: Mathematician.

MEMBER OF: American Association for the Advancement of Science; American Mathematical Society; Mathematical Association of America; Association for Symbolic Logic; Institute of Mathematical Statistics; National Council of Teachers of Mathematics; London Mathematical Society; Edinburgh Mathematical Society.

PUBLICATIONS: *Fourier Integrals for Practical Applications* (with George A. Campbell); various articles in technical periodicals.

IN 1916-1917 Ronald Foster was president of the Sever Mathematical Club, so we are not surprised that now he belongs to several mathematical societies. He writes:

SINCE graduation I have been engaged in mathematical research work in the Bell Telephone System, first in the Engineering Department of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, and then in the Department of Development and Research, from the organization of that department in 1919 to its consolidation with the Bell Telephone Laboratories in 1934, and since then in the Research Department of the Bell Telephone Laboratories.

Part of my time is devoted to work for the American Mathematical Society. At present I am a member of the Committee on Addresses in Applied Mathematics and chairman of the Committee on Publicity.

ARISTIDES A. FRAGOPULOS

ADDRESS: 267 Ruggles St., Roxbury, Mass.

BORN: Jan. 17, 1894, Aegion, Greece. PARENTS: Anastos Fragopulos, Helene Camellopulos.

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PREPARED AT: Aegion High School, Aegion, Greece.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered service private July 22, 1918; assigned to 151st Depot Brigade, Camp Devens, Mass.; transferred to Chemical Warfare Service, Sept. 8; stationed at Cleveland, Ohio; promoted private 1st class Jan. 15, 1919; discharged Feb. 12, 1919.

ARISTIDES FRAGOPULOS worked in the research laboratory of the General Electric Company of Lynn from June, 1917, to June, 1918. He then was in the Chemical Warfare Service until February, 1919. Next he was with a steel-casting company in Roxbury, as a chemist, for a year. He returned to the Chemical Warfare Service for seven months, followed by nine months as chief chemist of a steel company in Sandusky, Ohio. He then attended the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy for a year, taking a course in pharmaceutical chemistry. Next he entered a perfume-manufacturing company where he stayed at least four years. Since then nothing had been heard of him until, about four years ago, in a business transaction I met a man who was introduced to me as a chemist and a graduate of Harvard. I asked him what class he was in and he told me it was 1917. This rather puzzled me as I had understood his name to be Mr. A. A. Franklin, so I rather bluntly said that there was no one of that name in the Class. He then said that his name had been Fragopulos. I have not been able to find him since then although he gave me the above address.

RAYMOND HUGO FRANZEN

HOME ADDRESS: 103 Liberty Ave., New Rochelle, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y.

BORN: Feb. 17, 1895, St. Paul, Minn. PARENTS: Jacob Frank Franzen, Alice Mueller.

PREPARED AT: Central High School, St. Paul, Minn.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917; A.M. (Columbia Univ.), 1918; PH.D. (*ibid.*), 1920.

MARRIED: Louisa Blaine. CHILDREN: Julia Blaine, March 11, 1932; Hugo Friedrich, Aug. 27, 1934.

HARVARD BROTHER: Walter Franzen, '15 (deceased).

OCCUPATION: Research Consultant — Market Analysis and Public Relations.

OFFICES HELD: Director of Research, public schools of Des Moines, 1920-1922; assistant professor of psychology and education, University of

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California, 1922-1925; research director, School Health Study, American Child Health Association, 1925-1930.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of New York.

PUBLICATIONS: "The Accomplishment Ratio;" school health monographs (five); technical articles on statistical method.

RAYMOND FRANZEN can "talk shop" at home as his wife works with him. He says, "My non-professional interests are sufficiently conventional so that they have almost been forgotten since those days when there was time for non-professional interests." His "Life":

GRADUATE work at Columbia included training in statistical method. My professional interest since that time has been in the application of the method to various fields of social data. First, I applied it to educational research in the Des Moines schools. Next, I taught statistical method at the University of California. Then I worked on public health research, especially on school health programs. Concurrently at first, and then exclusively, I applied the method to economics, especially marketing research. Finally, though not surprisingly, I worked for the government, applying the statistical method to the selection of pilots for the Civil Aeronautics Administration.

My family is a very usual one, except that my wife works with me in my consulting practice.

My viewpoint, where unusual, is not formalized for presentation.

CLARENCE SUMNER FREEDMAN

HOME ADDRESS: 281 Lafayette St., Salem, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 18 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: July 25, 1896, Chelsea, Mass. PARENTS: Niman Freedman, Emma Lebowich.

PREPARED AT: Chelsea High School, Chelsea, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Helen Sanda Newmark, Nov. 29, 1917, Brookline, Mass. CHILDREN: Marjorie (Mrs. Arnold S. Dane), Feb. 18, 1919; Hope Elizabeth, May 20, 1921; Ruth Helen, July 14, 1928.

HARVARD BROTHERS: Louis Mark Freedman, '01, M.D., '04; Eleazer Freedman, '03 (deceased); Herman Sumner Freedman, '07 (deceased); Robert Freedman, '11.

OCCUPATION: Insurance.

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MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled yeoman 1st class U. S. Naval Reserve Force July 3, 1918; assigned to Naval Aviation Detachment, Mass. Inst. Tech.; released from active duty Feb. 12, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Member, Salem Republican City Committee; treasurer, Ward 5, Republican Committee; secretary, Temple Beth El of Lynn; post warden of A.R.P.; lecturer under the A.R.P.

MEMBER OF: Salem Republican City Committee; Temple Beth El; Post 23, American Legion of Salem; Harvard Club of the North Shore; Starr King Lodge, A. F. & A. M.

CLARENCE FREEDMAN believes that an average man can contribute much to human society by "being upstanding." His life has surely been in that direction. He writes:

IT is given to few of us to be outstanding citizens. Yet despite the comparatively even tenor of the average man's life, he does make a contribution to society simply by being upstanding, by raising a family of character, and by serving his community to the best of his humble ability. Thus judged, over the last twenty-five years the only testimony I can offer that my family and I measure up to this norm is that we are respected by those who know us and that we have been and are now engaged in worthwhile endeavors for the benefit of our fellow-man. To that extent we can account for the days of our years with satisfaction.

On Thanksgiving of 1917 Helen Newmark of Salem and I were married, and in imitation of the Bible's recounting of births, I may say we begat three children. The dates of their birth are the three red-letter days in our lives, the fourth to be in the person of a grandchild to be born to Marjorie Freedman Dane.

The Princess of Wales attended the University of New Hampshire; the Duchess of York was educated at Sea Pines School, Brewster, Massachusetts, Cushing Academy, Ashburnham, Massachusetts, and the Lesley School in Cambridge; and the Duchess of Gloucester is at present a freshman at the Salem High School.

Following her schooling at the University of New Hampshire and at a secretarial school in Boston, my eldest daughter trained as a laboratory technician at the Salem Hospital, from which she was employed in her specialty by Dr. Stuart N. Gardner, our classmate, until her marriage in 1941. Her husband is Arnold S. Dane, Harvard Class of 1934, Law School 1936, and at present first lieutenant in the United States Marine Corps, in active service.

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My greatest happiness lies in my good fortune in having chosen a compatible wife and in having reared children I am proud to call mine.

For recreation I dig divots from spring through fall, replant in the spring, and harvest in the summer. In winter I have enjoyed skating with my children, from their early youth to the present. My travels have not been as extensive as I hope some day they will be, but I have a visitor's acquaintance with places of importance in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Florida. Viewing nature and observing at first hand the mode of life of contrasting peoples are pleasurable to me.

During World War I, I was attached to the Naval Aviation Ground School at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. In the present emergency I am serving as post warden and have been chosen lecturer on Air Raid Precaution, having completed the required course on the subject.

At one time or another I have occupied myself in numerous philanthropic endeavors and have given as liberally as my means permitted for worthy causes and for worthy individuals.

From my earliest days I have had a religious bent, not only by inheritance, but in my maturer years by conviction. The concept of the planets performing their stupendous revolutions in an orderly scheme, the endless ages of time and the wondrous changes they have wrought, and the momentous events of history, even in our own day, appeal to me as requiring the existence of a Supreme Being. Bowing the Almighty out of His creation has always seemed to me presumptuous on the part of mere mortal, fallible man. Accordingly, I have taken an active part in the formation of Temple Beth El of Lynn and have served as secretary and in other capacities over a period of fifteen years. I have been a regular attendant at Temple services, drawing inspiration therefrom, but never losing sight of the fact that practice of the moral code must not be subordinated.

From 1916 through 1923 I earned my livelihood as an upper leather merchant. The first post-war depression made a change advisable, and I have engaged in the insurance business since that time.

In politics I have been elected to the Salem Republican City Committee for some years and have served on its executive com-

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mittee and as treasurer of my ward committee. Fraternally, my attachment has been limited to membership in Freemasonry, which I joined twenty-three years ago, in the American Legion, and in the Harvard Club of the North Shore.

I cannot forego paying tribute to my wife's community interests in our home city of Salem, as first captain of the Red Cross Motor Corps, Gray Lady at the Salem Hospital, vice-chairman of Canteen, secretary and active worker in the Ladies' Aid Society, member of the board and community service chairman of the Salem Women's Club, and as one of the three women members of the Salem Community Chest.

A quarter of a century, particularly in our time, makes philosophers of thinking men. I observe, even among the educated, evidences of bigotry and intolerance, a stubbornness against rationalization out of one's prejudices, an unwillingness to accord others equal privileges, a condoning of one's own sins, similar transgressions in others being unforgivable, religious observance without godly practice in everyday life, and finally, acceptance of dishonesty and inefficiency by public officials as inevitable. If men everywhere would cease engaging in strength-sapping divisions and malpractices, would ostracize the dishonest, and would coöperate in brotherly harmony, there would be no limit to man's conquest of nature and to the enjoyment of the resulting benefits equally by all. It can be done!

EDWARD PHILIP FREEDMAN

HOME ADDRESS: 140 Storer Ave., New Rochelle, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Freedman & Freedman, 1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

BORN: Nov. 29, 1895, Rochester, N. Y. PARENTS: Bernard Meyer Freedman, Julia Abramson.

PREPARED AT: Salem Classical High School, Salem, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1915, 1916-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; M.B.A. *cum laude*, 1920; LL.B. (New York Law School), 1925.

MARRIED: Sadie Laura Gordon, June 11, 1922, Brooklyn, N. Y. CHILD: William Gordon, June 25, 1925.

OCCUPATION: Attorney and Accountant; Partner, Freedman & Freedman and Freedman, Loewenstein & Freedman.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled seaman 2d class U. S. Naval Reserve Force June 3, 1918; assigned to Naval Training Camp, Hingham, Mass., June 25; transferred to Naval Training Camp, Bumkin Island, Mass., July 23; to Commonwealth Pier, Boston, Mass., July 31; promoted chief

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boatswain's mate Aug. 19; entered Officer Material School, Cambridge, Mass.; appointed ensign Dec. 12; released from active duty Dec. 27, 1918.

EDWARD FREEDMAN'S "fondest ambition" is that his son will be a Harvard freshman about the time the Class meets for its Twenty-fifth Anniversary. He writes:

I WAS discharged from the United States Naval Reserve in December, 1918, with the rank of ensign, United States Naval Reserve Force, without having won any medals for valor or distinction in the service.

In January, 1919, the School of Business Administration at Harvard opened a special session which I entered and from which I was graduated in June, 1920. Very soon thereafter I was successful in obtaining a position as assistant to the chief cost accountant of the General Electric Company of Lynn, Massachusetts, where I remained for several months before entering the service of the Treasury Department, Income Tax Division, of the United States. The latter position took me to Washington for a few months with an eventual assignment to its New York office. I remained in this service for a year, resigning at the end of that time to enter the practice of accountancy and tax consulting.

I soon decided to augment the business knowledge I had received at the Business School by that of the knowledge of law. Accordingly, in order to pursue my ambitions I entered the New York Law School in September, 1922, and was graduated therefrom on June 18, 1925. I was admitted to practise law in the State of New York on July 19, 1926, and have since that time been associated with my brother, Max, who is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania and the New York Law School, and my cousin, Samuel J. Loewenstein, who is a graduate of the City College of the City of New York and the Columbia Law School, in the practice of both accountancy and law.

I have one son, William Gordon, who, I hope, will be graduated from the high school at New Rochelle in June, 1942. At the time of writing, my son has filed with the Committee of Admission of Harvard University an application for admission to the class to be started in June of this year. It is my fondest ambition that

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he be admitted, and I hope that he will be successful in making the grade.

HARRY SOLOMON FREEDMAN

HOME ADDRESS: 15 W. Elm Terr., Brockton, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: A. Freedman & Sons, Inc., New Bedford, Mass.

BORN: Oct. 23, 1893, Brockton, Mass. PARENTS: Alfred Freedman, Sarah Etta Levine.

PREPARED AT: Brockton High School, Brockton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: S.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Flora E. Segel, July 28, 1918, Melrose, Mass. CHILDREN: Peter S., April 13, 1920; Arthur M., Aug. 28, 1922; Joyce S., April 15, 1928.

OCCUPATION: Shoe Manufacturer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered service private Aug. 29, 1918; stationed at Camp Upton, N. Y.; transferred to Coast Defenses of Long Island Sound, Fort H. G. Wright, N. Y., Oct. 6, 1918; appointed chief clerk Office of Coast Defense Artillery Engineer; discharged Dec. 16, 1918.

HARRY FREEDMAN was on the Class Debating Team and he evidently still believes in being brief and to the point. He writes:

AFTER a short and eventless experience in the Army in 1918, I entered my father's business, with which I am still connected. Most of my time has been spent on the selling end. This has meant being away most of the time. At present we are making garrison oxfords for the Army.

Peter and Arthur are in Brown; Joyce in junior high.

HIRAM FREEDMAN

HOME ADDRESS: 24 Lafayette Pl., Salem, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 199 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: May 12, 1896, Rochester, N. Y. PARENTS: Casper Freedman, Esther Rachel Epstein.

PREPARED AT: Salem High School, Salem, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1914, 1916-1919. DEGREES: A.B., 1917 (19); M.B.A., 1920; LL.B. (Northeastern Univ.), 1928.

UNMARRIED.

HARVARD BROTHER: Samuel Freedman, '09.

OCCUPATION: Lawyer and Accountant.

IN 1920 Hiram Freedman was a student at the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration. In 1923 he was with the United States Internal Revenue Bureau at Salem, and in 1927 he

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was with them in Boston. In 1928 he received his law degree from Northeastern University and since then he has been a lawyer in Boston.

FRANK FREMONT-SMITH

HOME ADDRESS: P. O. Box 321, Amityville, Long Island, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Josiah Macy, Jr., Foundation, 565 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

BORN: March 19, 1895, St. Augustine, Fla. PARENTS: Dr. Frank Fremont-Smith, Dorothea Marguerite Grossman.

PREPARED AT: Groton School, Groton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1915. DEGREE: M.D., 1921.

MARRIED: Frances Eliot, June 5, 1920, Cambridge, Mass. (divorced 1935); Hazel E. Crockett, July 25, 1935, Virginia City, Nev. CHILDREN: Paul, April 1, 1921; Kenneth, Feb. 17, 1924; Eliot, April 16, 1929; Nicholas, Dec. 6, 1937.

HARVARD SONS: Paul Fremont-Smith, '43; Kenneth Fremont-Smith, '45.

HARVARD BROTHER: Maurice Fremont-Smith, '13, M.D., '18.

OCCUPATION: Physician; Director, Medical Division, Josiah Macy, Jr., Foundation, since 1936.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled chief gunner's mate U. S. Naval Reserve Force June 14, 1917; assigned to Naval Radio Station, Otter Cliff, Maine; promoted chief boatswain's mate and entered Officer Material School, Cambridge, Mass., Oct. 15; appointed ensign Feb. 11, 1918; assigned to U. S. S. *Pennsylvania*; served as assistant communication officer; transferred to Submarine School, New London, Conn., in September; released from active duty Dec. 13, 1918.

OFFICES HELD: Assistant professor neuropathology, Harvard Medical School, 1929-1936; tutor in biochemical sciences, Harvard College, 1930-1932; associate psychiatrist, Massachusetts General Hospital, 1934-1936.

MEMBER OF: American Medical Association; Massachusetts Medical Society; New York Academy of Sciences; Society of Clinical Investigation; American Neurological Association; Association of American Physicians; Associations for Research in Nervous and Mental Diseases; American Psychiatric Association; American Association for the Advancement of Science; Society for Development and Growth.

PUBLICATIONS: "Studies in Edema, I. Mechanism of Water Diuresis in Man," (with Maurice Fremont-Smith, Mary E. Dailey, Philip Solomon, deWitt Stetten, Jr., Margaret P. Carroll), *Journal of Clinical Investigation*, Vol. IX, No. 1, Aug. 20, 1930; "The Nature of the Cerebrospinal Fluid," *Archives of Neurology and Psychiatry*, 17:317, 1927 (March); "The Nature of the Amniotic Fluid—A Comparative Study of Human Amniotic Fluid and Maternal Serum," (with A. W. Makepeace, M. E. Dailey, M. P. Carroll), *Surgery, Gynecology & Obstetrics*, 53:635, 1931 (November); "Influence of Emotion in precipitating Convulsions,"

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American Journal of Psychiatry, 13:717, 1934 (January); *The Cerebrospinal Fluid* (with H. H. Merritee), published by W. B. Saunders Company, Philadelphia, 1937; "The Influence of Emotional Factors upon Physiological & Pathological Processes," *Bulletin*, New York Academy of Medicine, Second Series, Vol. 15, No. 8, pp. 560-569, August, 1939.

FRANK FREMONT-SMITH believes that medical science may prevent the occurrence of future wars. He writes:

MY college course was terminated in the spring of my Sophomore year by the illness of my father, with the result that I entered Harvard Medical School without an A.B. degree, and with the minimum of entrance requirements. My medical course was interrupted by eighteen months spent in the United States Naval Reserve Forces. After graduation from Harvard Medical School in 1921 I spent fourteen years in research and teaching at the Harvard Medical School, Department of Neuropathology, and on the wards and in the laboratories of the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, the Boston City Hospital, and the Massachusetts General Hospital. My medical training was greatly influenced by Harvey Cushing, Francis Peabody, James B. Ayer, and Stanley Cobb, and to the two latter I shall always be indebted for the unusual opportunity and encouragement offered for research.

During my student days in the Medical School I became greatly interested in the cerebrospinal fluid, a clear watery liquid which surrounds the brain and spinal cord and acts as a protective water-jacket. Many years of investigation were given to the physical and chemical nature of this fluid, the mechanism of its formation, and the changes occurring in disease. These studies led to increasing interest in other body fluids and particularly to the fluids of the eye and to the function of the kidneys.

Another major interest was the problem of epilepsy and the mechanism of convulsions. Gradually it became evident that the various bodily functions, and particularly their response in disease, could not be understood without giving consideration to the influence of emotional tension upon bodily functions. These considerations came to occupy increasingly the center of my interest, and I recognized that if the physician is to treat his patient successfully he must understand the man who is ill as well as the disturbance of an organ function.

In 1935 I was invited to join the staff of the Josiah Macy, Jr.,

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Foundation, where I am now in the position of Director of Medical Division and Acting Executive Secretary, and have been appointed Medical Director and Executive Secretary as of July 1, 1942. Here my duties and interest have been focussed on the choice of investigators to receive Foundation aid and sponsorship. This work has been particularly interesting in that it enabled me to make use of every aspect of my previous medical and scientific training.

While a third-year medical student I was married to Frances Eliot of Cambridge. My eldest son is now a sophomore at the University of Wisconsin. My second son is now a freshman at Harvard. My first marriage ended in divorce in 1935. I was married to Hazel E. Crockett of Roxbury, Massachusetts, on July 25, 1935, and my youngest child was born on December 6, 1937. I live the year 'round at Amity Harbor, Amityville, Long Island.

A father of four sons, writing his autobiography for the twenty-fifth reunion of his College class, as his country enters the second world war of his lifetime, might well be profoundly pessimistic with regard to the future of civilization. If, with the advances in knowledge the last fifty years, the best we can do is to move from one war of destruction to another, what hope is there? My own conviction is deeply optimistic for the very reason that within recent years new insights into human nature and into the dynamics of inter-personal relationships have been achieved, which are far-reaching in their implications with regard to the sources and mechanisms of human conflict. Through this new insight we see clearly not only that man today is driven to mutual destruction by inner compulsions of which he is unaware, but also that there is new hope for man when freed from these compelling yet hidden fetters. The Nazi doctrine has become an atavistic perversion, the culminating mass explosion of repressed and hidden fires. These fires are not in themselves perverse; they are the sources of energy which give warmth to human relationship at its best. To me the deepest justification for our willingness to go through this fight at whatever cost is that I believe that we and we alone have the primary responsibility for preserving these new insights. If they cannot be preserved, the progress of civilization will be set back for generations. If

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they can be preserved, we may look forward with well-founded hope to a "Renaissance" in which man can learn more and more how to direct his own destiny.

JOSEPH MILTON FRENCH

HOME ADDRESS: 304 Grant Ave., Highland Park, N. J.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Rutgers University, New Brunswick, N. J.

BORN: March 7, 1895, Randolph, Mass. PARENTS: Fred Melvin French, Minnie Florence Smith.

PREPARED AT: Thayer Academy, Braintree, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917; A.M., 1921; PH.D., 1928.

MARRIED: Elva Lenore Plunkett, Aug. 10, 1921, Randolph, Mass. CHILDREN: David Plunkett, Jan. 27, 1925; Jane, May 29, 1932.

OCCUPATION: Professor of English.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Signal Corps May 10, 1917; called to active service Oct. 5 and assigned to 301st Field Signal Battalion, Camp Devens, Mass.; promoted sergeant 1st class Jan. 1, 1918; detailed to Signal Officers' Training Camp, Leon Springs, Texas, May 15; commissioned 2d lieutenant Signal Corps Aug. 27 and assigned to 323d Field Signal Battalion; sailed for France Sept. 28; transferred to 8th Field Signal Battalion, 4th Division, Nov. 10; with Army of Occupation, Germany, until June 24, 1919; discharged July 8, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Member of faculty successively of Lafayette College, New York University, Dartmouth College, Harvard University, University of Akron, Queens College (Long Island), and Rutgers University; member of committees in Modern Language Association and College Conference on English of Central Atlantic States.

MEMBER OF: Phi Beta Kappa; Tau Kappa Alpha; Andiron Club of New York; Modern Language Association; Modern Humanities Research Association; College English Association.

PUBLICATIONS: *George Wither's History of the Pestilence* (ed.), 1932; *Charles Lamb: Selected Essays and Letters* (ed.), 1937; *Works of John Milton* (Columbia edition; ed. vols. 13 and 18 with T. O. Mabbott), 1938; *Milton in Chancery*, 1939; numerous articles in scholarly periodicals.

FRENCH says, "It also amuses me to remember that I came to College thinking English the dullest and hardest of subjects, was converted in my Freshman year by English 28, and am now in the thick of it myself." Which reminds us that Hazlitt foresaw this sort of situation when he wrote, "Violent antipathies are always suspicious and betray a secret affinity." French's story:

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WITH the exception of two years in the Army (1917-1919), my work since graduation has been teaching college English. I began at Lafayette College in 1921, have taught at a number of institutions since then, and am now head of the Department of English at Rutgers University. Though I shiver at the thought that I ought to be living up to the standards set by the giants of our time in College (Kittredge, Briggs, Neilson, and the rest), it's fun to carry on as best one can, even at a long distance.

Twice since graduation I have come back to Harvard for further study, once in 1921 and again in 1928. The first year gave me an A.M. and the second a Ph.D. It seemed a trifle monotonous and unreasonable to keep returning to the same university rather than trying elsewhere for variety, but each time it seemed that any other place would be an anti-climax, and so I eventually acquired three Harvard degrees. I can't say I expect any more.

In between times I got married and raised a family. Being reasonably lucky, I drew a winner each time. The score now stands: one wife, one son, one daughter. What more could one ask?

Our most daring experiment was to take a year off from teaching (1935-1936) and go abroad. We packed the old faithful Reo with endless suitcases and bags (covering one whole running-board up to the windows, and almost pushing the children out of the back seat), and took the *Britannic* to Southampton. We drove all over England for two months, and later in the spring over as much of France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, etc., as we could cover in two more months. Though fearful that the children might betray us to the secret police in Germany or Italy by treasonable whispers, we escaped without a scratch, since they responded nobly to our coaching. The eight months between September and May we spent in London, one of the last years of the enjoyment of Old London to be granted to American tourists. In addition to seeing all the sights, I worked madly in the British Museum and the Public Records Office, studying records connected with John Milton and his contemporaries. The tangible result was a book, several articles, and the makings of more, but the intangibles were fully as valuable.

Two years of army service during World War I sounds like

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a heroic enough record, but actually it was pretty prosaic. More than one year was spent in training camps in this country. On November 10, 1919, I finally joined a regular army division (the 4th) in the front line; but the next morning the Armistice was signed. For eight months more I struggled with the concentrated boredom of the Army of Occupation. Aside from furnishing me two years of complete stagnation, the Army did introduce me to one of the great scholars and teachers of our time (now appropriately at Harvard), who has helped me more than any other one person in what little success I have reached.

I haven't left myself much room for pet aversions, hobbies, and the like, but this is no great loss since there isn't much to record.

RUSSELL THURSTON FRY

HOME ADDRESS: East Jackson Ave., Riverton, Wyo.

OFFICE ADDRESS: N. Second St., Riverton, Wyo.

BORN: April 3, 1896, Claremont, N. H. PARENTS: Thomas Wilder Fry, Katharine Deane Jones.

PREPARED AT: Stevens High School, Claremont, N. H.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: S.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Dorothy Whipple, Aug. 18, 1917, Plymouth, Mass. (divorced April 4, 1933); Lillian Mann, Oct. 31, 1933, Boulder, Colo. CHILDREN: Louise, Aug. 22, 1918; Russell Thurston, Jr., April 15, 1920; Margaret Rogers, Aug. 11, 1921; Sylvia Hershey, Oct. 23, 1922; Dorothy Deane, Dec. 8, 1923.

HARVARD SON: Russell Thurston Fry, Jr., '44.

HARVARD BROTHER: Thomas Eddy Fry, '22.

OCCUPATION: Dealer in Farm and Home Equipment.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Aug. 15; assigned to Company M, 38th Infantry, 3d Division; commissioned provisional 2d lieutenant Infantry, Regular Army, Oct. 26; promoted temporary 1st lieutenant Jan. 3, 1918; sailed for France March 4; wounded July 22; wounded Aug. 10; transferred to Headquarters 4th Army Corps, Intelligence Section, Sept. 9; transferred to Headquarters 2d Army, Intelligence Section, Oct. 1; attached to U. S. Shipping Board, Paris, March 1, 1919; discharged April 24, 1919. Engagements: Champagne-Marne defensive, Marne-Aisne, Aisne-Oise and Saint-Mihiel offensives.

RUSS FRY found himself stranded in a strange town so he settled there and started a business. Who said the pioneering spirit or opportunity had vanished? His "Life":

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I ENTERED the Army via the Plattsburg Training Camp in 1917, resigning in 1919 on return to this country from France. I have had no subsequent military or naval association or service, but I am ready and willing if called and able to qualify. I entered the wool business with Adams & Leland of Boston at that time, and continued with them until April, 1937, principally as a western buyer. During many months each year I travelled through the states of Wyoming, Colorado, and New Mexico. I liked it. In April, 1937, the firm of Adams & Leland discontinued their business.

I was at that time spending the winter on a mountain farm which I own at Manila, Utah, and I put in the following summer there — but found that I was no farmer. In March, 1938, I came here to Riverton, Wyoming, on a job which soon evaporated. However, I felt that this section had possibilities of development agriculturally, so I stayed on here, started a small business of my own, and have since been dealing in farm machinery, electrical appliances, wool, seed, etc. Inexperience and lack of capital have made progress slow, and the uncertainties of these turbulent times do not permit a very rosy forecast for the immediate future.

I have no philosophy to expound, no witticisms to indite, no theology to preach. I have built no temples, written no masterpieces, and started no bonfires. There is nothing about my social, political, or religious aversions of interest to my classmates. But I hold firm in my conviction that Uncle Sam is a pretty fine old guy, that he will come through the troubles ahead with flying colors, that the subversive and obstructive elements of our society will be put in their proper place, and that Seventeen Men will help to accomplish these things, so that we, and our sons, and our sons' sons, can always be proud of our country and what it stands for.

The young men of today are going to a more ruthless war than that to which we went twenty-five years ago. And by that very token we must support them the more vigorously by maintaining that vigilant and militant and indomitable spirit on the home front without which their efforts cannot avail.

Let there be no defeatists among the Seventeen Men!

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917

RICHARD BUCKMINSTER FULLER

HOME ADDRESS: 105 E. 88th St., New York, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Dymaxion Co., 70 Pine St., New York, N. Y.

BORN: July 12, 1895, Milton, Mass. PARENTS: Richard Buckminster Fuller, '83, Caroline Wolcott Andrews.

PREPARED AT: Milton Academy, Milton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1915.

MARRIED: Anne Hewlett, July 12, 1917, Lawrence, Long Island, N. Y. CHILDREN: Alexandra Willets, Dec. 12, 1918 (died Nov. 14, 1922); Allegra, Sept. 28, 1927.

HARVARD BROTHER: Wolcott Fuller, '21, S.B., '22.

OCCUPATION: Engineering, Research, Writing.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Appointed ensign U. S. Naval Reserve Force April 6, 1917; assigned to Scout Patrol *Wego* April 19 as commanding officer; transferred to Scout Patrol *Whistler* Oct. 8 as commanding officer; to Scout Patrol *Inca* Oct. 26 as commanding officer; transferred with Scout Patrol *Inca* to Naval Air Station, Norfolk, Va., Nov. 3; also in command of division of patrol boats; entered Reserve Officers' Training Class, U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md., June 11, 1918; graduated and commissioned ensign (temporary) U. S. Navy Sept. 18; assigned to staff of Admiral Gleaves Oct. 26; served as aide; temporary duty on U. S. S. *Great Northern* on transport duty; temporary duty on U. S. S. *George Washington* on transport duty March 28, 1919; resignation accepted Sept. 2, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Assistant export manager, Armour & Company, 1919-1922; National Acct. Sales manager, Kelly-Springfield Truck Company, 1922; president, Stockade Building System, Incorporated, 1922-1927, 4 D Company (builders of Dymaxion Automobile), 1933-1935; inventor and developer, Dymaxion House and Car, 1927-1930; assistant director, founder and manager, Structural Study Associates, New York City, since 1931; editor and publisher, *Shelter Magazine*, since 1932; assistant director, Phelps Dodge Corporation, Department of Development and Research, 1935-1938, Pierce Foundation (American Radiator Research), since 1930; technical consultant, Editorial Staff, *Fortune Magazine*, 1938-1940; vice-president, in charge of engineering research, Dymaxion Company, Incorporated, since 1941.

MEMBER OF: Somerset Club, 1922-1928; Racquet and Tennis, New York City, 1934-1939.

PUBLICATIONS: *Time Lock*, privately published 1927; "Universal Architecture," *Shelter Magazine*, 1932; *Nine Chains to the Moon*, J. B. Lippincott, 1928; *New Worlds in Engineering* (co-author), special book for Chrysler Corporation, 1940; various magazine articles.

IT is not fair to Bucky Fuller to boil down his "Life" to the following, as he deserves a whole book for himself. He has been

called a "past master at astounding the public by altering sacredly traditional forms," a "prophet of civilization," "arch-theorist of housing," and "genius in a business suit." He writes:

SHUTTING off the war newscast and sitting down to fill out our Twenty-fifth questionnaire, it suddenly seems preposterous to write of *my* life. However, to write of *our* lives — to write of those happenings which have predominantly concerned us all in these last twenty-five years — adequately covers my life. Proportional to the epochal events of our postgraduate quarter of a century of participation in the history of man at large, *my* life and *your* life can differ only in unessential details no matter how intimately dear or individually tortuous the special items. But as a group we have significance — a place in history.

Some have been so careless as to call Harvard 1917 a hard-luck class. At least potentially it is the extreme opposite. It is true that the twenty-nine years since we entered Harvard have seemingly not abounded in tales of glory as judged by standards of the "good old days." But this could be due to newly-implemented reportorial immediacy, rather than to a waning valor of civilization. Be that as it may, our years have *uniquely* witnessed the greatest world changes in physical and knowledgeable events in all history. Our *potential good luck* as a class came in the fact that we were abruptly hurled into the vitals of these events, and with few exceptions even now continue as an integral part of them. We might otherwise have been just another class meeting from year to year in friendly reunion. For example, the classes of '14, '15, and '16 actually graduated before entering World War I. For instance, my cousin John's *George Apley* and *H. M. Pulham, Esq.* celebrate this era holdover. And while we were but one of many classes to enter war service, most of us found ourselves too long and too deeply involved in the war and its multiplying consequences ever to return to College for graduation, as did most members of the immediately ensuing classes of '18, '19, '20, and '21. And the men of these post-'17 classes must find themselves by overall average more aligned with the new world than with the old, be the proclivity ever so meager, or even individually contradicted by some of them.

Between '17 and '42 it is as though the acceleration of history caused by the astronomically compounding interest of knowledge and practice and its coincidental contraction of the phenomenon distance, as space or time, had raised the curve of man's historical graph from the dominantly horizontal slow incline of its long part to a dominantly vertical ascent. In that curvature-change the world-wars between-period represents the exquisite curve of small radius linking those right-angled lines of unique epochs.

And while it is true that all those who have been alive throughout even a part of this period have participated to a degree in this no-one-man's land-of-time, it also might properly be said that the body of men constituting the Harvard Class of 1917 link those epochs more precisely than any other. This is true by virtue both of the dates and the social geography involved. And so tortuously has our loosely-linked chain been heaved and submerged in the intervening curved waters of no-man's-time that none of us has had opportunity until now to gain perspective upon our fate. Now for the first time in history it is given to a body of men to "see ourselves" as others may see us from the vantage point of remote future perspective.

It can be said incontestably that our Class, as of course all other United States college classes of 1917, has seen in its first twenty-five years of manhood more than any other vital-maturity group in all history, and why, in the seriousness of the first blackout Twenty-fifth Reunion, as we now meet to take up the responsibilities of senior citizenship, it is our job to take stock of these greatest-of-all-history events.

As potential liaison men of the epoch span, we of 1917 have the equal ear of both old and new as has no other group. We have thereby also the greatest of intellectual and moral responsibility. We must save and incorporate into the social machinery of the new all that is incontestably of continuing value in the old and must make the equally incontestable validity of the new clear to the old so that we may join those old and new forces towards gaining the speediest and smoothest readjustment of society to acquisition of the new existence, before less able and less qualified dictatorial forces impose upon us and the world half-stitched hair shirts of reform in lieu of a scientifically

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discovered and democratically organized harvesting of the new industrial man abilities.

Our Harvard Class of 1917 represents as fair a cross section of high average democratic components as any group of men to be found in America. Ought we not as such dare voice to one another our innermost beliefs, to argue unselfishly in the terms of our varied experience, in such manner that the outline of an enduring peace may be written down—so simply, truly, and clearly that those who read our distillate will shiver in their spines to realize that men have arrived at a point where they can meet in effective democratic conclave mutually to develop such clairvoyance?

As hundreds of thousands of our sons fly into combat at seven miles per minute in all the sky about our earth, how may Harvard 1917 appraise itself, as *veritas* or *demi-tasse*?

JOHN ELBRIDGE GALE

HOME ADDRESS: 775 Commonwealth Ave., Newton Center, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 210 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: July 17, 1893, Clifton, Mass. PARENTS: Herbert Elbridge Gale, Martha Pollard.

PREPARED AT: Milton Academy, Milton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1914.

MARRIED: Natalie Cameron Kemp, April 24, 1920, Maplewood, N. J. CHILDREN: Elizabeth, Dec. 15, 1922; Natalie Kemp, Nov. 6, 1923; Herbert Elbridge, Nov. 25, 1924.

OCCUPATION: Women's Shoe Manufacturer; President, Gale Shoe Manufacturing Company, North Adams, Mass.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private June 1, 1917; assigned to Quartermaster Depot, Boston, Mass.; transferred to Camp Joseph E. Johnston, Fla., Nov. 3; to Washington, D. C., Aug. 20, 1918; promoted sergeant 1st class; discharged Dec. 24, 1918.

MEMBER OF: Brae Burn Country Club.

JACK GALE is a great sports fan especially interested in pro hockey. He has been a season ticket-holder for this sport ever since it started in Boston. However, he does not take all his sports sitting down as he is an ardent fisherman and enjoys fishing with his sixteen-year-old son. Also some years ago he won many prizes at tennis.

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✠ EUGENE GALLIGAN

BORN: Jan. 16, 1897, Roxbury, Mass. PARENTS: Eugene Thomas Galligan, Mary Hart Kinney.

PREPARED AT: Roxbury Latin School, Roxbury, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted and appointed private 1st class Jan. 5, 1918; detailed to Officers' Training School, Camp Upton, N. Y.; assigned to 305th Infantry, 77th Division, March 26; sailed for France April 16; transferred to Company I, 308th Infantry, 77th Division and promoted 1st lieutenant; killed in action Sept. 9, 1918, near Révillon, France. Engagements: Baccarat sector, Aisne-Oise offensive (Vesle River).

HARVARD BROTHER: Joseph Warren Galligan, '20.

DIED: Sept. 9, 1918, near Révillon, France.

BROTHER: Joseph Warren Galligan, 32 Southbourne Rd., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

EUGENE GALLIGAN was interested in all College activities during his four years as an undergraduate. His particular interest in dramatics, which was formulated during his attendance at the Roxbury Latin School, increased with his membership in the Dramatic Club at Harvard. He had a part in the Dramatic Club play of 1915 and shortly after became associated with Edward Vroom and the Boston Players. In 1916 he was assistant stage manager for Mr. Vroom's company. He had an intense interest in the classics and possessed a marked ability to write. Dr. Lowell, of the Roxbury Latin School, said of him: "In English he had a real felicity of expression. He wrote without effort and with a noticeable style." Professor Copeland stimulated his desire to write and maintained a never-failing interest in him, regarding his literary efforts as extremely promising.

When the Harvard Regiment was organized during the winter of 1915-1916 Galligan joined immediately and served both as private and corporal. The following year he enlisted in the Harvard unit of the R. O. T. C. When most of his classmates were leaving for various training camps, Galligan's age prevented him from being accepted. He therefore secured an appointment as commandant of the training battalion at Phillips Exeter Academy during the summer of 1917. In October he was accepted at the Third Officers' Training School at Camp Upton. When the 77th Division was ordered overseas those men who had not previously

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belonged to the division were given the choice of going overseas as privates or staying in this country with the probability of receiving a commission. Galligan chose the less spectacular part of a private at the front rather than that of an officer in this country. He was assigned to Company B, 305th Infantry, and landed in Liverpool in April, 1918.

Galligan received his commission in July and was transferred to the 308th Infantry. In September, after a course of training, he was promoted to a first lieutenancy and was the youngest officer of that rank in the 77th Division. From September 5 to September 10 his regiment was in the thick of the fighting, and it was on September 9 that Galligan was killed by a high explosive shell while occupying an advanced trench with his men.

One of his fellow-officers wrote of Galligan:

"He showed unusual courage and was a shining example to his men. He would never send his men where he wouldn't go himself. He was always calm and cheerful, even under shell-fire, and was a most notable example of a Christian young man. He was loved by all who knew him and his men worshipped the ground he walked on."

ADDISON LEMAN GARDNER, JR.

HOME ADDRESS: 2700 Euclid Park Pl., Evanston, Ill.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Gardner, Morrow, Fowler & Merrick, 231 S. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

BORN: Sept. 19, 1895, Chicago, Ill. PARENTS: Addison Lemman Gardner, Jeanie Alexandria Black.

PREPARED AT: Chicago Latin School, Chicago, Ill.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B. *magna cum laude*, 1917; LL.B., 1922.

MARRIED: Sylvia Sears, June 26, 1923, Boston, Mass. CHILDREN: Addison Lemman, 3d, Feb. 4, 1927; Alexander Sears, Jan. 7, 1930.

OCCUPATION: Lawyer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Aviation Section, Signal Corps Sept. 19, 1917; detailed to School of Military Aëronautics, University of Illinois, Nov. 21; to Gerstner Field, La., Jan. 26, 1918; discharged March 31, 1918.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Clubs of Boston, New York, and Chicago; Bankers and Lotos Clubs in New York; Lake Placid Club, Lake Placid, N. Y.; University, Mid-Day, Glen View, and Electric Clubs of Chicago; Field Museum of Natural History; Chicago Art Institute; Chicago Historical Society; Illinois Naval League.

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AD GARDNER is a loyal Harvard alumnus with a constructive idea to which he has devoted much time and work. One of these days the seed he has sown and nurtured is going to sprout. He writes:

UPON graduation from Harvard I enlisted in the Signal Enlisted Reserve Corps and entered the University of Illinois for ground school training as a flying cadet. Upon graduation from ground school, I was assigned to Gerstner Field, Lake Charles, Louisiana, for flying training in pursuit squadron work. In February, 1918, I was removed from the flying list because of my health and spent first a year, and later four months, in Colorado "getting over it." Having recovered my health, I entered the Harvard Law School and was graduated in 1922. I immediately thereafter entered my father's law firm in Chicago, and have been with it ever since, engaged principally in public utility, corporation and taxation law.

Having been more than ordinarily blessed with the good things of life, I have been able to indulge in rather extensive travel with my family. My other avocations are golf and books. On a strictly amateur basis, I have had the pleasure of presenting a good many discussions of current books over the radio, and that also, perhaps, should now be added as one of my favorite avocations.

I am a director of the Evanston Hospital, the Evanston Community Chest, and the Woodstock Typewriter Company, and I have also been, from time to time, active on the boards of various utility companies. So much for my life.

I should now like to devote the remainder of the space allotted to me here to a discussion of a subject that is very important, I think, not only to the members of the Class, but to all the Harvard alumni. The matter I have in mind was more or less launched at a dinner at the Harvard Club of New York City on January 5, 1939, at the invitation of Howard Reid, '12. I believe Westmore Willcox of our Class was at this dinner, and also, I think, Brooks Atkinson. In any event, both of these men are familiar with the project. Briefly, the idea discussed at that dinner could be stated as follows:

Primarily to keep the alumni in understandable touch with the

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intellectual life of the University and, secondarily, to vitalize their interests in its affairs, both tangible and intangible, it is proposed that the University publish and send gratis, at regular intervals, to all living Harvard men, a stimulating and provocative publication, covering succinctly and dramatically in each issue a few phases of its many activities.

Now, without in any way criticizing any existing University publication, I should like to take this means of supporting this stated proposal and of calling to it the attention of all the members of the Class. My own feeling is simply that it has seemed unfortunate, to say the least, that upon graduation from Harvard, most of us have become so absorbed in some particular niche in life, whether for purposes of bread-winning or otherwise, that our education stops just at the moment when we become mature enough to really appreciate it.

The tremendous work carried on by the University in its undergraduate and graduate departments, in the very nature of things, gives rise to discoveries and develops new fields of inquiry with which the alumni would like to be acquainted, if for no other reason, that they may be informed men living in a civilized world, or perhaps I should say in a world we should like to see civilized. The advantage of such a publication as is proposed would be that Harvard men throughout the world would be kept apprised of these intellectual developments and achievements by trained men who are experts in their fields and can serve as official reporters.

To cite just one example: A few years ago the Harvard Medical School (if I am correctly informed) culminated a number of years of experiment with the splendid discovery of the value of liver extract in the treatment and cure of pernicious anemia. This was an achievement which should have brought the highest glory to the Medical School, and of which every Harvard man might well be proud, and yet, as far as I know, no one was acquainted with it until the world was told of it through the medium of a rather garbled account in the public press.

I think that the alumni would like to be informed currently of this sort of investigation. I think that they would like to know of methods by which the Law School wishes to keep abreast of the sociological developments of the times. I think that they

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would like to know the developments in which the University is taking part in the fields of pure science, and how the social sciences propose to take advantage of these developments.

A close friend rather flippantly remarked that what I had in mind amounted to a postgraduate correspondence course in liberal arts for literate Harvard alumni. Well, why not?

The financial benefits to Harvard which would flow from this venture demand consideration, although the procuring of endowments or other gifts to the University should not be the primary purpose of such a publication. Nevertheless, we are all aware of the decreasing return on invested capital, and we are all well aware of the great need that Harvard has for future great gifts of money if it is to retain its position of *princeps* (and I hope *facile princeps*) in this country. The competition, at least in the Middle West, for gifts to educational institutions has become extremely intense, and some of the methods adopted to procure such gifts have been extremely crude, but surely there is nothing undignified in telling the alumni and other interested persons what the University is trying to do from time to time, and I am convinced that the financial contributions to the University as a result of this medium, although such contributions are unsolicited, will be substantial.

To finance such a venture, for the first two or three years, would cost a fairly considerable sum, and the exigencies of a war economy at the University, doubtless, preclude any such effort for the period of the war. However, when peace comes, if the University feels unable to finance this as an experiment, I think that the alumni should do so. Surely Harvard, in its future as a standard-bearer of liberalism and intellectual independence, will have a story that deserves to be, and must be, told.

STUART NEEDHAM GARDNER

HOME ADDRESS: 24 Chestnut St., Salem, Mass.

PRESENT ADDRESS: U. S. Naval Hospital, Portsmouth, N. H.

BORN: Nov. 6, 1895, Salem, Mass. PARENTS: Edson Fabens Gardner, Mabel Stuart McClearn.

PREPARED AT: Peabody High School, Peabody, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; M.D., 1923.

MARRIED: Carolyn Tufts, 1934, Salem, Mass. CHILD: Marcia Stuart, Dec. 2, 1939.

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OCCUPATION: Physician; Lieutenant Commander, United States Naval Reserve.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Medical Enlisted Reserve Corps, Dec. 17, 1917; not called to active duty. Appointed surgeon with rank of lieutenant commander, U. S. Naval Reserve Jan. 19, 1939.

OFFICES HELD: Chief of medical service, Salem Hospital, Salem, Mass.; past president, Kiwanis Club of Salem.

MEMBER OF: American Medical Association; Massachusetts Medical Society; American College of Physicians (associate).

PUBLICATIONS: "Acute Monocytic Leukemia. A Case Report," *New England Journal of Medicine*, November 3, 1932.

STUART GARDNER has a philosophy which, appropriate to his profession, is a medical one. His "Life":

PRIOR to my graduation in 1917 I had decided to study for that profession which had been hovering in the back of my mind for many years, and so I began my course at Harvard Medical School. This was not an easy decision because of my extremely limited finances and because of the fact that so many Seventeen Men were going into or had already enlisted in the service. My first two years at Medical were difficult ones, and I should never advise anyone to commute twenty miles as I did to medical school. Before starting my Junior year I came to the conclusion that I had had enough of study and that a change of work and environment might improve my morale. So I went to Springfield, Vermont. Jud Beal, my roommate in Weld 25 and Hollis 16, was there as director of the Community Club, and I took on the duties as his assistant. This club had been started during the prosperous years of World War I by the tool-machinery manufacturers. Here were centered all the social, educational, and many of the athletic activities of this little Vermont town, nestling in the foothills of the Green Mountains.

Jud was primarily interested in the athletic program and to me was entrusted the details of entertaining the townspeople with dances, concerts, and lectures. All this was most interesting and certainly relaxing and different from my previous schedule. During my regime we organized the Springfield Community Players, a dramatic group which has been in continuous existence ever since, during the past year producing plays over the radio. Jud and I played the leading male rôles in *Under Cover*, a production which I well remember because Jud on the night of the play cut

out a whole page and half of script, during which I was to have had the opportunity of changing leisurely into a dinner coat!

I finally gave up this interesting life and returned to the demands of Aesculapius and graduated from Harvard Medical School in 1923. From June of that year until May, 1924, I served as house officer on a rotating service at Salem Hospital in Salem, Massachusetts. Then opportunity knocked, and I opened the door to find myself as medical officer on the Massachusetts Nautical Schoolship, the U. S. S. *Nantucket*. A stormy crossing carried me to the Azores and thence to England, Ireland, France, Gibraltar, Morocco, Madeira, and Bermuda. In January, 1925, I resumed my medical training by accepting an appointment as resident physician at Brooklyn's Kingston Avenue Hospital, one of the contagious hospitals of the Department of Health of New York City. Here I quickly succeeded in becoming myself infected with diphtheria and was quarantined for several weeks. On the first day of August, 1925, I began to practise medicine in Salem, and was associated for twelve years with Dr. Walter G. Phippen, Harvard '00. I became a member of the staff of Salem Hospital in 1926, and I am now chief of the medical service.

My *Nantucket* cruise instilled in me the desire for another ocean voyage, and so one summer I set out for Holland. A few years later I went to Sweden, where I cruised for three days along the 350-mile Göta Canal with its sixty-five locks from Gothenburg to Stockholm. In 1934 I made a wise decision and married Carolyn Tufts of Springfield, Massachusetts. Our wedding trip was the justification for another voyage and we went to England, visiting London, Oxford, and the Shakespeare country.

In 1937 I purchased the house where I now live and have my office, at 24 Chestnut Street, one of the younger houses on the street, being only a little over 100 years old. In January, 1939, I was appointed surgeon with the rank of lieutenant commander in the United States Naval Reserve. Because of the increasing demands of my professional duties, I regretfully resigned last year from the Kiwanis Club, of which service organization I was at one time president. I have been a member of The Privateers, Salem's dramatic group, ever since its inception. My industrial practice is limited to the Hygrade Sylvania Corporation,

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where I care for the medical needs of the personnel of both the lamp and the radio tube division in Salem. Like most physicians I belong to the American Medical Association and to my state medical society. I am also an associate member of the American College of Physicians.

I am practising internal medicine, enjoy my profession, and strive to refresh what knowledge I have in this ever-expanding field by frequent postgraduate courses. In my work I try to practise the art as well as the science of medicine, because I feel that the former is very important, especially in those cases that even modern science cannot cure. For those patients beyond such aid I hope to be able to make life just a little more pleasant. The late Sir William Osler knew the art of medicine and practised it. He realized the value of faith and instilled it into his patients. I am closing my "Life" with a paragraph from that great physician's *The Principles and Practice of Medicine*:

"In all ages, and in all lands, the prayer of faith . . . has healed the sick; and we must remember that amid the Aesculapian cult, the most elaborate and beautiful system of faith healing the world has seen, scientific medicine took its rise. As a profession . . . *faith* has been one of our most valuable assets and Galen expressed a great truth when he said, 'He cures most successfully in whom the people have the greatest confidence.'" Dr. Osler goes on to say that in certain cases the physician "can work the same miracles as Our Lady of Lourdes or St. Anne de Beaupré. Three elements are necessary: first a strong personality in whom the individual has faith—Christ, Buddha, Aesculapius, one of the saints, or, what has served the turn of common humanity very well, a physician. Secondly, certain accessories—a shrine, a sanctuary, the services of a temple, or for us a hospital or its equivalent, with a skillful nurse. Thirdly . . . the active belief in the assurance of the physician that health is within reach." Thus endeth my "Life" in the month of October, 1941, eight months before our Twenty-fifth Anniversary.

✠ JAMES ALBERT GARLAND

BORN: May 10, 1894, Paris, France. PARENTS: James Albert Garland, Marie Louise Tudor.

PREPARED AT: St. Mark's School, Southboro, Mass.

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YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916.

MARRIED: Olive Jenkins, Jan. 16, 1920. CHILDREN: Jane, Dec. 13, 1921; David Grey, June 6, 1923.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered service private Sept. 20, 1917; assigned to Company H, 302d Infantry, 76th Division, Camp Devens, Mass.; discharged Nov. 9, 1917, for physical disability.

HARVARD BROTHERS: Charles Garland, '22; Hamilton Garland, '23.

DIED: Jan. 15, 1929, Brookline, Mass.

WIDOW: Mrs. Vernon Bertram Hagenbuckle, U. S. Naval Air Station, Corpus Christi, Texas.

DURING the last few years before his death Garland lived in retirement on his farm at Buzzards Bay and devoted himself entirely to his home and family. He had been in the brokerage business in Boston for a number of years. One of our classmates writes of him:

"Bee Garland was an optimist and refused to believe that the world was a 'vale of tears.' He liked laughter and a carefree spirit. He never was unkind or petty. Serious-minded people were apt to bore him and in turn they probably thought he was flighty, but Bee could and did carry out anything in which he was interested. He liked company and he was always an agreeable companion." George Ezra Abbot adds:

"I remember Bee as a quiet friendly sort of fellow — a pleasant companion around the fire of an evening and a generous and open-handed friend."

WALTER GRANT GARRITT

ADDRESS: 42 Eliot Memorial Rd., Newton, Mass.

BORN: May 8, 1896, Brookline, Mass. PARENTS: Walter Grant Garritt, Polly Hall.

PREPARED AT: Volkmann School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Josephine Adelaide Lunt, Nov. 14, 1925, Roxbury, Mass.

OCCUPATION: Retired.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private U. S. Army Ambulance Service Aug. 29, 1917, in France; assigned to Section 635; served with French Army; promoted private 1st class; with Army of Occupation, Germany; discharged April 4, 1919. Engagements: Somme, Montdidier-Noyon and Aisne defensives, Saint-Mihiel offensive. Awarded Croix de Guerre.

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OFFICES HELD: Treasurer, Craftex Company, Mineola Homes Company, Long Island, New York.

MEMBER OF: Hunnewell Club, Newton, Massachusetts.

WALTER GARRITT was one of the best baseball pitchers in our time in College, so it is not surprising to read that he still enjoys throwing a baseball. His story:

AFTER leaving College I joined the American Field Service and went directly to France, where I remained until the war was over. Returning home I entered the employ of the United States Leather Company and went to northern Wisconsin where I spent about a year. (If I were to do this over, I should much prefer to join an Antarctic cruise.) After a year I returned to Boston with the same company and remained with them in the sales department until 1922.

About this time I decided to go into the paint business for myself and, with the help of a partner, I developed the Decorite Company. Eventually we merged with the Craftex Company. I was actively associated with this company until 1926, when I became ill. It was four or five years before I had recovered. In the meantime, I had sold my interest in the Craftex Company and it seems that I retired from business at that time, except for a short fling in the automobile business in 1934. I had not intended to retire, but the Depression soon came along and I just didn't get back in.

While recuperating, Mrs. Garritt and I travelled about a bit, with trips to Arizona, Florida, and California, a cruise to South America, and another to the Windward and Leeward Islands of the British West Indies.

About ten years ago Mrs. Garritt and I attached ourselves to Cape Cod and we have spent a great deal of our time at Dennis, where we enjoy life immensely. I suppose I could call Cape Cod one of my hobbies, and for others, growing flowers, gardening, and woodworking. I derive plenty of exercise from all these, but I still enjoy golf, bowling, as well as a game of catch (with a hard ball).

It has been suggested that we state some of our views, in general. Well, I belong to a large (I hope) minority, it seems, and in the interest of national defense I believe that statement is sufficient for the present.

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DONALD SMITH GATES

HOME ADDRESS: 837 Wheeler Ave., Scranton, Pa.

OFFICE ADDRESS: University of Scranton, Scranton, Pa.

BORN: Aug. 10, 1894, Grinnell, Iowa. PARENTS: George Augustus Gates, Isabel Smith.

PREPARED AT: Grinnell Academy, Grinnell, Iowa.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; M.B.A., 1920.

MARRIED: Mary Elinor Stimson, Feb. 25, 1921, Boston, Mass. CHILDREN: Elizabeth Coles, June 9, 1922; Stanley Main, Nov. 24, 1924.

OCCUPATION: Dean, School of Business, University of Scranton.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled chief yeoman U. S. Naval Reserve Force Oct. 1, 1917; assigned to duty at Providence, R. I., Fore River Shipbuilding Corporation, Quincy, Mass., Receiving Ship, Boston, Mass., School for Pay Corps, Princeton, N. J., Naval Training Station, Pelham Bay, N. Y.; released from active duty Dec. 21, 1918.

OFFICES HELD: Vice-president, Harvard Club of Virginia, 1932-1935; secretary, American Leaders' Foundation, Scranton, Pa., since 1938; member, City Planning Commission, Scranton, Pa., since 1941; president and founder, Roanoke Appalachian Club, Va., 1931.

PUBLICATIONS: "The Sod House," *Journal of Geography*, December, 1933; "Accidents in Cotton Mills, Print Works, and Worsted Mills of a Textile Company," a statistical study in the *Journal of Industrial Hygiene*, December, 1920; "Local Geography as a Basis for Teaching City Planning," *City Planning*, 1929.

ONE of Don Gates's consuming passions is marmalade. It is fortunate that his other penchant is walking. He goes back to his birth to tell his story:

I WAS born into the family of a Congregational minister and a college president — George Augustus Gates, Grinnell College, 1894-1901; Pomono College, 1902-1909; Fisk University, 1910-1912. In his family I grew up in Grinnell, Iowa, Colorado Springs, Colorado, Cheyenne, Wyoming, Claremont, California, and Nashville, Tennessee. My father died in 1912. With my mother and brother I lived in Cambridge, Massachusetts, from 1913 to 1916. My mother died in 1916. I finished my course at Harvard, *fought the War* in and about Boston, and went to the Harvard Business School.

My first job was with the Pacific Mills in Lawrence, Massachusetts, and my second with Temple Tours in Boston. I went to Goucher College in Baltimore in the fall of 1921 as instructor in

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economics and remained there for three years. In 1924 I joined the department of geography at the University of Chicago, where I did three years of graduate work. The fall of 1927 found me at the Kansas State Teachers College as head of the department of business administration. Two years later I was engaged in sales work with the Capper Publications in Topeka, Kansas. In the spring of 1930 I went to Clark University to do graduate work in the School of Geography, and the following summer I taught geography at the Kansas State Teachers College. From the fall of 1930 until the summer of 1935 I was head of the Department of Business Administration at Roanoke College, and since 1935 I have been dean of the School of Business at the University of Scranton.

My travels have taken me on a round trip by rail with my mother from Boston to La Jolla, California, to Lake Louise and Banff in the summer of 1914, and to the St. Anthony Mission, Newfoundland, with Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell in the summer of 1917.

The two most exciting moments of my life are: the receiving of a telegram resulting in employment for five years after finishing teaching at Emporia, Kansas, in the summer of 1930 with no prospect of a job in the fall; and the receiving of a telegram resulting in my present job after finishing teaching at Salem, Virginia, in the summer of 1935 with no plans for the fall. Both jobs were acquired through the placement service of the Harvard Business School (Mrs. Murgatroyd), both on the basis of recommendations from previous employment, and both sight unseen, covering moves of several hundreds of miles.

I have played tennis since the grammar school days in California, but no golf — I'm a left-handed player. I can still play doubles, but singles are too fast. I have moved my present wife eight times in twenty-one years, living in thirteen different houses. I inherited from my father and own jointly with my brother some thirty-odd town lots in a northern Texas small county seat, very valuable if horned toads and tarantulas are saleable, but the deeper the test oil wells go, the drier they become.

My eating hobby is English marmalade — orange. I have not been without it for nearly twenty years. I once bowled my wife

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over by ordering from Toronto, Canada, two cases of it by freight, ninety-six pounds. I have always been a great walker. As a boy in Claremont I was tempted by Old Baldy, 10,000 feet, whose foothills were only six miles away. My interest in the Appalachian Trail Club in Salem and Roanoke, Virginia, resulted in the sponsorship of ninety miles of hiking trail in that vicinity. I have often walked two miles back and forth to teaching, and now do sixteen blocks *down* to the University of Scranton, and sixteen blocks up, when the weather is not *too* hot or cold.

My interest in city planning resulted in original field work with students at Hays, Kansas, with a comprehensive plan, from 1927 to 1929. I repeated this experiment in Salem, Virginia, with students from 1932 to 1934, and am now working on a similar experiment in Scranton — this time as a member of the City Planning Commission.

HAROLD EMERY GATES

HOME ADDRESS: 5717 Kimbark Ave., Chicago, Ill.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Moody's Investors Service, 105 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

BORN: Nov. 8, 1896, Oberlin, Ohio. PARENTS: Owen Hamilton Gates, Henrietta Middlekauff.

PREPARED AT: Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.; Cambridge Latin School, Cambridge, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Grace Friedel Powis Smith, May 31, 1930, Chicago, Ill. CHILDREN: John Merlin Powis, Feb. 11, 1934; Lois Hamilton, July 1, 1937.

HARVARD BROTHER: Gaylord Merritt Gates, '15, M.B.A., '20.

OCCUPATION: Investment Adviser.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled seaman 3d class U. S. Naval Reserve Force June 6, 1918; assigned to Naval Training Station, Great Lakes, Ill.; transferred to Officer Material School, Great Lakes, Oct. 1; appointed ensign March 14, 1919; released from active duty March 19, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Director, Victor Chemical Works; vice-chairman Finance Committee and chairman Board of Deacons, Hyde Park Baptist Church, Chicago; vice-chairman, Legislative Committee of Central States Group, Investment Bankers Association of America.

BOTH of Harold Gates's parents were professors, so it is perhaps logical that he married a professor's daughter and now lives near a university. His "Life":

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IN many ways my life since graduation in 1917 has been the usual routine of earning a living, with its major successes in the 1925 to 1929 period of universal prosperity and its equally major lack of success in the depression period of 1929 to 1933. Then followed a return to near normalcy and the routine of raising a family with its usual alternation of good and bad health and minor successes and failures.

But in many other ways my life has been unusually rich in its experiences, material, social, and spiritual. After twenty-one years of life in a family whose interests were primarily professional — my mother was professor of music at Wellesley College and my father professor of the Old Testament at Oberlin Seminary and subsequently librarian of the Andover-Harvard Theological Library — my plunge into earning my own living at the freight shops of the Pullman Company and the ensuing transfer to the auditing department was truly a study in contrasts and brand new experiences.

A highlight of Experience with a capital E was my entry into the United States Navy in 1918, with its period of training in the Officer Material School at Great Lakes Naval Training Station and the subsequent period of instructing in seamanship, even though I'd never been on a boat in my life.

Then the riding of the crest of the wave of prosperity in my eleven years with the investment firm of Dillon, Read & Company furnished a background for the first years of marriage in the midst of the Depression, and for the fun of developing new interests and family life and activity in church work.

My marriage renewed the professional side of life, because my wife is the daughter of Professor J. M. P. Smith of the University of Chicago, and because we have made our home in the close environs of that institution and have developed close and most pleasant associations with the university life.

More recent years have seen the arrival of a boy and a girl in the family. They are now in the first years of elementary school and kindergarten, and furnish us the necessity of trying to look at the world again through the eyes of childhood, even though our own childhood seems strangely distant at times. (What *did* we use to have instead of Superman?)

My principal hobby has been vacation trips, which have in-

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cluded delightful weeks following the trails of the Rockies, the Smokies, and the Green Mountains. However, most interesting was an extended tour of Europe and England in the fall of 1938, with real spice added by the constant danger of war. We found ourselves in Nüremberg at the time of the annual Nazi conference there and had the opportunity of taking some good movies of Adolf and his Nazi legions. We stood aside on the sidewalk in London to see Chamberlain and Daladier leave their hotel en route to the fateful Munich conference, and we sailed from Southampton in the full expectation of momentary declaration of war. Most recently, however, acquisition of a summer home in Dorset, Vermont, has occupied all our attention and this promises to be the center of attraction for the Gates Family in the summers immediately ahead.

JOSEPH MURPHY GAZZAM, JR.

HOME ADDRESS: 265 S. 19th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 938 Commercial Trust Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

BORN: Jan. 8, 1895, Philadelphia, Pa. PARENTS: Joseph Murphy Gazzam, Nellie May Andrews.

PREPARED AT: St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; LL.B. (Univ. of Pa.), 1921.

MARRIED: Aileen DeLatour Clark, April 14, 1928, Baltimore, Md. CHILD: Joseph Murphy, 3d, July 24, 1930.

OCCUPATION: Lawyer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry May 3, 1917; detailed to Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May 15; promoted 1st lieutenant Aug. 15 and assigned to 302d Infantry, 76th Division, Camp Devens, Mass.; transferred to 154th Depot Brigade, Camp Meade, Md., in November; detailed to Radio and Mechanics School, New Orleans, La., June, 1918, and designated officer in command 1st Battalion; detailed to Western Maryland College Unit, Students' Army Training Corps, Sept. 20 and appointed commanding officer; detailed to School of Fire, Fort Sill, Okla., Nov. 11; discharged Dec. 17, 1918.

OFFICES HELD: Assistant city solicitor of Philadelphia; deputy attorney-general, Commonwealth of Pennsylvania; director, Peale, Peacock & Kerr, Inc., Caribbean Consolidated Corporation; president, Mildine Corporation; professor of legal ethics and mortgages, Philadelphia College of Law.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of Philadelphia; St. Elmo Club; Loyal Legion; American Legion; Sharswood Law Club; Philadelphia Cricket Club.

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PUBLICATIONS: "Let No Man Put Asunder," magazine article on divorce; contributions to *Life* (old) and *Judge*.

ANYONE with a smile like Joe Gazzam's ought to be president of a tooth powder company — and, by Jove, he is. He writes:

COMMISSIONED a second lieutenant of Infantry on May 3, 1917, I shivered for a few days at Fort Niagara, New York — the Niagara River was still ice-clogged in May — and was then sent to the First Officers' Training Camp at Plattsburg, whence many of us Seventeeners returned to Cambridge in June for an abbreviated graduation. Promoted to first lieutenant in August, I joined Company A, 302d Infantry, 76th Division at Camp Devens, Massachusetts, a company recruited largely from Fall River, Massachusetts, and, a few months later, the 154th Depot Brigade at Camp Meade, Maryland. Thereafter it was a case of "seeing America first." After a fascinating assignment with a radio outfit in colorful New Orleans, I was ordered to organize a Students' Army Training Corps for Western Maryland College at Westminster, Maryland. This was interesting but, after the corps got to running smoothly, I applied for transfer to the Aërial Observation Corps for the Field Artillery, and was sent to the School of Fire at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. However, the war ended before I had earned the winged "O." Lots of travel, but no "hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach" to report, though the flu almost got me in Maryland.

I entered the University of Pennsylvania Law School, graduated in 1921, and started work with the Philadelphia law firm of Tustin & Wesley. I became assistant city solicitor of Philadelphia in 1923, and a member of the firm of Peck, White, Forster & Gazzam in 1924. From 1922 to 1924 I played on several teams, including the St. Paul's Alumni, in the Philadelphia Ice Hockey League. (I even played as a "ringer" once on the Princeton Club team.) We won the championship twice, but the third year one of our rivals imported some Canadians, who cleaned up the ice with us.

In 1925 Florida beckoned, and I became a member of the Palm Beach Bar, and, incidentally, assistant local counsel for the Seaboard Airline Railway. My first assignment was to write an opinion on the title to an island in Lake Worth for a member of

the Vanderbilt family. Since there are no title companies in Florida, one has to run the title back to the ancient French and Spanish claims. Florida was a madhouse in those days, with real estate changing hands daily at ever-soaring prices. Our architect classmate, the late Bob Rodgers, joined me. We both thought the land boom fantastic, but eventually helped to organize Sunbeam Park, a development of tiny houses for workmen. On the town plans of West Palm Beach there still remain Robert Street and Joseph Street, named for '17's two intrepid tropical pioneers, but alas! no roar of traffic assails these proud (if unpaved) highways, for Sunbeam's beams were extinguished in the land collapse of 1926.

Returning to Philadelphia, I was again appointed assistant city solicitor, but was lured by Wall Street, and became part of the force of an investment house. In 1928 I married in Baltimore, at which time classmates Bob Rodgers, Ab Ingalls, and Red Davison came down to see that all went well. My wife and I journeyed to Bermuda, Cuba, and Europe. The investment business was booming — making money was as easy as shooting fish in a barrel — but again came the cold gray dawn and the Depression, and I returned to the law.

In 1933 I ran for the Republican nomination for common pleas judge, but was defeated. In 1935 an old friend, George H. Earle, 3d, ran for governor on the Democratic ticket. I supported him despite my family's traditional Republicanism. Thanks largely to F. D. R.'s magic, Earle became Pennsylvania's first Democratic governor in over forty years. He kindly appointed me deputy attorney-general of Pennsylvania, which post I held until 1939. Since then I have been plodding along at the law, taking enough time out to serve as director of a bituminous coal company and a South American gold dredging company, as president of a tooth powder company, and as professor of mortgages and legal ethics at the Philadelphia College of Law.

Recently I enlisted in the Pennsylvania Reserve Defense Corps and, after the Jap attack, was called for ten days into active service, spending some freezing night hours guarding the Morrisville (Pennsylvania)-Trenton Bridge (Route 1) over the Delaware. We bagged three Orientals, but only one turned out to be a Jap. The other two were disgusted Filipinos.

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My hobby is playwriting. One play, "Farewell to Reveille," was produced by a Little Theatre group, the Chestnut Hill Players, but I have not, as yet, convinced the New York producers that I am a second Bob Sherwood. I have one small son, Joseph, 3d (Buddy), who is much smarter than his father, and who will, I hope, be a member of Harvard 1952.

I have few social, religious, or political convictions, though I do believe that our colossal mounting war debt will completely change our economic structure. I believe Roosevelt's foreign policy has been splendid, but his domestic administration questionable.

I still stand in awe of the prodigious efforts set forth by Red Davison and Clem Stodder to make our Reunion a success. More power to them. Though my so-called career, as above set forth, seems to be much ado about nothing, I am glad, unlike Mr. Pulham, that I went to Harvard.

NOAH MOSES GEDIMAN

HOME ADDRESS: 53 Queen St., Falmouth, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 224 Main St., Falmouth, Mass.

BORN: March 14, 1897, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Louis M. Gediman, Mollie Brenner.

PREPARED AT: East Boston High School, East Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917; LL.B., 1930.

MARRIED: Anna Gertrude Winer, May 2, 1922, Pawtucket, R. I. CHILD: Muriel Gladys, July 29, 1924.

OCCUPATION: Lawyer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled musician U. S. Naval Reserve Force Oct. 29, 1917; assigned to U. S. S. *Great Northern* on transport duty; promoted musician 1st class Dec., 1918; promoted 1st musician April, 1919; released from active duty Aug. 15, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Chairman, Falmouth Municipal Electric Light Committee, 1934-1942; secretary, Falmouth School Committee, since 1936; member executive committee, Falmouth Community Center; vice-president, Cape Cod Republican Club; commander, W. W. Wood Post (Falmouth) American Legion, 1935; identification officer, Falmouth Civilian Defense; public administrator, Barnstable County, since 1939.

MEMBER OF: American Bar Association; Barnstable County Bar Association; Massachusetts Law Society; Masons; American Legion.

NOAH GEDIMAN tries to make us think that he is lazy but we know better. Dr. Johnson once said, "The idler never ap-

plauds his own idleness" and also, "We would all be idle if we could." Gediman's "Life":

FOLLOWING the last World War, the one which was to make the world "safe for democracy" (remember?), I spent a couple of years in rather aimless and restless pursuits, "becoming readjusted to post-war conditions." During this period I worked as a professional musician, engaged in the wool and hide business, the hairnet business, and various other occupations, without conspicuous success, and with little satisfaction.

In August of 1921 I came to this beautiful Cape Cod town of Falmouth planning to stay a month. I have been here ever since. At first I made my living as a musician and music teacher. Later I taught in the local schools. On May 2, 1922, I married the girl, and brought her here to live. On July 29, 1924, our only child, a daughter, was born.

In September, 1927, we moved up to Cambridge and I entered Harvard Law School to complete the law course which had been interrupted ten years before by the war. It was hard to keep both the family and the school work going, but it was great fun; and now that I have grown fat and lazy, it is a great satisfaction to look back on those years and reflect! "Then I was a man!"

During the law school period we kept up our contacts with Falmouth, and upon completion of my course and admission to the Bar we returned here. I began practice in June, 1930.

For the past twelve years I have been a country lawyer. It is a pleasant and satisfying existence. Professionally it is fascinating in its endless variety. But its greatest rewards come in the opportunity to be friend, counsellor, confidant, and guide to an entire community.

As a rule country lawyers don't get rich, and I am no exception to the rule. But the financial returns are adequate for comfortable living, and after all what more does one need?

My domestic life has been singularly happy. My wife is not only charming, witty, and clever, but when the occasion demands she can display tremendous force and determination. For instance, this history would never have been written had not Clem Stodder persuaded her to use her influence.

Our daughter, Muriel, entered Barnard College last September.

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She had had her share of local honors — president of her high school class, editor of the school paper, and similar distinctions. She was looking forward to a career. But when war came she and her young man advanced their plans (even as some of us did in the last war) and she will be married to Lieutenant Irving H. Ward of the Army Air Corps at San Antonio, Texas, on February 20, 1942.

Falmouth is the center of a large recreational area. Opportunities for sports and games abound. At one time or another I have taken up tennis, golf, fishing, and various other indoor and outdoor activities. But gradually I have dropped one after another of these, and am concentrating more and more on my present hobby of not working. I am becoming expert at it, and can indulge in it with great success, even when I have every outward appearance of being enormously busy. I am fond of reading, which I find a pleasant means of not working. I prefer to read non-fiction, particularly biography and books on world events, which I consider on the whole to be better written than twenty-five years ago. I like to read well-written fiction, but find it almost impossible to find any these days. I think that such magazines as *Time*, *Life*, and *Reader's Digest* are more forceful than anything we had twenty-five years ago.

Under normal conditions I suppose I could look forward to a pleasant and mellow old age. But the war has changed all this. This is no time for ease or softness. There is a tremendous job to be done to make the world a decent place to live in, and each of us has his share of the job. I have the greatest faith in our country and our people and I know that in the end we will prevail. May God speed the day.

MAURICE PATRICK GERAGHTY

HOME ADDRESS: 37 E. Schiller St., Chicago, Ill.; or P. O. Box 4, Hanover, Ill.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Textile-Craft Co., 3446 Southport Ave., Chicago, Ill.

BORN: May 27, 1896, Chicago, Ill. PARENTS: Patrick James Geraghty, Margaret Theresa Griffin.

PREPARED AT: Chicago Latin School, Chicago, Ill.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Helen Tieken, April 15, 1933, Chicago, Ill. CHILDREN: Betsy Tieken, May 7, 1935; Helen Tieken, Oct. 17, 1939.

HARVARD BROTHER: Gerald Griffin Geraghty, '14.

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OCCUPATION: Manufacturer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Fort Sheridan, Ill., May 1917; assigned to 344th Infantry, 86th Division; sailed for France Sept. 7, 1918; promoted 1st lieutenant March 3, 1919; discharged May 23, 1919.

MEMBER OF: Saddle & Cycle Club, Chicago.

PAT GERAGHTY was on the staff of the Lampoon and, twenty-five years later, traces of the influence of this association can be seen in the following report:

I HAVE lived in Chicago since graduation and have been engaged in business here, both in manufacturing on my own account, and in banking in the employ of others. I still follow both callings but prefer the former.

I married in 1933 and have two daughters, one only a year and a half old. I should think that this might put me in line for the booby prize for the Class Baby, but I guess the competition for this honor will run on for many a year yet. We have recently bought a farm in the northwest corner of Illinois, right along side the Mississippi, and I have solemnly promised the government that the only corn on the place will be down cellar. Probably the farm will become a hobby in time. (Can you call intimate contact with a wheelbarrow and shovel a hobby?) It is doubtless a terrible farm, but very pretty.

Life is satisfactory in spite of all the hell about, and I am enjoying every minute of it. (Well, almost every minute.)

Don't let that last paragraph make you think that I am an isolationist. We have them out here, but we hope the government is going to start plowing them under.

CARL NORMAN GERDAU

HOME ADDRESS: 770 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

BORN: July 30, 1896, New York, N. Y. PARENTS: Otto Gerdau, Clara Ehlermann.

PREPARED AT: Hackley School, Tarrytown, N. Y.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914-1915.

MARRIED: Kathryn Schaefer, Jan. 14, 1927. CHILDREN: Sondra, Feb. 4, 1931; Carlson, Feb. 22, 1933.

OCCUPATION: Trader in Commodities and Stocks.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled private Quartermaster Corps April 24, 1918; assigned to 11th Company, Camp Meigs, D. C.; transferred to

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Motor Transport Corps June 10 and assigned to Repair Unit No. 306, Camp Holabird, Md.; transferred to Company A, Replacement Troops, Camp Holabird, July 30; promoted sergeant Sept. 9; transferred to Repair Unit No. 311 Oct. 9; discharged Feb. 21, 1919.

CARL GERDAU has travelled much and has dealt actively in foreign commodities. His interest in commodities is now confined to trading in them on paper. He writes:

I LEFT Harvard after my Freshman year was completed in 1915 in order to prepare to enter my father's business, an import and export firm in New York. For this same purpose I went to Havana, Cuba, in 1916 and stayed until 1917. I had a position with a general importing firm and learned Spanish. In 1917 I came back to New York and entered my father's business.

After a few months I enlisted in the United States Army for the duration of the first World War. I was at Camp Holabird, Maryland, with the motor transport division.

In 1918 I returned to my father's business, the Otto Gerda Company, became the president of it in 1920, and remained so for sixteen years. My father died in 1920 and after that my brother and I were in charge of the business. During these years I had pleasant business trips to Europe, Turkey, Spanish Morocco, Central America, and the West Indies.

In 1934 I resigned from the Otto Gerda Company and became an importer on my own account. After a few years I gave up my business.

I took several courses in trading securities and commodities from charts. I have been actively trading in commodities and stocks ever since.

MAX HANS CHRISTIAN GERSUMKY

HOME ADDRESS: 15 Gammons Rd., Waban, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: c/o Lever Brothers Co., Cambridge, Mass.

BORN: Feb. 15, 1894, Weisbaden, Germany. PARENTS: Max E. A. Gersumky, Wilhelmine Junior.

PREPARED AT: Public Latin School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Mildred Brooks Simpson, July 19, 1924, Winthrop, Mass.

OCCUPATION: Executive, Lever Brothers Company.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg,

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N. Y., Aug., 1918; commissioned 2d lieutenant Field Artillery; assigned to 77th Field Artillery, 4th Division; sailed for France April 15, 1918; transferred to 177th Trench Mortar Battery, 42d Division; with Army of Occupation, Germany; detailed to Headquarters 42d Division as assistant to officer in charge civil affairs; discharged May 22, 1919. Engagements: Marne-Aisne, Saint-Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne offensives.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of Boston; Brae Burn Country Club.

MAX GERSUMKY finds that the same old questions are coming up again. He writes:

WHAT will our class festivities in June consist of? What shall we do to preserve democracy? These questions were ours twenty-five years ago. If it were not for the story of the increasing face and diminishing hair lines portrayed in the back of our Class history, one might believe we were awakening from a happy dream.

I was fortunate enough to escape the draft twenty-five years ago. However, the Army did get me after the preliminaries of Harvard Reserve Officers' Training Corps and Plattsburg. Twenty-one months of service with the 4th and 42nd (Rainbow) Divisions gave me a little understanding of what Sherman meant.

After a few false starts in business, I reached a twenty-year settlement with Lever Brothers Company, manufacturers of soaps and glycerine in Cambridge. Frequent business and vacation travel by rail, boat, and air have permitted me to enjoy thoroughly much of our North American continent.

As for hobbies, I have devoted many of my better days to riding, squash, swimming, yachting. Now reading, bridge, and golf afford plenty of diversion. In recent months the duties of an air raid warden have been contended with. The activities of the Harvard Club of Boston and the Brae Burn Country Club at West Newton are additional diversions.

EDWIN HUTCHEON GIBB

HOME ADDRESS: 4109 Locust St., Kansas City, Mo.

OFFICE ADDRESS: c/o K. L. Koelker, 320 Joplin St., Joplin, Mo.

BORN: April 4, 1893, Hilo, Hawaii. PARENTS: James Gibb, Jemima Hutcheon.

PREPARED AT: Punahou Academy, Honolulu, Hawaii.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1915.

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MARRIED: Aileen Alderson, March 29, 1919, Kansas City, Mo. CHILDREN:
Edwin Hutcheon, Jr., March 7, 1920; Elizabeth Aileen, Dec. 22, 1921;
Ralph Gordon, Nov. 1, 1924; Carol Jeanette, Dec. 12, 1931.

OCCUPATION: Locating and Developing Zinc Acreages.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: 1st lieutenant Infantry Aug. 17, 1917, to Jan. 3, 1919.

MEMBER OF: American Legion.

EDWIN GIBB gives a very strong reason why he wants to go back in the service. He says, "You know my folks live five miles from Pearl Harbor." He writes:

TWO years in the lumber industry fitted me physically for the Army. I spent sixteen months in the service, most of the time as a bayonet instructor. I was engaged in the securities business in New York for twenty-one years and am now out in the wide open spaces of the Middle West hunting zinc for Uncle Sam.

I have two daughters and two sons. The older son is in the Army Air Corps and the younger in the Coast Guard. I hope to receive a call back to the United States Army soon.

WARMOTH THOMAS GIBBS

HOME ADDRESS: 420 N. Dudley St., Greensboro, N. C.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Agricultural and Technical College, Greensboro, N. C.

BORN: April 5, 1892, Baldwin, La. PARENTS: Thomas Dorsey Gibbs, Alice Elizabeth Tolliver.

PREPARED AT: Wiley College Preparatory Department, Marshall, Texas.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914-1917. DEGREES: A.B. (Wiley Coll.), 1912; A.B. (Harvard Univ.), 1917; ED.M. (ibid.), 1926.

MARRIED: Marece A. Jones, May 23, 1918, Boston, Mass. CHILDREN: Marece Elizabeth, Aug. 24, 1920; Warmoth Thomas, Jr., Nov. 26, 1922; Chandler Dorsey, Sept. 12, 1924.

OCCUPATION: Teacher.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Fort Des Moines, Iowa, June, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Oct. 15; assigned to 367th Infantry, 92d Division; sailed for France June 10, 1918; returned to United States Feb. 17, 1919; attached to 151st Depot Brigade, Camp Devens, Mass., March 6; discharged June 9, 1919. Engagements: Saint-Dié sector, Meuse-Argonne offensive, Marbache sector.

OFFICES HELD: Member board of directors, Credit Union, Hicks-Mosely Loan Fund.

MEMBER OF: Civic Club; National Association of Social Science Teachers;

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National Association of Collegiate Deans and Registrars in Negro Schools; Association for the Study of Negro Life and History.

PUBLICATIONS: "Matthew W. Dogan, President of Wiley College;" "Hiram Revels and his Times" (series of articles); other magazine articles on political science.

WARMOTH GIBBS will still have plenty of American history and government, but we are afraid that his automobile trips will be curtailed. His "Life":

IN 1917 I left Harvard to serve as second lieutenant in World War I. I spent nearly two years in France, one in the front line trenches. After the war I returned to Boston, spending two years on the Boston police force and serving as executive secretary of the Boston Urban League for two years. I have spent three years in graduate study since 1917, earning my Ed.M. degree and further study.

I have been on the teaching staff of the Agricultural and Technical College for the past sixteen years, twelve of which have been in the capacity as dean of instruction. During this time I have been teaching courses in American history and American government.

I have travelled in forty-one of the forty-eight states, in Canada, and in Mexico. We usually motor on vacation trips which extend to distant sections of the country. Mine is a family of five — all good drivers.

I still like to attend athletic events — football and basketball are my favorite sports. I like to write views on political and economic questions occasionally. Frequently I make reports and studies for educational conferences. At present I am engaged in writing a history of the Agricultural and Technical College of North Carolina.

My wife likes flower gardens; my daughter (a graduate of the Agricultural and Technical College) likes typing, music, and reading as her hobbies; one son (a senior) likes music; the other is interested in history.

I think the officers of the Class of '17 have done an excellent task in keeping in contact with members of the Class during the twenty-five years. My congratulations and best wishes to everyone!

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT

GEORGE ALLEN GIBSON, JR.

ADDRESS: 1120 N. 11th St., Birmingham, Ala.

BORN: Sept. 9, 1894, Birmingham, Ala. PARENTS: George Allen Gibson, Effie Reynolds.

PREPARED AT: University of Alabama, University, Ala.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1915.

GEORGE ALLEN GIBSON has never been heard from.

ALEXANDER GIFFORD

ADDRESS: 712 Regester Ave., Baltimore, Md.

BORN: Oct. 27, 1895, Greenfield, Mass. PARENTS: Ralph Waldo Gifford, Sarah Lowell Parsons.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914-1916.

HARVARD BROTHERS: George Parsons Gifford, '14; Charles Cummings Gifford, ENG.S. '25-'27.

OCCUPATION: Journalism.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private 2d class April, 1917; stationed at Fort Slocum, N. Y.; assigned to Company H, 33d Infantry; organization stationed at Gatun, Canal Zone; placed on special duty in Ordnance Dept., Sept. 1, 1917.

SINCE graduation Alexander Gifford had been listed as a "lost" man. Then one morning in October, 1938, we received a letter from him saying, "Am not a 'lost' man. My business address is the Baltimore News-Post, Baltimore, Maryland, where I am employed as a rewrite man and radio news commentator. And my home address is 712 Regester Ave., Baltimore, so there." Not having heard from him since then, we hope he hasn't slipped back into the limbo.

HARWOOD GILDER

HOME ADDRESS: High Elbow, Westport, Conn.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 505 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

BORN: Aug. 4, 1895, Larchmont, N. Y. PARENTS: Joseph Benson Gilder, Gwendolen Jackson.

PREPARED AT: Hotchkiss School, Lakeville, Conn.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1914.

MARRIED: Dorothy Jackson, Dec. 2, 1916 (divorced Oct. 27, 1926); Helene Merritt Rehber, Jan. 28, 1927. CHILDREN: Jackson Harwood, Jan. 2, 1918; Bunelle Merritt, Jan. 3, 1921 (stepchild).

OCCUPATION: Securities Dealer.

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MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Squadron A, New York National Guard, 1925–1927.

OFFICES HELD: Former president, Alimony Club of New York; former vice-president and director, American Trusteed Funds, Incorporated, New York; president, Harwood Gilder & Company, Incorporated, New York; director, Republic Investors Fund, Incorporated, New York, Sovereign Investors, Incorporated, New York.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of New York; Hotchkiss Alumni Association; National Association of Securities Dealers.

PUBLICATIONS: Occasional verses contributed to newspapers.

DUTCH GILDER began his business career with electric toasters and came to a stop with parking meters. He writes:

SITTING down to write a life story is a rather grim thing, bringing to mind as it does all the mistakes one has made. However, let's go back to the beginning — or somewhere near it.

My college career was seriously interfered with by a severe knee injury in early season football practice in Freshman year, which contributed to my decision to go to work the following fall instead of returning to college.

So the fall of 1914 found me selling electric toasters and such for the New York Edison Company at the handsome wage of \$10.00 per week. In the spring of 1915 I got into the real estate business and did fairly well at it up to the latter part of 1917. By this time the first World War was in full swing and I sought a way to participate. Having no money, and facing the necessity of providing for an expected child, the one now a first class private, the Army was out and I did the next best thing, which was to work for the Sperry Gyroscope Company in Brooklyn, turning out naval apparatus. There was no glory in this — just hard work.

Then followed four years in Boston as New England advertising representative of Doubleday Page and Company and Scribner's. Returning to New York in 1923, I spent a year and a half selling heating machinery before taking another try at the real estate business, which lasted until 1927, when I decided Wall Street was the right place. It was, *then*.

In the meantime my first marriage had gone on the rocks and ended in divorce. In January, 1927, I married a young lady of great beauty, charm, and intelligence and made a fresh start on life. After a year or so with the First Boston Corporation, I

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went with Chase Securities Corporation and stayed through its change to Chase Harris Forbes Corporation until the bitter end in May, 1933. Then followed four happy years with Starkweather & Company, one of the principal Chase Harris Forbes offshoots. During this period we enjoyed a considerable degree of recovery and managed to do quite well in spite of the New Deal. I acquired a home in Westport, Connecticut, which I still have and which is known as "High Elbow" — because of the contour of the land.

During this period I served for a year as president of the Alimony Club of New York (from the outside) and was instrumental in effecting some changes in the law which tend to deter irate ex-wives from throwing their former darlings into the hoosegow and keeping them there indefinitely.

By May, 1937, I had acquired enough customers, courage, and capital to set up my own firm and have continued in the securities business under the banner of Harwood Gilder & Company, Incorporated, ever since. I am also a director of Republic Investors Fund, Incorporated, and Sovereign Investors, Incorporated.

Because of the lean days, or rather years, of the securities business I became interested in the growing use of parking meters and somewhat by accident became New England and Westchester County representative for one of the manufacturers of these machines, the Michaels Art Bronze Company of Covington, Kentucky. Up to now I have sold Mi-Co Meters to the cities of New Haven, Bridgeport, and New Rochelle.

What little travelling we have done comprises two trips to Bermuda, one to Murray Bay, Canada, a visit to Williamsburg, Virginia, and two trips to Nova Scotia.

This about brings my story up to date. I have a stepdaughter who celebrates her birthday the day after my son, although he is three years older. What the future holds no man can tell, and sometimes I am inclined to envy some of my contemporaries whose lives have followed a smoother pattern. On the other hand I have had an interesting life, spiced with ups and downs, enriched with contacts with all sorts of people, varied as to place and condition of living, and with few dull moments.

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CHARLES EMMONS GILL

HOME ADDRESS: 63 Arlington St., Brockton, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 231 Main St., Brockton, Mass., and Gill & Gill, 49 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: May 8, 1893, Brockton, Mass. PARENTS: Michael Henry Gill, Margaret Agnes Morey.

PREPARED AT: Brockton High School, Brockton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914-1916. DEGREE: S.B., 1917.

HARVARD BROTHER: Henry Clement Gill, '17.

OCCUPATION: Real Estate; City Solicitor of Brockton.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Jan. 5, 1918; detailed to Officers' Training School, Camp Upton, N. Y.; assigned to Battery A, 306th Field Artillery, 77th Division, April 15; sailed for France April 24; detailed to American Students' Detachment, University of Lyon, March 10 to June 30, 1919; discharged July 20, 1919. Engagements: Baccarat sector, Aisne-Oise offensive (Vesle River), Meuse-Argonne offensive.

CHARLES GILL was an order clerk with a Brockton shoe company in 1920. In 1923 he was with the American Levant Company of Boston, which traded with Egypt. In 1927 he was with Gill Brothers of Boston, importers, and also a partner of Gill & Company, Alexandria, Egypt, exporters and steamship agents. In 1937 he was in the real estate business and was manager of financial relations of the Federal Housing Administration in Boston. He is now city solicitor for the city of Brockton.

HENRY CLEMENT GILL

HOME ADDRESS: 63 Arlington St., Brockton, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 10 Post Office Sq., Boston, Mass., and 231 Main St., Brockton, Mass.

BORN: Jan. 18, 1895, Brockton, Mass. PARENTS: Michael Henry Gill, Margaret Agnes Morey.

PREPARED AT: Brockton High School, Brockton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917; LL.B. (Suffolk Law School), 1937.

MARRIED: Margaret T. Farren, Dec. 27, 1926, Brockton, Mass. CHILD: Henry Clement, Jr., Nov. 12, 1927.

HARVARD BROTHER: Charles Emmons Gill, '17.

OCCUPATION: Lawyer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Assistant to U. S. Military Attaché, American Legation, Cairo, Egypt, 1918-1919.

OFFICES HELD: City Solicitor, Brockton, Mass.; honorary secretary, American Chamber of Commerce, Egypt; member executive committee, Interna-

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tional Chamber of Shipping, Alexandria, Egypt; Juge-Assesseur, (by election), International Mixed Courts of Egypt.

MEMBER OF: (formerly) Union Club, Alexandria, Egypt; Alexandria Sporting Club, Alexandria, Egypt; Gezira Sporting Club, Cairo, Egypt.

PUBLICATIONS: Newspaper articles.

HENRY GILL has had a lot of bad luck but he is still a "confirmed optimist." He writes:

SOON after graduation in 1917 and after rejection for combatant service in armed forces, I joined the Military Intelligence Division of the United States War Department. In June, 1918, I went to Europe, going to England, France, and Italy, and finally landing in Egypt, where I served as assistant to the United States Military Attaché until September, 1919.

I formed two business firms as a partner and spent most of my time in Egypt until 1933, engaged in foreign trade and shipping. During this period I travelled extensively throughout Europe and the Near East, crossing the Atlantic Ocean about sixteen times. While in Egypt I served as honorary secretary of the American Chamber of Commerce for Egypt, and during the last five years of my residence in Alexandria I was each year elected to serve in honorary capacity in International Mixed Courts. At the same time I was a member of the executive committee of the International Chamber of Shipping. During all of this time I maintained an office in Boston, Massachusetts.

Reluctantly, as a result of the Depression, I quit Egypt forever in 1933, and returned to the old home town. The New Deal took me into the fold and I served for about three years as manager of financial affairs for the Federal Housing Administration in Massachusetts. During this employment I studied law, an ambition which had been thwarted by the first World War. I was admitted to practice in the courts of Massachusetts in the spring of 1937 and shortly thereafter I was graduated from Suffolk University Law School.

Since my admission I have practised law in Brockton and Boston and also have engaged in the mortgage loan business. At the present time I am also (part-time) serving as City Solicitor of Brockton.

Since 1933 I have been actively "mixed up" with politics, on

committees, in organizations, and in campaign work, as a member of the Democratic party. I may some day be elected to an important office, although I entertain grave doubts about my success. Except for a candidate for the Presidency, I am informed by "smart" politicians that a Harvard label is a serious handicap.

Almost everything bad that could happen to me has happened to me. I nearly died with the flu in a New York Hospital, my identity unknown. I nearly died in Egypt with typhoid fever. I have suffered a fractured arm on one occasion and a double ankle fracture on another. My wife was not expected to live for five days last summer in consequence of a motor vehicle accident. All the "nuts" and many of the inmates of States Prison continually seek me out for professional services instead of huge corporations or other rich clients. Last summer the *Boston Globe* carried my picture on the front page as an old friend of Rudolph Hess's, and some people have ever since viewed me with suspicion.

Nevertheless, I have an excellent home, far too expensive for my present income, a pretty summer cottage on Bass River, a beautiful Irish setter, and of course a happy family, consisting of a lovely wife and one son headed (hopefully) for Harvard. I definitely rank third in the family in every respect and on all occasions, except for the dog who gives me priority.

My hobbies are few, in fact, there are only two important ones, namely, my work (strange as it may seem) and puttering around the house and yard. However, with reference to the latter hobby I am repeatedly told that I am very ineffectual.

In all social, political, and religious matters I am an extreme liberal, perhaps because I like almost everyone. Religious arguments and controversies are to me at once futile and stupid. I have faith in religion because it is good. The details do not interest me greatly. My aversions are directed against everything and everybody unreal. I like only what is genuine and so I have violent obsessions against, to use the slang of our time, phonies, fakers, and fourflushers.

In my own opinion, I am a patient, suffering, confirmed optimist.

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JOHN RICHARD GILMAN

HOME ADDRESS: 33 Wachusett Rd., Wellesley Hills, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Lever Bros. Co., 50 Memorial Drive, Cambridge, Mass.

BORN: April 19, 1895, Everett, Mass. PARENTS: Dennis Joseph Gilman, Martha Louise Riley.

PREPARED AT: Everett High School, Everett, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Philomene Frances Gradie, June 5, 1923, Boston, Mass. CHILDREN: John Richard, Jr., July 6, 1925; Barbara Anne, July 2, 1926; Philomene Frances, May 7, 1928; Martha Anne, July 29, 1930.

HARVARD BROTHERS: Stephen Joseph Gilman, '04; Samuel Vincent Gilman, '24.

OCCUPATION: Associate Advertising Manager, Lever Brothers Company.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Clubs of Boston and New York; Oakley Country Club; Boston Art Club.

IF you or your wife has bought a certain brand of toilet soap or soap flakes, it may be that John Gilman is responsible. Outside his work he takes life leisurely by indulging in sailing, art, motion photography, dramatics, and horses. He writes:

UPON graduating from College I answered a blind help-wanted ad in the *Boston Globe*, and got a job with a very impressive title and the magnificent salary of \$18 a week—I was “Director of Placements” at the accounting school of Pace & Pace on Tremont Street. After a little over a half-year of finding jobs for Pace graduates and “selling the course” to prospective Pace students (and it was swell fun), I answered another blind ad in the *Boston Globe* and got myself a job with Lever Brothers Company, makers of Lux, Lux Toilet Soap, Lifebuoy, Rinso, Swan Soap, and Spry. I have remained with the company ever since. I handle the advertising of Lux Toilet Soap and Lux Flakes—newspaper, magazine, radio, and publicity. The grooming and launching of Lux Toilet Soap, and later the Lux Radio Theatre, were unusually interesting.

Growing up with a business, watching it develop from a relatively small affair to large proportions, has been very stimulating. The opportunities for diversified activity have been numerous as our managers are constantly concerned with the various problems of the business, both within and without their particular departments.

All along the way there have been many interesting assign-

ments. One of my earlier jobs under the aegis of Lever Brothers Company was the presidency of a small associated company, the Sanitas Company of Brooklyn, New York, which we later sold. Studies into various basic problems in our own and associated businesses have kept life from getting monotonous — never a dull moment.

I have four children: Jack, who is sixteen, has just gotten his automobile license; Barbara, who is fifteen, is taller than her mother; Philomene is thirteen; and Martha Anne, eleven. They all seem to reflect the modern vitamin diet. At the moment I am not sure whether or not they will turn out to be giants.

My travels are limited to an occasional winter cruise to Bermuda together with the usual business journeys around the United States.

In the summer time we sail small boats at Tiverton Four Corners in Rhode Island. We have two of John Alden's Sakonnet class, nineteen-foot keel sloops, and my wife and two of the children race against me and the other two — with Papa putting up silver cups for the winning crew. This sounds as though we were all introverts and very unsocial, but the truth is that we are just too far away from other boats of the same class to race with any other than ourselves. A full quota of guests keeps us looking outward, however.

Quite deliberately my wife and I decided to prepare for old age while still relatively young, so a few years ago we took up painting. In this way we hope to have a full life when the children have "flown the coop." We don't want to hang on their necks with parental solicitude. We still think it's a swell idea even though we shall never do anything important in art.

Other than art and sailing, I have no especial avocations, although I have a part interest in the hobbies of my children, which are in particular motion photography, dramatics, and horses, with a half dozen other lesser interests.

We live just out of town in Wellesley Hills and find the country atmosphere worth the trip into town, although to have an apartment in the heart of Boston, after the children are on their own, is my wife's avowed goal.

I forgot to say that thanks to a very comradely wife I can still show my youngsters new steps in the tango and rhumba.

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I make the most of this because I realize that it won't be long before I shall be "old hat" to my children, dancing and all.

I like good stories, good wine in moderation, and good company, and intensely enjoy family life. If this make me a veritable Babbitt, I plead guilty with sincere pleasure.

✠ BENJAMIN JOSEPH GINSBURG

BORN: Jan. 12, 1895, Newark, N. J. PARENTS: Isaac Ginsburg, Rose Sussman.

PREPARED AT: Lawrence High School, Lawrence, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: S.B., 1917.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Aug. 21, 1917; detailed to Coast Artillery Training School, Fort Munroe, Va.; commissioned 2d lieutenant Coast Artillery June 26; sailed for France July 15; assigned to Battery F, Railroad Emplacement Battalion, 54th Coast Artillery, in September; died of pneumonia Sept. 30, 1918, at Mailly, France.

DIED: Sept. 30, 1918, Mailly, France.

FATHER: Isaac Ginsburg, 3 Florence St., Lawrence, Mass.

DURING his undergraduate days Ginsburg concentrated in mathematics, attaining high rank in his final year. His close application to his studies prevented him from participating in the Harvard Regiment, but as soon as his academic duties were over he determined to bear his part in the conflict. In August, 1917, he enlisted as a private and was detailed to the Coast Artillery Training School at Fort Monroe, Virginia. Four months later he was promoted to the grade of master gunner and assigned to the coast defenses of Pensacola, Florida. The following June he returned to Fort Monroe, where he received a well-earned commission as second lieutenant of Coast Artillery.

The next month Ginsburg arrived in France, where he was detailed to the Heavy Artillery Training School at Angers. Completing his work there with high rank, he was assigned to Battery F, Railroad Emplacement Battalion, 54th Coast Artillery. On his way to join his battery he contracted pneumonia which resulted in his death at Base Hospital No. 13 at Mailly-les-Camps on September 30, 1918.

We learn in *Memoirs of the Harvard Dead in the War Against Germany* that "it was the opinion of officers and men with whom Ginsburg came in contact that he was an extremely capable officer who would have become an expert in the handling of heavy guns

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if he had lived to play the part for which he had been training himself. He was well liked everywhere and his even nature and devotion to duty were an example to his comrades."

ABRAHAM ROBERT GINSBURGH

HOME ADDRESS: 13 E. Underwood St., Chevy Chase, Md.

OFFICE ADDRESS: War Dept., Washington, D. C.

BORN: May 30, 1895, Warsaw, Russia. PARENTS: David Ginsburgh, Anne Ellion.

PREPARED AT: East High School, Rochester, N. Y.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B. *magna cum laude*, 1917; A.M. (Univ. of Louisville), 1922; A.M. (Univ. of Missouri), 1931; LL.B. (Harvard Univ.), 1936.

MARRIED: Elsie Bullitt Pinney, Dec. 29, 1922, Louisville, Ky. CHILDREN: Robert, Nov. 19, 1923; Anne and Martha (twins), Sept. 30, 1925.

HARVARD SON: Robert Ginsburgh, '44.

OCCUPATION: Colonel, United States Army.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Fort Niagara, N. Y., Aug., 1917; commissioned provisional 2d lieutenant Coast Artillery Corps, Regular Army, Oct. 26; promoted temporary 1st lieutenant to date from Oct. 26; stationed at Fort Monroe, Va., Dec. 1, 1917, to March 27, 1918; assigned to 13th Company, Los Angeles, Fort MacArthur, Calif., April 10; detailed to 2d Army Artillery Park, Fort MacArthur, Oct. 1 to Dec. 25; promoted temporary captain Oct. 19; transferred to Fort Winfield Scott, Calif., Jan. 15, 1919; assigned to Coast Defenses of Manila and Subic Bay, Philippine Islands, March 15; transferred to Field Artillery unassigned July 1, 1920; has served continuously since 1917.

PUBLICATIONS: Miscellaneous magazine articles.

BOB GINSBURGH colorfully sketches his life as a series of contrasts. He has travelled extensively in foreign countries and recently has been travelling over this country talking before various labor groups. He writes:

TWENTY-FIVE years ago I joined the Regular Army, firm in my belief that I would never come out of it alive. My military career was to be short. "Second lieutenants are expendable," I was told at the officers' training camp, but for the privilege of becoming one I stood ready for any sacrifice. I became a second lieutenant, but I lived. I am still in the Regular Army, but now I really hope that I shall never come out of it alive. I have enjoyed the intervening years as a professional soldier and hope to stay with it until I die or retire.

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My services have taken me to several continents, many countries, and to every state in the Union. I shivered in Vladivostok and sweltered in Cavite. I paced the Army transport deck impatiently waiting for a rise in tide in the harbor of Hai-phong or for a piddling Japanese inspector in the port of Nagasaki. I saw human bodies tossed out of a Russian morgue while civilians stood by and laughed, and watched the formal burial of a mongrel pup while embattled veterans respectfully looked on with heads bowed.

I taught English to illiterate soldiers and tactics to college graduates. I ran post exchanges that in magnitude and volume of business compared with modern department stores, and operated a telephone exchange whose monthly income ran to about six dollars and required sixty dollars' worth of paper work. I defended some soldiers on charges of murder and rape, and prosecuted others for petty larceny and absence without leave. I mined the entrance to Manila harbor and planted targets among the hills and gullies of Oklahoma. I commanded mountain batteries and sea coast companies. I trained men to use the pistol and rifle and machine gun, the pack Howitzer and sea coast mortar, and have yet to fire one against an enemy. I broke remounts, and they nearly broke me. I commanded mule skinners and handled camouflage artists. I escorted Gold Star Mothers to the graves of their loved ones in Europe and I accompanied war correspondents, returned from the battlefields, to the arsenals of America. I held my ground against French gendarmes when no principle was at stake and appeased the Nebraska police when such an important issue as the right to arrest a disorderly soldier on federal property was involved. I served as aide to a Secretary of War and as apprentice horse-shoer to a stable sergeant. I have gone to school to the Field Artillery School and to the Army Industrial College, to a school for gas officers and to a school for bakers and cooks, to a school of journalism, and to a law school. I have handled public relations for a battalion post in Nebraska and for the entire War Department on industrial mobilization and procurement.

I have been happily married since 1922, have a son who is a plebe at West Point after a year at Harvard, and twin daughters whose ambition is to become Army wives. Their arrival in 1925

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compelled me to play Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. For three years I served the Army by day and the *New York World* by night. When the strain became too severe, I turned to free-lance writing, which is still my avocation.

I have attained neither distinction nor fame. I have acquired neither wealth nor store of worldly goods. I have tried to do my bit where duty called. Now I am working night and day to contribute what little I can to the defeat of Hitler and what he stands for. His kind ruined our Commencement in 1917 and are spoiling our Twenty-fifth Reunion for 1942. We must win if for no other reason than to enjoy a 1917 Class gathering in peace. So here's to 1967, our Fiftieth Reunion, without Hitlers — and happy reunions to all.

HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON

HOME ADDRESS: 54 Westland Ave., West Hartford, Conn.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Kingswood School, West Hartford, Conn.

BORN: July 31, 1895, Dorchester, Mass. PARENTS: Clarence Willard Gleason, '88, Ellen Frances Morrison.

PREPARED AT: Volkmann School, Boston, Mass.; Roxbury Latin School, Roxbury, Mass.; Public Latin School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; A.M. (Trinity Coll., Conn.), 1924.

MARRIED: Catharine Constance Coleman, June 22, 1919, Boston, Mass. CHILDREN: Elisabeth, May 26, 1920; Harold Willard, Jr., Dec. 30, 1923.

OCCUPATION: Head of English Department, Kingswood School.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Regimental Sergeant-Bugler, Harvard R. O. T. C.; Civilian laboratory assistant, Boston Quartermaster Depot, 1918.

OFFICES HELD: Chairman, West Hartford Library Board; vice-president, Hartford Poetry Club.

MEMBER OF: Sons of the American Revolution; Harvard Club of Connecticut.

PUBLICATIONS: Verse in many and varied periodicals, including *Forum*, *New Yorker*, *New York Times*.

HAROLD GLEASON is still at the Kingswood School, where he has been since shortly after graduation. He writes:

STODDER suggested that I rehearse my quarter-century in *verse*. But no Class poet, no odist I, such feat of prosody to try.

Mine is no epic of romance — I didn't even get to France,

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though sore I sweated to enlist (I scarcely think that I was missed). From mid-September, '17, when, unsophisticated, green, I left the purlieus of the Square, I've labored, breathing Eli air, to teach the young of Hartford, Conn., which side their bread is buttered on, i.e., to read and, sometimes, write sufficiently to expedite their entrance into Trinity, Yale, Williams, as the case may be. Therewith I've run the magazine, coached teams, and played the trumpet, e'en, to swell the school's orchestral brass — such tasks were by-play and let them pass.

In one brief twelvemonth as trustee of our West Hartford Library, I learned full well that politics are rife with petty, noisome tricks; so, reëlected, I resigned, unwilling to play deaf and blind.

My summers, spent near Ellsworth, Maine, have seen me working — oft in vain, as casting flies for native trout serves scholarly resolves to dout — at writing verses, at research (in Spanish), and at splitting birch.

I served upon the College Board for thirteen years, and thus explored the heights and depths of Academe, collecting "boners" by the ream.

Re children: Radcliffe, '41, since wed — the daughter; and the son, whom Papa's funds will not allow to enter Harvard (dammit!), now at Trinity he's marching on. Would God he were a "Son of John!"

Philosophy? Time's passing mellows, makes generous and kindly fellows of most of us of Seventeen (the late depression helped, I ween!); so with increasing tolerance I tend to suffer what may chance, assured, while fighting the good fight, with Pope, "Whatever is, is right."

✠ WALTER THOMAS EDWARD GLEASON

BORN: Feb. 8, 1895, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Patrick M. Gleason, Mary Ann Maker.

PREPARED AT: Public Latin School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917.

DIED: Nov. 9, 1917, Boston, Mass.

A MEMBER of the Harvard Class of 1913, Andrew Russell McCormick, gives us the following information on Gleason:

"Walter was a very likeable and interesting young man with a

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keen sense of humor. He was very much interested in sports and used to delight in serving as usher at the Harvard football games.

"If my memory serves me correctly, Walter took a three-hour mid-year examination in February, 1917. He sat through the examination in wet clothing and as a result contracted a severe cold. He became tubercular and was obliged to leave College so that he was unable to be graduated with his class. He died in November of that year."

LOUIS SAMUEL GOLDBERG

ADDRESS: c/o S. U. Goldberg, 99 Chauncy St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Oct. 26, 1895, Brookline, Mass. PARENTS: Samuel Ulysses Goldberg, Gertrude Finkelstein.

PREPARED AT: Public Latin School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

OCCUPATION: Real Estate.

LOUIS GOLDBERG wrote in 1923, "With my father till 1920. . . . Then I travelled for a year through the southern states as far south as Florida and through the West, part business and part pleasure. When I returned I established myself where I now am (Boston) under the name of Strafford-Carlton Company." This is the last we have heard from him, but on the records of the Harvard Alumni Directory he is addressed in care of his father's real-estate firm in Boston.

CRAWFORD GOLDTHWAIT

HOME ADDRESS: 71 Swan Rd., Winchester, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Sanborn Co., 39 Osborn St., Cambridge, Mass.

BORN: March 11, 1896, Malden, Mass. PARENTS: Charles Brown Goldthwait, Carrie Crawford Alexander.

PREPARED AT: Noble and Greenough School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1919. DEGREES: A.B., 1917 (20); A.M., 1922; PH.D., 1929.

MARRIED: Ruth Abbey, June 2, 1920, Malden, Mass. CHILDREN: Janet, May 26, 1928; Marilyn, Aug. 28, 1929; John, Dec. 15, 1934.

OCCUPATION: Manufacturing.

CRAWFORD GOLDTHWAIT thinks that this is a "primitive" world. Unfortunately, though, the boys are using machine guns and tanks instead of stone axes and sledges. He writes:

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FOR several of the years following graduation from College, much of my time was spent in study and research in the department of psychology at Harvard. Following this a commercial venture in the manufacture of sensitive electrical relays and acoustic apparatus proved more interesting than profitable. My present connection is with Sanborn Company of Cambridge, Massachusetts, makers of diagnostic medical apparatus.

My political and social convictions, never very well-adjusted to this primitive world, have become increasingly indefinite with the years.

JOEL ADDISON GOLDTHWAIT

ADDRESS: Longacre Farm, Medfield, Mass.

BORN: July 2, 1895, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Joel Ernest Goldthwait, Jessie Sophia Rand.

PREPARED AT: Milton Academy, Milton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; S.B. (Mass. Inst. Tech.), 1920.

MARRIED: Henrietta Atwater, Jan. 5, 1918, Bridgeport, Conn. CHILDREN: Joel Cabot, Nov. 14, 1918; David Atwater, Nov. 7, 1921; June Lyon, Aug. 5, 1924.

HARVARD SONS: Joel Cabot Goldthwait, '40; David Atwater Goldthwait, '43.

HARVARD BROTHER: Vincent Bowditch Goldthwait, '24 (deceased).

OCCUPATION: Production and Inventory Analyst, W. P. B.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Field Artillery Aug. 15; assigned to 303d Field Artillery, 76th Division, Camp Devens, Mass.; promoted 1st lieutenant Dec. 31; detailed to School for Aërial Observers, Fort Sill, Okla., March 2, 1918; assigned to 2d Provisional Wing, Ellington Field, Texas, in July; appointed instructor Ellington Field in October; discharged Jan. 18, 1919.

MEMBER OF: University Club, Providence, R. I.; Norfolk Hunt Club.

JOEL GOLDTHWAIT has lived a simple life and has been happy and satisfied with it. He writes:

I LEFT College, along with many of the rest of my Class, in May, 1917, to go into military service, in my case to the First Officers' Training Camp at Plattsburg. I did not attend my own Commencement and so it was with especial interest that I attended the Commencement exercises in June, 1940, when my older son received a Harvard degree. After getting a commission at Platts-

burg, I served with the Field Artillery and later the Air Service all the way from Massachusetts to Texas and back again. Then the Armistice came along, and I got back into civil life as rapidly as possible.

In order to complete an engineering training started at Harvard, I then went to Massachusetts Institute of Technology for a year and a half, getting an engineering degree in June, 1920, and following that with an engineering job that same spring. I went to work as an engineer for the United States Finishing Company in Providence doing general mechanical work for their five plants. About two years later I began an apprentice course, working through the mill. As the result of a strike in 1922 I had a chance to learn a bit about textile printing, so when the strike was over, the company made me manager of one of their plants, the Queen Dyeing Company of Providence. I held that position through good times and on into the Depression, weathering the same until 1936. At this time I was asked to take over the job of research and development of new products for all of the six factories of the United States Finishing Company and became known as the director of technical research or more commonly, the man who "unscrews the inscrutable." This was a grand job involving all sorts of interesting contacts and one that showed results in a variety of new fabrics and fabric finishes. In December, 1938, the company was forced to close three of its plants because of the unprofitable operation of the whole industry. I therefore resigned and ever since have been in business for myself, operating a small shop to do printing and finishing of high-grade fabrics. As this is being written (October, 1941) I have decided to liquidate the plant that I have been operating, feeling that it can in no way tie into the national defense program, and wishing to get into some field where I can be of national service.

So much for my business history. I can't imagine why it should be of interest to anyone but myself, and frankly it seems pretty prosaic to me. My personal life pleases me much more in retrospect. I was married during the last war, and I have three fine children. The oldest is a son, twenty-three years old, who finished Harvard in June, 1940, and is now in the Harvard Medical School on the long route to becoming a doctor. I have another son who

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will be completing his junior year in Harvard when this is published, and a daughter who will have just finished Winsor School in Boston, and who will, I hope, be en route to Smith College, where her mother went before her. My wife and I are happily married and living together in a grand old two-hundred-year-old farmhouse in the country. This, with a few acres of land, is my biggest hobby, furnishing endless jobs of tinkering. We have horses to ride — two old hunters who may drop dead any day, but so far sound in wind and limb — and two big dogs to keep us company while the children are away and when the house would otherwise seem empty. Weekends we have a houseful of young people together with our own friends, and plenty of outdoor sport for young and old.

Looking back on twenty-five years, I like to think that out of it I have perhaps achieved a rather simple philosophy of living, involving little in the way of social fuss and quite a lot of those deep satisfactions that come to mean so much in retrospect. A simple life, pride in my wife and children, and joy in their achievements, coupled with an active job to keep me fully occupied — these to me seem of all things quite the most important in these complex and difficult days.

DU VAL RADFORD GOLDTHWAITE

HOME ADDRESS: 256 Speer Ave., Englewood, N. J.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Interchemical Corp., 75 Varick St., New York, N. Y.

BORN: Aug. 23, 1893, Montgomery, Ala. PARENTS: Robert Wallach Goldthwaite, Annie Paul Nesbitt.

PREPARED AT: St. Paul's Cathedral School, Garden City, Long Island, N. Y.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1915-1917. DEGREE: S.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Mary Stringfellow, June, 1930, Newark, N. J. CHILDREN: du Val Radford, Jr., March 23, 1931; Ward Hall, July 7, 1934.

OCCUPATION: Business Executive.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled quartermaster 1st class U. S. Naval Reserve Force May 10, 1917; attached to Royal Flying Corps (British), Toronto, Canada, June to October; appointed ensign in October; transferred to Naval Air Station, Hampton Roads, Va., in November; to Office of Chief of Naval Operations, Washington, D. C., in November in charge of heavier-than-air training system; promoted lieutenant March, 1918; released from active duty December, 1918.

OFFICES HELD: Member, Dillon, Read & Company, 1930-1931; director, Interchemical Corporation, since 1928; vice-president, Interchemical Cor-

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poration, 1931-1932; president, Interchemical Corporation, 1932-1937; chairman of board, Interchemical Corporation, since 1937.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of New York; Canadian Club of New York.

WE are unable to give a background to du Val Goldthwaite's biography as shown above, due to the fact that we did not receive any report from him before 1937.

HENRY GEORGE GOMPERTS

HOME ADDRESS: 91 Prince St., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: American Institute of Finance, 137 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Aug. 27, 1896, South Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Maurice Berman Gomperts, Elizabeth Berg.

PREPARED AT: Public Latin School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1914.

MARRIED: Jane Quinn, Jan. 5, 1928, New York, N. Y. CHILDREN: Reed, July 29, 1930; Elizabeth, March 24, 1936; Jane Frances, Aug. 21, 1940.

OCCUPATION: Business Manager, American Institute of Finance, Investment Counsel.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted in the Army April, 1918; served in France; discharged April, 1919.

THE fact that Henry Gomperts has always been a financial writer may account for his briefness as a biographer. His "Life":

UPON leaving College I went to work in the financial department of the *Boston Herald*. I was thus engaged from December, 1914, to January, 1923, except for my service in the Army. I resigned from the *Herald* in January, 1923, along with R. W. McNeel, financial editor, to found McNeel's Financial Service, and served as business manager, in charge of advertising and promotion from 1923 till 1930. I became associated with the American Institute of Finance (James R. Bancroft, president) in April, 1931, and have been its business head (not investment head) since that time.

I guess that's about the story. I am interested in politics and tried (with others) unsuccessfully to elect Henry Parkman, Jr., to the United States Senate.

EDWARD PHILIP GOODNOW

HOME ADDRESS: 1685 Beacon St., Brookline, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 137 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

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BORN: March 15, 1896, Westfield, Mass. PARENTS: Charles Maitland Goodnow, Ada Maria Howe.

PREPARED AT: Brookline High School, Brookline, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

UNMARRIED.

OCCUPATION: "Hybrid. A few months a year at Insurance; most of the time in Theatre or Motion Pictures."

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private 1st class Medical Department March 22, 1918; assigned to Medical Supply Depot, Camp Devens, Mass.; transferred to Field Medical Supply Depot No. 3 May 2; promoted sergeant May 17; sailed for France June 30; transferred to Intermediate Medical Supply Depot No. 3, Services of Supply, July 23; to Intermediate Medical Supply Depot No. 2, Jan. 19; to 1st Replacement Depot March 21; discharged July 12, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Treasurer, Craftsman Insurance Company, Boston.

MEMBER OF: The Players, New York, N. Y.

PUBLICATIONS: Occasional articles on theatre and films in magazines.

ED GOODNOW simply exudes "joie de vivre." He writes:

I WAS always a strange guy, remember? Used to spend every extracurricular hour with Professor Baker in the 47 Workshop or fiddling with the Harvard Dramatic Club. Well, I haven't improved.

After fifteen months in the American Expeditionary Force I took up the hereditary insurance business — by day. Nights I still slaved at the Workshop, and when that ceased, in Little Theatres. Finally, I gave up insurance for the Greater Fun; founded (with Francis G. Cleveland, '25) the Barnstormers, a summer theatre now in its twelfth year; directed and managed the Copley Theatre in Boston; went to New York. I stage-managed, acted, directed, went occasionally to Hollywood as technical adviser or on general directorial work. Then the insurance business needed a jab which I was the one to give, and for a couple of years I've given part time to it in Boston, spending the balance of each year mostly in Hollywood, where I now find myself under contract to RKO.

This life, to me a merry one, has been acted out against an obligato of travel to far places, enjoyment of food and drink, the joy of going places both mentally and physically. I have my insurance cake and I eat my creative amusement world. I live passing well, enjoy every moment of every day, and will change places with no man.

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GEORGE KOROLICK GORDON

HOME ADDRESS: 36 Plymouth Rd., Malden, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Revere Knitting Mills, Inc., 124 Eastern Ave., Malden, Mass.

BORN: Jan. 25, 1895, Russia. PARENTS: Harris Korolick, Mamie Winer.

PREPARED AT: English High School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1915. DEGREE: M.D. (Tufts Coll.), 1919.

MARRIED: Jessie Kotzen, March 24, 1921. CHILDREN: Stanley Kotzen, July 3, 1923; Joel Irwin, May 27, 1927.

HARVARD SON: Stanley Kotzen Gordon, '44.

OCCUPATION: Manufacturer of Men's and Boys' Sweaters and Sportswear; also Plant Physician.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Served in the Navy, 1918, as hospital apprentice 1st class.

OFFICES HELD: City councilman for three years; president, Brotherhood Temple Tifereth Israel; member, Commission to establish wage scale for knitted outerwear industry in Mass.; senior warden, Mount Scopus Lodge, A. F. & A. M.

MEMBER OF: Masons; Odd Fellows; Zionists.

IT isn't often that a doctor becomes a manufacturer and still practises medicine, but such is the case of George Gordon. His "Life":

HAVING had a most uneventful life, there seems to be hardly any part of it worth noting. However, I find my own boy going through many of the uncertainties that vexed my life, so perhaps my life is more or less typical.

I started at Harvard with the idea of becoming a chemist. After two years I decided I wanted to study medicine, and so transferred to Tufts Medical College. After getting my degree and hospital training, I opened an office, married, and settled down as a practitioner. I ran into an abnormal amount of personal illness, started some sidelines in business, and suddenly found out that I was a businessman.

In 1925 I became interested in the Revere Knitting Mills and have been with the mills continuously to date. During this time I have lived a quiet life. In 1933 I tried to save my city from ruin and ran for public office. I was elected, found out that I could neither save nor ruin the city, and so quit after three terms.

My pet project now is Masonry. I am a firm believer that organizations of this type, if supported intelligently and whole-

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heartedly, would do more to make this world happy and a fit place to bring up children than any other factor.

In my business it is my work to take care of all labor relations. I start with the assumption that a girl (or man) works in a factory because she had the misfortune of not choosing wealthy parents. As far as I can see, there is more compassion, helpfulness, and willingness to do things for each other among that portion of our population that works in mills than any other social stratum that I have ever noticed. The amount of help they give each other in time of necessity is almost unbelievable. This policy of treating help as equals has resulted in happy labor relations with my group and has made life fuller.

I think that our present President is the greatest we ever had, although I voted for him only this last election. We can never thank God enough for having such a man at the helm at this time. This in spite of the fact that I think he is not the least bit practical in his judgment of labor and business necessities. But I think that his foreign policy is more important than anything else. His grasp of the world situation and his masterful handling of the American people in order to safeguard their interests in spite of their lack of foresight more than makes up for any economic errors he has made.

I also believe that there are too many people who know exactly what is right and what is wrong, who think their judgment infallible, and who are anxious to exercise that judgment. There are not enough people with tolerance for the other fellow's viewpoint, willing to allow him the right to live his own life in his own way, and make his own mistakes. This applies even to parents.

I have rambled much more than I planned when I started, but the expanse of clear paper must have acted as an emetic. In closing I want to express my appreciation to the members of our Class who have worked on committees amidst most discouraging conditions. I want to wish for our Class that their children may live in a world of peace and happiness.

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WILLIAM TILLINGHAST GORTON

ADDRESS: 33 Cottage St., Wellesley, Mass.

BORN: Dec. 19, 1894, Providence, R. I. PARENTS: William Arthur Gorton, Mary Elizabeth Langley.

PREPARED AT: Holten High School, Danvers, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1915-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Jane Claire Marie André, Aug. 1, 1925, Boston, Mass. CHILDREN: William Tillinghast, Jr., July 10, 1926; Robert André, Sept. 17, 1931.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private 1st class U. S. Army Ambulance Service June 6, 1917; assigned to Section 510; sailed for France Aug. 6; discharged April 28, 1919. Engagements: Argonne and Verdun fronts, Marne-Aisne offensive. Awarded Croix de Guerre with citation.

OFFICES HELD: Secretary, Retail Trade Board, Boston Chamber of Commerce; assistant secretary, Chamber of Commerce of Hartford, Conn.; secretary, Chamber of Commerce, Athol, Mass.

WILLIAM GORTON showed bravery under fire as is evidenced by the Croix de Guerre, with citation, awarded him. For the last ten years he has shown that same bravery by fighting illness without complaint. He certainly has lived up to his belief expressed in the last sentence of his "life." He writes:

GRADUATION at midyears, 1917, left me time for only one term as instructor at Middlesex School before enlisting in the Ambulance Service of the United States Army. Twenty-two months of that was ample, as nineteen months were spent at the front.

After my discharge mercantile experience led me into Chamber of Commerce work, beginning with the Boston Chamber, ending as secretary of the Athol, Massachusetts, Chamber in 1932. Since that time illness has kept me unoccupied.

My two sons, ten and fifteen years of age, are now proving themselves regular Americans!

Politically, I am still a Republican, and rather averse to our present administration's conduct during the present war. Possibly my greatest present aversion is the Axis type of government; next to that would come enormous national expenditures voted without an immediate knowledge of the sources of funds to pay them.

And I am still convinced that the best job for any Harvard man is to prove himself a real American.

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WILLIAM LATIMER GRAY

HOME ADDRESS: 425 Chestnut St., Waban, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: First National Bank of Boston, Boston, Mass.

BORN: April 26, 1894, Lincoln, Nebr. PARENTS: William Leonard Gray, Mary Elizabeth Latimer.

PREPARED AT: Public Latin School, Boston, Mass.; Northfield High School, Northfield, Minn.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914-1917. DEGREE: S.B. *cum laude*, 1917.

MARRIED: Margaret Morton Platt, Feb. 14, 1931, Baltimore, Md. CHILDREN: William Latimer, Jr., March 19, 1933; Samuel Packwood Morton, May 6, 1937.

OCCUPATION: Vice-president, First National Bank of Boston.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of Boston; Brae Burn Country Club.

LAT GRAY says he found romance in international finance, but we happen to know that he found it in Baltimore. He writes:

MY life since graduation has been completely tied up with the First National Bank of Boston. After spending time in several departments, I became associated with the credit and loan division of the bank, where I remained until 1926. At that time I transferred to the foreign division, with which I am still identified. This department requires voluminous data, a great deal of which is entirely devoid of romance. On the other hand, even the daily departmental work has certain interest not always present with domestic routine.

Also, during the last twelve years, a great deal of romance and tragedy has developed in all foreign business. In the few years before the war, it was necessary for me to take eight trips to England and Germany, the memories of which are particularly interesting today. Strange as it may seem, foreign business in Boston is still very active. While most of the world is cut off, we are bringing into this port most of the wool coming into the United States, and likewise, large quantities of hides and other commodities used particularly in this area. The volume of business from Central America, South America, South Africa, and even now from Australia, has fully offset normal business previously transacted primarily from Europe. More recently I have also been interested in loans which we have been making to the oil industry in the Southwest. This is part of the United States

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which is also full of romance and which has probably been singularly prosperous during the last decade.

My religious conviction is Episcopal; my political conviction is still Republican.

JOSEPH GERARD GREEN

HOME ADDRESS: 164 Arborway, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: South Boston High School, South Boston, Mass.

BORN: July 27, 1894, Roxbury, Mass. PARENTS: Thomas William Green, Jane Weldon Cogan.

PREPARED AT: Public Latin School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; ED.M. (Boston Teachers Coll.), 1930.

MARRIED: Cyrilla Rose Mitsch, Aug. 14, 1920, Boston, Mass. CHILDREN: Cyrilla Rosalie, Sept. 6, 1921; Joseph Gerard, Jr., Oct. 15, 1923; Jane Angela, Dec. 29, 1929.

HARVARD SON: Joseph Gerard Green, Jr., '45.

OCCUPATION: Head of the Department of Modern Foreign Languages.

OFFICES HELD: President, New England Modern Language Association, 1937-1938; lecteur d'anglais, University of Dijon, France, 1926-1927; lecturer in the French departments of Boston University and Boston Teachers College; correspondent for the University of Dijon.

MEMBER OF: American Association of Teachers of French; New England Modern Language Association; National Education Association; University Club of Boston.

PUBLICATIONS: Editor, edition of André Maurois' *Ni Ange, Ni Bête*, D. Appleton-Century Co., 1931.

JOE GREEN is not the changing kind. "I haven't changed my religion, my wife, or my profession," he says. He continues:

I HAVEN'T a great deal to report about myself. The twenty-five years have, fortunately, been rather uneventful. During 1926-1927 with my wife and children I spent more than a year studying and teaching in France. We also travelled extensively all over Europe. My daughter, who was then five years old, had the interesting experience of starting school there and learning to read, write, and count in French before English.

Under the heading of hobbies, I must say that I haven't any, except perhaps collecting cigarette lighters that never seem to work.

I must be getting old because I seem to have a growing collection of aversions. Radio announcers who manhandle the Eng-

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lish language and so-called comedians rile me the most, I think.

Having been a teacher for the last twenty years I have had an excellent opportunity to observe the youngsters. From Homer down to Hitler it has always been the habit of the oldsters to decry the younger generation, but I'm all for them. I think they are keener, more resourceful, and more sensible than we ever were.

I'll close by saying that it is a great source of satisfaction to me that Joe, Jr.'s freshmen year at Harvard coincides with our twenty-fifth reunion.

WILLIAM GRESSER

HOME ADDRESS: 1130 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Gresser & Walker, 116 John St., New York, N. Y.

BORN: July 4, 1896, New York, N. Y. PARENTS: Joseph Gresser, Fannie Pallant.

PREPARED AT: Manual Training High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917; A.M., 1918; LL.B., 1925.

MARRIED: Gisela Kahn, July 22, 1927, Youngstown, Ohio. CHILD: Ion, Oct. 25, 1928.

OCCUPATION: Lawyer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled landsman for electrician (radio) U. S. Naval Reserve Force June 28, 1918; assigned to Signal Quartermasters' School, Naval Training Station, Pelham Bay, N. Y., Aug. 19; released from active duty Dec. 24, 1918. United States Shipping Board: Supercargo, Supply Officer, London, England, and Lisbon, Portugal, Port Representative, Manchester, England, 1919-1921.

OFFICES HELD: Director, Conference on Jewish Relations; treasurer and member Executive Committee, American Academy for Jewish Research.

MEMBER OF: Bohemians (New York Musicians' Club); Association of the Bar of the City of New York; New York County Lawyers Association; New York Zoölogical Society.

PUBLICATIONS: "More Idle Days in Patagonia," *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, Feb. 5, 1925.

WILLIAM GRESSER, who has a keen humanitarian sense, says, "Poverty strikes me as an unnecessary and unjustifiable degradation." He also shows a pleasant wit when he continues, "On the other hand, without irreverence, I believe it is as easy for a rich man to get into heaven as for a needle to go through the eye of a camel." He writes:

ALTHOUGH the accompanying portrait by Bachrach presents me as corpulent, it is a fact that in 1917 the Army weighed me in the balances and found me wanting. Later a naval officer, not averse to short-weighting his arm of the service, apprenticed me to a seaman. My activity, confined to small boats on Long Island Sound, was uneventful but not uncomplaining. Impatient, I went to Washington to ask the Secretary of the Navy to send me to Siberia, where, I had read, naval forces were being dispatched. I recollect an interview with one Franklin D. Roosevelt, the Assistant Secretary, and the queer smile which greeted my request. I am still uncertain whether it indicated sympathy or admiration. But I was impressed by the ease with which the nadir in the Navy could approach the zenith, and, in subsequent life, I found that the doors of the mighty opened more readily to my knock than those of the lowly, although both seemed hard of hearing when I spoke.

One day, shortly after Christmas, 1918, while sitting in Battery Park, New York, envying the sea gulls, I read a press notice that the United States government, master of a thousand merchant ships, planned to place an American agent in every foreign port in the world. To a beachcomber, a neighbor's beach always looks pleasanter than his own. Apparently, I wrote a persuasive letter for I was invited to come to Washington, and without any senatorial pressure, I was appointed a supercargo. I shall not describe the many privileges and the mild duties of this position. Suffice it to say that on one trip I read all the plays of Shakespeare, and for over a year and a half I made voyages almost *ad libitum* to different parts of the globe, the first being to Patagonia and the Straits of Magellan. Some of my experiences on this trip appeared in the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin* of February 5, 1925, under the title, "More Idle Days in Patagonia." Then followed another year and a half of agreeable service in England and on the Continent as a foreign agent, a designation without sinister connotation in those innocent days when the word "tourist" honestly meant a "gaper" and an American was too uninquisitive to learn to say "Good Day" in the language of the country to which he was accredited.

Persons familiar with the history and tradition of the American Merchant Marine know that the supercargo had a post of honor

and importance in the clipper-ship days. But such was the prevailing ignorance in the doldrum days of the 1920's that many thought that "super" was an abbreviation for "superfluous." This opinion, after about three years, was also adopted by the government, and President Harding, who was notoriously kind and gentle to his more intimate friends, summarily terminated the idyllic existence of a host of more deserving strangers.

It was now necessary to make a decision as to a future career, a subject on which my ideas were fluid. From childhood I had been devoted to music. In Paris a family friend, Yvette Guilbert, the incomparable diseuse, persuaded me to become a professional musician. In the spring of 1922 I attended a school for conductors in New York. Then another friend, Sam Franko, an American musician (whose autobiography, *Chords and Discords*, Viking Press, 1938, I later helped prepare for publication) dissuaded me. Perhaps not unwisely, he said that music gave most to those who asked least. My father, a bibliophile and scholar wearing the misfitting clothes of a businessman, suggested that teaching or preaching were useful occupations, but my mother, who was of a merrier disposition, saw more glittering prizes for her child in the law.

Thus, in the fall of 1922 I returned to Cambridge to study law. For the past sixteen years I have been practising — by notes and not by ear — both the law and the piano. I served an internship (day and night duty for five years) in a large New York office. In 1930, preferring independence to security, I began the search for my own clients. That search, to paraphrase the President, shall and must continue.

While at Law School, I met my wife, a Radcliffe student and Greek scholar (Charles Eliot Norton Fellow at Athens). Today she is a tournament chess player. Being also handy with the brush, she has covered the bareness of our home with pictures which our more credulous friends accept as original works of Rembrandt and Memling. Despite the final admonition in *Oedipus the King*, I count my mortal life blessed by her presence. Our twelve-year-old boy hopes to play on the Harvard football team but is cautiously studying the clarinet so that he will be sure to be on the field in some official capacity.

My principles are few and simple; my tastes varied and luxu-

rious. With my wife I share the opinion that long vacations and travelling in comfort are good for the soul as well as the body. I shall not enliven this chronicle with the details of our goings up and down and to and fro. Music and the stars satisfy me, despite so much evidence to the contrary, that there is a God and also a Santa Claus. The Bible continues to be for me the supreme literary achievement, and its most powerful sentence remains, "Let there be light." Of all individual phenomena, Mozart excites my profoundest wonder. I am somewhat tone deaf to contemporary musical effort. I rejoice in Gilbert and Sullivan. I believe in girth control and for that purpose use ice skates, tennis, and horseback riding.

Panaceas, whether for the many ills of the body politic or human, I distrust and I fear the demagogue as the chrysalis of the despot. I have visited a prison, a madhouse, and a leper hospital, yet I am opposed to euthanasia except for dictators. I advocate compulsory postgraduate education at the zoo and the aquarium so that adults as well as children may learn that nature, much as it abhors a vacuum, mental or otherwise, delights in diversity. I am confident that in 1942 the country will overcome the vastly greater dangers which confront it as bravely as it did in 1917.

Cheerfully, I admit that others have carved their names on the barn door in bigger letters. However, I am keeping my jack-knife and in no sense is the above advertisement to be construed as an obituary.

BENJAMIN GROSBAYNE

HOME ADDRESS: 175 Amity St., Apt. 3b, Brooklyn, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Brooklyn College, Brooklyn, N. Y.

BORN: April 7, 1893, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Jacob Grosbayne, Jessie Eyges.

PREPARED AT: Roxbury High School, Roxbury, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1912-1913, 1914-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

OCCUPATION: Professor of Music; Musical Journalist; Orchestra Conductor.

MEMBER OF: Euclid Lodge of Masons, Boston, Mass.; Société de Musicologie, Basle and Paris, France; Musical Association, London, England.

PUBLICATIONS: Interviews, criticisms, and articles in *New York Times*, *New York Herald-Tribune*, etc.; editor, *Musical Mercury*; article on "Conducting," *Cyclopedia of Music*, New York, 1940.

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BEN GROSBAYNE has a world-wide reputation as an orchestra conductor. He writes:

MY favorite diversion since leaving College has been travel, and I've taken every opportunity to go to interesting places here and abroad. Since I unfortunately have to earn my own living, I usually have to write articles and conduct (both of which activities I enjoy very much indeed) to pay some of the costs of my long jaunts, which in the past have taken me to South America, all over this country, Canada, Europe, England, Scandinavia, and Russia. I try to take in all the libraries and scenes famous for themselves. Historic mausoleums don't interest me, though they are hard to avoid en route.

Just before the outbreak of the present series of world wars, I planned a world tour with my old combination of writing and conducting. It was to have been something like New York City, London, Europe, the Holy Lands, India (Taj Mahal, of course), Australia, the Orient, Australia, and New York City again. Alas, I need hardly add that this had to be postponed when Italy entered the war. I cancelled my trip the day my boat, the *Excalibur*, sailed. I still hope to make the trip before our Fiftieth Anniversary.

Aside from all this, I like to swim and to read the fellows who write the way we all thought we could in English 5 with Dean Briggs.

On my fairly frequent trips to Boston I have dates with my twelve-year-old niece, Hazel, who plans at least two movie careers, and my nephew, Herbert, who hopes to take English 5 some day.

My pet aversions are the totalitarian governments.

✠ LUTHER PRESCOTT GROVER

BORN: Jan. 5, 1895, Burlington, Vt. PARENTS: Charles Frederick Grover, Emmeline Goodrich Hadley.

PREPARED AT: Lowell High School, Lowell, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Josephine Phillips Stuart, April 26, 1919, Charlottesville, Va.

CHILDREN: Charles Frederick, March 22, 1920; Stuart, June 19, 1921; Josephine Prescott, April 3, 1926.

DIED: Aug. 24, 1933, Mineola, N. Y.

WIDOW: Mrs. Luther Prescott Grover, 75 Summit Rd., Port Washington, Long Island, N. Y.

AFTER leaving College Grover, having been rejected for war service because of defective vision, became associated with the Finance and Trading Corporation with the intention of devoting his time to the analysis of industrial concerns. After eight months, however, he became a member of the statistical division of the bond department of the Guaranty Trust Company of New York. A year and a half later he transferred to the trust department of the same company, where he specialized in corporate mortgages for nearly a year.

In 1920 he joined Colgate, Parker & Company — later Parker & Company — to organize and manage a statistical and analytical department to assist in both the syndicating and retailing of investment securities. Two years later he joined the sales force. In 1927 he reported that he was manager of the corporation-buying department of Caldwell & Company, investment bankers in Nashville, Tennessee. At the time of his death he was president of Prescott Grover & Company, Incorporated, investment bankers of New York City.

Herbert W. Huy of the Harvard Class of '18 contributes the following to our obituary of Grover:

"Dominant good nature, unbounded generosity, loyalty to his friends, and devotion to the job at hand are qualities which made Pres loved and respected by all who knew him. Thoroughly human in his outlook on life, he had tolerance and understanding which made it easy to seek his confidence and assured a ready response in practical thought and action. His fine singing voice gained him Glee Club distinction as an undergraduate and contributed greatly to the enjoyment of his friends in post-College years.

"With a background of intensive study and specialization in College in the field of economics and banking, his business career was a natural development along those lines. The splendid position he held as chief syndicate man with Caldwell & Company of Nashville, Tennessee, attested his success in his chosen field.

"The last years of his life were devoted to laying the foundations for the organization which was to bear his name. He had a clear vision at that early date of the tremendous possibilities of investment managements, seeking and handling small customer business throughout the nation and dealing in the better type

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bonds and securities. He personally solicited the national representation required to operate his system. Truly a pioneer in a field which has subsequently been developed to its present prominence by leading investment management companies of today, only his untimely death prevented the realization of a well-earned success."

FREDERICK GOODWIN GUILD

HOME ADDRESS: 32 Pine St., Wellesley Hills, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 50 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: March 28, 1895, East Douglass, Mass. PARENTS: Frederic Hugh Guild, Esther Drisco Smith.

PREPARED AT: Machias High School, Machias, Maine.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; LL.B., 1925.

MARRIED: Helen Louise Foster, July 16, 1927, Boston, Mass. CHILDREN: Frederick Goodwin, Jr., Oct. 30, 1928; Elizabeth Bowdoin, Feb. 12, 1930.

OCCUPATION: Lawyer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private U. S. Army Ambulance Service June 9, 1917; assigned to Section 510; sailed for France Aug. 7; wounded May 4, 1918; promoted private 1st class; discharged April 28, 1919. Engagements: Argonne and Verdun fronts, Marne-Aisne offensive. Awarded Croix de Guerre with citation.

AFTER the war Frederick Guild was a teacher for three years in the High School at Machias, Maine. He then entered the Harvard Law School. In 1927 he was with a large Boston law concern and in 1937 he was with the Shell Union Oil Company of New York. He is now practising law in Boston.

HENRY RICE GUILD

HOME ADDRESS: South St., Charles River, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Herrick, Smith, Donald & Farley, 1 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Feb. 14, 1896, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Samuel Eliot Guild, Jessie Motley.

PREPARED AT: Noble and Greenough School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; LL.B., 1922.

MARRIED: Martha Pintard Bayard, Oct. 1, 1927, Short Hills, N. J. CHILDREN: Henry Rice, Jr., Oct. 22, 1928; Sheila, Dec. 6, 1930; Bayard, June 15, 1933.

HARVARD BROTHERS: Samuel Eliot Guild, '15; Edward Motley Guild, '16.

OCCUPATION: Lawyer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Chief quartermaster U. S. Naval Reserve Force

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stationed in 1st Naval District, Boston, Mass., when United States entered the war; appointed ensign Sept. 18, 1917; entered Reserve Officers' Training Class, U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md., Oct. 1; graduated and commissioned ensign (temporary) U. S. Navy Feb. 1, 1918; assigned to U. S. S. *Annapolis* in Mexican waters; served as navigator and gunnery officer; promoted lieutenant (junior grade, temporary) Aug. 15; resignation accepted June 1, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: General chairman, Greater Boston Community Fund 1941 Campaign; director and member Executive Committee, Greater Boston Community Fund; president, Charles River School; director, London Mines and Milling Company; North American Mines, Incorporated, Eastern Utilities Associates, Blackstone Valley Gas & Electric Company, Fiduciary Trust Company.

MEMBER OF: Tavern Club; Dedham Country and Polo Club; Longwood Cricket Club; Longwood Covered Courts; Massachusetts Bar Association; Boston Bar Association; Audubon Society.

HENRY GUILD has served well at tennis and as general chairman of the Greater Boston Community Fund in 1941. His "Life":

THE declaration of war in April, 1917, catapulted most of us right out of College into some branch of the service. My own few years in the Navy gave me both a pleasant and a valuable experience. The course of fourteen weeks at the Naval Academy exposed me for the first time to the necessity of buckling down and doing a full day's work each twenty-four hours.

The U. S. S. *Annapolis*, to which I was assigned in February, 1918, was an ancient and honorable gunboat which could make five knots under power if pushed to the utmost, but could do double that under sail in a good breeze. It was difficult for my limited imagination to grasp the fact that in a matter of not so many months fate had insisted in attempting at least to transform me from a college undergraduate to navigator of a three-masted schooner. It was only because the art of celestial navigator is after all a simple one that the old packet ever came through that experience without a catastrophe, but that experience was certainly as valuable to me as it was hazardous to her.

In 1919 the process reversed from the order of events in 1917 and I found myself back on the University campus as a law student. I shall always regard it as one of my greatest privileges that I was given the opportunity of three years at the Law School under its distinguished faculty.

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During the winter of 1919 I played tennis several times a week both for pleasure and exercise, usually with the tennis professional at Longwood. Much to my astonishment, he improved my game so much (there was certainly ample room for improvement) that I played in tournaments for quite a number of years from then on. I never attained any distinction, but was good enough to serve as gun fodder for the top-flight people, and tennis, although begun actively so late in life, has given me a world of pleasure.

Upon graduating from Law School in 1922, I became associated with Herrick, Smith, Donald & Farley, and was admitted to the firm in December, 1928. I have worked there ever since. The variety which is the lot of the general practitioner makes the profession always interesting. My affection and esteem for the members of the firm have made my association with it an experience for which I am deeply grateful.

Perhaps my most interesting experience came last year in serving as general chairman of the Greater Boston Community Fund 1941 Campaign. This was a full-time job for eleven months. It involved building an organization of about 27,000 workers who solicited contributions totalling just short of \$5,000,000 from over 30,000 persons in Boston and about forty-seven neighboring communities. There are many assignments in the campaign which to my mind are more difficult, more detailed, and more onerous than that of general chairman, but no other perhaps brings with it quite as great an opportunity for understanding the true significance of the great national community-chest movement. I remain deeply and sincerely impressed with the fact that it represents the basic first line of national defense. Bringing all kinds and conditions of people together, by making them labor side by side for the common welfare, and by making them understand and trust one another, seems to me the very essence of the magic potion that makes democracy work, and when all is said and done, making democracy work is the very essence of making democracy live.

HOWARD REDWOOD GUILD, JR.

HOME ADDRESS: 7 Park Terr., West Roxbury, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 185 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

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BORN: Aug. 31, 1895, West Roxbury, Mass. PARENTS: Howard Redwood Guild, Amy Cheever.

PREPARED AT: Roxbury Latin School, Roxbury, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Frances Warren, Oct. 11, 1924, West Roxbury, Mass. CHILDREN: Warren Redwood, May 11, 1926; Alden, July 3, 1929.

HARVARD BROTHERS: Donald Stuart Guild, '19; George Cheever Guild, '23.

OCCUPATION: Dealer in Wholesale Paper and Twine.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private U. S. Army Ambulance Service June 1, 1917; assigned to Section 510; sailed for France Aug 7; Section 510 attached to 25th Division, French Army; promoted corporal Jan. 1, 1919; with French Army of Occupation, Germany, Feb. 6 to March 8; discharged April 28, 1919. Engagements: Argonne and Verdun fronts, Marne-Aisne offensive. Awarded Croix de Guerre.

WHEN Howard Guild came back from the war he entered his father's paper-and-twine business, and he has continued in that trade ever since.

WILLIAM THEOPHILUS GUNRAJ

ADDRESS: 12 Vreeden-Kopp, W. C. Demerara, British Guiana.

BORN: July 21, 1888, New Amsterdam, British Guiana. PARENTS: Philip Gunraj, Susan Hyder.

PREPARED AT: Howe School, Howe, Ind.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B. *summa cum laude*, 1917.

THE only news of William Gunraj is published in our Vicennial Report: "A letter from Georgetown, British Guiana, signed by C. B. Gunraj, reports that our classmate has been an invalid for some time."

MYRON GUREN

HOME ADDRESS: 3178 Whitethorn Rd., Cleveland Heights, Ohio.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Parker Refining Co., 2945 E. 83rd St., Cleveland, Ohio.

BORN: Feb. 29, 1896, Cleveland, Ohio. PARENTS: Samuel David Guren, Bessie Conisa.

PREPARED AT: Central High School, Cleveland, Ohio.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917.

MARRIED: Adeline Esther Mendelsohn, June 15, 1924, Cleveland, Ohio. CHILDREN: Elinor Ruth, Aug. 9, 1925; David Harris, July 6, 1927.

OCCUPATION: Vice-president, Parker Refining Company.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered service private Nov. 27, 1917; assigned to Company A, 322d Machine Gun Battalion, Camp Sherman, Ohio; transferred to Engineering Bureau of Ordnance Dept., Trench War-

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fare Division, Washington, D. C., Feb. 22, 1918; assigned to Ordnance Experiment Station, Lakehurst, N. J., April 9; promoted sergeant Chemical Warfare Service Aug. 1; discharged Dec. 18, 1918.

OFFICES HELD: Secretary and director, Cleveland Jewish Center; vice-president, Bureau of Jewish Education, Cleveland; member board of trustees, Jewish Community Council, Council Educational Alliance, Young Jewish Adult Bureau, Cleveland Zionist District, Cleveland Hebrew School, Ohio Petroleum Marketers Association.

MYRON GUREN believes that everyone should devote "as much of his time as possible to civic and communal affairs." He writes:

IN July, 1917, I joined the laboratory staff of the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company at Akron, Ohio. I had majored in chemistry at College and had always expressed great interest in rubber chemistry.

After being in Akron only a few months, I was inducted into military service as a private in the 322d Machine Gun Battalion at Camp Sherman, Ohio. However, before I had time to learn much about machine gunning, I was taken from my outfit and sent to the Chemical Warfare Service Department in Washington. Here I was given an intensive training in war gas research and that became my work for the duration of the war. I worked in various laboratories in Washington, Lakehurst, New Jersey, and Aberdeen, Maryland. My task was to develop gases for war uses, devise methods of detecting the presence of gases used by the enemy, and also to prepare antidotes for all gases. Our chemical unit worked together with groups of medical men and pathologists in furthering our war gas researches.

After leaving the Army, I returned to the Firestone Company at Akron and spent two years in the compounding division and in the factory research board. In the autumn of 1920 I left Akron for Cleveland. Here I joined forces with two other men and formed a chemical manufacturing company. After three years with this organization our company sold its interests.

Shortly thereafter I joined the Parker Refining Company of Cleveland and have been with it ever since. At the present I am general manager of the company and have charge of all of its operations. For the last several years our company has been affiliated with the Atlantic Refining Company.

In 1924 I married Adeline Esther Mendelsohn of Cleveland.

She had been teaching in the public schools of Cleveland and was very glad to give up her career and undertake the management of our household: My wife has been a blessing to me through all the years. She has provided me that stabilizing influence which most men need. In her I have always found the comfort and understanding I needed most in times of distress. Her patience, her wisdom, her tact, her loyalty have endeared her to all who know her. She has been a wonderful wife and friend.

Our daughter is now preparing for college. In a few months she will enter a school which can give her a general cultural background as well as an intensive training in the fine arts. At the moment she is in the midst of all the catalogues with her mind still undecided.

Our son is completing his junior high course and will enter senior high in the autumn. Both our children have excellent scholastic records. Moreover they have been very active in their doings outside the classroom. They are fine, normal children and much to my satisfaction inherit most of the virtues of their mother and very few of the bad traits of their father. Fortune has been kind to me in giving me such a fine family.

It has always been my belief that every individual should devote as much of his time as possible to civic and communal affairs. Accordingly I have affiliated myself with several organizations doing this kind of work and have devoted much of my time to serving these causes. Especially have I interested myself in the educational phase of this work.

I have had numerous contacts with youth groups and have had a hand in planning many of their cultural activities. I have derived great pleasure from watching many of these youngsters mature into outstanding personalities. That pleasure has been the sole reward I have sought in these efforts.

In all, my life has been a rather quiet one. I have surrounded myself with several friends who are interested in the same things I am. Both my wife and I enjoy the company of these friends because our only aim with them is to do the things we desire most to do. That is the path to a full life.

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HARRY MILLER HAEUSLER

HOME ADDRESS: 1342 Raymond Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 1612 Pioneer Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

BORN: Jan. 15, 1893, St. Paul, Minn. PARENTS: Henry John Haeusler, Mary Elizabeth Miller.

PREPARED AT: St. Paul Central High School, St. Paul, Minn.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1915. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; C.P.A. (State of Minn.), 1928.

MARRIED: Ruth Marian Swain, Sept. 5, 1917, Arlington, Mass. CHILDREN: Helen Ruth, April 11, 1921; Kenneth Roger, Aug. 2, 1923; Dean Richard, May 29, 1935.

OCCUPATION: Certified Public Accountant.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted, Camp Devens, Mass., Dec., 1917; transferred to Field Artillery Officers' Training School, Aug., 1918; graduated Dec., 1918, as 2d lieutenant Field Artillery; discharged to Officers' Reserve Corps.

OFFICES HELD: Member Village Council; treasurer, School Board (both for Village of Birchwood, Minn.); assistant to auditor, Harvard University, 1924-1925.

HARRY HAEUSLER was not heard from in 1920. In 1923 and 1927 he was an accountant in Boston, and in 1937 he was pursuing the same profession in St. Paul, where he has since remained.

HAROLD BYRD HAGER

HOME ADDRESS: Clatskanie, Oregon.

OFFICE ADDRESS: First National Bank, Clatskanie, Oregon.

BORN: Sept. 16, 1893, Salem, Oregon. PARENTS: William Hager, Cordelia Byrd.

PREPARED AT: Salem High School, Salem, Oregon.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914-1917. DEGREE: S.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Vera Ellen Webber, Dec. 15, 1921, Eagle Cliff, Wash. CHILDREN: Vera Byrd, Oct. 26, 1923; Zoe Webber, Sept. 3, 1932.

OCCUPATION: Cashier, First National Bank.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Quartermaster Corps Oct. 6, 1917; stationed at Univ. of Washington, Presidio of San Francisco, Camp Joseph E. Johnston, Fla., Washington, D. C.; promoted 1st lieutenant Oct. 8, 1918; discharged May 8, 1919. Commissioned captain Quartermaster Officers' Reserve Corps May 27, 1919 and served five years.

OFFICES HELD: City councilman, Salem, Oregon; member local School Board, 6 years; president, Kiwanis Club, 2 years; member of State Bankers Committees; head, Relief Committee, Red Cross; chairman, County Civilian Training Corps committee, 2 years; master, A. F. &

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A. M. No. 133, 1939; worthy patron, Wabanang Chapter No. 27, O. E. S., 1940.

MEMBER OF: City Club, Portland, Oregon; Harvard Club; S. A. E. Alumni Club; Oregon Masons; Knights Templar; Eastern Star; Elks; Kiwanis; American Legion.

HAGER prefers life on "Main Street" to politics in a metropolis. He writes:

THE day after graduation I said goodbye *forever* to two Wellesley girls and started home. On arrival I enlisted in a non-commissioned officers' school at the University of Washington, consisting of college men — two from Yale. I received a sergeantcy at the completion of the course. The title did not amount to much, for when called out for active duty at the Presidio, my first job was peeling potatoes and breaking rock. Camp Johnston, Florida, was just opening up and we were shipped there. An officers' school was started, and I took an examination to enter it. A major (college professor from Minnesota) noticed that my history showed graduation from Harvard, but not having access to my grades, he took a chance and asked me to organize a course of instruction in personnel. Immediately I scanned the cards and found a teacher with an A.M. from Harvard, and another teacher from Brown. My problems were solved. After that I got the army swing and merely sat in the office signing reports and acting adjutant while the adjutant was away. Winter life at St. Augustine, Florida, is not bad, at least for a soldier. After six months I was transferred to Washington, fought the battle there, and nearly died from flu and pneumonia. Following the Armistice I remained in service for six months and enjoyed life, although my salary check did not always meet at both ends.

In May, 1920, I returned to the Wild West, got a job in a bank for a year, and then with some others moved to the old haunts of the Clatskanie Indian tribe to establish a bank. Through prosperity and depressions I have managed to stay in the town, marry, raise a nominal family, support a Great Dane (weight 150 lbs. — dog license \$1.00) and a Mexican Chihuahua (weight 2½ lbs. — dog license \$1.50), although the price of hamburger at the moment is up 50%.

My lone venture in politics cured me. I served on the City

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Council in Salem, Oregon, for six months. When I did not vote for a certain person for chief of police, I was almost sent to the rock pile.

Life in a small town and on "Main Street" is fascinating. If one meets with some success, one is well-known to everyone and in turn has a personal acquaintance with people in all walks of life, almost to the last resident. One is called on to serve in community life in all its phases over a period of such residence.

I have spent vacations in travel to most resorts west of the Rockies and from Skagway, Alaska, to Mexico. My hobby for some years was to "try to save my hair," but I lost. For a tired businessman I play a little golf and enjoy duck shooting. This too has lost its savor, for the law thought our lake had too much feed in it and the ducks were too fat — and since that incident I have settled down, like Ferdinand among the flowers.

Our older daughter enters Southwestern University at Memphis, Tennessee, in September, 1941. I am hopeful that I can then see a little more of the East Coast.

History changes so fast these days that I cannot venture to predict or advise. However, I have about concluded that one should enjoy life as one goes along, for whatever a man has, he cannot take with him, even though taxes do not clean him before he dies.

JOHN ROHAN HALEY

HOME ADDRESS: Garde Hotel, Hartford, Conn.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Travelers Insurance Co., Hartford, Conn.

BORN: Aug. 27, 1893, Ware, Mass. PARENTS: Thomas Edward Haley, Delia Rohan.

PREPARED AT: Ware High School, Ware, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

UNMARRIED.

HARVARD BROTHERS: Edward Thomas Haley, '13; Francis Jeremiah Haley, '22, A.M., '31.

OCCUPATION: Underwriter in Group Department.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Seaman U. S. Naval Reserve Force when United States entered the war; called to active duty April 21, 1917, and assigned to Commonwealth Pier, Boston, Mass., April 21, 1917; transferred to Scout Patrol No. 610 May 30; to Naval Training Camp, Bumkin Island, Mass., Oct. 20; to Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 17; to U. S. S. *Des Moines* on convoy duty Jan. 10, 1918; promoted quar-

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termaster 3d class June 1; assigned to Receiving Ship, New York, N. Y., Dec. 12; released from active duty Dec. 19, 1918.

JOHN HALEY has travelled with the Travelers since 1920 and is now back in their home office. He writes:

SINCE being graduated I have been occupied as an enlisted man in the Navy during the war that was in progress at graduation time; as an employee of the Atlantic Shipbuilding Corporation (1918-1919); as an extension school teacher (1919-1920); and as an employee of the Travelers Insurance Company (since 1920). I have been stationed, while associated with the Travelers, at several of the large cities of the country, and am at present located in the home office at Hartford.

ERNEST PHILANDER HALLEY

HOME ADDRESS: Masons Island, Mystic, Conn.; 1209 Hadley Ave., Houston, Texas.

OFFICE ADDRESS: East Coast Shipbuilding Co., Noank, Conn.

BORN: Nov. 21, 1892, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Richard Halley, Mary MacDonald Sutherland.

PREPARED AT: Southern High School, Philadelphia, Pa.; Lowell Institute; Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: S.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Helen Lois deChaumes, July 21, 1919, Atlanta, Ga. CHILDREN: Helen Barbara, April 8, 1922 (died April 23, 1941); Amory Bradstreet, March 30, 1923; Douglas Philander, Nov. 20, 1925.

OCCUPATION: Shipbuilder, Building and Repairing Ships for the United States Navy and Army as Owner and General Manager of the East Coast Shipbuilding Company and Noank Shipbuilding.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private 1st class Aviation Section, Signal Corps Dec. 12, 1917; detailed to School of Military Aëronautics, Georgia School of Technology; commissioned 2d lieutenant Aviation Section, Signal Corps March 20, 1918; stationed at Gerstner Field, La., April 6 and appointed assistant officer in charge of instruction; assigned to Aëro Squadron H July 27 as officer in command; transferred to Aëro Squadron Z, Ellington Field, Texas, Sept. 6; to 250th Aëro Squadron Dec. 20; to 272d Aëro Squadron Jan. 18, 1919; to 5th Aëro Radio Detachment and 113th Aëro Squadron April 5; detailed July 3 to organize and command 166th Day Bombardment Squadron; transferred to Pope Flying Field July 24 and appointed adjutant; discharged Oct. 5, 1919.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of Connecticut; Harvard Club of New Canaan; Masons Island Yacht Club.

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ERNEST HALLEY, like Browning, "used poetry as a medium of writing in prose":

I LIVE for those who love me,
For those who know me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

—BANKS

WALLACE FIELD HAMILTON

ADDRESS: 16 Abbott Rd., Wellesley Hills, Mass.

BORN: Nov. 6, 1894, Providence, R. I. PARENTS: Clarence Grant Hamilton, Ada Alice Anthony.

PREPARED AT: Wellesley High School, Wellesley, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; M.D. (Boston Univ.), 1921.

MARRIED: Eleanor Rindge, May 8, 1926, Wellesley Hills, Mass. CHILDREN: Elizabeth, April 4, 1927; Wallace Field, Jr., Jan. 16, 1931 (died July 6, 1932); Stuart Rindge, Jan. 2, 1934.

OCCUPATION: Physician.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Medical Enlisted Reserve Corps Dec. 17, 1917; detailed to Boston University Unit, Students' Army Training Corps, Oct. 23, 1918; discharged Dec. 12, 1918.

MEMBER OF: American Medical Association; Massachusetts Medical Society; Norfolk District Medical Society; Newton Medical Club; Masons; Unitarian Layman's League; Stone Horse Yacht Club.

PUBLICATIONS: "Health Hints for Music Students," Oliver Ditson Company.

WALLACE HAMILTON reported in 1923 that after his discharge from the service he spent four years at Boston University's Medical School and then a year as house officer at the Newton Hospital. In the ensuing Reports he stated that he was practising medicine in Wellesley Hills.

CLARENCE DEAN HANSCOM

HOME ADDRESS: Lake Arrowhead, Denville, N. J.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Bell Telephone Laboratories, Inc., 463 West St., New York, N. Y.

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BORN: Dec. 29, 1894, Chelsea, Mass. PARENTS: Isaiah Clifford Hanscom, Maud Hallet Savage.

PREPARED AT: Dorchester High School, Dorchester, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917.

MARRIED: Marcellite Thorn Ropes, June 7, 1924, East Orange, N. J.

OCCUPATION: Member of Staff, Bureau of Publication, Bell Telephone Laboratories.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled seaman 1st class U. S. Naval Reserve Force (for Aviation) Dec. 7, 1917; not called to active duty.

OFFICES HELD: Secretary and director, Colonial Palm Products, Incorporated; president, secretary, trustee (at various times), Lake Arrowhead Club; trustee, Denville Public Library Association.

MEMBER OF: Masons; Institute of the Aëronautical Sciences (Benefactor member); American Academy of Air Law; Denville Public Library Association; Lake Arrowhead Club; Park Lakes Tennis Club; Roxbury Rifle and Pistol Club.

PUBLICATIONS: "Airplane Wing Developments," *Journal of the Society of Automotive Engineers*, March, 1921; Aëronautical Section, Kent's Handbook, 10th edition, 1923.

CLARENCE HANSCOM was president of the Harvard Aëronautical Society during 1915-1916, so it is not surprising that for several years after his graduation he was connected with aviation. He writes:

IN the autumn of 1917 I went, as planned, to Massachusetts Institute of Technology to take the aëronautical engineering course. The Navy then decided that Massachusetts Institute of Technology was to train naval airplane inspectors. I gather that this was news to Massachusetts Institute of Technology, which was swamped with war work and had no instructors with even a bowing acquaintance with the subject who had time to teach parts of the course. As a result, a month after I arrived I was teaching an abridgement of the course I went there to take. This anomalous situation provided a wonderful education for me, but was probably a little rough on my students.

The Navy then feared (with some reason) that I, with other instructors, would try to enlist in the Army, so they persuaded us to join the Navy. I still remember the Navy surgeon who rejected me (forty-three pounds under the minimum weight, bad physical condition, etc., etc.) and promptly got a note telling him to accept me. He read the note, glanced at me in a puzzled way, read the note again, looked me up and down, read the note a

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third time, stared at me with his eyes almost popping, and finally gasped, "They'll take anything in the Navy now, won't they?" The Navy wisely did not call me for active duty.

When the inspectors' course ended I did a little teaching in the army aëronautical engineering course; but most of my time was spent on research in the wind tunnel. I stayed on until 1920, becoming an assistant chief engineer of the Aërodynamical Laboratory, still under the Army.

Then Donald Douglas left the Glenn L. Martin Company to organize his own company, and Martin turned to Massachusetts Institute of Technology for a new chief engineer. I was lucky enough to get the job. Soon afterward General Mitchell started his famous fight for a stronger air force, the feud culminating in the bombing tests of 1921, when the battleship *Ostfriesland* was sunk. General Mitchell was dependent on the Martin bombers, then only on order. We got the order early in July and less than five months later started deliveries in time for the tests. During that time we had turned out the general design of the plane, redesigned 5000 parts, built the first plane (and a good bit of a dozen more), had flight tests run, and made delivery.

The general business slump caught up with us soon afterward, and in 1922 I left Martin to try to organize an air line between New York and Chicago. Unfortunately, Lindbergh had not flown the Atlantic, and there was no enthusiasm for air lines.

After several minor business experiments, I joined the Bell System, in Bell Telephone Laboratories, in 1923. I am still with the company. Since 1926 I have been in the Bureau of Publication. The Bell System being a stable, methodical organization, I have no anecdotes to relate of amusing or spectacular events here since that time.

Several years ago a friend got me interested in the South American palm nut business. The man who was developing a machine to crack the nuts died, so I took over, developed a machine to do the job, and with a group of friends have been trying to get a company organized, on its feet, and really operating. We have had a lot of fun (as well as work) collecting data, making contacts (in Venezuela), putting almost 3,000,000 acres of land under contract, and preparing reports on the business

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and its prospects. A little business of this type on the side certainly solves the problem of what to do with spare time.

My private life has been quiet. In 1926 we built a little bungalow at Lake Arrowhead, and still live there. We have had a lot of fun furnishing our home with antiques and find it a delightful way of keeping broke. My wife and I both play tennis whenever possible during the summer, and we play cards quite a bit during the winter. I take a few photographs, do a little shooting, and even collect stamps in a very mild way.

JOHN STANLEY HARLOW

ADDRESS: 499 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: May 30, 1896, Dixfield, Maine. PARENTS: John Stanley Harlow, Agnes Doe.

PREPARED AT: Cambridge Latin School, Cambridge, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; M.D., 1923.

UNMARRIED.

OCCUPATION: Physician.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Ambulance driver, American Field Service, Section 65, May to September, 1917, with French Army on Chemin des Dames front; with American Red Cross September, 1917, to April, 1918 in Vosges Mountains. Enrolled seaman 2d class, U. S. Naval Reserve Force May 23, 1918; promoted chief quartermaster in July; assigned to Naval Aviation Detachment, Mass. Inst. Tech.; transferred to Naval Air Station, Miami, Fla., in October; released from active duty Nov. 22, 1918.

THE "Sport of Kings" and a small farm are John Harlow's hobbies. He writes:

THE first World War being in full bloom in the spring of 1917, I did not wait for graduation exercises but went to France with the American Field Service in May of that year. Fortunately I received my degree and was spared the panic of any examinations. I saw service at the front and was under shell fire frequently. Paul Bentley, a member of our Class, was with my outfit and, although I had not met him in College, we became close friends. He died bravely in action in September of 1917 when his ambulance was demolished by a shell. I saw him buried in France.

After one year in France I came to the conclusion that the war would last indefinitely (as so the present war appears). Con-

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sequently, being in a voluntary service, I came home at the end of the year and joined the Naval Aviation service. After training for six months, I went to Florida and had made only two trips in the air preparatory to my solo flight when the war ended suddenly. So, I do not know whether I would have made a good pilot, and I have not been in the air since, strangely enough.

Then I went with the Grenfell Mission to Newfoundland to see if I wanted to study medicine. I decided that I liked it and proceeded to get my M.D. degree from Harvard Medical School in 1923 followed by an internship at the Boston City Hospital for one year.

The Veterans Hospital work rather appealed to me and I was located at the Veterans Hospital at West Roxbury, Massachusetts, as an associate medical officer. After a couple of years of this the government routine lost its appeal and I resigned. Since then I have been in private practice in Boston. In addition, I have the management of a lumber business in Maine and real estate interests.

For a hobby a small farm outside of Boston takes some of my time, the gardening end being the chief interest. Whether horse racing should be considered as a hobby or a defect perhaps is open to argument.

Being unmarried, I have to duck the favorite subject. If it could be a slight compensation (also open to argument), I have a nephew at Harvard Law School now, and another nephew a promising prospect for Harvard.

My chief ambition, or perhaps desire, is to see the present war ended and people back to normal life, if possible — a safe enough statement.

JOSÉ CALDERÓN HARRIS

HOME ADDRESS: Longwood Towers, Brookline, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: War Production Board, Washington, D. C.

BORN: Oct. 3, 1894, Salem, Mass. PARENTS: George Balmer Harris, Mariana Thayer Margati.

PREPARED AT: Country Day School, Newton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

UNMARRIED.

OCCUPATION: With Bureau of Industrial Conservation, War Production Board, on leave of absence from Townsend, Dabney & Tyson, Boston, Mass.

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MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned captain Infantry Aug. 15; assigned to Company M, 303d Infantry, 76th Division, Aug. 29; sailed for France July 7, 1918; discharged Jan. 23, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Trustee, Country Day School, Newton, Mass., 1936-1938; member executive board, Episcopal City Mission, Boston, Mass., 1939-1941; executive officer, 1st M.P. Battalion, Mass. State Guard, 1941.

MEMBER OF: The Country Club, Brookline, Mass.; Kittansett Club, Marion, Mass. (formerly); Harvard Club of Boston.

HOSIE HARRIS may be starting a lot of husband-chiding by stating that he weighs less now than he did in 1917. We think that this is a mean bachelor trick. Harris's "Life":

MY life in the past twenty-five years? A futile one, I'm afraid. It is hard to believe that some of my classmates are now grandfathers. I do not feel that old, and perhaps due to my need of working and my share of worry, my weight is a little under what it was in 1917. I find no accomplishments to report, and what was gathered in the good times has been lost in the bad.

Chronologically, I was commissioned captain of Infantry at Plattsburg, was at Camp Devens one year and overseas six months. I was in the manufacturing business from 1919 to 1923, with the Clinton Wire Cloth Company, Logan Johnson, Limited, and the India Alkali Works. From 1923 to 1941 I was in the investment business, having been associated with Blake Brothers & Company, Spencer Trask & Company, and F. L. Dabney & Company. I am now with the War Production Board in Washington.

I have enjoyed many good vacations cruising the sea by boat and the mountains on horseback, and playing golf on well over a hundred different courses, including some in England, France, and Hawaii, with some scores in the middle seventies. Although still a novice at it, music is my hobby, of which I never get enough. I have been lucky, as one of a big family, to enjoy a very pleasant home. Father passed on three years ago, and mother and I have moved to an apartment.

The Armistice of the last war left me so doubtful of the future that I have constantly since that time kept my bedding roll and equipment together in readiness for the "next time." But the government has not invited re-enlistment in the Reserve, so a

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year ago I joined the Massachusetts State Guard as the best means of again getting training. I have just decided that the best way for me to get into the scrap is to work for the government and help "Get in the Scrap."

I believe that the only solution for the problems of this world is adherence to the principles of the Christian religion, and my hope is that this time an international police force will be established to ensure peace.

GILBERT FREDERIC HART

ADDRESS: Piedmont, Ala.

BORN: May 1, 1895, Edgartown, Mass. PARENTS: Gilbert Justin Hart, Clara Clinton Smith.

PREPARED AT: New Bedford High School, New Bedford, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: S.B. *cum laude*, 1917; S.M. (St. Edwards Univ.), 1931.

MARRIED: Vernice Cowan, Sept. 4, 1918, Haileyville, Okla. CHILDREN: Don, July 28, 1919; Dean, Nov. 10, 1922; Dan, Nov. 12, 1925; Dawn, Nov. 6, 1936.

OCCUPATION: Engineer — Consultant.

PUBLICATIONS: Several mineralogical papers.

JOHN SELDEN (Oxford, 1603), famous English jurist, counseled, "Whilst ye are upon Earth, enjoy the good things that are here (to that end were they given) and be not melancholy, and wish yourself in Heaven." Gilbert Hart evidently has taken his advice. He writes:

EVER since graduation I have followed the dictates of the Declaration of Independence in studying "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." The first has been taken for granted and enjoyed to the fullest. Liberty has seemed a natural attribute except for a few occasions, such as a run-in with a half a dozen Bobbies one day on the Landing Stage at Liverpool. So the third item has been the principal item of my career. For several years after 1917 the habits of study and love of leisure inculcated by Harvard caused me to spend hours and days reading, assimilating information and studying philosophy. During these years I was variously an explorer in Africa, a foundry-man in Alabama, and eventually a "professor of engineering."

Somehow teaching the details of calculus and strength of ma-

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terials and reënforced concrete design brought me out of books and into humanity. Since our well-known depression my pursuit has led me mostly to "fireside talks" in little old country stores or in farmers' homes, to informal discussions of religion, politics or scandal among W. P. A. hands or C. C. C. boys or farmers attending court, and to just common ordinary chats with my neighbors and friends concerning the state of crops, or seasons, or children.

What have I done? Well, I'm still alive, haven't missed more than a few meals, and am still ready to escort a pretty girl to wherever she wishes to go. I have two (maybe three by the time this is printed) sons in the Navy, probably my biggest contribution to posterity.

My travels? All the time, and about as near everywhere as common folks get. The "boss" whom I married in 1917, is likely to wake me up any morning for a trip from one hundred to six hundred miles, or even more.

My hobbies? To have as much fun as possible, all the time, with anyone, anywhere. I have no permanent convictions or aversions, unless a very deep abhorrence and hatred for work could be considered one of the latter.

RICHARD HARTE

HOME ADDRESS: Williamstown, W. Va.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Ames Baldwin Wyoming Co., Parkersburg, W. Va.

BORN: Feb. 1, 1894, Philadelphia, Pa. PARENTS: Richard Hickman Harte, Maria Ames.

PREPARED AT: Pomfret School, Pomfret, Conn.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; LL.D. (Bethany Coll.), 1939.

MARRIED: Mabel Webster, Aug. 16, 1917, Chestnut Hill, Mass. CHILDREN: Jane, Nov. 11, 1918; Richard, Jr., June 28, 1921; Nancy, Jan. 8, 1927; Oliver Ames, May 7, 1929.

HARVARD SON: Richard Harte, Jr., '43.

OCCUPATION: President, Ames Baldwin Wyoming Company.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Coast Artillery Aug. 15; stationed at Fort Warren, Mass.; assigned to Headquarters Northeastern Dept., Boston, Mass. In December appointed aide-de-camp to commanding general Northeastern Dept. Feb., 1918; promoted 1st lieutenant April 11; transferred to Fort Banks, Mass., in May; assigned to 57th Ammunition Train, Camp Abraham Eustis, Va., July 14; discharged Dec. 4, 1918.

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OFFICES HELD: Member, Board of Aldermen, Newton, Mass., 1927-1931; chairman, Republican Finance Committee for West Virginia, 1936-1941; member, Republican Program Committee (Frank Committee), 1938-1940; president, American Hardware Manufacturers Association, 1940-1941, West Virginia Chamber of Commerce, 1936-1940, Parkersburg Community Chest; director, National Association of Manufacturers, 1936-1938, National Industrial Conference Board, 1940-1941; member, boards of miscellaneous charitable institutions.

MEMBER OF: The Country Club, Brookline, Mass.; Harvard Club of New York; Longwood Cricket Club; Parkersburg Country Club.

PUBLICATIONS: Miscellaneous papers on business subjects.

DICK HARTE, former baseball, football, tennis, and hockey athlete, and first marshal of the Class, needs no introduction. His story:

LOOKING back to the years following graduation and service in the Army, I wonder if there are not compensations to the English procedure of students preparing at school and college for a definite occupation; if not for the law, medicine, or government service, at least for a specialized business career of engineering, accountancy, or the like. Here the ordinary college graduate with no special training as a foundation seems usually to require a number of years to settle down. I personified that general rule.

After being discharged from the Army, my first job was at the bench of the United States Rubber Company, and from there to fur-trading in the Canadian Northwest, to running tankers to Mexico and busses in Florida. In 1927 I became a vice-president of Stone & Webster and believed that at last I had finally "settled," but four years later I accepted the job of rehabilitating the Ames Shovel and Tool Company, an old Massachusetts manufacturing concern whose tools had literally built America from the days they threw up the ramparts of Bunker Hill to the leanings, paradoxically, of the W. P. A. in the 1930's. It seemed best for the company to follow the lead of the steel industry, whose center had edged westward to Ohio. So in 1931, following a consolidation with five other tool companies, our headquarters, after 157 years in Massachusetts, were removed to West Virginia — across the Ohio River from the so-called "Steel Centre" of the country. It was humorous for me to discover, upon arrival in this new land, that the next-door neighbor was the same doctor who years

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before had assisted my father in the Pennsylvania Hospital in Philadelphia, and who was introduced to the family by Father as a specimen of "wild man from West Virginia."

Another neighbor was Dick Hoblitzell, the Red Sox first baseman when Harvard played the Boston team in 1916 (he never mentions that game to me). Hoblitzell is now a farmer and oddly enough, later he sold us a part of his land — now our home, where we also farm and hedge against bad times. (I think our Secretary would call farming my hobby.)

Life in West Virginia has been replete with work and pleasure. I have taken time from the daily curriculum to serve as president of the Community Chest in Parkersburg, as president for several years of the West Virginia Chamber of Commerce, and later as president of the American Hardware Manufacturers' Association. I have been a director of the National Association of Manufacturers and the National Industrial Conference Board, as well as of other business and charitable undertakings.

I believe that Association work is now an obligation. Next to a political campaign it is the best instrument we have for assembling and presenting the case to the public. As Lord Brougham has said, "Education makes the people easy to lead, but difficult to drive, easy to govern, but impossible to enslave."

In 1936 and 1940 I was chairman of the Republican Finance Committee for West Virginia, and in 1938 one of the two members from West Virginia appointed to the Republican Program Committee, known also as the Frank Committee.

Perhaps some day the New Deal will solve the question of family support and eliminate all necessity for work. Even should that time come, I should like nothing better than to contribute my small part in not only "turning the rascals out," but in helping to return America to its old concept that work and production are still, as always, the only real sources of happiness. "The longing for certainty and repose is in every human mind. But certainty is generally illusion, and repose is not the destiny of man."

✠ GEORGE DEANE HARTSHORN

BORN: April 3, 1894, Taunton, Mass. PARENTS: George Trumbull Hartshorn, Alice Roberts.

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PREPARED AT: Milton Academy, Milton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916.

MARRIED: Bertha (Trafton) Allen, Jan. 15, 1926, Marblehead, Mass. STEP-CHILDREN: Winslow R. Allen, July 22, 1907; Myrtle T. Allen (Mrs. Bowden G. Osborne), April 9, 1909; Doris S. Allen, Feb., 1911.

DIED: April 12, 1937, Marblehead, Mass.

WIDOW: Mrs. George Deane Hartshorn, 131 Atlantic Ave., Marblehead, Mass.

AFTER leaving College Hartshorn became employment manager for the Taunton Works of the General Electric Company, and later director of the Taunton Electric Motor Repair Company. He then became affiliated with the Taunton Chemical Company from which he retired fifteen years before his death. From that time he had devoted most of his time to yachting and had made his home in Marblehead.

GEORGE WILLIAM BROWN HARTWELL

HOME ADDRESS: 40 Carver Rd., Newton Highlands, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Alley & Richards Co., 1206 Statler Bldg., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Dec. 27, 1894, Baltimore, Md. PARENTS: Edward Mussey Hartwell, Mary Laetitia Brown.

PREPARED AT: Roxbury Latin School, Roxbury, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917.

MARRIED: Dorothy Kimball, July 8, 1936, Boston, Mass.

OCCUPATION: Advertising.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private U. S. Army Ambulance Service June 2, 1917; assigned to Section 510; sailed for France Aug. 7; attached to 25th Division, French Army; discharged April 28, 1919. Engagements: Argonne, Verdun and Aisne fronts. Awarded Croix de Guerre.

MEMBER OF: Weston Golf Club; Badminton and Tennis Club.

GEORGE HARTWELL'S biography takes the form of a reply to John Masefield which ably refutes the latter's statement about life, at least as far as George is concerned. He writes:

IN College, being a dreamy dolt, I read and dolted upon everything that John Masefield (the present Poet Laureate or King's Canary) had written. "A man's long life," he said, and I believed it, "is choked with dusty things."

"One hour, or two, or three, in long years scattered,
Are all that life has given and all that mattered,
The rest, all heaving at a moveless latch."

Well, John Masefield, it just ain't so! If I tried to take inventory of all the things I have found worth living for since 1917, I couldn't count them on both hands. I have had a lot of fun heaving at that latch, John. Two years of heaving, for instance, once got me into the Shangri La of all the art museums in America to spend three days in the great public-forbidden Barnes collection of modern paintings in Merion, Pennsylvania.

I can think of dozens of things worth remembering in the process of working at advertising for twenty years. And when it comes to vacations, I should be hard put to decide which one had given me the greatest kick.

I have been lucky enough to revisit France twice since 1917; once to drive a Ford, alone, all over the front from the Argonne and Verdun to Soissons and Senlis, and later to take my recently acquired wife to Paris, Chartres, the Salzburg Music Festival, and Vienna.

Just take "the last time I saw Paris," Mr. Masefield. The Walter Macks were in town, too. Having seen each others' arrivals posted in the dear old *Paris Herald*, we got together for a drink. Which led to Walter's talking the concière out of his last four seats to an Yvonne Printemps musical show and taking us all to a place where they had learned to serve a steak sandwich in half an hour. I remember that we kept my wife, poor wretch, in a dither by telling her that in the next act none of the girls would have anything on. The show, as a matter of fact, was as proper as something you'd see at Eliot Hall.

That was fun, for a sample, John. And some day I'm going to do it again. Not to go back to the Ritz Bar, necessarily, or the theaters. The musty smell of old wood and plaster in St. Julien le Pauvre will do; or another look at the Winged Victory at the head of those stairs in the Louvre; or just to change subway trains in one of those poster-lined stations in the Métro where, I see, they recently stabbed a Nazi sergeant.

Because, Mr. Masefield, the Class of 1917 has a peculiar destiny, having been in the first world war up to our necks, and lived through a crazy boom and a depression, we have seats on the aisle to see history repeat itself on a larger scale and in a more precise pattern than anyone ever did before. I'm not so sure, either, that all of us are going to take it sitting down. Because almost the

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biggest kick I get out of being twenty-five years out is finding how far from the grave both my feet are.

And when our Fiftieth Anniversary Report comes out in 1967, I'm expecting that it will make pretty full and satisfactory reading for all concerned.

RALPH LEWIS HARVEY

HOME ADDRESS: 30 Eastchester Rd., New Rochelle, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 421 Huguenot St., New Rochelle, N. Y.

BORN: Nov. 15, 1891, New Rochelle, N. Y. PARENTS: Charles Edward Harvey, Mary Frances Probst.

PREPARED AT: New Rochelle High School, New Rochelle, N. Y.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1915. DEGREE: M.D. (Columbia Univ.), 1919.

MARRIED: Georgia Marie Thomas, Sept. 16, 1921, Hobart, N. Y. CHILDREN: Judy St. Clair, Feb. 22, 1926; Thomas Michael, May 25, 1930.

HARVARD BROTHER: Francis Wheelock Harvey, '13, M.C.E., '14.

OCCUPATION: Physician — Eye, Ear, Nose, and Throat Specialist.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Medical Enlisted Reserve Corps Nov. 5, 1917; not called to active duty; discharged March 7, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: President, Class of 1919 Physicians and Surgeons (permanent); past president, New Rochelle Medical Society, Phi Rho Sigma Medical Fraternity (Alpha Chapter).

MEMBER OF: American College of Surgeons; New Rochelle Medical Society; Westchester County Medical Society; New York State Medical Society; certified by Board of Otolaryngology (National).

RALPH HARVEY submits his "life" which he says "has been rather drab and colorless" with the hope that "it will make other life histories appear more interesting and colorful." The reader will find that he has had a full life. He writes:

MOST of the color and interest in my life was in that part up to entrance to College. I entered a little older and more serious than most freshmen, with a number of conditions to work off and a living to make, and, incidentally, courses to wade through.

Because of my age and long course ahead, I was anxious to get into my studies in medicine as soon as possible, so I left after my Sophomore year. My studies were continued at the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University, where I was honored by being taken into Phi Rho Sigma Fraternity and elected permanent class president, defeating Harry Murray, Harvard

1915, well-known there for his crew work. Harry should have had it, but was unable to reach the common herd, which really put it over. The course of medicine was not too difficult, probably because of my intense interest in the work, and in what seemed a short time I had received my M.D. and passed my State Board examinations.

After one year's internship at the New Rochelle Hospital, I went down to the Canal Zone while waiting for an appointment to the New York Post Graduate Hospital Medical School for twenty-five months' internship on the eye, ear, nose, and throat service. This interval stretched out to a fourteen-month period of good times with a little work and a lot of interest thrown in. During this stretch I met a most delightful school teacher whom I admired from the distance, but never dared hope to get a second look from. When she came back from her summer vacation, away from her retinue of admirers, I was able to convince her that perhaps I had a future, and so we were married. She went back to teach for the winter and I to continue my training, which of course meant more to me at that time.

After completing my internship at Post Graduate Hospital, I became associated with Dr. August L. Beck of New Rochelle, and the partnership must have taken, because we are still together after eighteen years. I had the joy of relieving him for a three-months' period, for three consecutive years, so that he was able to benefit by studying under Dr. Harris Mosher at Harvard Medical School and to do some research work with him. I was glad to have him know and appreciate Harvard.

I have had a rather happy eighteen years of work together with Dr. Beck, and a very happy married life with Mrs. Harvey with numerous happy and sad experiences, all of which go to make up a composite strengthening bond and adds richness and understanding. We have two children, a boy and a girl, who make life somewhat more interesting, even though quite complicated. We had a period free from financial worries, which ended abruptly, but have really benefited more by the lean period than by that of fullness. Looking back, I do not know of any change I would make if I could.

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HAROLD WILLIAM HASERICK

ADDRESS: Broadmoor, Colorado Springs, Colo.

BORN: July 27, 1895, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Arthur Augustus Haserick, Alice Wesselhoeft.

PREPARED AT: Felsted School, England; Noble and Greenough School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1915.

MARRIED: Jane Glover, Sept. 26, 1922, Santa Barbara, Calif. CHILDREN: Mary Maud, Aug. 22, 1923; Barbara Jane, Aug. 4, 1927.

OCCUPATION: Retired.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private British Infantry April 5, 1915; commissioned 2d lieutenant July 23 and assigned to 4th Battalion Essex Regiment; went to Egypt with British Expeditionary Forces March, 1916; returned to England in November; attached to 11th Battalion, Essex Regiment; went to France March, 1917; promoted lieutenant July 1 and captain in October; returned to England; detailed as member British Military Mission to America in November; attached to 77th Division as adviser on mortars; sailed for France with 77th Division April, 1918; attached to 39th British Division in May; rejoined 11th Battalion, Essex Regiment, 6th British Division, in August; with British Army of Occupation, Germany; demobilized Jan. 25, 1919.

MEMBER OF: Cheyenne Mountain Country Club; El Paso Club; Rocky Mountain Harvard Club.

HAROLD HASERICK left College in the spring of 1915 and enlisted in the British Army. During the next four years he saw service in Egypt, France, and Germany, and was also sent on a British military mission to America. From 1919 to 1921 he lived in Boston. During this time he made two trips to Europe and one to the West Indies. In 1922 he moved to Santa Barbara, California, "in anticipation of buying a fruit producing ranch." In September of that year he married and then went to Europe for about eight months after which he returned to his "50-acre ranch." In 1927 he was still in Santa Barbara and was secretary to the Harvard Club there. By 1937 he had moved to Colorado Springs and was listed in the Vicennial Report as "retired."

✦ ABNER HORACE HASTINGS

BORN: Dec. 31, 1894, Swampscott, Mass. PARENTS: Wilmot Reed Hastings, Maria Stanwood Hayford.

PREPARED AT: De Meritte's School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1915.

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MARRIED: Florence Leslie Hylan, June 23, 1928, Lowell, Mass. CHILDREN: Eugene Horace, Jan. 27, 1930; Wilmot Reed, May 29, 1935.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted and appointed electrician sergeant 2d class Mass. Coast Artillery April 9, 1917; called to federal service July 25; promoted electrician sergeant 1st class March 12, 1918; promoted engineer Aug. 26; assigned to Headquarters 2d Battalion, 73d Coast Artillery; sailed for France Sept. 25; discharged Dec. 30, 1918.

DIED: Jan. 17, 1939, Swampscott, Mass.

WIDOW: Mrs. Abner Horace Hastings, 28 Forest Ave., Swampscott, Mass.

AT the time of his death Hastings was a director of the Hastings & Sons Publishing Company, publishers of the *Lynn Daily Evening Item*, of which his father had been publisher. He had been proprietor of the Hastings Motor Company of Salem before joining the publishing company. In 1937 he reported his position as national advertising manager and assistant to the president of Hastings & Sons Publishing Company. Our classmate, Summerfield Baldwin, writes of Hastings:

"Hastings was one of a little oasis of five freshmen inhabiting the top floor back of Brentford Hall. I was another. His room was commandeered by upper-classmen for the ceremonies of Bloody Monday in which we were more or less reluctant participants. He was distinguished then and during the rest of the Freshman year for irrepressible ebullience and good humor. He had more ingenuity than any of us for thinking up ways of passing time more agreeably than working Mathematics A problems or translating English into French. In short, he was the life of the party, and our existence at Brentford would have been pretty dismal without him. I saw very little of him, I am sorry to say, after the Freshman year — so little, indeed, that until this writing, I had the impression that he had not returned to College."

ROY HEAD

HOME ADDRESS: Cherry Valley Rd., R. F. D. 1, Stroudsburg, Pa.

OFFICE ADDRESS: c/o Morse International, Inc., 122 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

BORN: May 7, 1899, Binghamton, N. Y. PARENTS: Frank Mayfield Head, Rose Mariam Decker.

PREPARED AT: Susquehanna High School, Susquehanna, Pa.; Dorchester High School, Dorchester, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1914, 1915-1917.

MARRIED: Theodora DeWolfe Norton, 1924 (divorced 1938); Eloise Grace

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Kilgore, 1939. CHILDREN: Kelton (girl), June 22, 1925; David Kilgore, Aug. 16, 1941.

OCCUPATION: Advertising Executive; President, Morse International, Incorporated.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted June 6, 1918, in Canadian Army; Signal Corps, then Railway Troops; overseas 19 months; 3 weeks a German prisoner; escaped; discharged July 12, 1919.

MEMBER OF: Advertising Club of New York.

ROY HEAD graduated at an age when most boys are entering college and, although he fought in the last war, was taken prisoner and escaped, he has had to register for the second draft. He writes:

TO settle all arguments about the first '17 baby — it's me. I was fourteen when Dean Briggs got us all together for the first time to tell us the facts of life. In spite of this early start, it has taken me until almost now to get my values straightened out and now, of course, we all have to make a new set.

After the other war I travelled through the West as a sort of working hobo, using largely the education I had acquired in France with a pick and shovel. (Since then I've travelled with somewhat more comfort, but not much more fun, throughout Canada, Cuba, Spain, and the British Isles, and to Bermuda, North Africa, France, Switzerland, Germany, and Belgium.)

In 1921 I came back to New York and began a twenty-year course in advertising, domestic and foreign. I started peddling want ads for a suburban newspaper and ended up as president of a middle-sized agency in the Grand Central Zone. Ended up is correct, because I chucked it about a year ago — along with my commutation ticket to a funny little house on (and almost in) the Hudson — in order to live on a farm in the Poconos.

Here I have a mile of trout stream and too many deer for the good of the garden. I figured on getting caught up with the fishing and hunting I never had time for as a kid. Taxes are low here and I make a few nickels now and then writing ads for my former associates and "evaluating" (for writing talent) some of your sons' contemporaries as they finish college and look for advertising jobs. I also have a fairly new wife and a brand new son, six months old on registration day. I haven't missed a bit the view from the Chanin Building or that quick one at the Commodore Bar on the way to the 6:14.

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But now I'm trying to get a defense job (advt.). Finding one hasn't proved as easy as I anticipated. There seems to be no pressing demand from Washington for a business man who is not an industrialist — or a writer who is not a literary man, or a personnel man who never took Münsterberg's Applied Psychology, or a linguist whom lots of practice has not made perfect. However, I registered for the draft the other day (I wonder if any other Seventeeners did) and General Hershey will doubtless find a useful spot for me before long. I hope so. Now that we have to interrupt our normal lives for war a second time, nothing else seems important except to help get it finished and then arrange things afterward, if we can, so that this young son of mine and his classmates of '63 need not interrupt theirs even one time.

When the war is over — and I believe the five-year-guessers are optimists — I suppose that we shall have to adjust ourselves at fifty or so to a different kind of world from the one we've known. For the long run, I'm an optimist too. I think it may be a better kind.

GORDON BEALE HEBB

HOME ADDRESS: 183 Green St., Needham, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Fidelity & Deposit Co. of Maryland, 40 Broad St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: NOV. 30, 1895, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Elijah Hebb, Ella Pearl.

PREPARED AT: Public Latin School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Gladys Catherine Roskilly, Oct. 9, 1926, Boston, Mass. CHILD: Elizabeth, Oct. 4, 1928.

OCCUPATION: On Active Duty with the United States Naval Reserve, on leave of absence from the Assistant Managership of the Boston Branch of the Fidelity and Deposit Company of Maryland and the American Bonding Company of Baltimore, surety companies.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled landsman for electrician (radio) U. S. Naval Reserve Force July 16, 1917; assigned to Naval Radio School, Cambridge, Mass.; promoted electrician 2d class Oct. 16; transferred to 1st Naval Base Repair Shop, Commonwealth Pier, Boston, Mass.; promoted chief electrician July 1, 1918; transferred to Lockwood's Basin, Mass.; to Receiving Ship, Boston, May 23, 1919; released from active duty Aug. 19, 1919. Member of U. S. Naval Reserve until Oct., 1933; commissioned lieutenant, U. S. N. R., April, 1937; called to active duty May 5, 1941.

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OFFICES HELD: Corporator, Boston Penny Savings Bank; trustee, Boston Penny Savings Bank.

MEMBER OF: St. John's Lodge, A. F. & A. M., Boston, Mass.; St. Andrew's Royal Arch Chapter, Boston, Mass.; First Naval District Reserve Officers' Association.

GORDON HEBB is once again in the uniform of the Naval Reserve. He believes in his country and "Blood, Sweat, and Tears." He writes:

WHAT manner of man am I? First I saw the première of *H. M. Pulham, Esq.* Then I received a request and four goads from our super-efficient Class Secretary. Now, in desperation, the Secretary has been obliged to write a personal letter to my war department (wife to you) imploring her to press the three-tined fork firmly against my anatomy where the best results will be obtained.

Frankly, I admit that is not the way to treat one of the best secretaries any class ever had — definitely a mighty fine fellow. There are, however, extenuating circumstances, the principal one being that I was called back into active service with the United States Navy on May 5, 1941.

After this preamble, let me get on with the story. Since I was only sixteen years of age when I graduated from the Boston Latin School in 1912, I spent the next year in working and travelling, and entered Harvard in September, 1913. After four pleasant years, marked by hard work and some success, I was awarded the degree of A.B. in June, 1917. Upon my release from war service in August, 1919, I entered the insurance business in Boston and New York.

In October, 1925, I entered the employ of the Fidelity and Deposit Company of Maryland. For several years I was the manager of the Judicial and Public Official Departments of the Boston branch of this company, covering New England. Later I was appointed assistant manager of the Boston branch of the Fidelity and Deposit Company of Maryland and also of its affiliate, the American Bonding Company of Baltimore.

On December 30, 1931, we moved to Needham, Massachusetts, where we still reside on Green Street at South Street — right next to the beautiful Charles River.

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From time to time I have met some of our classmates in my insurance work. Also in the past years I have attended, when possible, reunions of the Class, as well as some of the luncheons. Because of the havoc wrought by World War I there was not much class spirit in evidence. During the last few years — possibly because we are in our dotage — there seems to have been a marked increase in class interest. Of course, this may be the result of the hard work, or the untiring efforts, of Clem Stodder and a very few others.

I have delivered a number of talks on insurance subjects — most often about judicial bonds and the handling of joint control over fiduciary funds. It might be added that I am a trustee of the Boston Penny Savings Bank. Also I have been active in fraternal organizations and in the United States Naval Reserve.

It has been suggested that we give any philosophy of life or conclusions which may be of interest to others, or which may disclose what sort of person we turned out to be. I firmly believe that instead of Nazis, Fascists, Falangists, etc., we need people who will practise good old-fashioned religion — follow the Golden Rule, do unto their neighbors as they would be done unto. I believe that we need men in public office who will serve because of love for country and because of a desire to benefit mankind rather than officials who seek office because the pay is better than they can get elsewhere, or to satisfy the lust for power. I believe that any person who works faithfully and cheerfully will in practically all cases be able to support himself and family in reasonable comfort. I believe this to be conversant with the meaning of Winston Churchill's phrase "Blood, Sweat and Tears." Furthermore, I believe that the United States of America with all its faults is the best country in the world and I do not intend to have it perish from this earth — if it is within my power to prevent it. These are some of the reasons why my family and I willingly make the great physical and financial sacrifices entailed by my serving at my ripe old age as an officer in the United States Naval Reserve.

Our fervent hope and prayer is that peace and sanity will return to this world sooner than present events would indicate.

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FRANK JOSEPH HEINZ

HOME ADDRESS: 2 De Koven St., Forest Hills, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: McLaughlin Air Service, 240 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

BORN: Jan. 22, 1895, Brooklyn, N. Y. PARENTS: Joseph Heinz, Dorathea Barnickel.

PREPARED AT: Brooklyn Preparatory School, Brooklyn, N. Y.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

UNMARRIED.

OCCUPATION: Aërial Photography and Airport Engineering.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Aug. 15, 1917; assigned to Company A, 301st Infantry, 76th Division, Camp Devens, Mass.; promoted sergeant Oct. 16; detailed to Officers' Training School, Camp Devens, May 15, 1918; transferred to Infantry Central Officers' Training School, Camp Lee, Va., in June; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Aug. 26; assigned to 153d Depot Brigade, Camp Dix, N. J., Sept. 5; discharged March 20, 1919. Commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Officers' Reserve Corps April 24, 1919.

MEMBER OF: American Legion.

PERHAPS Frank Heinz will combine both his ambitions in the future by writing the "Great American Novel" on his trip to Victoria, Brazil. His "Life":

WRITING one's Life at a time like this seems infinitely unimportant. Life itself is writing the greatest yarn of all time, and the competition is something terrific.

When I left the Army after the other war, I joined the editorial staff of the *Metropolitan Magazine* and spent some happy years in a stimulating liberal environment, the memory of which every now and then throws me for a nostalgic loop—the dear dead days when nothing much seemed wrong with the world that couldn't be righted by the trenchant pen of T. R. or the whimsical sallies and strokes of Clarence Day or Tony Sarg.

But sometimes in the spring a young man's fancy turns to the sea. I saw the sea. One day I hope to return to the tiny port of Victoria in Brazil and find out if that impossibly beautiful sunset was real or just the reflection of a glow I was carrying with me at the time.

Off and on I have tried to set on paper what I hoped would turn out to be the Great American Novel or the Great American Play, but the trick of placing the right words in their proper order has so far eluded me.

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At this present hour I am with the McLaughlin Air Service aërial photographers and airport designers and engineers. The photographic end of our business was pretty effectively bombed from a distance of five thousand miles at dawn of a December morning. Remember?

Maybe we can fix up a few airports so our little brown brats will have something to remember, too.

JOHN GEORGE HEINZ

HOME ADDRESS: 2 De Koven St., Forest Hills, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: RKO Theatres, Radio City, New York, N. Y.

BORN: April 6, 1893, Brooklyn, N. Y. PARENTS: Joseph Heinz, Dorathea Barnickel.

PREPARED AT: St. John's Preparatory School, Brooklyn, N. Y.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: S.B., 1917.

UNMARRIED.

HARVARD BROTHER: Frank Joseph Heinz, '17.

OCCUPATION: Theatre Management.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private U. S. Army Ambulance Service May, 1917; assigned to Section 510; sailed for France Aug. 7; transferred to Field Artillery Sept., 1918, and detailed to Artillery School, Saumur; attached to American Relief Administration April, 1919; discharged May 27, 1919, in France. Engagements: Argonne, Verdun, and Aisne fronts. Awarded Croix de Guerre.

JOHN HEINZ recounts how at one time he was just like Shakespeare except for two things:

UPON graduation in 1917 I joined up with the American Ambulance Service, attached to the French Army. I spent almost three years abroad and acquired the Croix de Guerre. I attended the Artillery School at Saumur. I was demobilized in Paris and joined Herbert Hoover's American Relief Administration, working out of Bordeaux. I was back in America again in 1920, engaged in newspaper work. I soon landed in the field of what is called the legitimate theatre with some of the world's best producers. I did everything the Bard of Avon did, except hold horses, and write masterpieces. After half a dozen years of this I quite suddenly found myself a businessman managing theatres for RKO. I like to travel, fish, read, and argue.

The years roll by, the scene changes, many things once great

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are now small. But for me the vision of Harvard grows stronger, and I get a great kick contemplating the old days.

CLAYTON LESLIE HENDERSON

HOME ADDRESS: 73 Day St., Auburndale, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Brown, Wales & Co., 493 C St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: May 11, 1894, Cambridge, Mass. PARENTS: Charles William Henderson, Jr., Anna Lyon Atwood.

PREPARED AT: Newton High School, Newton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: S.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Florence Elizabeth Luther, June 3, 1925, Newtonville, Mass.

CHILD: Louise Atwood, Oct. 23, 1926.

HARVARD BROTHER: Kenneth Atwood Henderson, '26.

OCCUPATION: Sales Engineer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled seaman U. S. Naval Reserve Force April 26, 1917; assigned to Scout Patrol *Sayonara II*; appointed ensign Sept. 18; assigned to U. S. S. *South Carolina*, Atlantic Fleet; served as watch and division officer; promoted lieutenant (junior grade) Sept. 21; transferred to U. S. S. *Huron* on transport duty; released from active duty Sept. 3, 1919.

MEMBER OF: Brae Burn Country Club.

CLAYTON HENDERSON finds that he gets ambitious over weekends but that his exercises now are apt to bring tired muscles. His "Life":

THIS so-called account of my life since graduation is brief and probably not to the point. As a matter of fact, they tell me I graduated and they mailed me some sort of gadget that said I did, I believe. I happened to be in the Navy at the time this was supposed to be taking place. I think I was just a plain gob (seaman second class to the uninitiated) at that time. However, I graduated and finally was commissioned in Uncle Sam's Navy, spent a year and a half in the battle fleet on the battleship *South Carolina* as number four turret officer and another year as senior watch officer on a transport.

Around November, 1919, the United States Navy decided that they had brought back all the American Expeditionary Force, including war brides, and they could lay up the transport I was on, so I finally retired to a life of slavery on the outside. Of course, this was a terrible comedown from being a lieutenant in the Navy, but I managed to dig up a job in the steel business. I

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have been peddling steel and such specialties, with a little engineering, ever since. I managed to find time to get married and I have one daughter in high school at present. I also found out that two can't live as cheaply as one in spite of all they say, but so far have managed to be out when the sheriff called.

I eat fish every Friday, sometimes, as someone said that it made brains. The result is nil. I get up every morning, go to work all day, come home at night, read the paper (to be well-versed in the latest propaganda), go to bed — just another day. On Sundays and holidays I get real ambitious and try to play golf. The net result — about even fives and tired muscles. The only par hole is, as a rule, the nineteenth. My political convictions couldn't be put in print so I am leaving them out of this note.

To be a little bit serious, however, I really am happily married and getting three meals a day, and so far a roof over my head, so I can't complain.

HOWARD HENDERSON

HOME ADDRESS: 16 Park Ave., Bronxville, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: J. Walter Thompson Co., 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

BORN: July 16, 1895, Hingham, Mass. PARENTS: Gustavus Owen Henderson, Mary Smith Maynard.

PREPARED AT: Hingham High School, Hingham, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916, 1917-1918. DEGREE: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917 (18).

MARRIED: Sarah Whitman, June 17, 1922, Evanston, Ill. CHILDREN: Helen, Aug. 12, 1923; Howard Russell, April 27, 1925; Sylvia, March 8, 1927; Carol, Sept. 16, 1931.

OCCUPATION: Advertising; Vice-president, J. Walter Thompson Company.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled yeoman 2d class U. S. Naval Reserve Force May 15, 1918; served at Naval Training Camp and Naval Ammunition Depot, Hingham, Mass.; promoted yeoman 1st class Nov. 1; released from active duty Dec. 7, 1918.

OFFICES HELD: Trustee, Cincinnati Better Business Bureau, 1935; vice-president, Harvard Club of Cincinnati, 1935; director, Hamilton County Good Government League, 1935, Eastchester Neighborhood Association, 1939; chairman of education, City Charter Committee of Cincinnati, 1935; director and chairman of budget committee, Community Welfare Fund, Incorporated, of Eastchester, N. Y.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of New York; Coveleigh Club of Rye, N. Y.

HOWARD HENDERSON implies that he is a pessimist, but most readers will disagree with him when they see how he over-

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came adversity to become a successful advertising man. One might as well think of a cheerful undertaker as to believe that there is such a thing as a pessimistic successful advertising man. Henderson writes:

THE nub of this Class Life is a frank answer to two questions: (1) What did I want when I graduated? and (2) What did I get in twenty-five years? My one, dominating, driving want at graduation, and it began long before I entered Harvard, was basically the same as for every man who reads this page. Let's go along with Plato and call it the search for my "other half." My first immediate ambition was to help "make the world safe for democracy." My long-range worldly ambition was to become a great writer. And pervading all was an inner hunger for something that would help me get up on my feet and go on, no matter how many times I was knocked down. This last want has always been first.

In the search for my "other half," I had two strikes against me, two firm convictions based largely on ignorance: first, that no woman could stand living with me permanently (and vice versa); second, that it would be a mistake to have any children, because they might inherit my pessimistic outlook on life.

In April, 1916, I met Sarah Whitman, Class of 1918 at Smith. Yes, it was "love at first sight." But I was no expert, and so eventually came the break, with all communications cut. Meanwhile, she graduated Phi Beta Kappa and went immediately into training for war service as a nurse, becoming a registered nurse in October, 1920. By June of that year I had to admit that I couldn't go on alone, and so made a quick trip to New York. As a result, diplomatic relations were resumed—but no more than that, mind you! Since our jobs kept us apart geographically, my selling had to be done by mail. But those letters turned out to be the only really successful writing I ever did. Sally Whitman said "Yes" in December, 1920, and we were married in June, 1922. After twenty years I am still amazed at being so happy about the whole thing. And not one of the four children has inherited my pessimistic outlook on life.

Now for those great yearnings to achieve. My immediate ambition for war service was frustrated. After being rejected

for army training at Plattsburg, and twice turned down by the draft, I wriggled into the Navy by a special waiver of poor eyesight and underweight, and spent seven inglorious months at a typewriter, and shifting cars of ammunition from one storehouse to another.

My long-range ambition to become a great writer has also been a dud — so far. Once out of uniform, I tried to get a job on a New York newspaper. No go. So to eat I became a bill collector for Charles Scribner's Sons for \$15 a week. Hoping for an editorial job, I showed my boss an article I had sold to the *New York Evening Post* on masculine and feminine conscience as seen by the bill collector. He said, "Hmm! very promising," and gave me a \$2-a-week raise. Obsessed with the misery I met on my daily round, I went to work for the Charity Organization Society and lived in an East Side settlement house. Soon I wandered west in search of health, worked on a ranch in Colorado, but found no health. I went to the Harvard Divinity School for a year, and taught English at Purdue University during the year 1920-1921. When I left to get a job in business, a fellow-instructor honored me with a parody of Wordsworth's *Daffodils* ending:

"And now his heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the dollar bills."

Some fifty advertising agencies in Chicago said that they didn't need me. Finally, I struck a really stable business. An agency for a concern making coffins and burial garments wanted a man to write articles and ads for their house organ. I was hired. On November 1, 1921, J. Walter Thompson Company needed someone to find out the market situation on toy banks. I was their man — still am. But the ambition to write is today just an ambition.

Elusive indeed is that last want which has always been first — the need for inner strength to get up and go on before you're counted out. I had always given it lip service, but one experience in particular *proved* its vivid reality.

In 1919, as a sick stranger in a Colorado mountain cabin, I half hoped that my fever would end in complete oblivion. Coming into fuzzy consciousness, I overheard my landlady protesting to the doctor that I might die on her hands, and if so, could I pay

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the board bill. I paid it. Then, in spite of the doctor's protests, I rode some 200 miles by train to a Denver hospital. For seven weeks I was like a man drowning, struggling in the water of life, unable to swim, but clinging to a blind faith in a Will wiser than my own. Then in despair I relaxed — and found I could swim! With a few easy strokes I felt the water of experience supporting me instead of pulling me under to drown. My fear was gone, dissolved by a powerful upwelling of inner strength. I had won the peace which passes understanding.

Later I learned that such peace is lost and must be won again and again. But it *works* — yes, in business. I have found many in low and high income places who prove, each in his own way, that behind the desperate appearances of things —

“The One remains, the many change and pass;
Heaven's light forever shines, earth's shadows fly,
Life, like a dome of many-colored glass
Stains the white radiance of eternity . . .”

CASS MANNING HERRINGTON

HOME ADDRESS: 1636 E. Eighth Ave., Denver, Colo.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 828 Symes Bldg., Denver, Colo.

BORN: Feb. 5, 1896, Denver, Colo. PARENTS: Cass E. Herrington, Isabel Manning.

PREPARED AT: Middlesex School, Concord, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913–1917. DEGREES: A.B. † 1917 (19); LL.B. (Univ. of Denver), 1922.

MARRIED: Pauline Comer, Oct. 18, 1924, Denver, Colo. CHILD: Polly, Oct. 2, 1917 (stepchild).

OCCUPATION: Lawyer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Fort Riley, Kans., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Aug. 15; assigned to Company B, 355th Infantry, 89th Division, Sept. 1; promoted 1st lieutenant Dec. 31; sailed for France July 4, 1918; transferred to Headquarters 89th Division, Administrative Section, in July; to Company E, 355th Infantry, Oct. 5 and appointed officer in command; twice wounded Oct. 20 at Bois de Bantheville; invalided to United States Jan. 7, 1919; discharged April 18, 1919. Engagements: Remenauville sector, Saint-Mihiel, and Meuse-Argonne offensives.

MEMBER OF: Denver Club; Denver Country Club; Denver Athletic Club; Masons.

CASS HERRINGTON has some doubts. He writes:

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UNINTERESTING to anyone in particular and sometimes even to myself. Particular hobbies duck hunting and aviation. Naturally doubtful of future of democratic institutions, especially from standpoint of whether state rights will ever gravitate back after the virtual, although necessary, dictatorship (disguised perhaps) presently attempting to keep democracy alive. Often wonder what value college studies of 1917 are at present, if any.

✦ WILLIAM JOSEPH HEVER

BORN: Jan. 1, 1891, New York, N. Y. PARENTS: James Lackey Hever, Elizabeth Kennedy.

PREPARED AT: Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Anna A. O'Brien, Aug. 15, 1917, Rosebank, Staten Island, N. Y.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Sept. 4 and assigned to Company F, 305th Infantry, 77th Division; promoted 1st lieutenant Jan. 4, 1918; sailed for France April 16; wounded Oct. 3; died of wounds Oct. 5, 1918, at Sainte-Menehould, France. Engagements: Baccarat sector, Aisne-Oise offensive (Vesle River, Fismes), Meuse-Argonne offensive.

DIED: Oct. 5, 1918, Sainte-Menehould, France.

MOTHER: Mrs. J. Hever, 77 W. 104th St., New York, N. Y.

WILLIAM JOSEPH HEVER entered Harvard intent on completing his college course in three years and then entering the Law School. Nevertheless he took an active part in varied undergraduate activities. He was a member of the Freshman track team, and in 1915 was on the editorial board of the *Handbook of Harvard*, published annually by the Phillips Brooks House Association. He was a member, also, of the Andover Club, the Memorial Society, and the Alpha Phi Sigma Fraternity, of which he was treasurer for a year. Having completed his work for the A.B. degree, he enrolled in the Law School, but his first year's work was interrupted by the declaration of war.

In May, 1917, Hever entered the Officers' Training Camp at Plattsburg, New York, and in September was commissioned a second lieutenant, assigned to Company F, 305th Infantry, 77th Division, then at Camp Upton, Long Island, New York. In

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January he was promoted first lieutenant, and in April he embarked with his outfit. They landed in England, then crossed to France, where, after being brigaded for some weeks with a British division, they went to the Vosges in the Baccarat sector. After the action on the Vesle the regiment was ordered to the Argonne Forest. The circumstances of Hever's death are related in the *Memoirs of the Harvard Dead in the War Against Germany* as follows:

"The captain of F company was temporarily in command of the battalion and Hever took his place as company commander. The attack began on September 26, and after taking its objectives, F Company had a few days of rest, and was then sent back into a new position. On October 3 a hill, later known as 'Machine Gun Hill' and 'Suicide Hill,' had to be taken. There could be no artillery barrage because of the irregularity of the line at that point. Captain McKay retold the story as he had it from one of Hever's sergeants, who was close to him when he was hit:

" 'When the time came to go forward, Lieutenant Hever was out ahead of his men, literally leading them into battle. Heavy machine-gun fire opened on our men as they advanced. A messenger came up calling for the lieutenant. As "Joe" turned in the direction of the call, he fell with a fatal wound through his shoulder. There was no lack of volunteers to hurry to him and take him to the rear despite the danger of moving about in that spot.' "

Captain Henry T. Eaton, commander of F Company of the 305th Infantry, spoke of Hever as follows:

"Bill was always my right-hand man. I have never known a man who could be more loyal — to whom duty was more sacred. I don't think he ever left the orderly room at night, back at Camp Upton, without asking me if there were anything more that he could do. . . . He was tireless in his devotion to his men and in his endeavors to do all he could for their comfort. The men were all devoted to him, and more than one, after he was wounded, spoke with the deepest feeling for him. . . . It was men like Bill who made the American Army what it was. . . . No truer, more loyal man than he ever gave his life to his country."

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WILLIAM LAPPEN HICKEY

HOME ADDRESS: 3502 Overbrook Drive, Dallas, Texas.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 421 Construction Bldg., Dallas, Texas.

BORN: March 22, 1894, South Boston, Mass. PARENTS: William James Hickey, Katherine Julia Donovan.

PREPARED AT: Public Latin School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Marie Magella Edgerton King, May 25, 1922, Dallas, Texas (died March 25, 1935). CHILDREN: Marie Lappen, July 23, 1923; William King, Nov. 9, 1925; John Louis Strong, May 10, 1927; Jeanne King, March 2, 1931.

HARVARD BROTHER: Louis Walter Hickey, '10.

OCCUPATION: Building Construction.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Seaman 2d class U. S. Naval Reserve Force when United States entered the war; called to active duty April, 1917, and assigned to U. S. S. *South Carolina*; commissioned ensign (temporary) U. S. Navy April 1, 1918; assigned to Submarine Chaser No. 262 May 17; sailed for overseas service May 18; promoted lieutenant (junior grade, temporary) Sept. 1; transferred to U. S. S. *McDermut* March, 1919; resignation accepted May 28, 1919.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of Dallas; Harvard Club of Boston.

THE Secretary and the various Reunion chairmen and committee members appreciate Bill Hickey's tribute to them, but hasten to assure him that their jobs have been far from "night-marish." Hickey writes:

NOW that I find myself face to face with my life for the past twenty-five years, and having filled out the questionnaire, I am set to wondering just what I have been doing with my time. No publications, no additional degrees, no real activity in any social or civic organization. What the devil have I been doing? Well, I'm here, anyway, so here goes:

I have lived in Dallas almost continuously since September, 1919. I first sold building materials and — utilizing my experience at Squam Lake — studied structural engineering, developing into a sort of sales engineer in concrete form work. From that I went into the cotton business, in which I am at present engaged. Nothing gives me greater pleasure than to get a call from one of the Class of 1917 gang who happens to be passing through Dallas.

That's about all, except that I think we should get together

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and give Clem Stodder, and his assistants, of course, a plaque or a medal or a citation for a nightmarish job.

THOMAS MASON BACON HICKS, JR.

HOME ADDRESS: 853 Wyoming Ave., Kingston, Pa.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 266 Miners Bank Bldg., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

BORN: Dec. 24, 1893, Williamsport, Pa. PARENTS: Thomas Mason Bacon Hicks, Alice Haven Cheston.

PREPARED AT: Williamsport Dickinson Seminary, Williamsport, Pa.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1918.

MARRIED: Mildred Inez Todd, Sept. 2, 1916, Galloways, Md. CHILDREN: Thomas Mason Bacon, 3d, Oct. 10, 1917; Elizabeth Hart, March 3, 1919 (died March 27, 1919); Warren Martillus, April 24, 1920; Barbara Eynon, Oct. 27, 1922; Persis Christopher, July 5, 1926.

HARVARD BROTHER: Henry Cheston Hicks, Law School '14-'17.

OCCUPATION: Industrial Commissioner, Wyoming Valley Industrial Development Fund, Incorporated.

FOR the sake of the record we are forced to correct Tom Hicks's claim to having "the first child of the Class of 1917," as at least three other classmates had children before Thomas B. Hicks, 3d, was born. Custom has designated as Class Baby the first child born to a classmate married after graduation. Hicks's 'Life':

MY first twenty-five years since Harvard have been very thoroughly lived. They have been crammed full of life! I can remember almost no inactive day. There have been very few idle hours. There has been endless variety, and practically no monotony.

Some of the roads were rough, but they were travelled to the end. At times I passed the road-markers too fast to read, and spent a year or two on a futile detour, but even those mistaken excursions had much entertaining scenery.

If the worth of this year or that is to be measured by its earnings in dollars, or by its progress toward fame, or by its contribution to the advancement of civilization, quite a few years would have to be listed as wasted. If I could do the journey over again, there would, of course, be some changes made. But I can't recall many parts that I should wish to omit entirely.

My years in Harvard were divided between college work and the earning of a living. On that account I lived those years in

Boston or in downtown Cambridge, and missed entirely many phases of life at Harvard. My last three years in school were divided between classes and a newspaper copy desk. A few months before graduation I left the newspaper to become secretary of the Cambridge Chamber of Commerce.

I was married in early September, 1916, just before my Senior year, to Mildred Todd of Baltimore (Goucher '14). So my twenty-fifth wedding anniversary has preceded by nearly a year my twenty-fifth Class Reunion. My first son was born in October, 1917. He, therefore, is the first child of the Class of 1917, having arrived some months before Patricia White, the Baby of our Class. He has spent the last two years in the Army as first lieutenant, 9th Infantry, Second Division. He was married in December, 1939. His first son — my first grandson — was born in December, 1940, but unfortunately lived only a few days.

As an individualist, I have raised a family of individualists. We have had five children. Our first daughter died in infancy. Two sons and two daughters have shared the active, roving, unmonotonous life of their parents.

It is quite characteristic that our five children were born in five different states — Maryland, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Texas. When one of my sons filled out his college entrance application, he reported that in twelve years he had attended sixteen schools in thirteen states. When I commented on the wide-spread education, he added that he had gone to school by steamboat, by trolley, by train, by bus, by gasoline launch, by rowboat, on bicycles, on horseback, and in a mule-drawn army wagon. He then left for college by airplane, to add to the variety of conveyances that had taken him to school!

Each of our children has a distinctive personality, and a great streak of independence. Each has selected a different college, and each is headed for an entirely different type of life. Whatever we may or may not experience as a family, our patterns of life will cover a mighty wide field.

My three older children, however, followed the example of their father by marrying before finishing college. Both sons married in their senior years. My older daughter is leaving college for matrimony in her sophomore year. This undoubtedly proves something — perhaps that their parents could not question con-

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sistently such following of their own footsteps. My second son is now entering the Air Corps. My daughter is marrying into the Air Corps. So we are an army family. No representatives in the Navy to date.

As a means to the end of living, I have been a newspaper man — during college years; secretary of the Cambridge Chamber of Commerce, and then of the Boston Retail Trade Board. For six years I managed the planning department of Filene's in Boston, at the same time teaching retail store management courses in the College of Business Administration of Boston University, as an assistant professor. Thereafter for more than ten years I managed department stores, including a district managership in Seattle for Sears Roebuck.

Department store jobs took us — me and the family — by various stages across the country and back again. In 1935 we landed in Wilkes-Barre to manage a department store. In 1937 I undertook the industrial development program of the Wilkes-Barre area as industrial commissioner of the Wyoming Valley Industrial Development Fund, Incorporated. I'm still at it.

My present work includes bringing new industries into the Wilkes-Barre area, reorganizing some industries already here, and many related activities, such as industrial real estate, industrial financing, and labor relations — particularly labor relations. I am a bit proud of the fact that in the hundreds of labor disputes and grievances and other labor union problems among the industries for which I have more or less responsibility, there has not in these four years been a single strike — not even for five minutes!

And what has it all added up to? Most important, a large, healthy, active family that has become quite closely-knit and self-sufficient; for another thing, a life interesting enough to keep alive a thirst for lots more of it. Added to these, I have had a reasonable degree of comfort, a wide range of interests, and a nation-wide list of acquaintances, with some close friendships among them.

There's not much more to say. My only hobby is collecting stamps. I'm not a "joiner," so I can list no lodges, and only a few clubs and societies. I used to play a lot of tennis, but middle age and surplus poundage crept up on me. I was a Republican until Herbert Hoover cured me. I've been a Democrat ever since, but

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I worked and voted for Willkie. When I go to church, which isn't often, it is usually an Episcopal church. The only game I play worse than golf is bridge.

Such prejudices as I have seem to me less vehement than they used to be. I am rarely for anything with complete enthusiasm, nor against anything very violently. It seems to me that I have a rather placid attitude toward life as it comes.

Among other things I have learned that the Harvard label is not a great handicap if you are careful not to mention it to anyone west of Chicago. The Twenty-fifth will be the first Class reunion I have attended. If I enjoy it, I'll come back for the Fiftieth.

During the next twenty-five years since Harvard I hope to experience all the varieties of life I have not yet met up with, in as many parts of the world as possible. I hope to greet fifteen or twenty grandchildren. I hope to complete my stamp collections of Austria and of Sweden.

JOHN PATRICK HIGGINS

HOME ADDRESS: 263 Pond St., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Court House, Boston, Mass.

BORN: Feb. 19, 1893, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Patrick Higgins, Winifred Gilligan.

PREPARED AT: English High School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: S.B., 1917; LL.B. (Northeastern Coll. of Law), 1926; LL.D. (Mt. St. Mary's Coll., Md.), 1938.

MARRIED: Eleanor G. McNamara, Nov. 19, 1927, Swampscott, Mass. (died May 29, 1940). CHILD: Eleanor P., Oct. 15, 1928.

OCCUPATION: Chief Justice, Superior Court of Massachusetts.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled yeoman 1st class U. S. Naval Reserve Force July 18, 1917; assigned to Supply Office, 1st Naval District, Boston, Mass.; School for Pay Corps, Princeton, N. J.; Naval Training Station, Pelham Bay, N. Y.; Receiving Ship, Boston, Mass.; appointed ensign Pay Corps; released from active duty Feb. 15, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Member Massachusetts House of Representatives, 1929-1934; member, United States House of Representatives (11th Massachusetts District), 1935, 1936, 1937 (resigned membership in Congress to take present position); president Catholic Alumni Sodality of Massachusetts.

MEMBER OF: Boston Bar Association (honorary); Law Society of Massachusetts.

Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit.

—HENRY FIELDING

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MY life has been one of good fortune, with the single exception of the death of my wife one year ago. Happiness in my home life, some small measure of success in the world, contentment in my occupation, good health, just enough of the world's goods to live on and educate my family, and the companionship of good friends have been my lot during the most part of the twenty-five years I have been out of College.

The modest success I have had in life is attributable to the bountifulness of God, Who has given me life itself, and the kindness and generosity of the people (population) who have conferred upon me positions of honor and trust on many occasions. I am by no stretch of the imagination model in any respect, for I have more than my share of the deficiencies, intellectual and otherwise, of an ordinary fellow, yet I am ever mindful that both have been quite patient with me and generous in their favor toward me.

✠ CHARLES HIGGINSON

BORN: March 30, 1895, Brookline, Mass. PARENTS: Frederic Higginson, Mary Brazer Ellis.

PREPARED AT: Noble and Greenough School, Boston, Mass.; Evans School.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Rebekah (Robinson) MacDonald, April 30, 1926, New York, N. Y.

CHILDREN: Sarah; Susan; Charles, Jr.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Driver, Morgan Harjes Ambulance Corps, Section 5, March 1 to Sept. 2, 1915, with French Army on Montdidier front. Ensign U. S. Naval Reserve Force, on duty on Scout Patrol *Scoter* as commanding officer when United States entered the war; entered Reserve Officers' Training Class, U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md., July 5, 1917; graduated and commissioned ensign (temporary) U. S. Navy Sept. 20; assigned to U.S.S. *New Orleans* on escort duty overseas; promoted lieutenant (junior grade, temporary) Sept. 1; returned to United States Jan. 8, 1919; resignation accepted March 6, 1919.

DIED: Feb. 7, 1936, Cohasset, Mass.

WIDOW: Mrs. Charles Higginson, 104 Canton Ave., Milton, Mass.

AT the time of his death from pneumonia Higginson was a partner in the firm of Scudder, Stevens & Clark, investment counselors, and well known in yachting circles along the coast from New York to Canada. After graduation he spent a year in the Law School and then shifted to cotton manufacturing. He

worked for some years in cotton mills in Newburyport, Massachusetts, becoming purchasing agent of the Pacific Mills at the end of a year and a half. In 1921 he became a partner in Scudder, Stevens & Clark.

Besides enjoying a reputation for business acumen among his associates, Higginson was also one of the best known yachtsmen along the New England coast. At the time of his death he was commodore of the Cohasset Yacht Club, and was credited with enlivening interest in and aiding the progress of sailing along the South Shore through his guidance and knowledge.

While he was in College Higginson was a member of the Freshman Crew, the Second University Crew in 1916, and played Class football all four years. He held membership in the Noble's School Club, the Harvard Yacht Club, the Republican Club, the Institute of 1770, the D. K. E., the Hasty Pudding Club, the Signet Society, the Iroquois Club, and the Fly Club.

Henry Bromfield Cabot of our Class contributes the following:

"Charles Higginson was a Yankee. His appearance fitted his surroundings. The New England landscape is not well-groomed, neither was he. There was a ruggedness in his looks as in his character which went with stone walls and granite ledges and it was eminently fitting that after his marriage in 1926 to Rebekah MacDonald he should have lived at Cohasset on the rugged Massachusetts Coast.

"Charley had also in good measure that sense of duty which we associate with the Puritan inheritance. I think it was his conscience which in 1915 impelled him to go to France where he drove an ambulance with the Harjes unit. He came back to College in the autumn of 1916 and was among us when the United States declared war. He had always liked the sea and so it was natural for him to join the Navy. After a short training at Annapolis he was commissioned and assigned to the U. S. S. *New Orleans* on escort duty and later to the U. S. S. *Cassin*, one of our destroyers based in Ireland.

"Scudder, Stevens & Clark, in which Higginson became a partner in 1921, was the pioneer investment counsel, and had just been formed and their business was just starting when Higginson joined them. Hig found the work to his liking and remained at it until his death. His hard common sense and his independ-

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ence of mind kept him from running with the crowd of investment sheep, with the result that he and his firm prospered and grew.

"Charley's life was not, however, all work. From his youth he had sailed boats and this remained his favorite recreation. His figure with touseled hair, dirty trousers, bare feet, and bright blue eyes blinking behind his glasses, was a familiar sight in the small harbors of the New England Coast. Had he lived one hundred years earlier, he would have been a China merchant, and a good one. His untimely death in 1936 from pneumonia was a heavy loss to his family, his friends, and his community."

ROBERT SILLIMAN HILLYER

HOME ADDRESS: Venily, Pomfret, Conn.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Adams House B 11, Cambridge, Mass.

BORN: June 3, 1895, East Orange, N. J. PARENTS: James Rankin Hillyer, Lillian Stanley Smith.

PREPARED AT: Kent School, Kent, Conn.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917; A.M. (hon.) (Trinity Coll., Conn.), 1928.

MARRIED: Dorothy Hancock Tilton, July 1, 1926, Rockport, Mass. CHILD: Stanley Hancock, May 20, 1927.

OCCUPATION: Author; Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory, Harvard University.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Driver, Norton Harjes Ambulance Corps, Section 60, April to Oct., 1917, with French Army on Verdun front. Enlisted and appointed sergeant Ordnance Dept.; sailed for France March 26, 1918; assigned to Military Information Branch, Headquarters Ordnance Department, A. E. F., Tours; promoted 1st lieutenant Oct., 1918; attached to American Commission to Negotiate Peace in December and detailed as courier; discharged May 15, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: President, New England Poetry Club, 1923-1925.

MEMBER OF: Epsilon Chapter, Delta Psi; American Academy of Arts and Sciences; National Institute of Arts and Letters; Phi Beta Kappa (honorary).

PUBLICATIONS: Several volumes of verse, including *Collected Verse*, awarded the Pulitzer Prize in 1934; *A Letter to Robert Frost*, 1937; *Pattern of a Day*, 1940; *The Coming Forth by Day* (paraphrases from the Egyptian Book of the Dead); *A Book of Danish Verse* (translations, in collaboration with S. Foster Damon, '14); *Riverhead*, a novel, etc., etc.

HILLYER is a prominent American poet and holds the professorship occupied in our time by Dean Briggs and "Copey." He writes:

LIKE most members of our Class, I send in this report with sadness at a world so much worse than the one we thought we were going to salvage. Yet the quarter-century has been for me, personally, almost Horatian in many ways. I have enjoyed teaching and writing; I have been fortunate in my domestic life and my home in the country, and the few friends I made in College I have kept. *Absit omen!* In these days I am not speaking boastfully of felicity.

My travels have not been extensive. After the last war I returned to France on my wedding trip, and I spent one year at the University of Copenhagen. On lecture trips I have gone as far west as Chicago and as far south as Charleston. I am largely content with my provincial circuit, for, like the Vouvray wine of Touraine, I go sour with travelling.

First I taught for a few years as instructor at Harvard. Then I was called to Trinity College and settled down in Hartford in full and quite happy expectancy of staying there for the rest of my days. I was really bewildered when Harvard invited me to return — delighted, of course, but surprised as well. In 1937 I was honoured by election to the Boylston Chair of Rhetoric and Oratory, and thus inherited the course in advanced composition, English 5, hallowed by the memory of Dean Briggs and still occasionally enlivened by a visit from Professor Copeland. The pupils, an equal number of graduates and undergraduates, are much more mature on the surface than we were and write far better than we did. But since our generation has produced many important literary figures, it may be that the college youth of today merely starts out with a larger share of sophistication and possibly a less serious basis for future development.

My own literary career has been easy going. Periods of laziness stretch between periods of activity. Technique is still my stronghold as it was in the days of the Imagists, and viewing the Imagists today, I can't think I made a mistake. My one novel, *Riverhead*, was a fair success, and my poetry has brought me the Pulitzer Prize and membership in the National Institute of Arts and Letters and the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. I have been Phi Beta Kappa poet six times: at Tufts, at Goucher, at William and Mary (for the hundredth anniversary of P. B. K.), at Columbia, and twice at Harvard — in 1928 and at the time of

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the Tercentenary. My fellow-speaker at the 1928 meeting was Franklin Delano Roosevelt, who was most cordial. A wry friend remarked, "You'll remember it longer than he will!"

Besides my literary and academic duties, domestic pleasures and rural life at my place in Connecticut link my days together. My family is small: my wife, my son, myself — and an engaging black spaniel, Dinah. We all get along well together. My wife is busy with editorial duties at Houghton Mifflin, and my son is at Exeter. In fact, everybody works but Dinah.

✦ WILLIAM BURCH HINMAN

BORN: March 23, 1895, Atlanta, Ga. PARENTS: George Burch Hinman, Cora Farnsworth.

PREPARED AT: Boys High School, Atlanta, Ga. University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1915-1916. DEGREE: A.B.,† 1917 (22).

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Messman, U. S. Merchant Marine service, June 1917; assigned to S. S. Rochester; ship torpedoed Nov. 2 off Irish coast.

DIED: Nov. 7, 1917, Portacloy, Ireland.

THE Memorial Tablet which our Class dedicated on its Decennial bore the names of 27 classmates. The list of 1917 as engraved on the walls of the Memorial Chapel in the College Yard includes 28 names. The additional name is that of William Burch Hinman, who was for one year during our undergraduate days enrolled as an unclassified student in Harvard College. Though his name has never appeared in a Class Report, and though few of us will remember him personally, the Class is proud to include him here since both his academic life and his contribution to his country's cause in the War against Germany were memorable.

When the United States entered the war, Hinman's college days were already over. He had studied briefly in Germany, at Munich, and in Switzerland, at Geneva. He had spent three years at the University of the South at Sewanee, Tennessee, where he was master of the local chapter of the Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity. He had taken part in many undergraduate dramatics and had received gold medals for his excellence both in French and in Latin. After completing his brief stay at Harvard, he was living quietly with his family near Cambridge.

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Hinman enlisted in June, 1917, in the U. S. Merchant Marine, and his name stands alone as being that of the only Harvard man to lose his life in that essential and dangerous branch of service. Hinman was assigned as a messman to the S. S. *Rochester* and made one voyage to Europe and back on her before she sailed upon her last trip.

The *Rochester* cleared from Newport News with a cargo of shells, cotton, and corn on September 13, 1917. From the first her final voyage was dogged by disaster. A fire in her coal bunker forced her to put back to Baltimore, where it was extinguished. A second fire broke out shortly afterwards. Her master headed for New York but was forced by a violent storm to make Halifax instead. Here the fire was again put out. Not many days out of Halifax the ship was once more imperiled when it was discovered that someone had opened the flood valves in the after hold and there was obvious danger of combustion in the corn and cotton. In addition, ammunition for the ship's guns was located in this hold. A day or two later there was trouble with the condensers and, before the crossing could be completed, more than one submarine attack menaced. Yet, after the ship had been posted as missing, she turned up on October 30 at Liverpool and proceeded to Manchester to discharge her cargo. Here British authorities were able to fix blame for sabotage on an assistant engineer who had represented himself as an American educated in Germany. After his removal, officers and crew felt reasonably sure that dangers on the return trip would not be from within.

But the *Rochester* was, indeed, an ill-fated vessel. She started her return voyage to America in company with a convoy but was left after a few days to proceed alone. On her first evening without escort she was torpedoed, and it became necessary to abandon ship at once. Four hundred and twenty miles from the Irish coast 49 men took to three available boats. One of these was lost with 12 souls. Our friend Hinman was in one of the remaining two, the Captain's boat. The perilous adventures of this boat are vividly described in the *Memoirs of the Harvard Dead in the War Against Germany*, as well as in an article in the *Saturday Evening Post* for March 2, 1918, entitled "The Sinking of the *Rochester*." From these sources we select for quotation a letter

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later written by the third mate to Hinman's father, describing the boy's final days:

"On November 2 just at dusk we were struck by a torpedo just a little aft of amidships. Some of the men were killed outright, but we got three boats away. The submarine then fired eighteen shots at us from guns, but it was then dark and we pulled away.

"The first day in the boat was fine, but then a storm came up and lasted until we landed in Portacloy, Ireland. From the second day on the boat was full of water, and everyone had to bail out water continually. Then the men started to die, and three we buried at sea.

"Your son certainly did his bit, as we say. He had no shoes and no coat the whole trip — the same with all of us. The fifth day we sighted land at eight in the morning, and your son was still alive. I remember saying, 'Red, there's land,' and he got up and smiled.

"It took us till 10:30 to make the beach. About 10:00 A.M. your son was on his knees with his head on his lap. I went and said, 'Red, get up. We are here'; but to my surprise and everyone else's he was dead. Four men died from 8 A.M. to 10:30 A.M. the morning we landed. All our feet were frozen, and the five of us who were living were taken home by the good people of Portacloy, Ireland. We were all pretty sick.

"Now your son and the other three men were buried in Killgalligan Cemetery and service read over their graves. They had a good burial, and nobody worked in the town, and everyone in the town went to the burial except us men who were sick. We had twelve men, and only five arrived alive.

"You can be proud of your son. He did his bit in this war."

Our classmate, Donald Dorchester, has also referred to Hinman in his own biographical sketch found elsewhere in this Report. From that sketch we may quote again the inscription on the tablet which marks Hinman's grave in Western Ireland — an inscription many times more eloquent for its quiet simplicity:

HE DIED AT THE OARS.

✠ WILLIAM CONRAD HIMMER

BORN: Jan. 20, 1893, Lawrence, Mass. PARENTS: Frederick W. Himmer, Barbara A. Traeger.

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PREPARED AT: Bloomfield Seminary, Bloomfield, N. J.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914-1916, 1917-1918. DEGREES: A.B. *magna cum laude*, 1917 (18); A.M. (Clark Univ.), 1921.

MARRIED: Elizabeth Alvina Moeser, Oct. 9, 1920, Lawrence, Mass.

DIED: Sept. 20, 1923, Lawrence, Mass.

WIDOW: Mrs. William Conrad Himmer, 63 Pleasant St., Lawrence, Mass.

HIMMER had advanced to the position of professor of modern languages at Worcester Polytechnic Institute in his brief teaching career. He was a member of the American Association of University Professors, the Modern Language Association, the Athelstane Lodge of Masons, and the Harvard Clubs of Worcester and Boston.

"Although he was of pure German parentage and admired the Germans for previous contributions," our classmate Stephen George Jones writes of Himmer, "he was very loyal to this country. He was an excellent student, being especially adept in the languages, in which he concentrated. He was quiet and unassuming, very studious, and worked hard at whatever he did. By nature and inclination, he was well adapted for the teaching profession which he subsequently followed. I do not doubt that a brilliant professorship was cut short by his untimely death."

ASHER ESTEY HINDS

ADDRESS: P. O. Box 55, Princeton, N. J.

BORN: May 16, 1894, Portland, Maine. PARENTS: Asher Crosby Hinds, Harriet Louise Estey.

PREPARED AT: Western High School, Washington, D. C.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917, 1918-1919. DEGREE: A.B. † 1917 (19).

OCCUPATION: Education.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private U. S. Army Ambulance Service June 20, 1917; assigned to Section 512 June 25; sailed for France Aug. 7; transferred to Section 650 Feb. 9, 1918; rejoined Section 512 June 10; sections served with French Army; discharged Jan. 20, 1919. Engagements: Chemin des Dames offensive, Alsace front, Flanders defensive.

ASHER HINDS was an instructor in English at Princeton University in 1923, and we believe he is still there, as we have received no report to the contrary.

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NATHANIEL DAVID HIRSCH

HOME ADDRESS: 2826 Hemphill St., Fort Worth, Texas.

OFFICE ADDRESS: U. S. Public Health Hospital, Fort Worth, Texas.

BORN: Oct. 13, 1897, Nashville, Tenn. PARENTS: Joseph Hirsch, Carrie Bamberger.

PREPARED AT: Hume-Fogg High School, Nashville, Tenn.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1915-1917. DEGREES: A.B. *magna cum laude*, 1917; A.M. (Columbia Univ.), 1920; PH.D. (Harvard Univ.), 1924.

MARRIED: Nancy Ruth Maddy, June 16, 1934, Detroit, Mich. CHILD: Linda Lee, April 25, 1941 (died April 25, 1941).

OCCUPATION: Psychotherapist and Research Worker in Psychology.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Psychological Corps, U. S. Army, 1918.

MEMBER OF: Mental Hygiene Society; American Society for the Advancement of Science; Masons; Harvard Club of Washington; American Men of Science; Leaders in American Education.

PUBLICATIONS: "A Study of Natio-Racial Mental Differences;" "An Experimental Study of the East Kentucky Mountaineers;" "Twins: Heredity and Environment;" "Genius of Creative Intelligence;" "Dynamic Causes of Juvenile Crime;" "An Experimental Study of 300 Children over a Period of Six Years."

NATHANIEL HIRSCH was studying in Europe in 1923 and in 1927 was Research Fellow of the National Research Council. He is still engaged in research work, now with the United States Public Health Hospital at Fort Worth.

GEORGE DAVID HIRST

HOME ADDRESS: Cornwall Bridge, Conn.

OFFICE ADDRESS: George D. Hirst, Inc., 40 Wall St., New York, N. Y.

BORN: March 21, 1895, New York, N. Y. PARENTS: Abram Hirst, Ida Sable.

PREPARED AT: Townsend Harris Hall, New York, N. Y.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1915-1917. DEGREE: S.B. *cum laude*, 1917.

MARRIED: Frances Audry Wyman, Feb. 29, 1920, New York, N. Y. CHILD: Tatu Constance, Nov. 30, 1920.

OCCUPATION: Various professional, merchandising, and publishing enterprises.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Ordnance Department, 1917.

NO one can accuse George Hirst of having a limited vocabulary or of not being able to express himself graphically. His "Life":

I ENTERED Harvard because superlatives impressed me. Fortunately, one may reach truth by other than rational processes. My life is a reflection of the times, the life of my class. Down

the perspective of years I see a *pot-au-feu* well running over, spluttering into the flame of discipline nearly all the predilections, prejudices, and pretensions incident to an intellectual and spiritual awakening in the second decade of the century. The war was over. By 1920 we had already read Lombroso, who was well in advance of the army of post-war debunkers. Now before our eyes Freud was undressing people, Mencken was exhibiting them, and Noel Coward was destroying their chastity with an epigram.

Coward, it seems to me, personified our first decade or two out of College. For Coward was the copyright owner, so to speak, of the contemporaneous philosophy of cash, sex, hooch, and wise-crack. Being keen and witty, as well as pretentious, impertinent, and untrue, Coward was more impressive to the younger generation than even a sky-rocket. Reviewers tripped over their own clichés in their excursions into enthusiasm over Coward. It was from such adulation that the flower of Coward's dramaturgy developed — the bedroom *mise-en-scène*, in ninety-nine combinations of male and female, and states of acquiescence and demur. The struggle over a mattress was *Weltschmerz* to Coward. This was the issue that endowed the leading sophisticate of our time with his frequently fluent but always lubricous subtlety. My generation sat practically defenceless before his sapience, his eloquence, and his prurience.

There were many others in the canvas of our post-graduate decade: James J. Walker, magnificent example of economic determinism in politics; Walter Winchell, historian of publicity-hungry imbeciles, who weave into wood-pulp the threads of their inanities; Al Capone, who (had prohibition been continued) undoubtedly would have been accorded a smattering of LL.D.'s; Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborne, who committed America to an appraisal of social value in terms of standard of living; Cecil De Mille, who furnished our cinema in the spiritual décors of the *maisonettes d'amour* of the sixteenth Louis; Billy Sunday who gave us God in the robust dialect of the barracks; Dorothy Parker, who figuratively chalked naughty words over nice people's walls; Alexander Woolcott, queen of the pixies of persiflage — all these and scores more, whose names I have already fortunately forgotten, had a great deal to do with the reduction of the post-war conscience to the status of a vermiform appendix.

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In the fine arts, too, we faced a swarm of ravagers of the spirit. What a daft mobilization that was! On the left bank, in Greenwich Village, in Majorca, these lower-case imagists, these meretricious aesthetes, these sycophantic tramps were pirouetting on the lunatic fringe of the empiric in muses, morals, and manners, with their vicious nadaism and their dadaism and their penumbralism, and their cretinism. Indeed, it appeared in the '20's that the human mind and soul in the mass could assume every posture and do every trick except one — stand up straight before eternity and infinity. It was Dale Carnegie against George Santayana; Alexander Woollcott against Dean Inge; the borough president of the Bronx against Bertrand Russell, and the tide of battle has not even now subsided.

Many of us were meanwhile making large sums of money and spending them on the seductions of that extraordinary era. Business was booming. A member of the New York Stock Exchange (formerly a stoker on the *Berengaria*) had run something or other from 123 to 456 on Monday and from 456 to 789 on Tuesday. We could write a check in six figures and have it honored at six — or was it nine? — banks. Starting with the fraction of say $\frac{1}{2}$, we had reached the stupendous entity of $\frac{500,000}{1,000,000}$. Small wonder we too railed at the mid-Victorian (remember?) virtues of the middle class, above whose perspiring ranks we had ascended with such ease.

In 1929 we were economically over-ripe but philosophically illiterate except for the cynic and hedonist pretences — the sophistication — common to all intellectual yokels. We were yet to acquire even a faint professional sincerity in simple matters of philosophical inquiry. I recall I owned a pocket-flask, the lid of which snapped open by an ingenious application of scientific principles. You might expect to find Ultimate Reality in the receptacle of such elaborate research. But all you found was gin.

It was not until the late 1930's that some of us could, without embarrassment, apply to Francis Bacon, father of inductive reasoning, the title of mankind's unwitting enemy Number 1. In 1915 when one of my friends in the Church of Rome said: "I don't believe in science," I sneered at the half-wit who thus impeached truth at its source. Today I know it was the better half of his

thoroughly sound and wholly intact wits that spoke, and that science beyond beauty and good is abhorrent. In the 1930's, when we observed the havoc wrought by selfishness and greed, many of us must have concluded that an economic civilization was movement, not progress.

With our gracious wives, our sturdy sons, and our lovely daughters, we could soon dispute the Scottish economists who formulated a science, and the Hegel-Marxian dialecticians who projected a religion on what appeared to be an unassailable fact in human nature: that all men must perforce, willy-nilly, slug and die for a nickel — a premise that could have been established only in the halls of a university in Scotland.

I know that great material fortunes have rarely been acquired by professors of moderation; nor have nations been conquered by such ethic precept; nor political causes won; nor what is commonly accepted as the work of the world accomplished. But the moment flees with its possessions, riches vanish, power disintegrates, fame is forgotten, the earth is shattered by a wandering comet or the train of meteors in its wake. What then is the indestructible essence in our little lives, if not our kinship to the spirit of infinite time and space? We may be what we will and fly as we will the pennants of our own brief regencies; we may seek and cherish our scientific conquests; we may provide economic goods in increasing measure; we may enthrone the science of making a living or the doctrines of race and politics among all truths — we may fight and die for all of these (and we probably shall), but God rises to a more exalted victory. For the destinies of people are creations not of their mighty arms or devices, but of the ponderous and imponderable machinery of nature. This is the poignant truth and beauty of human brotherhood that shall some day set us free. The rest is the silence of the grave, never its eloquence and impulsions towards the civilized life.

✦ RANDOLPH HOWARD HITCHCOCK

BORN: Nov. 13, 1892, Pukoo, Molokai, Hawaii. PARENTS: Harvey Rexford Hitchcock, Hannah Julia Meyer.

PREPARED AT: Punahou Academy, Honolulu, Hawaii; Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, N. H.

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YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1914, 1915-1917.

HARVARD BROTHERS: Harvey Rexford Hitchcock, '14; William Charles Hitchcock, '18.

DIED: Feb. 5, 1917, Cambridge, Mass.

BROTHER: William Charles Hitchcock, 7 Joy St., Waltham, Mass.

WHILE he was at Exeter Hitchcock was interscholastic pole vault champion and the holder of seven championships. During his undergraduate years at Harvard he was active on the Freshman Football Team, the Freshman Swimming Team, and the University Football Squad in 1916. He died during our Junior year at Stillman Infirmary of cancer.

MARLAND COGSWELL HOBBS

HOME ADDRESS: 67 Pine Rd., Chestnut Hill, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Arlington Mills, 78 Chauncy St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Oct. 29, 1895, Brookline, Mass. PARENTS: Franklin Warren Hobbs, Jane Hallett Whitman.

PREPARED AT: Noble and Greenough School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Edith Newlin, Sept. 25, 1920, Bryn Mawr, Pa. CHILDREN: John Newlin and Genevra (twins), June 21, 1921; Patricia, June 18, 1926; Mary Marland, Aug. 20, 1927.

HARVARD BROTHERS: William Whitman Hobbs, '15; Franklin Warren Hobbs, '19 (deceased).

OCCUPATION: Wool Manufacturing.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Aug. 14; assigned to Company L, 104th Infantry, 26th Division, Aug. 31; sailed for France Sept. 26; wounded April 10, 1918, at Apremont; promoted 1st lieutenant June 8; wounded and taken prisoner July 22 at Epieds; released in December; discharged March 11, 1919. Engagements: Chemin des Dames sector, La Reine sector, Pas Fini sector, Marne-Aisne offensive. Cited by General Pershing. Awarded Croix de Guerre with citation.

OFFICES HELD: Vice-president, Arlington Mills; director, Arlington Mills, Atlantic Rayon Company, Nonquitt Mills.

MEMBER OF: The Country Club, Brookline, Mass.; Harvard Travellers; Longwood Cricket Club.

WE have known Spin Hobbs for years and possibly we know him so well that our threats have been of no avail in procuring a "Life" from him. Therefore, if he doesn't like our story about him he has only himself to blame. His record shows that he was taken prisoner at Epieds on July 22, 1918. However, it does not

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show that when he was being conducted back to the German line a German officer approached him and in excellent English said, "What part of the States do you come from?" "From Boston," replied Hobbs. "Is that so?" said the German. "I come from Lynn myself."

After the war he began work in the Arlington Mills in Lawrence and is now vice-president with his office in Boston. Recently he was named a member of the Woolen and Worsted Manufacturers Industry Advisory Committee. He has a charming family, which, besides his capable wife, consists of three girls and a boy, the oldest girl and boy being twins. His son sailed several months ago with the American Field Service. Hobbs is crazy about fishing — will get up at any hour any morning — likes hunting, and is fond of dogs. He plays tennis and is an ardent skeet shooter. We hope that some day he will learn to write.

ROBERT LEMUEL HOBBS

HOME ADDRESS: 453 Catalina Ave., Webster Groves, Mo.

OFFICE ADDRESS: St. Louis Country Day School, St. Louis, Mo.

BORN: May 26, 1895, South Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Anson Burlingame Hobbs, Adelaide Carruthers.

PREPARED AT: Cambridge Latin School, Cambridge, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Dorothy B. Dunbar, July 11, 1923, Stoughton, Mass.

OCCUPATION: Private School Master; Head of Department of Latin.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled seaman 3d class U. S. Naval Reserve Force July 23, 1918; assigned to Naval Training Camp, Bumkin Island, Mass.; promoted seaman 1st class; transferred to Navy Rifle Range, Wakefield, Mass., Nov. 1; promoted chief boatswain's mate; released from active duty Jan. 3, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: President, St. Louis Bird Club (one term).

MEMBER OF: Classical Club of St. Louis; Webster Groves Nature Study Society; Duxbury Yacht Club, Duxbury, Mass.

BOB HOBBS still has a nostalgia for New England, but he is loyal to St. Louis. He writes:

FOLLOWING graduation I spent one year in private school teaching. Then came a brief period of service with the United States Naval Reserve Force, during which I accomplished nothing more convincing than the delicate knack of escaping K. P. duty by playing piano for the barracks movies, and a life-

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long aversion to every form of sudden gunfire (Bob Hope — my favorite comedian — capitalized this aversion in *Caught in the Draft* much more successfully than poor little me). Having contributed precisely nothing to the safeguarding of our nation for Democracy, I was eased out of the service (official explanation: "Lack of adequate funds") just in time to see *Jack o' Lantern*, I think at the Tremont Theatre in Boston. I resumed teaching and am still at it. With the exception of a few years in a Springfield, Massachusetts, high school, my work has been entirely in boys' private schools. After remaining in the New England area for about seven years, I accepted a position in a California school. Mrs. Hobbs and I made the overland voyage in an automobile actually known as the "Rollin," long since extinct. From the Pacific Coast I wandered inland to St. Louis and have now been in my present position thirteen years.

Brought up in the straight-laced environment of New England — (By the way, just what has happened to that? When we spend our summer vacations along the South Shore of Massachusetts, we find traditional, conservative New England wallowing in such midwestern muck as beano parlors, Narragansett-to-Rockingham special trains, and the dear old slot machines!) — I little dreamed that I would become a permanent resident of the land west of the Mississippi — add \$.25 for postal and freight charges. Greeted on a September afternoon in 1927 by the nauseatingly yellow-brown swirl of the Father of Waters and a furnace-like heat (to which we have since become only partially inured), Mrs. Hobbs and I were treated only a few days later to a terrific twister which demolished a goodly section of this fair city and found my wife picking her way among fallen live wires, the while trying to remember what our new address was, if any such still existed. But that is long past, and we have survived winters of smog (the local term for a hideous compound of smoke and fog which used to enshroud the city), weeks of heat without cessation, and a couple of Cardinal championships, until we may fairly be described as boosters for a city which is doing mighty well for itself as we go to press. Webster Groves is a suburb which we chose for its close resemblance to some of those neat, trim little towns in New England (yes, I do mean Needham, and I don't mean the Cambridge of 1941).

Partly because I spent only one of my four undergraduate years on the campus, and partly because I chose the comparative seclusion of a pedagogue's life (add to that the disastrous choice of Latin as my teaching specialty), I have been discouragingly out of contact with '17 men; in fact, I don't believe I would be recognized by any other '17 man within the corporate limits of these United States. I guess I'll be one of those "strangers within our gates" at the Reunion whom you simply will not know what to do with.

Well, we have done a little travelling, all of it within the United States and Canada. I unhesitatingly rank my favorite spots for retirement in the following order: Nantucket, San Francisco, Cape Cod, New Orleans (fairly impartial, ain't it?). My hobbies and interests have neither shot me into the heights of stardom, nor have they gotten me into any serious trouble (golf excepted!). They are — not necessarily in the order of preference — tennis, golf, fishing, music, bird study, and the enjoyment of really good eating spots. We have had a number of really good tennis men at this Country Day School and I have had the real thrill of watching their successes on varsity college teams — but the hell of it is that several have dominated the courts at Yale and not one at the old Alma Mater!

We shall not speak of my golf, beyond the query. "Why do so many humans play this atrocious thing called golf, the while abandoning that altogether lovely and winsome sport, croquet?" Fishing I find to be an excellent antidote for him who delves into such problems as "Why do we have a subjunctive mood, anyway?" (a very good point, too), and how to extricate a befuddled young man who has become entangled within the mesh of a four-mile-long Ciceronian sentence and gasps pathetically, "Which way now, sir?" I am not one of your 540-lb. tuna fishermen nor yet one of those "took out his limit of brook trout again" guys. No, sir. I merely put-put my noisy, smelly way out to a patch of salt water where it is rumored (what a long trail of rumors I follow) that flounders and cod have been taken, or a giant run of tinker mackerel exists "somewhere off shore."

Ornithology fascinates me, but not in the manner prescribed by the experts. To such it is all-important to study the stomach contents of everything that has wings, and to recognize the

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minutest distinctions in the way of identification markings. My happiest moments are spent watching the movements and habits of the ordinary species and marvelling at their magnificence of song. Music, the field in which I majored at Harvard, has of course been my chief avocational interest. Although I have not engaged in this field professionally, either as teacher or artist, I have been able to contribute something to the advancement of music in the schools where I have been engaged. At present I officiate at the school organ here, and direct our school chorus. I am an ardent collector of phonograph records, a member of the local club which sponsors evenings of record-playing programs, and have started a movement to get record enthusiasts together by correspondence.

Let's see, I did mention a fondness for tracking down good eating spots. Mrs. Hobbs and I early became devotees of the now famous Duncan Hines, publisher of *Adventures in Good Eating*. It is a tiny ambition of mine some day to go him one better in the way of a compendium of really good spots at which to enjoy fine food. I stand at the service of '17 men who come into St. Louis and find themselves in need of such guidance.

And now it appears that I am running short of the space allotted to this Life. Suppose I conclude with a few remarks which I suppose reflect my philosophy, ideas, aversions, or what not. You won't like to hear it, but I have a dislike for the present Harvard campus, what with buildings sprawled all over the place, and nothing seemingly either where or what it used to be. My idea of a darned good book is *H. M. Pulham, Esq.*, and of a lousy one *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. I frequently reflect upon the great superiority of Nature over Man, and might as well confess that I place the lonely magnificence of the Great Beach down on Cape Cod far above the screwy machinations of a bunch of political hoodlums, be they Republicans or Democrats. One hour amid the autumnal foliage down in these Ozarks (pretty close second to the Berkshires) jacks me up, after piddling around with the output of our educational giants — those useless curses that circulate as educational measurement tests, examination papers, and books on "How to Educate for Democracy."

It is truly a pathetic sight to watch a present-day teacher strive to inculcate the value of basic character traits, when the young

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man in front of him has eyes to read and ears to hear about a world in the grip of a few fiendish wolves. And, too, I bemoan the complete extinction of that which once was — a small group of adults sitting about for a bit of quiet, decent, and intelligent conversation.

Say, this is getting terrible! I am not a confirmed pessimist. Ah! It all comes back to me now! I interrupted this "Life" to follow the third game of the 1941 World Series, and I returned to this key-punching business thoroughly sour. But then, you may not be one of those who crow for dem bums to plaster the Yankees.

CHARLES HENRY HODGES, JR.

HOME ADDRESS: 135 Kenwood Rd., Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Detroit Lubricator Co., 5900 Trumbull Ave., Detroit, Mich.

BORN: July 3, 1894, Chicago, Ill. PARENTS: Charles Henry Hodges, Eliza Wetmore.

PREPARED AT: Detroit University School, Detroit, Mich.; W. W. Nolen, Cambridge, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Grace Marion Wilson, June 1, 1920, Detroit, Mich. CHILDREN: Charles Henry, 3d, April 7, 1922; Mary Elizabeth, May 15, 1924; James Wilson, June 30, 1930.

OCCUPATION: President, Detroit Lubricator Company.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Fort Sheridan, Ill., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Aug. 11; assigned to 337th Infantry, 85th Division, Aug. 28; promoted 1st lieutenant Dec. 31; sailed for France July 23, 1918; promoted captain Feb. 15, 1919; appointed aide-de-camp to Major General Chase W. Kennedy Feb. 20; discharged April 17, 1919.

CHARLIE HODGES could not be moved by our impassioned form letters, postals, and personal appeals to send in either a Questionnaire or a "Life." We note in the Vicennial Report that he was a director in the Universal Cooler Corporation. However, we did receive a very nice letter from his secretary, who, probably as one secretary to another, did assure us that he was a very busy man, and she sent along his picture and a few facts.

✠ DAVID HOFFMAN

BORN: Aug. 18, 1896, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Jacob Hoffman, Minnie Aronson.

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PREPARED AT: East Boston High School, East Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Seaman U. S. Naval Reserve Force, stationed at Naval Training Station, Marblehead, Mass., when United States entered the war; appointed ensign Aug., 1917; assigned to U. S. S. *Tampa* on patrol duty overseas; drowned in sinking of U. S. S. *Tampa* Sept. 26, 1918.

HARVARD BROTHER: Robert David Hoffman, '19.

DIED: Sept. 26, 1918, off the coast of Spain.

BROTHER: Robert David Hoffman, 452 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

HOFFMAN entered Harvard from the East Boston High School, where he had enjoyed an enviable reputation as a scholar and athlete. He at once took a great interest in the various activities of the College. He played on the Class football team and also played on the baseball squad. He was also interested in swimming, but his devotion to his studies prevented participation in formal athletics.

In the spring of 1917 Hoffman realized that a declaration of war by the United States would mean participation in the conflict of nearly every able-bodied man in the country. He had selected the Navy and was indefatigable in his efforts to induce his friends to join the Naval Reserve. Twelve Harvard men enlisted with him and were assigned in the Reserve to coast patrol duty. After successfully passing his examinations for the Bachelor's degree, Hoffman went into training at Marblehead, Massachusetts. In August, 1917, he was one of a limited number of candidates from the First Naval District who were commissioned ensigns without further training. After serving on the examining board at the Charlestown Navy Yard he was ordered to the U. S. S. *North Dakota*. He was highly commended by his commanding officer, and in recognition of ability he and nine other ensigns were selected for duty in the war zone and ordered to report to the United States Naval Base in England.

In April, 1918, Hoffman was assigned to the U. S. S. *Tampa*, a boat which had made a remarkable record in escorting convoys from Gibraltar to England, and one which had convoyed 350 vessels with the loss of only two ships through enemy action for the year ending July 31, 1918. The circumstances of the sinking of the *Tampa* are described as follows in the *Memoirs of the Harvard Dead in the War Against Germany*:

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"On the night of September 26, 1918, the *Tampa*, still plying between Gibraltar and the Channel, was proceeding at considerable distance in advance of her convoy. Suddenly there was a flash, followed by a dull explosion. The destroyers hurried up, but all that remained of the *Tampa* were a few bits of wreckage. The supposition was that an enemy torpedo struck the vessel near the hold where the depth bombs were stored, and that the resulting explosion literally blew her to pieces. In writing to Hoffman's brother, Admiral Sims said:

"The disappearance of that vessel will always remain one of the mysteries of the sea, although I believe the truthfulness of the enemy's statement that she was torpedoed. The weather was rough, and undoubtedly all on board were lost. The only indication of her whereabouts that ever came to our attention was some wreckage and life ring with the "U. S. S. *Tampa*" painted on it. Your brother sacrificed his life in the defense of his country, which, in itself, is certainly a great consolation to you.' "

ULMONT WILLIAM HOLLY

HOME ADDRESS: 1229 Christine Ave., Anniston, Ala.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Headquarters BIRTC, Fort McClellan, Ala.

BORN: Jan. 8, 1894, Boston, Mass.

PREPARED AT: English High School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Kathrin M. Joseph, Oct. 13, 1923, Nashville, Tenn.

OCCUPATION: Lieutenant Colonel, Infantry, Regular Army.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., Aug., 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Nov. 27; assigned to 151st Depot Brigade, Camp Devens, Mass., Dec. 15; transferred 42d Infantry Sept. 30, 1918; still in service. Served with 42d Infantry, 18th Infantry, 13th Infantry, 35th Infantry, and 22d Infantry; served in Panama and Hawaii.

BILL HOLLY, writing about his life in 1923, said: "There is nothing striking to say. I entered college in 1913 and took my degree in 1917. During that period my summers, as well as other parts of the year, were spent at work to earn money. My service during the war was all on this side of the Atlantic. I spent this time at Camp Devens, Massachusetts, where my duties were just those of an infantry officer. Our 12th Division was packed and ready to go when the Armistice was signed. . . . In December,

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1918, the 42d Infantry was sent to Camp Upton, New York, where we did guard duty until October, 1920. At that time all enlisted men were sent to the 2d Division in Texas. Those of us officers who were due for foreign service . . . were sent to Porto Rico where the regiment was recruited with Porto Ricans. In December of that year we moved to Panama where we have since been stationed. Except for the fact that I have been permitted to see a small part of the world, my experiences have been those of the routine life of an army officer." He has been in the Regular Army ever since, and writes briefly: "I have no hobbies. I do not indulge in any sports, although I still enjoy watching them."

JAMES LUSK HOLMAN

HOME ADDRESS: 475 Holly Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 400 Minnesota Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

BORN: Nov. 18, 1894, West Newton, Mass. PARENTS: John Charles Holman, Ida Lusk.

PREPARED AT: Central High School, St. Paul, Minn.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1915, 1916-1917, 1918-1919. DEGREES: A.B. † 1917 (19); LL.B. (St. Paul Coll. of Law), 1922.

MARRIED: Martha Clark Putnam, Nov. 22, 1928, St. Paul, Minn. CHILDREN: Martha Clark, July 4, 1930; John Charles, Dec. 4, 1934.

OCCUPATION: Lawyer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Fort Snelling, Minn., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Field Artillery Aug. 15; sailed for France Sept. 7; detailed to Artillery School, Saumur, Oct. 1; honorably discharged Feb. 14, 1918, in France. Enlisted private Ordnance Dept. March 14, 1918; stationed at Washington, D. C.; promoted corporal Aug. 10; detailed to Field Artillery Central Officers' Training School, Camp Zachary Taylor, Ky., Sept. 10; discharged Dec. 21, 1918, and commissioned 2d lieutenant Field Artillery Officers' Reserve Corps.

JIM HOLMAN'S hobby, though small, takes a large part of his time. The remainder he likes to spend in political campaigns, "not as a candidate but as a campaigner." He writes:

SINCE graduating from College as of the Class of 1917, thanks to the nefarious activities of Hitler's predecessors in insane ideology, I devoted myself to combatting the unsettling effects of a year and one-half of war and had almost gotten my feet on the ground when the present war started. During that period I went through the usual routine of a man trying to find his place

in the scheme of things after college without any sensational failures or successes. I have managed up to now to keep the glass ball in the air and find that the legal profession offers a way of life permitting a person to be independent if not wealthy and, in his own opinion at least, of use to society.

My family life is eminently satisfactory, and the tie that binds does not gall in my case, although perhaps it would if I were a perfect husband and father. I console myself with the thought that my children should become used to mild adversity in order to be prepared for what the world holds in store for them, especially the only one we can look forward to now. They are happy, healthy, and active with sufficient I.Q. to get them by. That reminds me, I have to get busy on a kite for my small son and fix my daughter's bike or stretch it to the next larger size.

The question of hobbies is mentioned in the suggested topics for the Class Life. I have one and do not know whether to be pleased about it or not because it is responsible for a large part of the grayness and baldness evidenced by my Class picture. I have always liked to take pictures and it occurred to me to photograph some legal papers on microfilm about six years ago. I did so, and one thing has led to another so that now I own a very active microfilm business which takes up most of my spare time. Having always been a Democrat I have been sympathetic with the aims of the New Deal, and due to my activity as an entrepreneur have some sympathy left over for the people who are trying to get supplies, make money, and meet a payroll.

Referring again to the suggestions, I have not been inclined formally to develop social, political, or religious convictions. Those I have probably just grew and they are not especially unique or interesting. In the order mentioned, I like to be with the people with whom I have a good time without particular regard to their Dun and Bradstreet or social register rating. I enjoy political activity. I have taken part in several campaigns, not as a candidate but as a campaigner, for the fun of it and because I believed in my candidate or program. I am not a New Dealer in the starry-eyed sense, but regard and favor a New Deal as a logical development of conditions too long tolerated by people too busy cutting trees to think of the woods. It should not be allowed to run amok, and I am perfectly willing to forget

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it for the duration. I started out a Presbyterian and because my wife was a Unitarian, joined the Unitarian church, and it seemed to suit my beliefs, which was a fair exchange because she, formerly a Republican, became a Democrat.

My aversions are few and violent as follows: Isolationists, Nazis, Fascists, and Hirohito's brood. Also I have an aversion approaching a tendency to mayhem to people who sit at my desk and chat when I am in the mood to sue somebody and people who, when they are given something to do, think of reasons why they cannot instead of reasons why they can. I have still another aversion. It is the word "defense." I realize that before Pearl Harbor it was next to impossible to do anything in any way that hinted of the military except for defense. Influenced by Isolationists, their followers, ostriches and people who just did not know any better, we all were defense-minded. But now we should say, think, and feel war, attack, and offense. The attitude of Senator Glass when he remarked, at the time that a Senate Committee was considering wording of the resolution for war against Japan, and some sensitive member hoped that it could be couched in terms that would not be too offensive to the Japanese people, "Hurt their feelings! Hell, we want to kill them," is timely and, for the purpose of preserving our country and our democracy, constructive.

WALTER MARSHALL HORTON

HOME ADDRESS: 248 Oak St., Oberlin, Ohio.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Graduate School of Theology, Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio.

BORN: April 7, 1895, Somerville, Mass. PARENTS: Walter Emery Horton, Clara Powers Marshall.

PREPARED AT: Arlington High School, Arlington, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B. *summa cum laude*, 1917; A.M. (Columbia Univ.), 1920; S.T.B. (Union Theol. Sem.), 1920; S.T.M. (ibid.), 1923; PH.D. (Columbia Univ.), 1926.

MARRIED: Lidie Loring Chick, May 20, 1919, Arlington, Mass.

OCCUPATION: Fairchild Professor of Theology, Oberlin Graduate School of Theology.

OFFICES HELD: Instructor in systematic theology and the philosophy of religion, Union Theological Seminary, 1923-1926.

MEMBER OF: American Theological Society; Cosmos Club (Oberlin); Friars Club (Cleveland); Andiron Club (New York City).

PUBLICATIONS: *The Philosophy of the Abbé Bautain*, New York University Press, 1926; *Theism and the Modern Mood*; *A Psychological Approach to Theology*; *Theism and the Scientific Spirit*; *Realistic Theology*; *Contemporary English Theology*; *Contemporary Continental Theology*; *Can Christianity Save Civilization?* (all but the first published by Harper and Brothers between 1930 and 1940).

FOR our Sexennial Report Horton wrote, "The six years have been externally rather uneventful." Since then it would seem that there have been plenty of eventful years. His "Life":

THE life of a professional student, teacher, and writer is necessarily somewhat sedentary, and deficient in dramatizable episodes. My life contains no cavalry charges, no big game hunts, and no hair's-breadth escapes — except for the constant hazards involved whenever an absent-minded man tries to cross streets in a motorized world. (I do not mention driving hazards because I do not drive a car, and in the interest of public safety, it is to be hoped I never shall.)

In search of dramatic heightening for my narrative, my mind lights upon only two promising episodes. In 1918, when many of my classmates were in the trenches, I pursued William James's "moral equivalent of war" in western Canada, where I circuit-rode in a large pioneer parish, and lived in a gopher-infested shack when not covering the prairie on horseback. The most dramatic occurrences I have to report go no higher in suspense than that which always agitates the mind of a tenderfoot when he has been thrown in the air by his horse, and wonders whether he will alight intact. I always did. I encountered some personal peril in inducing a group of Austrians and a group of Scotch-Irish to collaborate (in wartime) in a Red Cross concert, and again in trying to mediate a dispute between two local merchants over the price of eggs — but somehow those themes do not inspire the dramatic muse. I *did* suffer shipwreck last June, when the Chilean liner, *Copiapó*, scraped over some rocks near the entrance to the Panama Canal; but when she had gone down by the head to a rakish angle, and we had been taken off in life-boats, she obstinately refused to sink. We were most comfortably put up at the George Washington Hotel in Cristobal. What sort of adventure is that? Shipwrecked *de luxe*!

My quest for drama thus proving fruitless, I must fall back on

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the bare facts. They are as follows: two years after graduation from Harvard, while still pursuing theological and philosophical studies, I was ordained to the ministry (May 13) and married (May 20). I have never held any permanent pastorates, but have done a good deal of occasional preaching and gone on a number of speaking tours — one of special interest being a ten weeks' speaking tour of New Zealand and Australia, on behalf of the World's Student Christian Federation. My wife and I have had no children, but have been companions in study, travel, and desk work. After two years of study together in New York, we went to France and Germany on a fifteen months' study trip, centering at the Universities of Strasbourg, Paris, and Marburg. Almost immediately upon my return to take an instructorship at Union Seminary, I began to write, and my wife began to type. I always write in longhand, for I hate typewriters as I hate telephones, motor cars, and everything mechanical except musical instruments. My wife has learned to decipher and type what I write, even when elaborately interlined and corrected, so she has become my unique and practically irreplaceable private secretary. My mail would probably drive me insane without her assistance. This is a great deterrent to divorce. Moreover, she knows how to pack what is going to be needed *en voyage*, and so is a practically indispensable travelling companion. Between 1932 and 1940 we have been eastward around the world, westward around the world, around South America (mostly by air), and four times to Europe. Our motive for travel is to study the state of religious thought and life and the general state of civilization in various parts of the world. In preparing my two books on contemporary European theology, and my survey of "The Growth of Religion" (written in collaboration with Professor H. N. Wieman of the University of Chicago Divinity School) I interviewed scores of religious teachers and thinkers, of many denominations and faiths, in the Orient and the Occident. This has led me to the conviction that our planet is now in a state of mental conflict and cultural disequilibrium strangely analogous to that of the Mediterranean basin in the first few centuries of our era. Since from that ancient disequilibrium emerged the religious movement that has shaped western civilization ever since — until its recent trend to disintegration began — I have great hope that

our planet will in the next few centuries find a common religious inspiration commensurate with the depth of its present agony.

Since the autumn of 1925 I have been professor of theology at Oberlin, where I give some courses for college undergraduates as well as some for graduate theological students and ministers. My teaching work has been greatly influenced by a remark of Josiah Royce, dropped casually in his metaphysics class (Phil. 9) many years ago, to the effect that what the world most needed was *interpreters*. I try to interpret the meaning of the Hebrew-Christian traditions to undergraduates, and the meaning of modern life and thought to theologues and ministers. I try to interpret the eternal meaning of the Will of God to our contemporaries, and men of different faith to one another. Both in my teaching and in my writing I have kept harping on three chords: faith in God, hope for the Church, and hatred of war. I believe with many critics of modern civilization, such as Albert Schweitzer, Nicholas Berdyaev, and Jacques Maritain, that the deepest cause of our present disasters is to be found in a moral and religious collapse that has robbed our civilization of all central meaning and purpose. Naturalism and humanism can never save us now. Only a restoration of faith in God and a consequent rejuvenation of the institutions of religion can put new life in our dry bones. Thus, while I am interested in all attempts to give democracy a fair chance to renew its life by military preparation against external dangers, I have small hope of saving it by military means alone; and I hope for the day when a reunited humanity can dispense with all forms of military protection save a small police force. My main reason for hoping, even now, for the eventual abolition of war is that modern warfare has got so impossibly bad that an alternative has to be found. When slavery outlived its social usefulness and became subject to cruel abuses, it was abolished, though the Negro problem remains. Social conflict will endure as long as history lasts, but that grotesque fungoid growth known as modern warfare is too colossally bad to last. It is *the Enemy*, and human pugnacity is turning against it to destroy it. Its supporters must be opposed until they collaborate in its destruction.

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PERCIVAL SPURR HOWE, JR.

HOME ADDRESS: Marlboro, N. H.; Short Hills, N. J.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 260 W. Broadway, New York, N. Y.

BORN: April 12, 1895, West Newton, Mass. PARENTS: Percival Spurr Howe, Blanche Thorne Perry.

PREPARED AT: Groton School, Groton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B. *magna cum laude*, 1917.

MARRIED: Mildred L. Hunting, June 24, 1922, Central Valley, N. Y. CHILDREN: Walter Channing, Sept. 13, 1923; David Endicott, July 6, 1925.

HARVARD SON: Walter Channing Howe, '45.

OCCUPATION: President, American Thread Company.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Coast Artillery Aug. 15; sailed for France Sept. 12; detailed to Heavy Artillery School, Mailly, Oct. 1; commissioned provisional 1st lieutenant, Coast Artillery Corps, Regular Army; assigned to Battery I, 7th Coast Artillery (later 52d Coast Artillery); detailed to Heavy Artillery School, Mailly, Feb. 1 to 12, 1918, as instructor; to French Grand Quartier Général, Compiègne as liaison officer; transferred to Headquarters 57th Field Artillery Brigade; to Headquarters 2d Field Artillery Brigade; promoted temporary captain June 14; transferred to Headquarters 30th Coast Artillery Brigade; to Railway Artillery, A. E. F.; returned to United States Jan. 22, 1919; stationed at Headquarters Coast Artillery Training Center, Fort Monroe, Va.; resignation accepted March 28, 1919. Engagements: Château-Thierry, Saint-Mihiel offensive, Meuse-Argonne offensive. Cited in general orders Headquarters Railway Artillery Reserve.

OFFICES HELD: President and director, American Thread Company; director, Suncook Mills, General Cotton Corporation, National Association of Cotton Manufacturers, Cotton Thread Institute; director and member Executive Committee, Cotton Textile Institute; vestryman, Christ Church, Short Hills, New Jersey.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of New York; Union League Club, New York; Merchants Club, New York; Wool Club, New York; Baltusrol Golf Club, Springfield, New Jersey; Short Hills Club; Dublin Lake Club, Dublin, New Hampshire.

MOST of us remember Percy Howe in College as the hard-working and efficient manager of our Freshman crew and later as manager of the Varsity crew. The reader can see by the following biography that Percy has lost none of his drive and push:

IN common with most of the Class, the two years following April, 1917, were passed in military service. Eighteen months of this period I spent in France as a lieutenant, and subsequently as a captain of Artillery.

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A preference for New England and for engagement in some productive enterprise led me to enter the cotton textile industry as an apprentice. Following a year as superintendent of the Great Falls Manufacturing Company and three years as general superintendent of the Woonsocket, Rhode Island, Mills of the Manville-Jenckes Corporation, opportunity brought me to New York in 1925 as a department head and later a director of Wellington, Sears Company. I left there in 1932 to become vice-president and sales manager of the Suncook Mills and a partner in the New York sales office of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company. Following the liquidation of Amoskeag, I became associated with the American Thread Company as vice-president in 1937, succeeding four years later to the presidency. At the present time I am a director of the American Thread Company, the Suncook Mills, and the General Cotton Corporation.

Trade association activities have been of interest to me throughout these years, and I am now a director and member of the executive committee of the Cotton Textile Institute, a director of the Cotton Thread Institute, and a director of the National Association of Cotton Manufacturers. The most active years were the first of the New Deal, when I served on the Cotton Textile Code Authority and as president of the National Rayon Weavers Association.

While in Woonsocket, Rhode Island, in 1922 I embarked upon my one completely happy and successful enterprise, my marriage to Mildred Hunting of New York. One of our two sons is a Freshman at Harvard and the other at Groton.

My hobbies, which have yielded me great pleasure, include wood working, photography, shooting, and farming. My interest in farming led to the acquisition of a delightful old farm in Marlboro, New Hampshire, the house overlooking Mount Monadnock and dating back to the Revolution. For the past twelve years this place with all it represents in health, relaxation, and tranquility, has been a source of constant happiness to the entire family and to many of our friends.

Though dividing my residence between Marlboro and Short Hills, New Jersey, I have participated in community activities in Short Hills by serving as president of the board of trustees

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of the Short Hills School, as Sunday school superintendent, and as vestryman of Christ Church.

The recent entrance of my son into Harvard again raised the question of why he, or I, went to college. My answer comes from my realization of the extent to which Harvard men have helped me in so many ways this last quarter-century.

JAMES KING HOYT, JR.

HOME ADDRESS: R. F. D. 1, Mill Rd., Long Ridge, Stamford, Conn.

OFFICE ADDRESS: A. Milne & Co., 745 Washington St., New York, N. Y.

BORN: NOV. 22, 1895, New York, N. Y. PARENTS: James King Hoyt, Emily Nickerson Sears.

PREPARED AT: Cutler School, New York, N. Y.; Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, N. H.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Jean Ware, June 26, 1926, Long Ridge, Stamford, Conn. CHILDREN: James King, 3d, March 25, 1927; Margaret, June 25, 1931.

HARVARD BROTHER: Henry Sears Hoyt, '11.

OCCUPATION: Partner, A. Milne & Company, Iron and Steel Merchants.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry, Aug. 15; commissioned provisional 2d lieutenant Infantry, Regular Army, Oct. 26; promoted temporary 1st lieutenant Oct. 26; assigned to 30th Infantry, 3d Division; transferred to Headquarters 3d Division; sailed for France March 2, 1918; detailed to Army School of the Line, Langres, Aug. 4; to Army General Staff College, Langres, Oct. 7; transferred to Headquarters 1st Division, Operations Section, Feb. 17, 1919; 1st lieutenant March 19; resignation accepted Sept. 30, 1919. Engagements: Aisne defensive, Champagne-Marne defensive, Marne-Aisne offensive. Appointed aide-de-camp to Major George Summerall, Commander 1st Division at Fort Knox; resigned from Regular Army Nov., 1919; served one enlistment Squadron A New York; now (Dec., 1941) member, Stamford Harbor Patrol.

OFFICES HELD: Trustee, Stamford Community Chest, Long Ridge Fire Company; special deputy, Town of Stamford.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Clubs of New York and Boston; The Rookery, New York, N. Y.; Duquesne Club, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Harvard-Yale-Princeton Club, Pittsburgh; University Club, Washington, D. C.; Engineers Club, Montreal, P. Q., Can.

PUBLICATIONS: Several technical articles, appearing in steel journals. Collaborated with brother on editing a diary of a great-uncle who was shipwrecked on Pitcairn Island, under the title *Crusoes of Pitcairn Island*.

WE thought that being Number 1 nozzle man of the Long Ridge

Fire Company and Special Constable of the Town of Stamford would be enough to keep King Hoyt busy in his extracurricular hours, but now we discover that he has joined the Stamford Harbor Patrol. Possibly by this time he is also Chief Air Raid Warden of Stamford. He writes:

AFTER resigning from the Regular Army, I joined the firm of A. Milne & Company as shipping and stock clerk. I later became salesman, sales manager, and a partner, the last-named on January 1, 1926. With my brother I bought the firm on January 1, 1927. During this period I spent most of my time in New York with summers at Sound Beach, Connecticut. I was a member of Squadron A in New York for one enlistment, 1920-1921, and during this time had a very interesting trip abroad visiting steel mills in Sweden and England. I also took a rather extended trip through the mining camps in Mexico during the fall of 1924.

After my marriage in 1926 I went to live on Mill Road, Long Ridge, Stamford, Connecticut, having bought an old farmhouse which we remodeled and to which we have made several additions since. Our son, James King, 3d, attended the Bedford-Rippowam School in Bedford, New York, until last fall, when he entered Millbrook School in Millbrook, New York. Our only daughter, Margaret, attended Bedford-Rippowam School for a number of years and is now at the Low Heywood School at Shippan Point, Stamford.

In 1927 my wife and I took a trip abroad visiting Sweden, England, and France. Most of my travels since that time have been on business, and pretty constant.

In 1935 I purchased a one-third interest in the Stage Harbor Light House in West Chatham, Massachusetts, which had been abandoned in 1933. Since that time I have spent a month each summer down there with my family. This could, therefore, be certainly classed as my hobby, i.e., sailing and swimming. I have recently become a great addict of paddle tennis, and the entire family enjoys this game very much, playing it all year 'round.

My activities in the community have been rather limited, because of my intensive travelling, the principal one being a charter membership in the Long Ridge Fire Company. Just recently I

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have joined the Stamford Harbor Patrol. I have also been moderately active in the Stamford Community Chest and have been a director for the past three years. However, I am very glad to say that my wife has been a most active worker in her community in both charitable and social organizations and I feel that she has more than made up for my deficiencies.

My pet aversions, if any, are certain members of the New Deal who seem to hold rather important positions in Washington today.

JAMES WINDSOR HUBBELL

HOME ADDRESS: 1407 Casady Rd., Des Moines, Iowa.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 205 Hubbell Bldg., Des Moines, Iowa.

BORN: June 5, 1895, Des Moines, Iowa. PARENTS: Frederick Cooper Hubbell, Mary Belle Windsor.

PREPARED AT: West Des Moines High School, Des Moines, Iowa.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Harriet Cox, Jan. 24, 1921, Sacramento, Calif. CHILDREN: James Windsor, Jr., May 17, 1922; Mary Windsor, Dec. 25, 1923; Crawford Cox, Sept. 4, 1925.

HARVARD SON: James Windsor Hubbell, Jr., '45.

HARVARD BROTHER: Frederick Windsor Hubbell, '13.

OCCUPATION: Life Insurance and Real Estate.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Fort Snelling, Minn., Aug., 1917; commissioned 1st lieutenant Infantry Nov. 27; assigned to Headquarters 176th Infantry Brigade, 88th Division, and appointed aide-de-camp to Brigadier General W. D. Beach commanding 176th Infantry Brigade; sailed for France Aug. 15, 1918; discharged June 7, 1919. Engagement: Meuse-Argonne offensive.

OFFICES HELD: Secretary and treasurer, Equitable Life Insurance Company of Iowa.

MEMBER OF: Des Moines Club; Wakonda Club.

JIMMIE HUBBELL writes a letter saying, "I am at a loss to describe my life since College." However, the following two paragraphical excerpts from his letter do give us a brief picture. While he does not mention it, we feel sure that as a former intercollegiate golf champion he still pursues this sport and is good at it. He writes:

I AM glad to say that I belong to the Republican party, and shall until it becomes extinct. One of my pet aversions I cannot discuss very well, because it would be called unpatriotic — if not today, certainly in the very near future.

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I have had a very happy family life since I married, and have lived in Des Moines the entire time. We have done some traveling, but it is not one of our main hobbies. We have just lived a quiet life in a little country village, tried to take things as they come, and to enjoy life to its fullest extent.

CHARLES EDWARD HUMPHREY

HOME ADDRESS: 62 Kenwood St., Dorchester, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 479 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Sept. 2, 1893, Somerville, Mass. PARENTS: Charles Sprague Humphrey, Annie Laurie Cline.

PREPARED AT: Rindge Technical School, Cambridge, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: S.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Mrs. Violet Frances (Creber) Cutter, March 26, 1921, Providence, R. I. CHILDREN: W. Bowman Cutter; George Olin Cutter (stepchildren).

OCCUPATION: Assistant Treasurer and Comptroller, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Mass.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled chief yeoman U. S. Naval Reserve Force Oct. 25, 1917; appointed ensign Pay Corps June 21, 1918; assigned to Office of Supervising Cost Inspector, Quincy, Mass.; released from active duty June 17, 1919.

MEMBER OF: University Club of Boston; Boston Rotary Club.

IN a letter to Seventeen Men Bob Baldwin referred to Humphrey as "the Museum's great Indispensable — a master of the Budget." Humphrey's story:

AFTER graduation I enlisted in the United States Naval Reserve as a Chief Petty Officer, took the examinations for ensign, and received a commission in August, 1917. I left the service (active duty) in the summer of 1919, and went into the office of Boyden & Steacie, accountants and auditors, where I remained until I came to the Museum of Fine Arts.

I was first engaged by William C. Endicott, treasurer of the Museum, to set up a new set of accounts. After this was completed, he asked me to stay on as assistant treasurer and I have been in this one position ever since. I worked under William Claflin, Jr., who became treasurer on Mr. Endicott's death, and finally under my classmate, Bob Baldwin, who succeeded Mr. Claflin when the latter resigned to become treasurer of Harvard College. I have enjoyed the last twenty years at the Museum.

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Practically every record connected with the business organization of the Museum has been revamped or set up by the writer, including the cost system, operating ledger, order system, and running inventory records. So much for business.

On March 26, 1921, I married Violet Frances (Creber) Cutter, a girl whom I had known for a great many years. Her husband had died during the first World War, and she was left with two small boys. These boys became my problem on March 26, and I really started to enjoy life on that date. W. Bowman Cutter, the older boy, went to Roxbury Latin School and then to Massachusetts Tech., where he was graduated in 1931. He married Helen Smiley at Rafine, Virginia, on June 14, 1938. George Olin Cutter attended Boston Latin School and Brighton Academy and is a member of the Dartmouth Class of 1940. He married Anita Ingham of Plymouth, New Hampshire, on June 9, 1939. Both boys are in their father's business in Roxbury, Massachusetts, known as W. Bowman Cutter, Inc. W. B. C., the store with the sign upside down.

As for travelling, I have done very little as my work has kept me close to the office six days a week, and my home life has been quiet and uneventful. My hobbies have been stamps in the winter and my flower garden in the spring and summer.

My summer vacations have been spent in Jackson, New Hampshire. I hold a record of having climbed Mt. Washington thirty-three times (in spring, summer, and fall) in my life to date. I enjoy tramping in the mountains in the fall.

I spend each Wednesday noon at the Hotel Statler with the Boston Rotary Club crowd, and during the fall and winter seasons I bowl in the House League at the University Club, where the members of our team have been champions for two years.

✦ ROGER DEFRIEZ HUNNEMAN

BORN: Nov. 25, 1896, Brookline, Mass. PARENTS: William Cooper Hunneman, Helen Louise Richards.

PREPARED AT: Volkmann School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; S.M. (Mass. Inst. Tech.), 1923.

MARRIED: Dorothy Kimberly Burrage, April 6, 1918, Brookline, Mass. CHILD: Ann K., Sept. 24, 1925.

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MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., Aug., 1917; transferred to Coast Artillery Officers' Training Camp, Fort Monroe, Va., Sept. 20; commissioned 2d lieutenant Coast Artillery Nov. 27; stationed at Fort Warren, Mass.; promoted 1st lieutenant Sept. 1, 1918; promoted captain Oct. 15 and assigned to 33d Coast Artillery; appointed personnel adjutant; transferred to Battery D, 27th Coast Artillery, Camp Abraham, Eustis, Va., Nov. 2; discharged Dec. 21, 1918.

HARVARD BROTHER: Benjamin Appleton Hunneman, '22.

DIED: Sept. 22, 1925, Chicago, Ill.

WIDOW: Mrs. Roger Defriez Hunneman, 15 Clifford St., Portland, Maine.

AFTER his discharge from the Army Hunneman spent two years in the employ of the Hood Rubber Company in Watertown, Massachusetts, and also in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. He then entered Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where he received the degree of Master of Science in chemical engineering in 1923. At the time of his death, which resulted from an automobile accident, he was a chemist for the Standard Oil Company in Whiting, Indiana. He was a member of the American Chemical Society.

While he was in College Hunneman was manager of the University Hockey Team, and held membership in the Boylston Chemical Club, the Institute of 1770, the D. K. E., the Hasty Pudding Club, the Phoenix Club, the Owl Club, the Student Council, and the Harvard Regiment.

"The observation that a life is correctly appraised not by its quantity, but by its quality, applies in special degree to Roger Hunneman's," writes our classmate, Robert Baldwin. "Barely twenty-nine at the time of his death, he was recognized as a coming young chemical engineer, through his work for the Standard Oil Company of Indiana. That company, when asked by Massachusetts Institute of Technology for a description of the desired qualifications for another chemical engineer for its Research Department, wired back: 'Send us another Hunneman.'

"But Roger will always be best remembered by his friends for those intangible qualities with which he was so amply endowed — modesty, loyalty, intelligence, generosity, cheerfulness, plus an unusual zest for work and above all, for the truth. His all too short life was studded with thoughtfulness and a buoyancy com-

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pletely devoid of all sham. A sick world needs the kind of spirit and integrity that were Hunneman's."

HURD HUTCHINS

HOME ADDRESS: P. O. Box 1, Washington, Conn.

PRESENT ADDRESS: Ground School, Naval Air Station, Corpus Christi, Texas.

BORN: Feb. 25, 1894, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: John Hurd Hutchins, Olivia Lee Endicott.

PREPARED AT: Noble and Greenough School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Helen Louise Warren, July 21, 1934, Paris, France. CHILDREN: Olivia Endicott, March 11, 1935; Hurd, Jr., July 12, 1936.

HARVARD BROTHER: John Hutchins, '15.

OCCUPATION: Lieutenant Commander, United States Naval Aviation Reserve.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled seaman 2d class U. S. Naval Reserve Force April 30, 1917; assigned to Curtiss Flying School, Newport News, Va.; transferred to Naval Air Station, Hampton Roads, Va., May 19 as instructor and flight commander; qualified as Naval Aviator; appointed ensign Nov. 11; assigned to Quartermaster School, Hampton Roads, Va., Dec. 1 as officer in charge; promoted lieutenant (junior grade) March 30, 1918; transferred to Naval Air Station, Hampton Roads, May 15 as patrol pilot; promoted lieutenant Oct. 1; served as division commander; transferred to Gunnery and Bombing Schools, Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Fla., Nov. 1; released from active duty Jan. 15, 1919. Rejoined the U. S. Naval Reserve (Aviation) Jan. 8, 1940, as lieutenant commander.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of New York.

JIMMY HUTCHINS is again in Naval Aviation, but this time he is grounded. However, he is enjoying his job and is proud of the work of his station. He writes:

I HAVE been down here in Pensacola and Corpus Christi for well over a year, doing what little I can to turn out naval pilots. I am thoroughly enjoying it, although I should much prefer to fly in place of being executive officer of Ground School.

This station started from scratch in July, 1940, and to date has progressed to that point where it is far and away the largest thing of its kind. Pretty soon we expect to be turning out pilots by the hundreds every month and I might add that this is not a fairy tale. It is my understanding as I write that we are turning them out faster than there are planes to fly. This situation, however, will be rectified in the not far distant future. I firmly be-

lieve that if we are given a number of months' respite from attack there will be no doubt whatsoever as to our ultimate and speedy victory.

In the last war I had my inning flying but the twenty-five intervening years, I am sorry to say, have grounded me so that the youngsters must come along now and do the hard work. There are quite a number of old-timers here which makes life very pleasant and interesting. We play golf occasionally and during the hunting season almost everyone bagged his daily limit. I have never seen so much game of all kinds in my life. And as for the fishing, it is just the last word in perfection.

I presume that you all feel as I do that the twenty-five years since graduation have gone by with great speed. It seems that I have little to report in respect to unusual happenings during this period. I have led as normal a life as most others with little sadness or trouble to punctuate it.

For eighteen months during 1933 and 1934 I had a most unusually interesting trip travelling to the far corners of the world. I believe that I enjoyed this trip more than anything else I have ever done. It was stimulating and educational. Travelling is my number one hobby, particularly through the Orient. Peking and the magnificent Island of Bali were the two outstanding spots of interest. Although they will undoubtedly experience invasion, I do not believe that it will change the color and character of the inhabitants. It would take more than the Japs and the Germans to change a race, no matter what the circumstances.

My family is anticipating that this present conflict is going to be long and difficult. Therefore, we expect to be in Corpus Christi for several years to come. I hope that this prognostication is incorrect because the longer the conflict, the more difficult the recovery. The faster the Japs conquer the Pacific, the more difficult will be the task and the longer it will take to dislodge them. This subject is a naval problem; consequently, we discuss it constantly. Maps of the Pacific Ocean are hung on all walls and we follow the ups and downs of the conflict daily and with great interest.

Since the war started on December 7, all leaves, except for emergencies, have been cancelled for the duration. This, therefore, will not allow my presence at our reunion. This is very

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much regretted, but I feel that in the interest of victory all classmates in the armed services must forego this meeting. I know that those present at this Twenty-fifth Anniversary will have a splendid time, yet I hope that our thirtieth anniversary will be such as to compensate those of us who will be absent this June.

DONALD JOHN HUTCHINSON

HOME ADDRESS: 242 Merriweather Rd., Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Chrysler Corp., 341 Massachusetts Ave., Detroit, Mich.

BORN: Nov. 23, 1895, Chicago, Ill. PARENTS: Octavus Nelson Hutchinson, Sarah Adeline Johnson.

PREPARED AT: University High School, Chicago, Ill.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Margaret Ames, Sept. 20, 1919, Chicago, Ill. CHILD: Donald John, Jr., April 20, 1922.

HARVARD BROTHER: Robert Nelson Hutchinson, '26, M.B.A., '28.

OCCUPATION: Assistant Treasurer of Chrysler Corporation.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private U. S. Army Ambulance Service June 4, 1917; assigned to Section 11, Allentown, Pa.; discharged Aug. 21, 1917.

MEMBER OF: Grosse Pointe Yacht Club, Grosse Pointe Shore, Mich.; Union League Club, Chicago, Ill.; Compass Lodge No. 922, A. F. & A. M., Chicago; Normal Park Chapter 210 R. A. M., Chicago.

BEFORE he joined the Chrysler Corporation, Donald Hutchinson had worked as an accountant in Chicago.

WALTER KITTREDGE HUTCHINSON

ADDRESS: 488 Appleton St., Arlington, Mass.

BORN: Jan. 8, 1895, Arlington, Mass. PARENTS: Walter Kittredge Hutchinson, Fannie Wyand Desmond.

PREPARED AT: Arlington High School, Arlington, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: S.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Margaret Lillian Safford, Nov. 29, 1924, Leominster, Mass. (divorced 1934).

OCCUPATION: Industrial Engineer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled seaman 2d class, U. S. Naval Reserve Force Sept. 6, 1917; assigned to Navy Yard, Boston, Mass.; transferred to Naval Radio School, Cambridge, Mass.; to Patrol Boat Base, East Boston, Mass.; promoted quartermaster 3d class; transferred to Tanker *F. W. Weller*, New York, N. Y.; to Pelham Bay, N. Y.; appointed ensign Dec. 2, 1918; released from active duty Dec. 19, 1918.

OFFICES HELD: Past president, Rotary Club of Arlington, Mass.

WALTER HUTCHINSON is an industrial engineer although he had planned to be an internal engineer. His story:

WHILE in College I studied with every intention of going to medical school, but the fates took a hand and I spent twenty months in the Navy. Upon my release I seemed to lack the necessary umph to return to poring over books and what-nots, and as there was an opportunity available in a business career, I plunged in. My years of zoölogical study in anatomy and the dissection of fishes, cats, and other odoriferous mammals stood me in good stead, as I entered the food business.

In 1924 I became treasurer and general manager of the W. K. Hutchinson Company of Arlington, Massachusetts, a chain store corporation of fifteen units. Everything was rosy until the black thirties. In 1936 it became so increasingly difficult to operate that the corporation was finally dissolved by the closing of some units and the sale of others. In this span of years I lived the average life of many in the suburban communities, active in dramatics, music, clubs, golf, athletics, trying to get good seats at the football games, and hoping for the occasional win over Yale. I was one of the first in the Harvard band and was assistant director for two years — until they excluded graduates — and for several years I played in the Harvard Alumni Orchestra, until that waned because of lack of interest. I was a member of the University Club, the Winchester Country Club, the American Legion, a president of Rotary International in Arlington, and many business and other organizations. I was married in 1924 and divorced in 1934.

Since 1936 my life has been far from stationary, for the greater part jumping from spot to spot, from Paris to Chicago with intermediate stops. On Cape Cod for three summers my brother and I operated the Barclay at Falmouth, Incorporated, at West Falmouth, at that time an ultra-ultra restaurant and night club — so 'elp me. As that was a summer proposition, I turned to industrial engineering to fill in the winter months, and have been so performing intermittently since, with occasional business ventures thrown in. As an industrial engineer I have been a merchandising and business operation man both as a free-lance and for engineering firms.

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WILLIAM THOMAS HUTCHINSON

OFFICE ADDRESS: 83 Halsey St., Newark, N. J.

BORN: May 20, 1894, Waterbury, Conn. PARENTS: James Michael Hutchinson, Elizabeth Fitzgerald.

PREPARED AT: Waterbury High School, Waterbury, Conn.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914-1917. DEGREE: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917.

MARRIED: Ethel Rose, Nov. 17, 1925, New York, N. Y. CHILDREN: Mary Elizabeth, Oct. 4, 1926; William Thomas, Jr., June 13, 1928.

OCCUPATION: Manufacturer's Agent.

IN the last fifteen years William Hutchinson has had a new child and a new job; anything else he believes superfluous. He writes:

THE outline of my life history is contained in the Decennial Report. A short time after that Report, or some time in 1927, I left the Bakelite Company and set myself up as a manufacturer's agent in the machine-tool line. I am still carrying on in that capacity.

FRANCIS ABBOTT INGALLS, JR.

HOME ADDRESS: Cornwall, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: State Dept. of Social Welfare, 112 State St., Albany, N. Y.

BORN: Feb. 19, 1895, Brooklyn, N. Y. PARENTS: Francis Abbott Ingalls, Martha Houghtaling.

PREPARED AT: St. Mark's School, Southboro, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Mabel Satterlee, Sept. 19, 1926, Bar Harbor, Maine. CHILD: Sandra S., Oct. 12, 1932.

OCCUPATION: Public Welfare; Assistant to the Commissioner.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Aug. 15; assigned to Company E, 302d Infantry, 76th Division, Sept. 1; detailed to School of Fire, Fort Sill, Okla.; to Division Schools, Camp Devens, Mass., as instructor; promoted 1st lieutenant Jan. 15; sailed for France July 5; transferred to Company B, 163d Infantry, 41st Division; to Company L, 309th Infantry, 78th Division; appointed battalion adjutant 3d Battalion, 309th Infantry, April, 1919; discharged June 5, 1919.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of New York; Anglers Club of New York; Schuyler Meadows Club; Verbank Hunting and Fishing Club; Bowman Beach Club.

AB INGALLS is interested in public welfare work and probably agrees with Emerson who said, "It is not by sitting still at a grand

distance and calling the human race 'larvae,' that men are to be helped." His "Life":

LIKE most of the Class, I spent my first two years after graduation in the Army — twenty-two months to be exact, eleven of these in France. Although I was in the Infantry, I had the distinction of never hearing anything heavier than a one-pounder fired off. After my discharge I drifted into my father's business in textiles, and spent eight and a half years wondering what it was all about and pondering over the cruelty of life, because everyone except those in textiles seemed to be making money hand over fist. After my father's death in 1928 I left that business and, believe it or not, sold myself to the Foreign Policy Association as a promotion manager. Strangely enough, it seemed to work — at any rate, I left while things were on the up and up, with a good reputation. My next venture was in Arthur Wood's office where many of the Rockefeller activities were handled. During my stay there the main project was the Williamsburg, Virginia, restoration, and for the next two and a half years I was closely associated with that.

From there I went to the Welfare Council of New York on a special assignment, and then in the fall of 1932 I joined the great army of the unemployed. By that time I had definitely decided that I wanted to get into the professional field of social work, so for the next year and a half, being fortunately enough situated, I attended the Columbia Graduate School and the New York School of Social Work. In October, 1934, I got a job with the Temporary Emergency Relief Administration and came to Albany, where, with the exception of fifteen months, I have been ever since.

I stayed with the Temporary Emergency Relief Administration until the end of 1936, when I got a leave of absence to work with the New York City Works Progress Administration, largely on account of the head of that organization, Colonel Brehon Somervell, who is one of the grandest men I have ever worked for. In April, 1937, I was offered one of the deputy commissionerships of the New York State Department of Social Welfare, namely assistant to the commissioner. I'm still at it.

In this period of evolutionary revolution — or whatever you

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choose to call it—that we have lived through in the past ten years, a job in the public welfare field, particularly in a state which has been in the forefront of social developments, is an unusual opportunity for observing mankind from the highest to the lowest, of learning how red tape is manufactured, and of seeing what politics can do to even its favored cronies. Although this department, in one form or another, has been in existence since 1867, it was reorganized in 1937 and greatly expanded. Consequently, it is a young department, imbued with a new spirit of public service, and it is completely divorced from politics, as the governor does not appoint the commissioner.

What does the future hold? That's what we should all like to know, yet with mighty little chance of ever getting the exact answer. One thing is certain: life will be on a different basis from what we ever thought it would be when we left College twenty-five years ago. We shall preserve our individual freedom of thought and action, and we shall maintain our democratic way of life, but in so doing we shall be forced to accept more and more governmental supervision and control. The satisfactory solution to this is obvious. But, whether this is right or wrong, the answer to many of our future problems is the same in any case: better men in government service, particularly among our elected officials. Government used to touch so few of us that we accepted what we were given without much thought. From now on government will be so close to all of us that we must be sure that what we get as government is the best that we are capable of. (I need hardly tell you that a preposition should never be used to end a sentence with!)

✦ PAUL WEBB INGRAHAM

BORN: July 28, 1895, Wellesley, Mass. PARENTS: Franklin Benton Ingraham, Elizabeth Temple Webb.

PREPARED AT: Wellesley High School, Wellesley, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B. † 1917 (21).

MARRIED: Carolyn Gertrude Pesson, March 2, 1918, New Orleans, La. CHILDREN: Elizabeth Temple, Dec. 14, 1918; Carolyn Campbell, Nov. 11, 1922.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Field Artillery Aug. 15; assigned to 4th Field Artillery Aug. 29; discharged Feb. 14, 1919. Commissioned captain Field Artillery Officers' Reserve Corps April 22, 1919.

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HARVARD BROTHER: Franklin Temple Ingraham, '14 (deceased).

DIED: March 17, 1928, Englewood, N. J.

WIDOW: Mrs. Paul Webb Ingraham, 3 Robin Rd., Englewood, N. J.

AFTER the war Ingraham became a salesman for Lambert-Hudson Motors Company in Washington, D. C. In February, 1921, he accepted a position selling bonds in New York City, but eight months later left that field when he became interested in a Florida development scheme.

Ingraham's next venture was in the advertising field with an embryo harbor-and-marine magazine. He later became associated with the American Chamber of Economics, a business and economic service owned and backed by the *Review of Reviews*. In 1927 he gave his occupation as sales promotion with the Brookmire Economic Service, Incorporated, in New York City.

RODERICK SPEARMAN KIMERER IRVIN

HOME ADDRESS: 790 S. Oak Knoll, Pasadena, Calif.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 431 W. Seventh St., Los Angeles, Calif.

BORN: May 20, 1895, Fusan, Korea. PARENTS: Dr. Charles Huster Irvin, Bertha Belle Kimerer.

PREPARED AT: Cambridge Latin School, Cambridge, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: S.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Carolyn Alice Burnham, Nov. 18, 1918, Shanghai, China.

OCCUPATION: Manufacturer.

OFFICES HELD: Managing director, Japan Corn Products, 1929-1936; president, Irvin Drug Manufacturing Company, 1933-1941; special partner, Hilber, Condon, Bassett N. U. S. E., 1937-1939.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of New York; Tiffin Club of New York; Los Angeles Athletic Club; Asia House, Town Hall, Los Angeles.

ROD IRVIN is happy that his roving days are over and that he can now settle down on his farm in California. He writes:

I HAD signed up with the Harvard Reserve Officers' Training Corps at the time of its formation, but the doctors said "no" when I came up for admission into the Army. So I packed off to Shanghai, where I obtained my first job with a Danish firm. The succeeding six years were full of hard work, maturing experience, and not a little fun. There were probably few places in the world where so many nations with varying interests were so closely and amicably associated. The International Settlement

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was run efficiently and economically by a council whose members were elected by "rate payers" and from revenues based on a tax on land.

Those were still good days for foreigners in China. Business was plentiful and not too competitive. The Treaty Ports enjoyed security, the white man was still top dog and sometimes regrettably oblivious to the fact that he was in China at all. My firm did a brisk business in locomotives, power plants, textile machinery, and the other mechanical gear which the occidental world had to offer. After three years of imports, I tried to transfer into the export department where they handled Chinese produce, but without success, as that branch of the trade was the exclusive domain of the Danes who were not for letting in outsiders. So I cut loose and returned to New York where, after a course of training with the American Express, I returned to Shanghai in their financial department, which afforded me a good measure of travel to Siam, Burma, Java, and British India.

Later I returned to America and worked in Philadelphia peddling bonds for a well-known Boston concern. When I joined they were dealing exclusively in the best, but after a while their standards slumped, for they started participating in such choice issues as Bulgarian 8s, Greek 7s, Italian 7s, and other specimens of the engraver's art with which America was plagued in the middle '20's. The firm was lenient and patient, but as I proved unyielding to even the best pep talks I was fired at the end of the third year.

That proved a good break, for subsequently the Corn Products commissioned me to go back and make a study of the Far Eastern area as a market for their lines. That was in 1927, and by the end of 1930 we had a good-sized corn-grinding plant completed and working in northern Korea near the Yalu River. From this factory we helped carry the white man's burden and shared the blessings of our civilization by turning out about 50,000 tons of starch, sugar, syrup, and feed each year. As a commentary on transportation costs, it was cheaper to bring in corn from South Africa and the Argentine, half way around the world, than to bring it by rail from central Manchuria only 600 miles distant.

Life in Japan was pretty desolate compared to China, where

Europeans and Americans were allowed to have and live in their own little worlds. In Japan the "foreign community" was much smaller and everything made over to the native mold.

There were quite a few Harvard men in Tokyo, both American and Japanese. The dean of the group was old Viscount Kaneko, '75, one of the elder statesmen who helped draft the Japanese constitution. Ambassadors Forbes, Castle, and Grew added to the tradition that in the foreign service a man's chances were best if he had taken his undergraduate sprouts at Cambridge.

By 1935 the handwriting was on the wall for foreign interests, it being increasingly evident that the Japanese were determined to convert all foreign investments and business to their own control. So, resigning from the Corn Products and making the necessary arrangements for my own company, I took leave of Nippon returning to America via Russia and Europe. During the succeeding four years I was in and out of a profitable and pleasant partnership on the New York Stock Exchange with Ted Condon and Hulbert Bassett. In 1940 I came out to the Pacific Coast, where I think there is more real living per dollar per square inch than anywhere else — so it's southern California for me.

Like everyone else I've had my share of rides — some with bumps. I helped to promote an American sales company for a cocoa growers' coöperative on the African Gold Coast only to find that the people over there were just fooling. Then I tangled with a bright young man out of Yale whose association proved costly. I tried to engineer a trip up the river for him but was unable to do so because his best pal's father was a close friend of, etc., etc. The most costly ride of all was one I had at a place on the corner of Wall and Broad. Some of our brother classmates probably know about this place, too. But it was a lot of fun while it lasted, and maybe I'll go around again sometime provided they haven't turned the building into a W. P. A. club.

So much for the era from 1917 to 1942. Twenty-five years is a long time, but it's only the first half; the second, last, and best is yet to come. When the war is over a trip to Japan will have to be made to salvage the pieces. Whatever happens I want to live in America. I am developing a tract of land in the Coachilla Valley near Palm Springs. The Great Oracle has told us that the

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raw deal has just begun. The evidences of that are quite manifest, so should the ballot box or natural forces fail to remove the cause of our woes, I can conceive that there will be some advantage in owning a piece of productive land and being described in the poll lists as "farmer." Having been something of a rover, I look forward to becoming attached to some small plot of ground in this God's country — an expression which only those who have tarried long on foreign soil can fully understand.

CHESTER CRAIG IRVING

ADDRESS: 1027 23rd Ave., N., St. Petersburg, Fla.

BORN: April 26, 1895, Fitchburg, Mass. PARENTS: Hugh Othello Irving, Anna Belle Craig.

PREPARED AT: Fitchburg High School, Fitchburg, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1915-1917. DEGREE: S.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Anna Binns, March 2, 1922, Cambridge, Mass.

OCCUPATION: Consulting Chemical Engineer.

MEMBER OF: Masons; American Pulp and Paper Mill Superintendents' Association; Technical Association, American Pulp and Paper Industry.

PUBLICATIONS: Several articles of a technical nature in *The Paper Mill and the Paper Trade Journal*.

DESPITE "new taxes and dictatorial policies" Chester Irving still thinks that the United States is the best place in the world. He writes:

AFTER graduating I spent the rest of the war period with the DuPont Powder Company at Deepwater, New Jersey. From there I went to Pittsburgh, Akron, and Cleveland, working in rubber mills and teaching chemistry at Case School of Applied Science. In 1921 I returned to Fitchburg, where I stayed until 1934, holding such positions as laboratory director and mill superintendent in paper mills.

In 1934 I went to live in Maine but after two winters decided I was not cut out to be an Eskimo and went to Florida for a vacation. I have been here ever since, though for the past five years I have driven, ridden, or flown about 50,000 miles a year, and there are very few back roads east of the Mississippi and north to the Gulf of St. Lawrence that do not look familiar.

Several months in Europe and this last summer spent in north-

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eastern Canada make me glad I was born in the United States of America, and even today with our new taxes and dictatorial policies emanating from Washington, I find we are still away ahead of the rest of the world.

Just now priorities and lack of a civil service position are forcing me to take an extended vacation, but there is no better place to spend the winter months. Before long I hope I shall be so busy again that I shall have difficulty in finding time to get back to a Twenty-fifth Reunion.

STEPHEN BRADSHAW IVES

HOME ADDRESS: 3599 Piedmont Rd., Atlanta, Ga.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Lybrand, Ross Bros. & Montgomery, Healey Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.

BORN: Feb. 11, 1895, St. Louis, Mo. PARENTS: David Otis Ives, Agnes Maud Kennett.

PREPARED AT: Country Day School, Newton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREE: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917.

MARRIED: Ellen Gardiner Atwood, Oct. 14, 1922, Groton, Mass. CHILDREN: Stephen Bradshaw, Jr., Oct. 6, 1924; Julius Atwood, May 1, 1936.

OCCUPATION: Certified Public Accountant; Resident Manager, Lybrand, Ross Brothers & Montgomery.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Field Artillery Aug. 15; assigned to Headquarters Troop, 22d Cavalry, Aug. 29; commissioned provisional 2d lieutenant Field Artillery, Regular Army, Oct. 26; promoted temporary 1st lieutenant Oct. 26; transferred to Headquarters Company, 19th Field Artillery, 5th Division, Dec. 5; provisional 1st lieutenant Feb. 7, 1918; sailed for France May 27; gassed Nov. 10; returned to United States March 18, 1919; resignation accepted April 28, 1919. Engagements: Saint-Dié sector, Saint-Mihiel offensive.

OFFICES HELD: Various offices, including president in 1939, Georgia Society of Certified Public Accountants; vestryman, St. Luke's Church, Atlanta, 1934-1938; trustee, Lovett School, Atlanta, since 1935.

MEMBER OF: Capital City Club; Piedmont Driving Club, Atlanta; Harvard Club of New York; Georgia Society of Certified Public Accountants; American Institute of Accountants; National Association of Cost Accountants; Kiwanis Club of Atlanta.

PUBLICATIONS: Miscellaneous papers on professional subjects.

STEVE IVES is to be complimented on having escaped his initial handicap, but we are afraid that he is due to face again the same problem. He writes:

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HAVING finished my college requirements in three years, I went to work in Wilmington, North Carolina, as a clerk in the office of the general manager of the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad in September, 1916. Just as I was about to get my first raise, I left to attend the First Officers' Training Camp at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, where I received a commission as second lieutenant of Field Artillery (provisional) in the Regular Army. After service in Georgia and Texas, I went overseas with the 19th Field Artillery (5th Division) as a first lieutenant. I was slightly gassed the day before the Armistice, and as a result, had to go to Arizona for my health in the fall of 1919. There I worked for various cotton companies, and tried on the side to raise some long staple cotton, with complete lack of financial success. However, my sojourn in Arizona was a success in another way, as I met my wife there.

Returning East in June, 1921, I spent the next six months job-hunting, finally getting a position in the accounting department of the Sinclair Refining Company in December of that year, in New York. With the exception of a year in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, on a construction job for the same company, I stayed with them until early in 1926. At that time I joined the staff of the accounting firm of Lybrand, Ross Brothers & Montgomery, my home being in Sound Beach, Connecticut. In September, 1930, they sent me South to open a new branch office in Atlanta, and I have remained here ever since. As my territory covers the entire Southeast, my work entails a great deal of travelling, mainly over the same ground, and there are few roads in that part of the country with which I am not familiar.

In the last ten years I have been fairly active in civic work, having served on various committees of the Chamber of Commerce, and as a vestryman of St. Luke's Church, and I am now a trustee of Appleton Church Home and the Lovett School. I have also held various offices in the Georgia Society of Certified Public Accountants, being its president in 1939-1940. My literary output (excluding audit reports and tax protests) has been small, being confined to various papers on professional subjects.

My pet hobby is golf, and my partners say that I can get into places never before even thought of as being part of a golf course.

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It will be appreciated that I started my career under a very definite handicap, having roomed for three years with our genial Secretary. However, time and distance cure all things. I feel that I have lived down this original sin, but I have hopes of reviving it at the Twenty-fifth.

Incidentally, how can anyone write a Class Life without using the personal pronoun *ad nauseam*? (That's the only Latin I remember.)

KARL FREDERICK JACKSON

HOME ADDRESS: 22 Bonad Rd., West Newton, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 214 High St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Dec. 18, 1895, Springfield, Mass. PARENTS: Frederick Gibbs Jackson, Ida Singer Robinson.

PREPARED AT: Dorchester High School, Dorchester, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917.

MARRIED: Mildred Ethel Brackett, Nov. 8, 1919, Newton, Mass. CHILDREN: Marcia Louise, Sept. 13, 1920; Karl Frederick, Jr., Oct. 21, 1923; Stanley Wallace, Nov. 2, 1931.

OCCUPATION: General Contractor.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; transferred to American University, Washington, D. C.; later transferred to Engineer Officers' Training Camp, Camp Belvoir, Va.; commissioned 2d lieutenant Engineers Aug. 15; sailed for France Sept. 12 as casual; assigned to Company F, 101st Engineers, 26th Division, Dec. 15; promoted 1st lieutenant Aug. 18, 1918; discharged May 16, 1919. Engagements: Chemin des Dames sector, La Reine sector, Marne-Aisne offensive, Rupt sector, Saint-Mihiel offensive, Troyon sector, Meuse-Argonne offensive.

MEMBER OF: Society of American Military Engineers; Kiwanis; Neighborhood Club.

KARL JACKSON has lived and worked all over this country and in Canada. We particularly like his parenthetical family progression. He writes:

AT the beginning of May, 1917, I passed off my final examinations, and after a period of training, became affiliated with Uncle Sam's armed forces in what we were led to believe was the war to end all wars. I was forced to miss graduation ceremonies, and my cap and gown became food for hungry moths. I served two years, almost to a day, as second and later first lieutenant in the United States Corps of Engineers, with the

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Yankee Division, nineteen months in France, ten in the front lines on various sectors. Needless to say, I performed countless deeds of glory, all of which passed unobserved by the brass hats. Equally needless to say, the Germans didn't kill me, although one of their machine-gun bullets creased my tin hat, bearing evidence that they tried. Some of the happiest moments of those months were those when I encountered lousy (please take literally and not figuratively) classmates, of whom there were many.

That period of my life I entered as a boy, and emerged a man, at least so I thought. However, I was soon snared by the lovely girl who became my wife, and began a checkered business and professional career. My first job was as draftsman in the engineering department of a steel mill in Pittsburgh. A little later I became designer of structures.

Within a few months we (Mildred and I) migrated to Hartford, Connecticut, where I worked as structural engineer for Lockwood, Greene & Company. Shortly thereafter I was transferred to the Boston office of the same company. We (Mildred, Marcia, and I) took up residence in Newton, Massachusetts, which we have since called our real and permanent home town.

I left Lockwood, Greene & Company, voluntarily of course, and served as New England manager for Republic Fireproofing Company of New York for five years, followed by service as engineer and director in Morrison-Stevens Company, purveyors of steel, for another term of years.

Then came one of those opportunities a man thinks he cannot refuse. I became treasurer of Connolly Construction Company, Limited, of Montreal, Canada, and we (Mildred, Marcia, Karl, Jr., and I) moved, bag and baggage, to that delightful city. We made fine friends among the English people there, and enjoyed a measure of success. But then came the Depression, which swept away everything. Back to the United States I brought my family, discouraged and broke, to start life anew.

Fortunately, I found a niche to fill in a Boston construction company, which brought me a weekly insult in a pay envelope. A little later I became associated with another building concern, David H. Jacobs & Son, and during the next six years I was elevated to be president of the corporation.

At that stage we (Mildred, Marcia, Karl, Jr., Stanley, and I)

decided that we might as well starve alone, or keep for ourselves what little I could choke out of the cruel world in the construction business. I took the bit in my teeth and launched out as a general contractor in my own name. For nearly three years I have managed to keep my nose above water. Recently I was successful in a bid submitted and the government awarded me a contract to build the village of Elm Plains, eighty-five dwellings and a community center, including streets, sidewalks, water, lighting and sewer systems, all to be completed within four months, at Windsor Locks, Connecticut. I am now in the midst of it, fighting with priorities to get delivery of essential materials. But the most difficult part of all, believe me, is to keep pace with the innumerable forms, reports, and correspondence which must fill the government files.

My daughter will graduate this next summer from Wellesley, and my older son from Huntington School, ready, I hope, to enter Rensselaer in the fall. My younger son may go to Harvard. Who knows about sons these days? He is now a Cub, and I am chairman of his pack committee.

In all these years I have never known a real vacation. I have taken an occasional holiday weekend and attended a few Class reunions. Hence I have enjoyed no extensive travels. Had I the time to indulge in a hobby, it would be puttering around my summer cottage at Newfound Lake, New Hampshire, trying to obliterate the scars of the hurricane, the same big wind which blew down a large tree in my Newton front yard, carrying away the roof of a porch and punching a hole in my house roof.

I am very much a Republican although, candidly, I am in favor of the foreign policy of the administration. I believe in the principles of the social security laws, but believe the mechanics can be improved. I am in favor of labor organizations, but am against government coddling of same, and believe some curb should be devised to eliminate the abuses.

Religiously I have no very pronounced convictions. I believe in a sincere life for the satisfaction it provides, and I subscribe to anything which I consider the best for the greatest number, admitting always that others have a right to differ with my opinions.

I still think Harvard the greatest university of them all, al-

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though not as good as it was twenty-five years ago. That, I know, is a sign of approaching old age. I do know that the Class of 1917 was the finest and always will be.

✦ PHILIP NATHANIEL JACKSON

BORN: Feb. 4, 1896, Brighton, Mass. PARENTS: Arthur Eugene Jackson, Livinia Butland Pike.

PREPARED AT: St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1915.

DIED: April 22, 1918, Brighton, Mass.

FATHER: Arthur E. Jackson, 12 Myrtle St., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

DURING his brief career after leaving College Jackson was employed at the Cambridge Trust Company.

LESLIE PRICE JACOBS

HOME ADDRESS: Mountain Club, Prescott, Ariz.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Office of the Secretary, Navy Dept., Washington, D. C.

BORN: July 1, 1894, Laramie, Wyo. PARENTS: Price Henry Jacobs, Mary Van Boxel.

PREPARED AT: University of Wyoming, Laramie, Wyo.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Dorothy Burrage Hunneman, Dec. 29, 1926, Pinehurst, N. C. (divorced 1932); Elynor Ernst Alexander, Sept. 24, 1936, Beverly Hills, Calif. CHILD: Leslie Price, Jr., Feb. 28, 1928.

OCCUPATION: Executive — Public Relations.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Ambulance driver, American Field Service, Section 8, March to October, 1916; with French Army on Champagne and Verdun fronts and at Les Éparges. Enrolled quartermaster 1st class U. S. Naval Reserve Force April 24, 1917; assigned to Naval Air Station, Squantum, Mass., May 10; transferred to Bureau of Operations, Navy Dept., Washington, D. C., July 14; qualified as Naval Aviator; appointed ensign Aug. 7; assigned to Naval Air Station, Hampton Roads, Va., Nov. 8; promoted lieutenant (junior grade) March 23, 1918; released from active duty Jan. 6, 1919. U. S. Naval Aviation since 1940.

LES JACOBS thinks that a strong spirit of racial and religious tolerance must be developed. His story:

LLEFT Cambridge to report at Naval Air Station, Squantum, Massachusetts, in May, 1917. After preliminary flight training there, was assigned as aide to Lieutenant Commander (now Admiral) John H. Towers of the Navy Department in Washing-

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ton. In the fall of 1917 went to Naval Air Station, Hampton Roads, for completion of flight training, remaining there until the Armistice as flight instructor and ordnance officer. Service there was enlivened by work in developing aërial bombsight and new methods for handling of aërial bombs.

Left service in January, 1919, to go with Bankers Trust Company of New York, and was sent to Paris the following year. Remained there until 1927, visiting various European countries during that time. Returned to this country to take up supervision of experiments on tropical fibres in Columbia and Cuba, which lasted until 1932. From 1932 to 1935 supervised experiment on silk reeling and silk culture in California, besides doing some lecturing at Groton, St. Mark's, and other New England schools. From 1935 to 1940 lived in the Southwest. Varied activities, ending with public relations work with the United States Coronado Cuarto Centennial Commission. In 1940 re-entered the United States Navy, and although officially under the Bureau of Aëronautics, have been attached since that time to the Secretary's Office, performing such chores as liaison officer with various Latin-American agencies and aide at various times to Admiral Stanley and Admiral Yarnell.

Travels are pretty well indicated by the above, and hobbies are music, languages, and education. Translated "El Erial" by Constancio Vigil. Have also written various magazine articles on the subject of education. My social, political, and religious convictions are pretty much represented by the present international situation which seems to indicate that the United States has got to assume a large share of international leadership, attempting to raise the standard of living both at home and abroad, and develop a strong spirit of racial and religious tolerance in the process.

WILLIAM TUFTS JENNEY

ADDRESS: Reno, Nev., and Chapaquoit, West Falmouth, Mass. (summer).

BORN: May 2, 1896, Brookline, Mass. PARENTS: Bernard Jenney, Mary Tufts.

PREPARED AT: Volkmann School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Dorothy Crane, Oct. 18, 1917; Nancy Earle Crompton, April 24, 1941. CHILDREN: Frances, aged 19; Dorothy, aged 17.

OCCUPATION: Retired.

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MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Aug. 16; assigned to 166th Infantry, 42d Division; sailed for France in November; honorably discharged March 9, 1918, in France. Enlisted private May 4, 1918; assigned to Company K, 302d Infantry, 76th Division, Camp Devens, Mass.; detailed to Machine Gun Officers' Training School, Camp Hancock, Ga., June 14; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Sept. 16; appointed instructor Machine Gun Officers' Training School; discharged Dec. 8, 1918.

OFFICES HELD: Director, Jenney Manufacturing Company, Boston, Mass.

BILL JENNEY classifies himself as a "busy man of leisure." He writes:

I ENTERED Plattsburg after graduation. Entered military service as second lieutenant, Infantry. Worked eight years with Eastern Drug Company, Boston. While living in Dedham became interested in developing the sale of plastic wood and as vice-president was affiliated with the Addison-Leslie Company, Canton, Massachusetts, from its inception to the time of its sale to the American Home Products Company in 1930.

Since then have lived a more or less nomadic life, riding, hunting, fishing, and travelling. At the present time I am a director of the Jenney Manufacturing Company of Boston, but looking back, although at one time I was a member of the Boston Stock Exchange, I seem to have retired from active business some time ago.

ALLAN LUDVIG GUSTAV JENSEN

HOME ADDRESS: 409 Palisade Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 267 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

BORN: July 16, 1894, Portland, Maine. PARENTS: Hans Peter Jensen, Karen Marie Jensdatter.

PREPARED AT: Portland High School, Portland, Maine.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917.

MARRIED: Marjorie Cunningham Sidney, Oct. 21, 1922, Redding, Conn.

CHILD: David Sidney, June 11, 1927.

OCCUPATION: Importer and Wholesaler of Gloves.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Member National Guard 1912 and 1913; camion driver, American Field Service, Motor Transport Units 133 and 526 (Réserve Mallet), May 19 to Nov. 19, 1917, with French Army on Chemin des Dames front; American Red Cross Ambulance Service, Section 3, Nov. 24, 1917, to June 1, 1918; honorary 2d lieutenant with

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Italian Army on Piave front. Enlisted private Aug. 28, 1918; assigned to 151st Depot Brigade, Camp Devens, Mass.; promoted 1st sergeant Nov. 8; detailed to Field Artillery Central Officers' Training School, Camp Zachary Taylor, Ky., Nov. 10; discharged Dec. 2, 1918.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of New York.

WE should not be surprised if Allan Jensen believes in an iron-hand-in-a-velvet-glove policy after the war. He writes:

UPON the day the United States entered World War I, I went to Boston to enlist. Because I had served over two years in the National Guard of Maine, two years in the R. O. T. C. at Harvard, and spent a summer at Plattsburg followed by a cruise on the United States battleship *Kearsage*, I thought that I was qualified as a soldier. The recruiting office thought otherwise and rejected me on account of poor eyesight.

I thereupon joined the American Field Service and sailed for France in April, 1917. For the balance of that year I drove an ammunition truck on the Chemin des Dames sector. When this service was taken over at the end of the year by the American army, I joined a group of ambulance drivers being recruited by the American Red Cross for the Italian front. I served on the Piave River until the summer of 1918, learned some Italian, liked Italian food and wine, and the people I met in Italy.

In August, 1918, I was back home, succeeded in enlisting in the American army and, after the flu epidemic nearly got me at Camp Devens, I was transferred to Camp Taylor. Here I was acting battery commander, although rated as a top sergeant when the war ended.

My first job after the war was a temporary one with the American Scandinavian Foundation in New York City. I soon joined a group of college graduates who were receiving a course of training for executives at R. H. Macy & Company, Incorporated. I received a most valuable training in business during the two years I was at Macy's. It was there, also, that I met the young lady who was to become my wife a few years later.

Eager to try another field, I accepted an offer to operate a factory manufacturing cement over in New Jersey. This meant giving up a good position as assistant buyer of china and glass at Macy's. I did it, but after three years of cement dust, I decided to try something else.

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In 1924 I took over the management of a glove factory and was made president of Dent, Allcroft & Company, Incorporated, a subsidiary of a British firm of the same name, the largest glove manufacturers in the world.

Herbert Hoover as President of the United States in 1930, over the protests of 1000 leading economists and professors of our universities, signed the Hawley Smoot Tariff Bill which marked the end of the importation of gloves from England. After two years of liquidation of the firm, I started on my own as an importer of gloves. But something larger than the Hawley Smoot Bill loomed on the horizon. Adolf Hitler came to power in 1933, and in his wake followed boycotts, then the subjugation of countries that were exporters of gloves, and finally World War II. In spite of Hitler, I am still in the glove business and have succeeded in obtaining deliveries from Great Britain. However, many types of gloves which were formerly imported are now made here.

From 1926 to 1939 I made annual buying trips to Europe. I visited England, Scotland, Norway, Sweden, Finland, Denmark, Czechoslovakia, Italy, France, Belgium, and Holland. All the people I met were friendly. In Germany, however, I found a spirit of vindictiveness, a determination to avenge the defeat of 1918. As far back as 1926 I heard young men marching in the darkness of night, training after the day's work was done. Once Hitler was in the saddle, the momentum of rearming and preparing for war increased so openly that I kept reporting it to my family and friends each year that I returned to the United States. The tragedy of seeing this colossal preparation for war was the fact that it continued to go on unchallenged for nearly seven years until Germany, like a prairie fire, swept across all of Europe except England and Russia.

The world learns but it learns the hard way. Nations put their trust in Hitler, a man who openly avowed to conquer the world, and distrusted those who should have stood shoulder to shoulder against the Germans as they did twenty-five years ago. May we all learn our lesson well this time and adopt as nations the proverb:

"Let unity dwell in our tents, and discord
Be banished to our enemies."

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ELLSWORTH EGBERT JOHNSON

HOME ADDRESS: 2576 Washington St., San Francisco, Calif.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 260 California St., San Francisco, Calif.

BORN: Jan. 14, 1896, Wallace, Idaho. PARENTS: Frank Fisk Johnson, Marie Louise Gieson.

PREPARED AT: Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, N. H.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1918. DEGREES: A.B., 1917 (18); M.Arch., 1923.

UNMARRIED.

HARVARD BROTHER: Albert Dorman Johnson, '13.

OCCUPATION: Architect.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Ordnance Department Sept. 24, 1918; assigned to Engineering Department, Washington, D. C.; discharged Dec. 23, 1918.

OFFICES HELD: Secretary, State Association of California Architects, six years; vestryman, Church of the Advent, San Francisco, three years; clerk of the vestry, Church of the Advent, one year; secretary, Keble Society; member Publicity Department, Diocese of California.

MEMBER OF: Northern California Chapter, American Institute of Architects; Diocesan Altar Guild, California (honorary member); State Association of California Architects.

PUBLICATIONS: "Brownell Ranch House," *Architectural Record*, 1931 or 1932; "House in Berkeley," *Architectural Forum*, April, 1941.

WE believe Ellsworth Johnson refers to the quotation from Carlyle's "Life of Frederick the Great" which is: "Happy the people whose annals are blank in history books." Carlyle evidently was not bedevilled by a Class Secretary or he would have realized that "people whose annals are blank" are not happy prior to the publishing of their Harvard Twenty-fifth Anniversary Report. Johnson's "Life":

PERHAPS the quotation, probably inaccurately remembered from the days when we had to have famous quotations for the class on Friday afternoons, is the most fitting description — "Happiest the people whose annals are shortest."

As the penalty for a six weeks' premature patriotism, which took me off to the Fore River Shipyards — no one desiring my enlistment — I missed getting a degree in June, 1917, but returned in September, starting the study of architecture and getting the A.B. at midyears, 1918. That summer and fall were full of awful and hopeless expectancy. The draft would neither take nor release me, and no one wanted a man subject to the draft.

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At last, in October, there started what should have been a brilliant army career when I entered the Army as one of the first under the limited service idea (to displace the more able-bodied men hiding in the clerkships of Washington). For ten days the Army as represented in Salt Lake was loath to give me, a casual, either a place to sleep or a uniform. I lived in town, reported daily at nine, and spent the rest of the day at golf, or what have you. When the flu was sufficiently abated, I was sent to a perilous post with the ordnance in Washington, where I found friends. But before I had had half enough highballs, the war ended.

With the beginning of 1919 I was back at the School of Architecture in Cambridge. I took time out for work in Boston offices, celebrated 1917's third and fifth anniversaries, and got the M.Arch. in 1923. I returned West, coming to San Francisco in February, 1924, and I am still here. In 1925 I went to Europe, stopping in Boston both going and returning, and that fall, with copious tears, said farewell to the New England pollens.

You may have seen several products of my practice of architecture at one time or another in the professional magazines. For four years I was with the Federal Housing Administration and, being an easy mark for thankless jobs, was secretary of the State Association of California Architects for six years and am now clerk of the vestry of an Anglo-Catholic parish (High Church to you).

I am a Democrat, an Interventionist, and a bachelor with no children to inherit my allergies (the major portion of my estate to date). My hobby is a garden which seems always to be overgrowing everything, including the practice of architecture and the other activities of life.

NORMAN PERCY JOHNSON

HOME ADDRESS: 1701 Irving Ave., S., Minneapolis, Minn.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 338 La Salle Bldg., 91 S. Seventh St., Minneapolis, Minn.

BORN: April 15, 1895, South Omaha, Nebr. PARENTS: Irving Peake Johnson, Grace Woodruff Keese.

PREPARED AT: East High School, Minneapolis, Minn.; Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, N. H.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914-1917. DEGREES: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917; M.D., 1923.

MARRIED: Hazel Irene Gutgesell, Aug. 3, 1921, Minneapolis, Minn. CHILD: Amy Belle, March 15, 1928.

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HARVARD BROTHER: Stanley Herbert Johnson, '20, LL.B., '27.

OCCUPATION: Physician.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Aug. 15; ordered to Camp Devens, Mass.; assigned to Headquarters Company, 101st Infantry, 26th Division, Aug. 30; sailed for France Sept. 7; promoted 1st lieutenant Jan. 28, 1918; detailed to 1st Corps Schools, Gondrecourt, July 28 as instructor; attached to 93d Division Jan. 1, 1919, as instructor; reassigned to Headquarters Company, 101st Infantry, 26th Division, Jan. 28; discharged April 28, 1919. Engagements: Chemin des Dames sector, La Reine sector, Pas Fini sector, Château-Thierry, Marne-Aisne offensive.

OFFICES HELD: Director and vice-president, Riverton Oil Company; secretary-treasurer, Stimson Company; vice-president, Hennepin County Medical Society, 1937-1938; vestryman, Gethsemane Episcopal Church, 1926-1942; clinical instructor in medicine, University of Minnesota Medical School; chief of Medical Emergency Services under Civilian Defense for City of Minneapolis.

MEMBER OF: Minneapolis Club; St. Paul University Club; White Bear Yacht Club; American Medical Association; Minnesota State Medical Association; Hennepin County Medical Society; Minnesota Society of Internal Medicine; Minneapolis Academy of Medicine; Sydenham Society; Minnesota Pathological Society.

PUBLICATIONS: "An Unexploited Therapeutic Opportunity in Periodic Health Examinations of Young Adults," *Minnesota Medicine*, June, 1931; "Non-Organic Causes of Fatigue," *Minnesota Medicine*, August, 1935; Choral Setting to the Communion Service, 1936.

NORMAN JOHNSON is sure that there is nothing so fascinating as "dabbling" to make life interesting. His story:

PERHAPS it was the war (World War I). (It did compel me to turn a hand to many an occupation which had been omitted from my college curriculum.) At any rate, a review of this past quarter-century of endeavor indicates that war — or something — taught me to dabble. I seem to have developed an aptitude for becoming involved in a variety of things for which by training I am not pre-eminently qualified. I find, however, that I enjoy dabbling. I can recommend it. Certainly such a program has merit. With it days seldom turn monotonous.

No sooner was the commission (second lieutenant, Infantry) received than I was en route for France; no sooner did I disembark than I became a Summary Court Officer. By November, 1917, I was coach of a regimental football team, and later became

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commander of a company. Because our football team defeated that of the 101st Engineers on Thanksgiving Day, I was commissioned a first lieutenant in the Infantry. Because I was the only officer present when the French came to teach the mysteries of the 37 mm. gun, I absorbed what I could and became commander of that platoon. From February 6 to July 25 my time was spent continuously "in action" of varying degrees of vivacity. Thence to Gondrecourt where I served out the war as instructor of the *trente-sept*. After several swings back and forth across France, with some weeks as instructor to a negro division, I eventually returned to my own company in the 101st Infantry. Again I became regimental football coach. This team tied for the divisional championship, but with no more war in sight, the advantage could not be translated into another commission.

After demobilization I spent a summer revisiting friends wherever I found them — from Maine to Virginia and New York to Minnesota. One month was written off in pushing a canoe around little-travelled Canadian waterways. Thereupon I settled down to four years of medical school followed by two years of internship. Between these two occupations were interpolated stretches of several months each, working for hire: (a) in a business; (b) in concrete for a contractor; and (c) in house-painting (not mine).

Dabbling really began in earnest with my return, after an absence for the greater part of fifteen years, to Minneapolis where in 1926 I began the practice of internal medicine. During the next eight years I also busied myself with various types of work in and around the University of Minnesota Medical School. It was likewise in 1926 that I came to be a vestryman, and was soon thereafter given the jurisdiction over the choir. Occasionally I did some work in the business previously mentioned, and in 1928 was the one designated to engineer its sale, which assignment introduced me for the first time to the legal profession and to the language of contracts and agreements. As "party of the first, or (as the case may be) of the second part," I acquired the first alias since the schoolboy nickname period.

When writing prescriptions one sometimes orders pills taken in relation to mealtime, i.e., either a.c. or p.c. (before or after meals). Those pills which, in the thirties, we were all required to swallow

p.c. (since there were practically no meals then, this must mean "post-Coolidge") served to index and to bracket a decade into which was crowded a greater variety of effort than had occurred in any other decade except my first. Throughout those arid thirties, maintenance of a reasonable position in the medical competition of this locale, and retention of those desirable associations at the Medical School, constituted my chief concerns. In addition to these objectives I found myself, during the first five years of this decade, directing a campaign dedicated to the purpose of keeping our church property out of the hands of the bondholders and the bankers. It likewise became my duty to uphold the high standard of musical excellence in that same church despite a 50% reduction of the budget. For such extracurricular activity I had had no background in training except that furnished me by the Army. It was in the Army that I first learned how well obstacles will yield to effort if only you will stick in there and pitch with nothing more on the ball than just such ingenuity as you can muster.

Carrying still further the idea of dispersion of effort, within this decade I tried my hand at writing a semi-technical book (that found both author and publishers in agreement — it will continue to be withheld) and composing several choral pieces which included a setting to the Communion Service. (This did get published because its completion synchronized with payment of the Soldiers' Bonus. It has been locally broadcast, if that is any distinction.) A broader acquaintance with the law during this period was gained by undertaking rôles of executor or of administrator for the purpose of probating three estates, from one of which was conveyed to me an obligation to become trustee — with sole power of investment management — of a trust fund. A part of these duties involved the inevitable law suits necessary to settle differences with the gentlemen of the Department of Internal Revenue. Contingent upon undertaking this probate work was the necessity of accepting those tasks peculiar to the position of secretary and treasurer to a corporation with investment problems of its own to be understood and managed.

Sporadic but strategically-placed hunting trips into Canada, and that best of all vacations, canoeing through those Canadian lakes north of Minnesota, have served to recall me to a realiza-

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tion of the real purpose of life. These latter excursions make possible a sojourn of several weeks without intrusion or interruption. One encounters in this territory neither people nor the things which bother them, such as roads, autos, mail deliveries, telegrams, telephones, radios, etc. Here return to a life of primitive fundamentals is compulsory. Easy access to such a boon to mankind constitutes one of the several substantial reasons for residence in Minneapolis.

A noticeable retardation of late in the opportunity for dabbling seems likely to be reversed by the exigencies of World War II. Warlike states of mind and warlike purposes have already established a crop of new concerns which seem to carry sufficient challenge to require acceptance. For example, in 1939 several citizens who had fallen ill of our national disease, neurosis, asked me to establish a class which had for its purpose a form of group-therapy for this distressing illness. The possibilities and the techniques were new to me, but I have found the venture a most interesting and intriguing exploration. The study necessary to understand what are the forces at work in the neuroses served to open up to me a wider understanding of many things. War, being a neurotic manifestation of whole groups of people, will doubtless augment the incidence of this disorder which, like any other communicable disease, has a tendency to become endemic. Present medical teaching is practically devoid of any instruction in a therapy for this most common of all the varieties of sickness. It would appear then that a tremendous opportunity for research, and for the practice of theory, may unfold during this next decade. Perhaps a hope of better control of this disease is the real significance behind the term "winning the peace after the war."

This present fracas offered to me still another chance to undertake a "new" occupation. Early in 1941 our organist and choir-master enlisted. It required no persuasion at all for me to accept the challenging opportunity to conduct this very excellent choir. Just as undergraduate instruction in football under Percy Haughton, Bob Guild, and Reggie Brown had enabled me, during World War I, to masquerade as a football coach, so seven years of glee club training under Doc Davison seemed to entitle me to try directing this musical organization. It has been great fun. But there is one drawback to such enjoyment, viz., the obligation

to spend — in the spirit of perfection — more time than I am justified in stealing from the 168-hour-week which my union requires me to observe. It was likewise impossible for me to withstand an urge of a different kind and I have worked out a new choral setting for a *Te Deum*, which opus is almost ready for try-out by this excellent proving ground, my chief impediment being difficulty in composing suitable organ accompaniment without benefit of an understanding of the pipe organ, and without technical knowledge of harmony.

While dabbling has not machined me into what the world defines as a success, it has provided me with a quarter-century of great enjoyment. I can highly recommend to any and all (who may not be under obligation to sustain some formula for success) this principle of diversity of purpose. Hitler has singleness of purpose; it serves only to make his life complex. I shall grant that it has been definitely established that some geniuses arrive in high places through rigid adherence to the doctrine of singleness of purpose. But I am here to testify, in fashion anything but mute, that there is keen enjoyment to be had from life through the medium of undisciplined adherence to an opposite doctrine. Agility in adaptation is the essence of youth; rigidity is the mark of senility.

To be completely consistent in this faith requires some demonstration of an ability to be at times inconsistent in my adherence to it. I have developed such an uncompromising loyalty towards diversity of purpose as a mode of life that I freely admit it is not always my mode of life. For example, I have maintained a remarkable (for these times) singleness of purpose within the family unit. Though married twenty-one years, I have had but one wife and but one child. Nor is this, for those who know us, difficult to reconcile. (This detour looks bumpy ahead. I'm going back.)

The new occupation for this current year (exclusive of authorship of my "Life") is the obligation conferred on me to organize the City of Minneapolis and the County of Hennepin under civilian defense so as to provide plenty of doctors, nurses, and equipment to whatever area may be visited by bombers or by saboteurs, and plenty of hospital accommodation to receive the injured. So many hours are now spent in meetings that it seems

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impossible to continue reviewing a life which has, to me at least, thus far proved interesting.

ROGERS BRUCE JOHNSON

HOME ADDRESS: 42 Oak St., Belmont, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Harvard University Maintenance Dept., 917 Memorial Drive, Cambridge, Mass.

BORN: April 6, 1895, Fredonia, N. Y. PARENTS: Albert Waite Johnson, Edith Rogers.

PREPARED AT: Fredonia Normal School, High School Dept., Fredonia, N. Y.; Barringer High School, Newark, N. J.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: S.B. *cum laude*, 1917; S.B. in C.E., 1919; S.B. in C.E. (Mass. Inst. Tech.), 1919.

MARRIED: Dorothy Squires Aiken, April 14, 1923, Brooklyn, N. Y. CHILD: Rogers Bruce, Jr., April 8, 1928.

OCCUPATION: Superintendent of Maintenance Department, Harvard University.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Engineers Jan. 18, 1918; called to active duty Nov. 1 and detailed to Engineer Officers' Training School, Camp A. A. Humphreys, Va.; discharged Feb. 1, 1919, and commissioned 2d lieutenant Engineer Officers' Reserve Corps, on active list.

OFFICES HELD: Treasurer, Phi Kappa Epsilon Alumni Association; president, Association of Superintendents of Buildings and Grounds of Universities and Colleges, Parent Teachers Associations in Grade School and Junior High School, Belmont, Mass., New England Section of Harvard Engineering Society.

MEMBER OF: Phi Beta Kappa; Harvard Club of Boston; Harvard Engineering Society; Plant Engineers Club of New England; Association of Superintendents of Buildings and Grounds of Universities and Colleges; Rotary; Phi Kappa Epsilon Alumni Association.

PUBLICATIONS: Various articles in Minutes of Association of Superintendents of Buildings and Grounds of Universities and Colleges, all on general subject of maintenance of university buildings.

ROGERS JOHNSON tells us "what goes on back of the scenes at Harvard." He writes:

WHEN I left the military service, my home was in Newark, New Jersey, and my one pet aversion was working in the New York area. Therefore, I set sail for Boston and took a job on the shipping platform of the Walworth Manufacturing Company in South Boston. I was there for three months and then went to Cotuit on quaint Cape Cod to run "The Pines," a summer

hotel. The problems of help, food, and guests were interesting, and all survived.

In September I accepted an assistantship in the Harvard Engineering School where my function was assisting Professor Lewis Jerome Johnson in structural engineering. One of my pleasures was learning from him about the single tax. There were also outside activities at Wellesley in running dances for Harvard youths and Wellesley maidens.

In the summer of 1920 Classmate J. Brooks Atkinson and I went to France, Italy, Switzerland, and England. Our army experiences had not taken either of us across — hence the trip. We travelled on the old S.S. *New York* of the American Line and saw some of the unusual things and had a few unusual experiences such as an overnight stop at the University of Caen, a night at Avignon where the window screens were intended to keep out only birds, a visit from an Italian doctor with a black Vandyke who told me I didn't have appendicitis — this at Lake Maggiore — trouble in understanding the English of the London bobby, and finally a stay in a hotel in Liverpool where a bed was made up on top of the bath tub in the public bathroom. Consequently, we went unbathed yet another day until the occupant left his "room" next morning.

The next year I was back at the Engineering School as an instructor again assisting Professor Johnson. In the early spring I was offered a job as assistant to the inspector of buildings and grounds at Harvard. I considered it for several months and in the interim as a part-time occupation I pushed a drafting pen for a water power development at Manchester, New Hampshire.

Late in the spring of 1921 I met "the girl" and the whole world changed. Pushing a drafting pen seemed rather remote in its results, and the very leisurely change in the boys' minds at the Engineering School was even less immediate in effect. Some occupation with action and interest and stability seemed to be the type that had appeal. For two years I had had luncheon with Professor Johnson and Mr. Walter S. Burke, the inspector of grounds and buildings at Harvard, and had heard the many interesting problems that make up the job of housing the classes, laboratories, libraries, and students of the University. Action and interest seemed inherent in the job and the great masses of buildings and

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their surroundings made for a feeling of solidity and continuity.

Hence, I went to work for John Harvard and I have found plenty of action, interest, and stability from that day to the present rather hectic period of national defense and home defense with A. R. P. and blackouts. For several years I was assistant to the inspector of grounds and buildings and since 1926 have been superintendent of the Maintenance Department.

Few realize what goes on back of the scenes at Harvard to make the wheels go round. Today there are 83,000,000 feet of buildings, 136 acres of land, exclusive of athletic fields and unused vacant land, 4400 students' beds, and an annual expenditure in normal years of from \$350,000 to \$400,000 for building repairs and maintenance. This repair work, together with care of grounds, trucking, building alterations, and odd jobs of various kinds for the Educational Department, makes up a total in an average year of \$600,000 to \$700,000, heating and janitor service not included. Most graduates take our buildings for granted, but it takes a crew of about 200, and in busy summers up to twice that number, to alter and repair them. There are about 18,000 different jobs a year of a repair or alteration nature done by the shops, 7500 items in the stock room, a fleet of six auto trucks, two beach wagons, and four snow-plowing tractors, a complete planing mill, paint shop, plumbing shop, and proper facilities for keeping records and plans.

The system of building maintenance at Harvard is unique in that a reserve for maintenance is set aside each year for each building. This is a uniform sum each year and unexpended balance accumulated for periodic or unusual repairs.

Since 1926 my wife and I have lived in Belmont. We are active in local affairs in the Unitarian Church, clubs, and Parent-Teachers Association, and local politics. These activities, together with bringing up our son and spending time with him, keep us busy.

In December, 1927, my wife and I went to Paris. We had Christmas dinner at Versailles and afterwards went through the palace. The people were economy-minded and the whole building was divided into sections which were heated in rotation so that about one-half to two-thirds of the building was cold on any one day. It was particularly cold that year, and imagine our disgust when we followed a fire engine and found that they had been

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called to take down an icicle from a frozen and broken outside plumbing pipe.

In November, 1937, we went on another vacation trip to Santiago, Cuba, Jamaica, and Honduras. The trip into the jungle in Honduras was fascinating even if we didn't see the promised monkeys, only birds in great profusion, and three alligators.

We also enjoy running a vacation spot, "The Log Cabin," on Webster Lake, Franklin, New Hampshire. There are nine cabins with bedroom, living room, and full bathroom, and a main cabin where meals are served. All are located on a pine bluff overlooking the lake. The cabins are rustic and artistically and comfortably furnished. Meeting Johnnie Q. Public is an interesting occupation, but so far our side-line has not made us rich.

My firmest conviction is that we all have much to learn in budgeting our lives. We must decide what we really want to accomplish — not this hour or this day, but over a period of one year or five years, and then be consistent in working towards such a goal. We must have a balance in the way we aim towards our goal; we must be neither too speedy nor too slow. There is a great deal to the hare-and-tortoise story — slow and sure and a definite goal — but the road to the goal must not be flanked by signs, such as, "Not the way for new ideas."

GREGORY JONES

HOME ADDRESS: P. O. Box 212, Ross, Marin Co., Calif.

OFFICE ADDRESS: P. O. Box 8, Sonoma, Calif.

BORN: June 29, 1894, Santa Monica, Calif. PARENTS: Roy Jones, Pauline Williamson.

PREPARED AT: Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, N. H.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Harriet Wagner, June 8, 1918, Brookline, Mass. CHILDREN: Samuel Lloyd, Sept. 3, 1922; Gregory, Jr., Aug. 28, 1925.

OCCUPATION: Manager, Sonoma Farming Company.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 1st lieutenant Infantry, Aug. 15; assigned to Company M, 303d Infantry, 76th Division; transferred to Machine Gun Company, 303d Infantry; sailed for France July 5, 1918; transferred to Prisoner of War Escort Company No. 232 Dec. 10; returned to United States Oct. 12, 1919; discharged Oct. 25, 1919.

SINCE 1919 Greg Jones has been a farmer. He says, "Outside of

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the disappointments of farming, life has been very good to me in ways that really matter." His "Life":

THE first part of my life since graduation closely parallels that of a good many of the Class — Plattsburg and the first training camp, overseas with the 303rd Infantry, and home again after various assignments that kept me in France until October, 1919.

Meanwhile, just before I left for France, my fiancée, Harriet Wagner of Santa Barbara, came East just to say goodbye, but much to our surprise, with the help of some classmates and my sister Dorothy, who was graduating that month from Radcliffe, we hurriedly arranged a wedding.

Soon after my return to California in 1919, I took the first step in the hazardous career of a farmer which has occupied me ever since. The first adventure was in the little mountain town of Tehachapi, where we planned to develop a pear orchard on a piece of raw land given me by an admiring uncle. There was a real boom developing there at that time resulting from the fabulous prices then being paid for fruit. While feeling my way around, I worked for established orchardists, and in the harvest season drove a combined harvester in the wheat fields. Harriet and I acquired the local weekly newspaper which gave us plenty of fun and some grief. A late spring blizzard the following year, causing complete failure of the fruit crops, cured us of any ambition to raise pears in a treacherous mountain climate, so we departed for San Francisco, where I was offered a job with the Producers Hay Company.

At that time San Francisco's waterfront, warehouses, city services, and many other businesses were still serviced by horse-drawn vehicles, and it took an enormous volume of hay to keep the wheels turning. Much of this hay came from large tracts of land in the flat delta regions close to San Francisco Bay. As the city rapidly became motorized, I began to devote more of my time to the farming end of the business, and eventually took over the management of a 10,000-acre ranch in the delta area. The production of hay had to be cut down, and changed farming methods developed, a vast amount of improvement work had to be done, and on top of that came the ruinous deflation of farm prices,

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which made the whole proposition seem practically hopeless. Nevertheless, I am still at it, and still hoping that the future may bring better luck.

We have two husky sons, Samuel, now nineteen and a sophomore at the University of California, and Gregory, Jr., sixteen, a student at the Midland School at Los Olivos, in Santa Barbara County, whose headmaster is Paul Squibb, Harvard 1918. Both boys will have spent five years at Midland. Our home is in the town of Ross, Marin County, a beautiful old suburb of San Francisco, about half an hour from the city over the Golden Gate Bridge. We have a large circle of friends in Marin County and a variety of interests. While Harriet and I distinctly feel that we belong to the country, we are so close to San Francisco that, without too much effort, we can enjoy the pleasures and advantages of the city. Our boys have grown up in the community with the sons and daughters of friends we have known for over twenty years.

KNEELAND WHITE JONES

HOME ADDRESS: 4601 W. 61st St., Mission, Kans.

OFFICE ADDRESS: A. E. Weltner & Co., 1020 Dwight Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

BORN: Aug. 30, 1896, Kansas City, Mo. PARENTS: Dr. Kneeland Parr Jones, Frances Antonia White.

PREPARED AT: Westport High School, Kansas City, Mo.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1915.

MARRIED: Delia J. Reitzel, Sept. 8, 1927, Waterville, Kans.

OCCUPATION: Investment Banking.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Medical Department Oct. 23, 1918; stationed at Camp Bowie, Texas; detailed to Presidio of San Francisco, Calif., Nov. 25; to Camp Funston, Kans., Jan. 17, 1919; discharged Jan. 31, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Treasurer and director, A. E. Weltner & Company, Kansas City, Mo., Investment Management, Incorporated, Kansas City, Elmhurst Investment Company, Topeka, Kansas.

MEMBER OF: National Association of Cost Accountants; Harvard Club of Kansas City; Bond Traders' Club of Kansas City.

KNEELAND JONES wrote a few years ago that he was "trying to keep up with the markets and ahead of the banks." We are glad to learn from the following account that he has now "built a stone bungalow," so we assume that the big, bad wolf will buff and puff in vain. His story:

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SINCE leaving College in 1915, my activities have been varied and interesting, though not spectacular. At first it was odd jobs in chemical laboratories and offices, then the Medical Corps in the first World War, with marvelous sight-seeing trips all over the country and expenses borne by our wealthy Uncle Sam.

Then I spent a number of years in the lumber business, gaining experience in the retail, wholesale, and manufacturing departments. As that industry headed into a slump in the late '20's, I went into public accounting and tax work and later became associated with an investment banking firm.

From the "highs" of 1928 and 1929 to the "lows" of 1932 and 1933 and into the "still lowers" of 1941 I have stayed with the business, despite the New Deal, S. E. C., N. A. S. D., and all those things with which everyone is now so well acquainted.

Meanwhile, I have married, built a stone bungalow in the suburbs of Kansas City, and have taken some time out for my real hobby, travelling and sight-seeing. Since we have not been blessed with children (or should I say "been blessed with no children?"), time for hobbies has been ample.

In 1936 I had the privilege of returning to Cambridge for the Tercentenary celebration. The memory of all the learned gentlemen in their robes and regalia, as well as their speeches, will remain with me always as most impressive. And the renewal of my acquaintance with the familiar scenes around the Yard was indeed worth the trip.

STEPHEN GEORGE JONES

HOME ADDRESS: 66 Pleasant St., Arlington, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 270 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Aug. 31, 1893, Watertown, N. Y. PARENTS: Adelbert Clinton Jones, Ina May McCarthy.

PREPARED AT: Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; M.D., 1921.

MARRIED: Wanda Wardell, July 26, 1917, Boston, Mass.

HARVARD BROTHER: Clinton McCarthy Jones, '20.

OCCUPATION: Surgeon.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Medical Enlisted Reserve Corps March 14, 1918; not called to active duty; discharged Dec. 17, 1918.

OFFICES HELD: Professional affiliations with the Massachusetts General Hospital, the Massachusetts Eye and Ear Infirmary, the Ring Sanatorium and Hospital, the Chelsea Memorial Hospital, the Symmes Arlington

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Hospital, the Harvard Medical School, the Tufts College Medical School, the Collis P. Huntington Memorial Hospital, the House of the Good Samaritan; member Massachusetts Regional Fracture Committee of the American College of Surgeons, February, 1938; member 1937 Committee of the Boston Community Fund; surgeon-in-chief, Arlington Home Defense, September, 1940; member Public Relations Committee, Suffolk District, Massachusetts Medical Society.

MEMBER OF: Boston Medical Library (fellow); Massachusetts Medical Society (fellow); American Medical Association (fellow); American College of Surgeons (fellow); Founder's Group of American Board of Surgery; Chelsea Doctor's Club; Arlington Doctor's Club; Lancet Club; Aesculapian Club of Boston; Harvard Club of Boston; Belmont Country Club; Masons; New Ocean House Golf Club (vice-president).

PUBLICATIONS: Many articles on surgery, fractures, and bone and joint injuries in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, the *New England Journal of Medicine*, the *Journal of Bone and Joint Surgery*, etc.

STEVE JONES knows his bones. His story:

IN the fall of 1917 I entered the Harvard Medical School. During my fourth year I did some original research work on the problem of reflex of urine from the bladder to the kidney and reported this work while at the United States Veterans Hospital No. 36 in Boston. Following graduation from Medical School, I spent nine months at that hospital as a member of the hospital staff. I then served a two-year surgical internship at the Massachusetts General Hospital, finishing December 31, 1923. While there I did some original work on the problem of renal tuberculosis and formulated a method of demonstrating the tubercle bacilli in the urine. I gave this paper before the American College of Surgeons in 1922 and repeated it before the New England Society of Urologists in 1923. This paper was published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, December 13, 1924. There followed a six months' internship at the Boston Lying-In Hospital, which ended July 15, 1925.

While an intern at the Massachusetts General Hospital I also addressed the New England Society of Urologists on the subject, "Frequency of Bilateral Renal Tuberculosis." This paper was later read at the 1925 meeting of the American Association of Genito-Urinary Surgeons at Washington, and was published in the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*.

On August 1, 1924, I opened an office in Boston for the prac-

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tice of general surgery and was associated with the late Dr. Ernest Amory Codman for one year, then moving my office to 270 Commonwealth Avenue, where I am still located.

During the next ten years I was appointed to the staffs of the Massachusetts General Hospital, the Collis P. Huntington Memorial Hospital, the House of the Good Samaritan, and the Chelsea Memorial Hospital. Many of these positions I still hold. During the time I have been a member of the staff of the Chelsea Memorial Hospital I have given the surgical lectures for the nurses' training school yearly. I have served in the same capacity at the Symmes Arlington Hospital, of which I was appointed surgeon-in-chief in 1929 and a member of the physicians' board in 1935.

In the summer of 1933 I went abroad. I visited France, Switzerland, Italy, Austria, Germany, Holland, and England. I was especially interested in the surgery of those countries and spent the greater part of my time at the hospitals there. Germany at that time was just embarking upon its Nazi régime. In the fall of 1933, as one of the surgeons of the Fracture Clinic of the Massachusetts General Hospital, I helped conduct a course in fractures given under the auspices of the Graduate School of Medicine at Harvard to surgeons from all parts of the country. I have assisted in post-graduate teaching in this course each year since. Since October, 1934, I have been a consultant in surgery at the Ring Sanatorium and Hospital in Arlington.

In 1934 I delivered three papers before the Clinical Congress of the American College of Surgeons based on original work on Volkmann's contracture. Also in 1934 I was selected by the Massachusetts Medical Society as one of a group of Boston surgeons to conduct its post-graduate course in surgery to physicians in various cities throughout the state.

I spent the summer of 1935 visiting England and Scotland. I concentrated upon the surgical clinics of these two countries, but found time for one of my hobbies and fished in northern Scotland. As a counter-diversion I later visited Paris. In September, 1935, I was appointed instructor in surgery by the Harvard Medical School to teach third-year Harvard Medical students at the Massachusetts General Hospital.

In the summer of 1936 I was abroad again at the hospitals of England and Scotland, and paid special attention to the surgical

work of the extreme northern portion of the Scottish countryside. I also enjoyed the excellent fishing in Scotland again. And since fishing is one of my hobbies, I should like to mention here that fishing for salmon in northern Scotland is really something!

Since 1936 I have been an instructor in surgery at the Tufts College Medical School. In the summer of 1937 I was abroad again, and spent my time in England and France. It was coronation year in London and exposition year in Paris. In spite of these diversions, I managed to see a good deal of the surgery of these two countries. One day while lunching at the American Club of Paris, I heard a very interesting talk by Walter Lippmann. He prophesied a great many of the events which have since taken place abroad.

I was abroad again during the summer of 1938, visiting the hospitals of England, Scotland, and France. I fished again in Scotland. Each year abroad it was interesting to note how the war clouds were gathering. While we were in London, the trouble had already started in Spain.

In the summer of 1939 plans had been made for going abroad again. I was to read a paper before the Surgical Society of Paris. At the last minute I was warned not to come, because of unsettled conditions there. So I went to Honolulu instead, and looked into the surgery there. I also investigated the grass skirts and Waikiki Beach. Hawaii is one place that is as good as advertised.

During these years I have written articles on surgery and fractures for various medical societies and reviewed many articles for medical journals.

In addition to my travels abroad, I have crossed this country and Canada to the West Coast repeatedly, visiting most of the parks, canyons, chasms, and other wonders of nature. Incidentally, the fishing in Yellowstone Lake is excellent. In the shadows of the snow-capped Grand Tetons, one catches a speckled trout which is a thing of beauty.

In regard to my hobbies, I rather imagine you have guessed that fishing is one of them. Travel, and the opportunity it affords of visiting surgical clinics, is another. And lastly, there is my ever-varying game of golf.

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THOMAS PARKE JOY

HOME ADDRESS: 108 Gainsborough St., Boston, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 16 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Aug. 17, 1894, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Robert Shaffer Joy, Bella S. Parke.

PREPARED AT: Dorchester High School, Dorchester, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917 (18).

MARRIED: Gladys Christabel Warren, Sept. 14, 1922, New York, N. Y.

CHILDREN: Marianne Warren, July 26, 1925; Warren, Dec. 28, 1926; Roger Thomas, March 9, 1934.

HARVARD BROTHERS: Charles Rhind Joy, '08, S.T.B., '11; Henry Murray Joy, '11; Edward Albert Joy, A.M., '30, PH.D., '33.

OCCUPATION: Partner, New England Decorating Company.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Medical Department Dec. 3, 1917; assigned to General Hospital No. 5, Fort Ontario, N. Y.; transferred to Ordnance Department July 13; stationed at Raritan Arsenal, N. J.; promoted sergeant Feb. 17, 1919; discharged May 29, 1919.

MEMBER OF: Masons.

TOM JOY does not believe that the world is "going to the dogs" or that there are no ethics in business. He writes:

IT may appear to most men, when contemplating writing their "life" for an anniversary report, that what has happened to them since graduation cannot be of more than passing interest to the majority of their classmates. A few years ago a family incident impressed me with the value of such an exchange of information. After my father's death, my brothers and sisters agreed to write a family round robin. Each in turn added his letter to the batch, and when the round robin arrived back again he would remove his old letter and add a new one. Even though the letters contained comparatively minor items such as Bobbie taking a summer job as a nurse in a hospital, and Charlie suffering with a bad case of puppy love, all letters were read with a great deal of interest. Inasmuch as, like most families, homes are not always close together, and interests and friends are different, these letters help to remind us that we still have relatives who are interested in us. The issues of *Seventeen Men* which came to us this past year I considered a Class of 1917 Round Robin, and I, for one, would like to see them continued as a permanent reminder of the unity of the Class of 1917.

The summer following graduation was spent in the White

Mountains, where I had the unusual experience of climbing Mount Washington with all four of my brothers. Newspapers were rarely read in those parts, and the World War seemed far removed from me. As soon as I returned to the city, however, I enlisted in the Medical Corps of the Army, feeling that what experience I gained there could later be used when I entered medical school. Like many of my classmates, I found that plans made for the future while in College were changed after the war's end to meet the new situations facing us — in many cases, I venture to say, the principal reason was marriage. I had an opportunity to become a claim investigator for several large life insurance companies, and enjoyed myself for several years snooping around Boston and vicinity. If I obtained little information about those I was investigating, I at least learned the streets of Boston. After several years as an amateur Sherlock Holmes I succeeded my father as proprietor of the New England Decorating Company, a business which will be fifty years of age when our Class is twenty-five. We manufacture flags and supply decorative settings for weddings, coming-out parties, dances, sales meetings, and the like. It has been my pleasure to assist in the weddings of daughters of several classmates, by providing the tents, canopies, etc. This is essentially a service business, providing many pleasant experiences with many individuals and organizations.

I have done little travelling, but enjoy climbing in the White Mountains when the opportunity permits. I have had a very happy home life with my wife and three children. While three of my brothers have had degrees from Harvard, and a nephew is a junior there now, it appears that Massachusetts Institute of Technology is the main attraction for my sons, who are both interested in aviation.

I suppose it is expected that each of us should present his observations on life, based on his past experience. There is a great deal of loose talk nowadays concerning the lack of proper ethics in business, but I have had brought to my attention many times that there are still a great many honest men in business. Now that we are engaged in another world war the seriousness of the outlook for us as a country and as individuals cannot be overlooked. It is easy to face the future with misgiving if we allow ourselves to be unduly swayed by the pessimists who insist that

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the world is going to the dogs. This theory has been preached from the beginning of history, each generation providing a certain number of adherents, but it appears to me that "the dogs have had an awful wait," as the poet states. My personal opinion is that the world will, somehow, emerge from the present conflict a better place in which to live. Now is the time for men of courage and faith. I believe that our Class will provide many leaders who will play an important part in the future of this country.

LEWIS TALBOT KAVANAUGH

HOME ADDRESS: 183 S. Watkins St., Memphis, Tenn.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Geo. H. McFadden & Bro., Memphis, Tenn.

BORN: April 9, 1893, Memphis, Tenn. PARENTS: Lewis Talbot Kavanaugh, Alice Delphine Markham.

PREPARED AT: Milton Academy, Milton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1915.

UNMARRIED.

OCCUPATION: Cotton Buyer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled chief boatswain's mate, U. S. Naval Reserve Force May 14, 1917; rating changed to chief quartermaster Sept. 14, 1918; transferred to Naval Aviation Detachment, Mass. Inst. Tech.; released from active duty Nov. 28, 1918.

IN College Kavy was never accused of being a prude, and he still isn't. His "Life":

AFTER such persistent goading by the Class Secretary I feel that I should write something of my life here, but the parts of it that could be published would make such dull reading that it hardly seems worth the effort. Naturally, I have had my moments, and no one except my close friends would find them interesting or amusing, so I am saving them to relate over a few Scotches when we meet at our 25th Reunion, which I hope to attend.

Never having been willing to marry the kind of woman who would marry me, I still enjoy the doubtful pleasures of single blessedness, and consequently have no family life with which to bore people. All of my travels since the last war have been of a business nature and necessarily humdrum and uninteresting, except for the usual interludes enjoyed by all travelling men with the farmers' daughters.

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My only political conviction is that all politicians are either crooked or incompetent wind bags, from which you might think that I am a cynic, or a disappointed office-seeker, but such is not the case. I simply don't like politicians, policemen, or the like.

You may note from my questionnaire that I list no clubs to which I belong, but this is an oversight, as I am sure that I belong to the Harvard Club of Memphis and am equally sure that I have not paid my annual dues, so why call their attention to it? I have never been much of a joiner and long ago resigned from all clubs to which I belonged. In fact, clubs and social life bore me. I still insist that I am not a crabbed cynic, so it must be the ravages of old age.

My hobbies are (or I should say were) wine, women, and song. Failing health and high blood pressure have slowed me down to a walk where the first two are concerned (by the way, who in hell discovered this blood pressure business in the first place?), and my former consumption of wine and likker ruined my voice so that I can no longer sing a note.

I am asked to include my pet aversions. You guessed it — they are wine, women, and song. Here's how!

✦ ARTHUR CHRISTIAN KECK

BORN: Nov. 4, 1895, New York, N. Y. PARENTS: Christian Phillips Keck, Ida Martin.

PREPARED AT: Cutler School, New York, N. Y.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1915, 1916-1917. DEGREE: A.B. † 1917 (19).

UNMARRIED.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Camion driver, American Field Service, Motor Transport Unit 184 (Réserve Mallet), June 2 to Nov. 22, 1917, with French Army on Soissons front; entered American Red Cross service, Bordeaux, with assimilated rank of 2d lieutenant, Nov. 23, 1917; returned to United States May, 1918. Enlisted and appointed battalion sergeant major June 18, 1918; assigned to 52d Pioneer Infantry; sailed for France Aug. 2; discharged May 27, 1919. Engagement: Meuse-Argonne offensive.

DIED: Feb. 22, 1939, New York, N. Y.

SISTER: Mrs. Howard F. Whitney, 660 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

KECK started his business career with the Guaranty Trust Company in New York in June, 1919, later becoming associated with the New York Stock Exchange firm of Paine, Webber

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& Company. In 1923 he started his own firm, specializing in the arbitrage and sale of foreign government bonds listed on the London Stock Exchange. He later became syndicate manager for the firm of Prince & Whitely. When the Association of Foreign Security Dealers of America was formed to standardize dealings in foreign securities, Keck became its first secretary.

At the time of his death he was a trader with the L. G. Smith Company, Incorporated, an investment bond house in New York City.

JAMES JOSEPH KELLEY

HOME ADDRESS: 114 Payson Rd., Belmont, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Roxbury Memorial High School, Roxbury, Mass.

BORN: Aug. 17, 1892, South Boston, Mass. PARENTS: William Joseph Kelley, Annie Margaret Conlon.

PREPARED AT: Public Latin School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Lillian H. Austin, Aug. 2, 1932, Bondsville, Mass.

OCCUPATION: Master Military Drill, Boston High Schools.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., August, 1917; assigned to Machine Gun Company, 22d Infantry; promoted temporary 1st lieutenant; appointed officer in command Machine Gun Company; captain, 301st Infantry Reserve, U. S. A., retired.

OFFICES HELD: Treasurer, Roxbury Memorial High School Alumni; vice-commander, American Legion Post.

MEMBER OF: American Legion; Catholic Order of Foresters; Boston Schoolmen's Economic Club.

PUBLICATIONS: Syllabus of Military Drill.

KELLEY, in a parenthetical remark, says, "Almost the oldest graduate of this Class." The Secretary's statistics do not support this sweeping statement but, even if it were correct, Kelley's "Life" shows that he is youthful in his ideas and his ideals. He writes:

IN 1917, after serving three months with the Harvard Regiment, I was ordered to the Second Plattsburg Camp. From December, 1917, to March, 1919, I served with the 22nd Infantry, Regular Army, stationed at Fort Jay, New York. From 1919 to 1920 I served as scientific assistant in entomology for the Department of Agriculture, and since 1920 I have been a teacher in the Boston high schools, specializing in military drill.

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I married a teacher in the Boston high schools in 1932, and we travelled through Europe, visiting Germany, Switzerland, France, England, and Ireland. We still are convinced that the Statue of Liberty symbolizes freedom in the American way of life. She looked very charming, very easy on the eyes, as we approached New York. There is no country on the face of God's earth like our own United States. This indeed is God's country. Old Glory flying from Fort Hamilton thrilled all the passengers on the return trip. The flag surely is the symbol of the Constitution, the emblem of freedom, the hope of humanity and, God willing, the salvation of the world.

My hobby is sports, especially baseball and football. I have followed baseball all my life, particularly the major leagues. I have a great interest in Harvard football teams. I hate to see them lose but I'm always ready for the next game with hopes high.

I have instructed over 15,000 boys in the Boston high schools. I instructed 9000 in the Citizens' Military Training Corps at Fort Devens between 1923 and 1931. In the language of youth there is no such word as failure. All boys, by nature, are the same the world over. The environment changes them. They are America's jewels, and we must be careful how we treat them. I have instructed them in discipline and leadership, military courtesy, posture, and carriage. I have discovered that all leaders do not come from any one race. Every race produces its leaders in music, art, and the sciences. The best leaders in military drill come from all races. No assignment could give me greater pleasure than to be an instructor of 24,000 boys. They are the severest judges of teachers; therefore the teacher must be above reproach in order to earn the respect and admiration of his pupils.

I believe that the Class of 1917 (War Class) is the best that ever came out of Harvard. We *saved* the world for Democracy.

Hitler cannot win, no matter what he does. It is not in the cards. No man in this world is big enough to conquer it. If he loves the danger he shall perish in it.

I love the radio, movies, and music. I like to listen to a good oration on the radio, I enjoy movies with an historical background, and I enjoy semi-classical and classical music. I sometimes play the piano for my own amusement.

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We create our own happiness. I have had a very happy life since leaving Harvard in 1917. God grant that it may continue.

ROBERT CHANDLER KELLEY

HOME ADDRESS: 129 S. Ninth St., Las Vegas, Nev.

OFFICE ADDRESS: c/o Basic Magnesium, Inc., P. O. Box 1150, Las Vegas, Nev.

BORN: Jan. 2, 1895, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Herbert Linwood Kelley, Margaret McNaught Webster.

PREPARED AT: Public Latin School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Antoinette Winship Clapp, June 22, 1918, Newtonville, Mass.

CHILD: Alice Stetson, April 12, 1924.

OCCUPATION: Director of Purchases, Basic Magnesium, Incorporated, Plancor 201, of Defense Plant Corporation.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered service Nov. 23, 1917; assigned to Infantry Central Officers' Training School, Camp Lee, Va.; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry; assigned to Headquarters Camp Meade, Md.; discharged Dec. 17, 1918.

OFFICES HELD: Instructor, evening division, Boston University College of Commerce; visiting lecturer, Massachusetts Institute of Technology; High Priest, Newton Royal Arch Chapter, 1932-1933; president, New England Purchasing Agents' Association, 1935-1936; director, National Association of Purchasing Agents, 1936-1937; chairman, Rubber Division, Boston Community Fund, 1939, Textile Committee, Boston Community Fund since 1930; member publications committee, *New England Purchaser*.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of Boston; Harvard Club of New York; American Society for Testing Materials (member Textile Committee); American Chemical Society (rubber group); Textile Square Club; Brae Burn Country Club; New England Purchasing Agents Association; National Purchasing Agents Association; Mt. Vernon Lodge A. F. and A. M. (Malden) Newton Royal Arch Chapter; Gethsemane Commandery (Knights Templar).

PUBLICATIONS: United States correspondent, *India Rubber Journal*, London, England; many articles in trade and professional magazines, such as *Barron's Weekly*, *India Rubber World*, *Rubber Age*, *Textile World*, *Daily News Record*, *Journal of Commerce*, *Forbes Weekly*, *Purchasing Factory*, etc.; co-author, "Practical Experience in Industrial Planning-Material Control," published by the Boston Chamber of Commerce, 1923.

DESPITE Elbert Hubbard's, and even Shakespeare's opinion of a buyer, Bob Kelley may take some consolation in the thought that perhaps Dr. Johnson was a buyer at heart, as that great man once wrote, "When I take up the end of a web and find it pack-

thread, I do not expect, by looking further, to find embroidery."
Bob's story:

OCCASIONALLY in my travels I meet a classmate whom I have not seen since College, and the invariable question is "Are you still in newspaper work?" When I reveal that I am a purchasing agent for two rubber companies, he looks at me in a puzzled sort of way as if somewhere along the line I had gotten off the track on which I started in 1917. In 1939 my biography was written up in a magazine, *Purchasing*, and my biographer started out as follows: "If the early 'bent' and boyhood ambitions of Bob Kelley had prevailed, he would today be engaged in the field of journalism rather than in buying. The fascination of printer's ink dies hard, and this spark is still aglow. Though it has been relegated to second place among Kelley's interests, it is still a force in making him one of the more articulate members of the purchasing fraternity, for which purchasing men can be duly grateful."

The late Elbert Hubbard once described the typical buyer as a man "past middle age, spare, lean, cool, calm, collected, *sans* passion, bowels, or a sense of humor, without charm, or the friendly germ. He has a heart of feldspar, and is damnably composed as a concrete post or a plaster of Paris cast. Happily they never reproduce, and all of them finally go to hell."

While I cannot guarantee that I will escape the fate Mr. Hubbard allotted to men of my profession, I do insist that the last sixteen years I have spent in purchasing have not moulded me into his pattern of a typical buyer. The war really caused my diversion from journalism to industry. I was married while in service, and after the war was over I decided to go into business. As a result of my military experience in handling stores and supplies, my first job at the Converse Rubber Shoe Company was handling waste and salvage, which was a sizeable task in cleaning up the production excesses of World War I. This eventually led me into purchasing. The first buying I ever did was at the Boston Army Base in the early '20's, where I was sent by my company to buy surplus tent duck at the army auctions. Thus I heard the call of the auctioneer long before Lucky Strike put it on the radio.

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Mrs. Kelley and I started out living in an apartment on the west side of Malden which was just a mile from the plant. Work began at seven in the morning and continued until five at night, six days a week. Community life in Malden was pleasant in the early '20's. I was secretary of the men's club at the Congregational Church, and a member of the University Club. I joined the Masons there, and we used to bowl and play bridge at the Kernwood neighboring club. In 1921 we moved back to Newtonville, which was my wife's home. This proved to be a fortunate location as in 1930 I took over the purchasing for the Hodgman Rubber Company in Framingham, which made my location mid-way between the two plants.

Our business felt the Depression heavily. The Converse Rubber Shoe Company got into financial difficulties in 1928 due to over-expansion in the tire business, and was sold to new interests in 1929, starting anew as the Converse Rubber Company. We were just getting squared away when in 1930 our president got lost in the Maine woods. His body was found in May, 1931. I shall always remember the date of his funeral — May 23, 1931 — as I was taken to the hospital that night with acute appendicitis, the only real sickness I have had over these twenty-five years. But our troubles were not over. In December, 1931, the Converse Rubber Company was sold again by our president's heirs, although they kept the Hodgman Rubber Company and retained me as their purchasing agent. One of the Boston bank failures tied up our bank balance and in June, 1932, we were in receivership again. On April 1, 1933, the business was turned back to the stockholders and the creditors paid in full. Since that time the company has done fairly well, although the rubber footwear business is extremely competitive and declining in volume because of more open winters, the automobile, and faster snow removal.

I enjoy my work immensely and have supplemented it with writing and teaching at Boston University, Tech, and the Harvard Business School. I have been very active in the National Association of Purchasing Agents, and their national conventions have afforded me travel opportunities to Buffalo, Chicago, Cleveland, New Orleans, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, and St. Louis. I have taken the family along on several of these trips, to our mutual

enjoyment. I visit New York twice every month, sometimes using the plane, which is now just a taxi ride.

I think that the most interesting transition in these twenty-five years has been the change in my points of view. As a youngster I felt that unless one was an Episcopalian, a Republican, and went to an allopathic physician, one just didn't belong. Today I am a member of the Congregational Church, but rarely attend. Occasionally in the winter I run over to the College chapel in Cambridge because I like the hour's service and the twenty-minute sermons. The one I liked the best last winter I later discovered was given by a pastor from New York who is quite "pink." I have stayed with the Republican party pretty regularly, although I confess that I thought Mr. Landon was pretty weak, and I liked Mr. Willkie less as the campaign went on. Several trips to Washington have convinced me that many of Mr. Roosevelt's men are sincere and honest, and are trying to do an unbiased job in this emergency. As to the differences between allopathy and homeopathy, I confess that they no longer seem important.

The war situation is changing so rapidly that any comment might seem untimely when this is printed. I am for all-out aid to England, whose country and people I have always admired. I know enough about the world commodity situation from my professional work to realize that isolationism is impossible and stupid. I hope that we have the courage and the leadership to straighten out this mess when the fighting is over.

As I write this (July, 1941), Professor George Lyman Kittredge has passed away. Thus, the Harvard greats at whose feet we sat from 1913 to 1917, one by one yield their chairs to the newer and younger men. No one can take their places; they were men unique and powerful in their influence. I called upon "Copey" one day last summer, and we discussed many of our classmates with whom I sat in English 12. Bob Cram and Bill Meeker meant much to him, as they did to me. Bill's picture was on the mantelpiece.

I have never regretted my matriculation at Harvard. I have kept more or less in touch with affairs in Cambridge and thoroughly enjoyed Alumni Day attendance at classes last December. I think that we have a wonderful Class, with a fine group of men whose influence in all walks of life cannot be matched by any

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other. We had a notable record in World War I, and I am sure it will be just as notable in World War II, even though our khaki days are over.

My home life is just as busy as my business work. Mrs. Kelley is very active in Red Cross and is now busy teaching in the defense school. My daughter has one more year at Winsor and is headed for Smith — her mother's college. This summer she was busy taking care of crippled children at the Sunlight Hospital in Egypt, Massachusetts.

[In January, 1942, Kelley added the following note to the above "Life":

"After twenty-three years of pleasant business connections in New England, I pulled up stakes on October 4, 1941, and took over the direction of the purchasing activities of the new magnesium metal plant being erected by the government at Las Vegas, Nevada. I like the new country very much and have had some pleasant contacts with Harvard men in the West." — *Secretary*.]

✦ SAMUEL JOSEPH ARTHUR KELLEY

BORN: May 18, 1894, Jamaica Plain, Mass. PARENTS: Jeremiah Joseph Kelley, Julia Irene Buckley.

PREPARED AT: Berkeley Preparatory School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B. † 1917 (19).

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., Aug., 1917; commissioned provisional 2d lieutenant Infantry, Regular Army, Oct. 26; assigned to Company M, 22d Infantry; died Feb. 13, 1919, at Governors Island, N. Y., as temporary 1st lieutenant.

DIED: Feb. 13, 1919, Governors Island, N. Y.

MOTHER: Mrs. Jeremiah H. Kelley, 9 Parkwood Terr., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

WHILE he was in preparatory school Kelley made a reputation as an athlete and took a keen interest in military drill, in which he made such an excellent record that in his senior year he achieved the rank of captain in the school cadet corps. In College he was a member of the Freshman football squad. He also became an interested and energetic member of the St. Paul's Catholic Club.

In April, 1917, Kelley entered the Reserve Officers' Training Corps at Harvard, and later took examinations for a commission in the Regular Army. In August he entered the Second Officers'

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Training Camp at Plattsburg. He remained at the camp until it closed, acting, in addition to his regular duties, as manager of the baseball team made up of New England representatives, and contributing to the camp publication, the *Plattsburger*. At the close of the camp he was assigned to Company M of the 22nd Infantry and stationed at Fort Niagara, New York. There he became athletic officer, and was retained at Niagara in this capacity when his company was transferred to Syracuse.

On January 24, 1918, Kelley was promoted temporary first lieutenant and in September was sent to Governors Island in New York Harbor, the headquarters of his regiment. "There he remained," we read in the *Memoirs of the Harvard Dead in the War Against Germany*, "loyal and conscientious in his service, although several times bitterly disappointed at not receiving expected orders for duty abroad. He was eager to get to France, but in his anxiety never slighted his daily tasks.

"At Governors Island, on February 13, 1919, he died of peritonitis following appendicitis. In a few words Herbert F. Sullivan, in the Triennial Report of the Class of 1917, summed up the feeling of Kelley's friends with respect to his death.

"'Although Kelley died on this side, he gave his life while in the service of his country for a cause the rightfulness and justice of which he never questioned. In one sense his giving of his life in this country in the performance of duty involving more routine and less glory, but requiring more patience and unquestioning obedience to orders, marks him as a real soldier so constituted that, if it had fallen to his lot to serve in France, his friends may rest assured that his record there would have been inspiring.'"

Harvard awarded Kelley the posthumous degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1919.

WILLIAM DARRAH KELLEY, III

ADDRESS: The Choate School, Wallingford, Conn.

BORN: Nov. 15, 1892, Chattanooga, Tenn. PARENTS: William Darrah Kelley, Caroline Tyler.

PREPARED AT: The Choate School, Wallingford, Conn.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Mary Stewart Clementson, May 8, 1926, Chattanooga, Tenn.

CHILD: William Darrah, 4th, June 24, 1927.

OCCUPATION: Member, Department of English, The Choate School.

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MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled seaman 2d class, U. S. Naval Reserve Force Sept. 5, 1917; assigned to Naval Aviation Detachment, Akron, Ohio; to Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Fla.; appointed ensign; qualified as Naval Aviator March 21, 1918; transferred to Naval Aviation Detachment, Mass. Inst. Tech., as head of Department of Lighter-than-Air; promoted lieutenant (junior grade) Oct. 1; released from active duty Feb. 4, 1919.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of Boston.

NO doubt Bill Kelley entered his present profession richer from his varied contacts in the world during his first ten years out of College. He writes:

IN February, 1919, I returned to Chattanooga. In May of that year I was in south Alabama and later in south Georgia with a company whose business was to lay brick paving. For six months in the deep South I checked shipments of bricks, cement, sand, and stone for curbing, and made out payrolls. Once when I came across a Boston & Maine freight car so far from New England, I even photographed it. The car, by the way, loaded with lumber, happened to be new. In these small towns men, white and colored, were returning from war service. To some who had never before been outside their home counties, New York and Europe were parts of the world never to be forgotten. In November I left this land of cane, cotton, and pine to take a job in the agency department of a life insurance company.

For a few years, beginning with 1921, I was with a firm packing fruits, vegetables, and syrup in tin and in glass. Ever since my tour of duty at M. I. T. during the war, I had often thought of the field of education. I was fortunate enough to come to Choate in the fall of 1927.

In addition to the duties of the department with which I am associated, I help with the yearbook in the fall, and in the spring have been with the crews at the boathouse — not coaching, however — and have other school posts of a business nature. Living and working with boys of school age is indeed fascinating. To understand and to try to meet the individual point of view is of never-ending interest.

For three summers I was a councillor at a boys' camp in New Hampshire. During July and part of August, 1931, the year Appleton Chapel was demolished, I was at the Harvard Summer

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School. During other summers I have motored south with my family. In 1939 I enjoyed a trip by train through the Canadian Northwest and our Pacific Coast states. I seem to be never able to do all the reading I plan to do. I enjoy the beauties of nature in a state normally Republican, but now Democratic, and in the last election I voted for Wendell Willkie.

WILLIAM JOSEPH KELLEY

ADDRESS: 25 Hamilton Rd., Scarsdale, N. Y.

BORN: Nov. 7, 1895, Lexington, Ky. PARENTS: John Martin Kelley, Mary Galvin.

PREPARED AT: Lexington High School, Lexington, Ky.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1915-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Jane Seymour, Dec. 27, 1922, New York, N. Y. CHILDREN: Donald Seymour, Oct. 13, 1923; Sheila Seymour, Feb. 3, 1928.

OCCUPATION: Advertising Writer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Second and first lieutenant, U. S. A., attached to Military Intelligence Section of General Staff at Washington, London, Paris, and American General Headquarters; attached to British 42nd Division in Flanders. Captain in Reserve for ten years.

OFFICES HELD: Vice-president, American Relief Administration Association, 1940; member Committee on Public Relations, Girl Scouts, Incorporated, New York.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of New York; National Press Club, Washington, D. C.; Town Club, Scarsdale, N. Y.; Military Intelligence Society, New York, N. Y.

WILLIAM KELLEY served as a relief executive in Russia during the famine of 1921-1922 in the American Relief Administration, of which Herbert Hoover was chairman. He served three years in Washington, D. C., as director of the Press Department of the Legation of Poland. He went into the advertising business in 1926.

ALFRED HUBBARD KELLOGG

HOME ADDRESS: 176 Park Ave., Watertown, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 567 State St., Watertown, N. Y.

BORN: Jan. 18, 1893, Watertown, N. Y. PARENTS: Israel Alfred Kellogg, Mabel Overton.

PREPARED AT: Travis School, Syracuse, N. Y.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Evelyn Taylor Campbell, Aug. 4, 1923, Buffalo, N. Y. CHILDREN: Angela Campbell, May 14, 1924; Charles Alfred, March 24, 1925.

OCCUPATION: Proprietor, 7 Up Watertown Company.

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MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled seaman U. S. Naval Reserve Force April 26, 1917; assigned to Naval Training Station, Charleston, S. C.; transferred to Dirigible Section, Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Fla.; promoted quartermaster 2d class Sept., 1918; promoted quartermaster 1st class Jan., 1919; released from active duty March 2, 1919.

MEMBER OF: Jefferson County Golf Club; Y. M. C. A.

AL KELLOGG is such a good golfer that we do not wonder that he was attracted to a beverage whose name is golfing parlance. His story:

AFTER graduating and after my discharge from service in Naval Aviation I came back to Watertown, New York, to wait for the fall term of the Harvard Medical School, where I intended to enter. But in June my brother died. He was the owner of a wholesale candy business, and I took that over at my mother's request and my disgust. I fooled around with that with little success until 1938 when a chance presented itself to go into the soft drink business with 7 Up. I took an immediate interest in this and have managed to build up a good distribution. Now with all the rationing of sugar, our business is not so sweet.

My family life is grand; my wife is a graduate of Syracuse University; we have a daughter and a son. My daughter has just graduated from the Watertown High School. She was fifth in her class and has a scholarship to Vassar. She is entering next fall. My son is also high in his class, wants to go to Harvard, but doesn't like their football record. The family's pet hobby is golf. All of us are pretty good. I have got down to the low 70's and have won a few tournaments. We are all Presbyterians and go to church once in a while. My pet aversion is writing a Class history, and even a worse one is getting my picture taken.

It's all an uneventful life, but I like it.

THEODORE EDWARD KENDRICK

HOME ADDRESS: Moore House Rd., Yorktown, Va.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Naval Mine Depot, Yorktown, Va.

BORN: April 9, 1895, Brockton, Mass. PARENTS: Arthur Edward Kendrick, Elizabeth Ann Pratt.

PREPARED AT: Brockton High School, Brockton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Cora E. Williams, Oct. 4, 1930, Williamsburg, Va. CHILD: Theodore Edward, Jr., June 25, 1935.

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OCCUPATION: Chemist at the Naval Mine Depot, specializing in military high explosives and ordnance.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered service private Aug. 30, 1918; detailed to Franklin Union, Boston, Mass.; granted industrial furlough Sept. 30; discharged Dec. 21, 1918.

OFFICES HELD: Vice-president, Harvard Club of Virginia; master, Yorktown Lodge, A. F. & A. M.; past president, Hampton Roads Chemist Club; district commissioner, Boy Scouts of America.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of Virginia; Hampton Roads Chemist Club; Yorktown Lodge; St. John's Royal Arch Chapter; Yorktown Civic League.

"BUTTER or guns" may have been the choice given the Germans, but Ted Kendrick had a choice of butter or TNT and he chose the latter as the safer. His "Life":

SOME people think that the life of one who is working with high explosives is spent amid bursting bombs and blown-up factories. Fortunately that is not true. Once I left the explosive business to work in a butter factory, but, believe it or not, three months afterwards our laboratory was blown up and destroyed, killing all but two of my colleagues. So I returned to handling TNT, and left butter to braver men. As Mark Twain says, the most dangerous place a man can be is in bed, as statistics show that more men died there than anywhere else. How fortunate it is we cannot foretell the future.

After leaving College in 1917 I entered defense work and also put in a short stretch in the Army. When the war was over I came back to Cambridge and spent a year doing graduate work at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. After that I worked in Baltimore and around New York City, and then spent about six years in Michigan, during which I tried to establish a business in Detroit. After proving that I was no second Henry Ford, I put in two years at various jobs around Buffalo and in Canada. For a while it seemed as if every firm I joined went on the rocks — I hope in spite of me and not because of me. So when I finally entered the government service, I figured that here that could not happen. But after reading how we are spending money — well, perhaps I had better not be too sure.

Here I am, a city-bred Yankee in a small southern town — a hide-bound Republican where there ain't no such animal. But I like it. I can sit on my porch after work and watch the Navy

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ships and other boats on the prettiest river in the country, the York. I play golf on the battlefield that Alexander Hamilton and Lafayette led their men across to storm Cornwallis's trenches and win independence for our country. I like to visit the cities and miss their many facilities, but I don't miss the automobile exhaust atmosphere and the sleep-killing racket. Before the present influx of defense workers arrived, I could pass down the Main Street on a Saturday morning and greet by name every white man in the town. We had 150 people here in 1930.

Photography used to be my hobby, but I have had to take so many identification-badge pictures that I do not care if I never take another still picture. I still enjoy taking movies. Having some knowledge of photography, I was assigned the job of taking official pictures for the Naval Mine Depot when I came here. But since the emergency requires an identification badge with a portrait for each man, it has become a task which cuts into time I should much prefer to spend on my professional work.

In recent years I have been active in Boy Scout work and enjoy it very much. I recall how much pleasure Doc Whitney and I had our Senior year with a troop of East Cambridge urchins, poor little shavers who had hardly enough to eat. I wonder if they are now among the politicians who are scrapping with the "big-wigs" of Harvard Square about whether the College should pay taxes. But the Boy Scout work has the advantage that you can see that you are accomplishing something of value. It is an education that the regular school system cannot furnish. It takes the place of the pioneer training which was practically extinct when we were young and now has gone forever. I really believe it is more important than a college education, because it teaches a boy how to live, and what can be more important?

In 1917 twenty-five years seemed like a millennium, but today 1917 seems just a short while back. Why, we are just as young as when we danced on the floor of Memorial Hall at our Class Spread, that is, unless we try to play tennis or romp with the children. A little less hair on our heads, fewer teeth, probably a bigger stomach, but still the same Harvard Seventeen Men, ready to carry on for our country as we did twenty-five years ago.

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DANIEL JOSEPH KENEFICK, JR.

HOME ADDRESS: 51 Nottingham Terr., Buffalo, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 1330 Marine Trust Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

BORN: Aug. 2, 1892, Buffalo, N. Y. PARENTS: Daniel Joseph Kenefick, Mary Germain.

PREPARED AT: Nichols School, Buffalo, N. Y.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; LL.B., 1921.

MARRIED: Dorothy Dudley, Oct. 29, 1921, Buffalo, N. Y. CHILDREN: Sallie G., Nov. 1, 1922; Mary Germain, May 3, 1926; Angeline, July 2, 1932; Daniel Joseph, 3d, Nov. 12, 1934.

OCCUPATION: Lawyer; Partner, Kenefick, Cooke, Mitchell, Bass & Letchworth.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Madison Barracks, N. Y., May, 1917; transferred to Officers' Training Camp, Fort Niagara, N. Y., in August; commissioned 1st lieutenant Field Artillery Nov. 27; assigned to 305th Field Artillery, 77th Division, Camp Upton, N. Y., Dec. 15; transferred to 152d Depot Brigade, Camp Upton, April 2, 1918; to Field Artillery Replacement Depot, Camp Jackson, S. C., June 15; promoted captain Sept. 26; discharged Dec. 16, 1918.

MEMBER OF: Fox Club; Buffalo Country Club; Buffalo Tennis and Squash Club; Pack Club; Erie County Bar Association; New York State Bar Association.

IT is hard to write an introduction to Dan Kenefick's "Life." He is a rare combination of charm, wit, and utter insouciance. He writes:

COMPLETING my course in somewhat masterly fashion at the midyears in 1917, I returned to Buffalo with thought of a European trip for a few months, but that plan was abandoned when war broke out in April. The call to arms found me ensconced at Madison Barracks, First Officers' Training Camp. After months of toil and tribulation, I was commissioned first lieutenant, Field Artillery. My time was then spent between Camp Upton and Camp Jackson, South Carolina, serving in Field Artillery regiments but missing overseas service. That strange interlude, notwithstanding the difficulty of making the usual adjustments involved, was fairly pleasant and instructive. I ran into very few classmates during that time and received no badges of merit and crowned my military career with a captain's commission in the fall of 1918. Overseas orders were in my pocket and a Sam Brown belt carefully tucked away, but the Armistice came

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and with it the dashing of hopes for foreign and distinguished service.

Discharged from the service and at loose ends with what to do with my many talents, I returned to Buffalo and, despite flattering offers from all corners, I entered the Harvard Law School in February, 1919. I found in my plight several familiar faces and became an inmate of that famous Law School institution at 60 Brattle Street operated under the benign and efficient Mrs. McCarthy. Until June, 1921, I was immersed in the rarefied and scholarly atmosphere of the Law School with only brief interruptions for short vacations. I managed to make the European Grand Tour in the summer of 1920 and saw what I had missed in not getting overseas during the late unpleasantness. I have wanted to return ever since, but have had no luck.

After graduation from Law School, I returned to Buffalo, was admitted to the Bar in the early part of 1922, and became associated with the firm of which I am now a partner. Married in the fall of 1921, I have pursued the even tenor of my ways in Buffalo practising law and accumulating four children — three girls and a boy. The only Class reunion that I have missed was the sixth, for reasons which escape me now. With that one exception, I have been on hand and thoroughly enjoyed them.

As for hobbies, I have few and have spent my leisure time trying my hand at squash racquets, skiing, golf, and other indoor and outdoor pastimes. I am a Republican by tradition and affiliation and vote consistently that way, except for minor local offices on occasion. My political convictions are somewhat liberal. Far from a New Dealer, I heartily subscribe to many of the political and economic reforms inaugurated in the last several years, reserving, if you please, a critical attitude on many administration policies nevertheless. Outside of the usual trips and tours in this country, I have made few excursions to foreign shores. Mexico, Cuba, and Bermuda encompass my foreign travels.

In closing, I have one deep regret, and that is that through my own inertia mainly, I have lost contact with so many good friends in the Class. That regret, I assume, is shared by most of us. There seems to be no particular solution to the problem.

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RICHARD KERENS KENNA

HOME ADDRESS: 50 E. 72nd St., New York, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 598 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

BORN: April 25, 1895, St. Louis, Mo. PARENTS: Edward Dudley Kenna, Madeline Kerens.

PREPARED AT: Stonyhurst College, Lancashire, England.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

UNMARRIED.

OCCUPATION: Company Executive.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Quartermaster Corps Aug. 15; assigned to Office of Camp Quartermaster, Camp Devens, Mass., Aug. 29; promoted 1st lieutenant March 15, 1918; discharged Feb. 13, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: "One small in large; many large in small, concerns."

MEMBER OF: American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers; Academy of Political Science; American Geographic Society; Royal Automobile Club (associate); Harvard Club of New York; Metropolitan Club of New York.

RICHARD KENNA considerably says in a letter which accompanied his "Life" that he has put time and thought "into saying the little that I can that might be worth the cost of the paper and printing, and leaving out what doesn't matter." He writes:

MY life through 1937 is amply recounted in 1917 Class Reports. Since then there has been neither change, nor interesting addition. Since December 7, 1941, I've been trying to put my work in shape to permit return to the armed forces. I look for a long *Pacific* war and, for myself, not beyond.

I attribute the appalling condition of the country to the disappearance of Christian education (shades of Harvard's motto!) from the instruction usually imparted to youth. The remedy is to reverse *now* such a trend which, while nearly a century in progress, fully matured only since our graduation.

This country can, and must, be made again the happier, better place it was. That requires avoiding equally the excesses of the '20's, and the errors of the '30's.

My dislikes: first, *hate*; second, autocracies — both "51% majority" and individual-despot types.

What I venerate most (and more than I serve): God, *the* Constitution, *the* Declaration.

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DALE LONG KENNEDY

BORN: April 26, 1894, Lyon County, Iowa. PARENTS: William Henry Kennedy, Mary Ellen Dale.

PREPARED AT: Grand Forks High School, Grand Forks, N. Dak.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1915.

DALE KENNEDY is another "lost" man. In an issue of Seventeen Men we said, "Dale Long Kennedy used to live in Yorkton, Saskatchewan, Canada. Mail was returned from this town in 1920. He later moved to 215 West 23rd Street, New York City. The Post Office returned mail from this address in 1922. The City Clerk of Yorkton has no information. Attempts to trace the family through the former employers of Kennedy's father have failed. The Alumni Federation of Columbia University reports that Kennedy studied there for several years in extension courses, but knows only that he was employed by the New York Evening Post at the time. He left the Post in 1931, at which time he was living at 422 West 24th Street." In 1940 Bob Leavitt advised us that there was a Dale Kennedy who was on the radio. We wrote this man and received the following reply, "I am sorry that I am not one of the 'lost' men for whom you are searching. It happens that my full name is Dale Davis Kennedy. It is interesting indeed to find someone with a first and last name such as mine, since I thought I was the only one in captivity."

✠ RODERICK KENNEDY

BORN: April 7, 1895, Minneapolis, Minn. PARENTS: John Francis Kennedy, Dr. Jane Frances O'Dowd.

PREPARED AT: Minneapolis West High School, Minneapolis, Minn.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1915-1917. DEGREE: S.B., 1917.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Aviation Section, Signal Corps, May 18, 1917; detailed to Mineola, N. Y.; promoted private 1st class July 1; commissioned 1st lieutenant Aviation Section, Signal Corps, Sept. 10 and detailed to Fort Sill, Okla.; killed in airplane accident Sept. 11, 1917, at Fort Sill.

DIED: Sept. 11, 1917, Fort Sill, Okla.

MOTHER: Dr. Jane F. Kennedy, 2300 Girard Ave., S., Minneapolis, Minn.

KENNEDY came to Harvard from the University of Minnesota, where he had spent his first two college years. Though he left before Commencement to enter the military service, he

returned to receive his degree. During his first year at Harvard he won the tennis singles championship of the College. He also played hockey and was elected to membership in the Pi Eta Society. The development during his College days of a philosophy which brought a realization of the fact that "everything is transitory, but what we can do for mankind is permanent," determined his choice of medicine as a life-work.

Upon his decision to study medicine came the entrance of the United States into the first World War. In February, 1917, he had tried to enlist in the Harvard Regiment, but was rejected by reason of defective arches, though he had played tennis without difficulty. He therefore applied for training as an aviator. "If I cannot walk for my country," he wrote his mother, "I can fly." His application was accepted and he entered upon his preliminary course of instruction at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. At the conclusion of that course he was sent to Mineola, Long Island, for further instruction. From Mineola he was ordered to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, where he was commissioned a first lieutenant, Aviation Section, Signal Reserve Corps. Ten days after his arrival at Fort Sill, he met his death in an accident, of which we quote M. A. DeWolfe Howe's *Memoirs of the Harvard Dead in the War Against Germany* for details.

"Through the service of such an officer as Kennedy's intelligent and eager training had made him much was to be expected. But at Fort Sill, early in the morning of September 11, 1917, he made his last flight. He was ordered to fly in a machine which had been free to the inspection and handling of a curious and miscellaneous public. When his machine had mounted only about a hundred feet the engine began to miss fire, and stopped. The gasoline in the storage tank was ignited by back fire, Kennedy was forced to attempt a landing from insufficient altitude, and at the same time to avoid the guns and mules of the 8th Field Artillery directly below him. An explosion occurred when he was about fifty feet in the air and a second, with flames, as he struck the ground. Jumping from the burning machine, he ran about ten feet, fell, and after a few minutes crawled further away, unaided, on his knees and elbows. When he was brought, still conscious, to the hospital and was informed that he must lose his sight, he remarked upon his good luck that it was no worse. However, the

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shock proved progressive and he later 'died in the performance of his duty and as a brave Christian gentleman should die,' as the major of the Medical Corps from the base hospital at Fort Sill wrote to Kennedy's mother. His funeral was the first war funeral held in his native city.

"The circumstances of Kennedy's death were brought to the attention of his mother's friend, Dr. William J. Mayo, of Rochester, Minnesota, then serving as a major of the Medical Reserve Corps in the office of the Surgeon General, with the result that a few months later the physical care of student aviators throughout the service became an object of specialized attention. To this end, Kennedy, who could not walk for his country, may be counted to have flown for it."

Our classmate, James William Davenport Seymour, wrote of Kennedy for our Triennial Report:

"Rod was an exceedingly quiet person. It was only when among his boon companions and away from the crowd that his spirit of fun, his real breadth of interest, and his many-sidedness came to view. He was a fine student, a good athlete, and a reliable friend. His was the ability and personality to have developed into backbone and sinew of our country. And thus the greater is our loss."

DANIEL ROGER KENNEY

HOME ADDRESS: 19 Van Brunt Ave., Dedham, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: United States Investor, 530 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Dec. 1, 1894, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Daniel Nicholas Kenney, Alice Veronica Dunphy.

PREPARED AT: Public Latin School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Elizabeth Frances Doherty, Oct. 1, 1923, Boston, Mass. CHILDREN: Daniel Roger, Jr., Oct. 24, 1926; Richard Paul, July 2, 1928; Justine Elizabeth, June 15, 1930; Peter William, Sept. 22, 1933.

HARVARD BROTHER: Philip Francis Kenney, '23.

OCCUPATION: Insurance Editor, United States Investor.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled seaman 2d class, U. S. Naval Reserve Force July 26, 1917; assigned to Naval Training Camp, Bumkin Island, Mass.; promoted chief boatswain's mate Oct. 17; entered Officer Material School, Cambridge, Mass.; appointed ensign Feb. 7, 1918; assigned to U. S. S. *Maine*; transferred to Receiving Ship, New York, N. Y., in May; released from active duty March 31, 1919.

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MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of Boston; Knights of Columbus; Military Order of World War; Crosscup Pishon Post, American Legion.

PUBLICATIONS: "The Kenney Theory of Fire Insurance Strength"; "Studies in Casualty Loss Reserves"; "Earmarks of a Strong Life Insurance Company"; "Mutual Insurance — Past, Present and Future."

DAN KENNEY gives a warning to "ambitious young writers." He writes:

I'VE been writing "for profit" for twenty years, but this is one of the toughest assignments to date. You see, you can't make words take the place of accomplishments — although I've tried it time and again, in writing about other people. That's what stuffed shirts are stuffed with — words — either from the occupant of the shirt, or a ghost-writer whose job it is to keep the shirt inflated.

So, without mincing further words, I'll get down to the facts in my life. The first two years after leaving College in April, 1917, were spent in the Navy. They were very short of officers, which explains why and how I came to be commissioned at the first ensign school in Cambridge.

In April, 1919, I apprenticed myself out to the investment business. After exactly one year I found that I had mastered all the intricacies of this mysterious game. At any rate, in the summer of 1920 I found myself back on the bridge of one of Uncle Sam's cruisers, the U.S.S. *Frederic*. During this second sojourn in the Navy, I saw a good deal of Europe, spending some time in Russia, France, Germany, and Belgium, as well as the British Isles.

The next chapter of my life begins with my association with the newspaper business, and I have continued that now for twenty years. My principal work has been in the insurance field where, in a rash moment, I evolved and published the "Kenney Theory" — a measuring stick for gauging the financial strength of insurance organizations. And now, after having written the book, I find myself called upon to go around the country explaining it, or worse still, defending it. There is a moral here for ambitious young writers. Sometimes I think it would be better if the book were never born.

In 1934, with my wife and two oldest boys, I again travelled over a good part of Europe. Since then my travels have been

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confined to this country — just the ordinary routine job of a newspaperman.

And there you have my record of “accomplishments.” Not very much, and not very important — against the present-day backdrop of worldwide strife, in which individual “lives” count for nothing.

WINTHROP WARREN KENNEY

HOME ADDRESS: 356 Walnut St., Wellesley Hills, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Kenney Bros., Inc., 315 Post Rd., Weston, Mass.

BORN: Jan. 4, 1894, Weston, Mass. PARENTS: Charles Cutting Kenney, Clara Frances Stimpson.

PREPARED AT: Weston High School, Weston, Mass.; Noble and Greenough School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913–1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Harriet Darling Morris, Oct. 25, 1924, Toledo, Ohio. CHILDREN: Clara May, Nov. 11, 1926; Harriet Emily, Jan. 8, 1929.

HARVARD BROTHERS: William Oliver Kenney, '10; Horace Sears Kenney, '18

OCCUPATION: Manufacturer of School Furniture and Breakfast Room Chairs.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., Aug., 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Nov. 24; assigned to 304th Infantry, 76th Division; sailed for France June 27, 1918; detailed to 1st Corps School, Gondrecourt, July 15 to Aug. 15; transferred to 163d Infantry, 41st Division, Nov. 2; discharged Sept. 15, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Director, Kenney Brothers, Incorporated.

MEMBER OF: American Legion Post 214, Weston.

WIN KENNEY neglects to mention that he has two pretty and talented daughters who, besides being skillful dancers, have been heard by thousands over the radio. He writes:

AFTER graduating I went to the Officers' Training Camp at Plattsburg, New York, receiving a commission of second lieutenant of Infantry in November, 1917, being attached to the 304th Infantry at Camp Devens, Massachusetts, in December, 1917. In June, 1917, I went overseas where I went to school for a month at Gondrecourt, France, studying the trench mortar and one-pound cannon. I then joined the 304th Infantry at Château-neuf, later being transferred to the 162nd Infantry. After serving fourteen months overseas, I was discharged.

I immediately went to work for Kenney Brothers & Wolkins in Boston, where I had worked summers all during College. In

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1935 Kenney Brothers, Incorporated, bought the factory at Baldwinsville, Massachusetts, previously operated by Kenney Brothers & Wolkins. We made school furniture and added a line of breakfast room chairs. Unfortunately, in 1936 we had a flood which interrupted operations seriously. In 1938 we had another flood, again causing serious damage to our factory.

In October, 1941, we purchased a factory in Winchendon, Massachusetts, where we are now operating, since the government purchased our factory at Baldwinsville, as it was located in the area of the Birch Hill Flood Control Project.

HAROLD ALBERT KENT

HOME ADDRESS: 26 Crest St., West Roxbury, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 29 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass.

BORN: April 9, 1895, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Albert Kent, Elizabeth Isabel Marvin.

PREPARED AT: Public Latin School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREE: D.M.D., 1919.

MARRIED: Marjorie Grace Munro, March 23, 1922, Boston, Mass. CHILDREN: Virginia Fay, Feb. 24, 1924; Robert Munro, Nov. 17, 1924 (died Feb. 13, 1929).

OCCUPATION: Oral Surgeon.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Harvard Naval Unit, U. S. Naval Reserve at Boston, December, 1917, to December, 1918.

OFFICES HELD: Assistant professor of oral surgery, Harvard Dental School; oral surgeon, New England Deaconess Hospital, Forsyth Dental Infirmary; editor, *Harvard Dental Alumni Bulletin*; president, Harvard Odontological Society, 1942-1943.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of Boston; Masons; Harvard Odontological Society; American Academy of Dental Science; American Dental Association; New England Dental Society.

PUBLICATIONS: Articles in dental and medical journals on dental and medical subjects.

HAROLD KENT "took the bit in his teeth" and left College before graduation to attend the Dental School. He writes:

SOMEWHERE in the year 1916 I made an important decision — to abandon the idea of becoming a famous architect. Business, law, or like vocational pursuits were not my forte. Dentistry, a young profession, seemed to be most attractive to my special peculiarities.

Instead of completing my four years in Cambridge, I changed

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to the Dental School on Longwood Avenue and in 1919 received my D.M.D. It would have been satisfying to have completed the requirements for an A.B. and at that time the three and one-half courses necessary did not look impossible of accomplishment later on. No come true, however.

Since hanging out the shingle, I have had no complaints to offer, and except for the first two years, when I was in general practice, I have been active in practising and teaching one of the most interesting departments of the profession, oral surgery.

There also has been some time for golf — if I can call it that — pencil sketching, photography, and passing interests in astronomy, music, etc.

My one daughter is completing her first year at Skidmore College, where she is getting a lot of chemistry, with the usual academic distribution of other subjects. Virginia is nineteen.

I go to church regularly — Easter and Christmas — although I'm earnestly in favor of a more frequent attendance. Usually hospital calls are necessary on Sunday mornings.

Oh, yes, I'm a Republican, and I guess any more might be less interesting.

JOHN SAXTON KENT, JR.

HOME ADDRESS: 393 W. Elm St., Brockton, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: M. A. Packard Co., Brockton, Mass.

BORN: July 29, 1895, Brockton, Mass. PARENTS: John Saxton Kent, Mary Agnes Clark.

PREPARED AT: Brockton High School, Brockton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Margaret Agnew, April 23, 1921, Paterson, N. J. CHILDREN: Mary, Sept. 24, 1923; John Saxton, 3d, March 12, 1926; Peter, March 25, 1928; Margaret, Feb. 16, 1929; James, Dec. 18, 1930; Richard and Philip (twins), Oct. 16, 1936; Michael, Oct. 11, 1939.

HARVARD BROTHER: Alfred Thomas Kent, '22.

OCCUPATION: Shoe Manufacturer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled machinist's mate U. S. Naval Reserve Force April 6, 1917; assigned to Navy Yard, Boston, Mass.; transferred to Section Base, Boston, April 21; appointed ensign April 20, 1918; assigned to Submarine Base, New London, Conn., April 27; released from active duty Jan. 2, 1919.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of Boston; Knights of Columbus, Brockton.

IN 1923 John Kent wrote, "After the war I entered the M. A.

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Packard Company as a shoe cutter, in January, 1919. I worked through the factory, became purchasing agent, then advanced to factory superintendent." By 1927 he was treasurer. He is still with the company but does not say in what capacity.

HAROLD LIVINGSTON KERR

ADDRESS: 752 W. 178th St., New York, N. Y.

BORN: July 15, 1892, Portland, Oregon. PARENTS: Harry Livingston Kerr, Jennie Bee Paris.

PREPARED AT: Oahu College (a high school), Hawaii.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

UNMARRIED.

OCCUPATION: Radio Engineer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: U. S. Naval Reserve (wireless operator) during World War I.

WE can add nothing to the above about Harold Kerr.

✦ ALTON HOWE KIMBALL, JR.

BORN: Nov. 26, 1895, Tiffin, Ohio. PARENTS: Alton Howe Kimball, Frances Helena Connell.

PREPARED AT: Central High School, Springfield, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Aviation Section, Signal Corps, Nov. 3, 1917; received flying training at Park Field, Tenn., Camp Dick, Texas, and Payne Field, Ill.; commissioned 2d lieutenant Aviation Section, Signal Corps, Feb. 26, 1918; sailed for France Sept. 25; detailed to 3d Aviation Instruction Center, Issoudun, in October; killed in airplane accident Nov. 12, 1918, at Issoudun, France.

DIED: Nov. 12, 1918, Issoudun, France.

FATHER: Alton Howe Kimball, 19 Parkwood St., Springfield, Mass.

KIMBALL, as our classmate Edward Allen Whitney describes him, "was known for his unfailing good humor and his ever-ready smile. Although he did not engage in the various undergraduate activities as wholeheartedly as did many of his classmates, he made numerous friends who found in him a constant source of quiet inspiration."

From May until November, 1917, Kimball trained in the Harvard Unit of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps. He then enlisted as a private in the Aviation Section, Signal Corps. He was detailed immediately to the School of Military Aëronautics at

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the Massachusetts Institute of Technology for his ground work. He later received flying training at Park Field, Tennessee, Camp Dick, Texas, and Payne Field, Illinois. In February, 1918, he was commissioned second lieutenant in the aviation section, and he sailed for France on September 25. Upon landing he was detailed to the Third Instruction Center at Issoudun to finish his combat training before proceeding to the front.

On the afternoon of November 12, the day after the Armistice, the plane in which Kimball was flying fell about three kilometres northeast of Field 8 at Issoudun. Lieutenant-Colonel Hiram Bingham, commanding the Center, wrote to Kimball's parents as follows:

"Lieutenant Kimball was progressing very nicely in his flying training, and was flying one of the smallest and fastest machines, when the unfortunate accident occurred. While making a regular flight in the line of duty, Lieutenant Kimball's machine was suddenly seen to fall into a *vrille*, or spin, and dived right to the ground out of control. Medical and mechanical aid were rushed to the wreck, but were too late, for death was instantaneous. A careful investigation of the wreck was made, but nothing definite could be determined as to the cause.

"He always did his duty thoroughly and well, and was exerting every effort to prepare himself to play a large part at the front. He was universally admired and held in high esteem by his brother officers."

✠ GORDON CONGDON KING

BORN: Nov. 14, 1893, New York, N. Y. PARENTS: Lewis Cass King, Katharine Bruen.

PREPARED AT: Townsend Harris Hall, New York, N. Y.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1915-1917. DEGREE: S.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Carol T. Weiss, Sept. 14, 1917, New York, N. Y. CHILD: Jonathan, Dec. 31, 1925.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Commissioned provisional 2d lieutenant Infantry, Regular Army, Oct. 26, 1917; assigned to 22d Infantry; detailed to Army Service Schools, Fort Leavenworth, Kans., Nov. 20; promoted temporary 1st lieutenant to date from Oct. 26; resignation accepted Dec. 10, 1918.

DIED: July 11, 1930, New York, N. Y.

WIDOW: Mrs. Gordon C. King, 323 W. 22nd St., New York, N. Y.

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KING was a journalist and writer. Among his publications are *Horatio's Story*, Boni & Liveright, 1924; *The Ostriches*, Milton I. D. Einstein, 1926; and contributions to the *Reviewer*, the *New York Evening Post*, and the *Saturday Review of Literature*. During the year 1925-1926 he was instructor in comparative literature at the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia.

King was with our Class only two years, having transferred from the College of the City of New York in our Junior year.

Bernard DeVoto of the Class of '18 adds the following tribute:

"King was a man of great intellectual power. His literary talent, however, was slow in maturing and he was just on the point of finding the proper expression for it when he died. His mind was the kind that deals easily with abstract, analytical thought. He was temperamentally a logician and metaphysician, though never formally so. Even in College he was at home among abstractions that got most of us down. He was a hard worker, and I think he probably undermined his strength even when he was at College by late hours of study supported on quarts of black coffee. While he was at Harvard the teachers who meant most to him were Dean Briggs, Barrett Wendell, and Irving Babbitt. He kept very much to himself, and only a few of us were really intimate friends.

"I always expected great things from him, and I think that if he had lived he would have achieved them. As it is, his talking late at night to a small number of people who have since become writers of our generation, besides his books, will be his principal commemoration in literature. He was one of the best talkers who ever lived and when in the company of his friends found an expression of a singularly deep and winning nature better than any he had succeeded in achieving in books when he died."

HAROLD SKINNER KING

HOME ADDRESS: 96 Dutch Village Rd., Armdale, N. S., Can.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Dalhousie University, Halifax, N. S., Can.

BORN: April 5, 1892, Liverpool, N. Y. PARENTS: Edward Skinner King, Kate Irene Colson.

PREPARED AT: Cambridge Latin School, Cambridge, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916, 1917-1918. DEGREES: A.B., 1917 (18); PH.D., 1928.

MARRIED: Susan Raymond, Sept. 12, 1922, Northampton, Mass. CHILDREN: Elizabeth, Dec. 5, 1923; Nancy, June 16, 1926.

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HARVARD BROTHER: Everett Tryon King, '18 (deceased).

OCCUPATION: Associate Professor of Chemistry.

OFFICES HELD: President, Nova Scotian Institute of Science (also editor of its proceedings), Maritime Chemical Association; vice-president, Canadian Institute of Chemistry.

MEMBER OF: American Chemical Society; American Association for the Advancement of Science (fellow).

PUBLICATIONS: About twenty papers of technical nature in the field of chemistry.

HAROLD KING'S idyllic existence in Nova Scotia has been changed by the war, and now he hopes to return to the United States. His story:

FOR five generations my family has been active in educational and scientific pursuits and the sixth shows promise of following the well-worn trail. Son of a Harvard professor of astronomy, I have made chemistry my profession. Instead of roaming in interstellar space and catching messages from the stars, I have groped in the jungles of molecular structure and juggled with atoms. I have also done heavy spade work in tilling students' minds.

My life here in Nova Scotia has been a pendulum between the chemical laboratory and a home in the suburbs of an "East Coast Canadian Port." We live in a cottage surrounded by birches and almost within sight of the sea. A trout brook runs behind the house, and wild life is abundant. Deer have wintered within sight of our windows. Once a moose stalked through the yard. Grouse have nested nearby and each spring is heralded by woodcock, bobbing over the late snow in the garden. A few minutes' walk takes us back on the barrens. What walks we have had there, especially in autumn when the whole countryside is a tapestry of flaming color! This is the setting for our family of four, myself, my wife — stolen from the faculty of Smith College — and two daughters.

My wife and I have educated our daughters at home. One has entered Smith and the other is ready to enter. For many years I have made it a hobby to build up a well-proportioned library, and each Sunday we read aloud. *Arabian Nights*, *Sam Slick*, *The Golden Ass*, *Paradise Lost*, and a host of others have prompted lively family discussions.

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One daughter early developed an interest in geology, and we have spent our vacations visiting mines and touring the Province in search of minerals. We have watched coal being mined many miles out under the sea. We have risked our necks collecting zeolites from perpendicular cliffs. We have experienced the tremendous Fundy tides and have walked on the bare sea bottom where, in a few hours, forty feet of red, mud-laden waters obliterated our tracks.

The war has changed all this. I now spend feverish days studying high explosives. Planes roar overhead; troops are training outside my laboratory window. Blackouts are a routine. Convoys pass in and out, and we try to be blind to obvious movements. Halifax is geared to war. The Foreign Exchange Control Board has put restrictions on sending money out of Canada, even for educational purposes, and I find that it is becoming impossible to educate my family in the United States if I remain longer in Canada. Throughout the years I have kept up my registration at the American Consulate and am still an American citizen. At present I am looking for an opportunity of utilizing my chemical knowledge and experience in my own country and then, farewell to Canada!

CARL PAUL KIPP

ADDRESS: 924 Lafayette Ave., Terre Haute, Ind.

BORN: June 30, 1897, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Carl Gerhardt Frederick Kipp, Clara Katherine Kanold.

PREPARED AT: Public Latin School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED. CHILDREN: C. Paul; John D.; James Robert.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered service private Coast Artillery Aug. 22, 1918; assigned to 24th Company Boston, Fort Heath, Mass.; discharged Dec. 22, 1918.

OFFICES HELD: Director, Orlando Investment Company, Jacksonville, Fla., Associated Coca Cola Bottling Plants, Inc., Syracuse, N. Y., Root Glass Company, Terre Haute, Ind.

MEMBER OF: University Club of Chicago; Aëro Club of Terre Haute; Country Club of Terre Haute.

ALL we know about Carl Kipp outside of the above statistics is that in 1920 he was an accountant in Boston, in 1923 he was living in Weehauken, New Jersey, in 1927 in Chicago, Illinois, and from 1937 until now in Terre Haute, Indiana.

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ORAN GOULD KIRKPATRICK

HOME ADDRESS: 313 Nacogdoches St., San Antonio, Texas.

OFFICE ADDRESS: J. H. Kirkpatrick Co., San Antonio, Texas.

BORN: April 25, 1892, Austin, Texas. PARENTS: John Henry Kirkpatrick, Alice Myrtle Wood.

PREPARED AT: Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, N. H.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917 (16).

MARRIED: Lois Farnsworth, Sept. 2, 1922, Milan, Italy. CHILDREN: Oran Gould, Jr., Oct. 28, 1923; Lois, Sept. 2, 1926; John Otis, Dec. 16, 1935.

OCCUPATION: Real Estate.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: 1st lieutenant, Air Service.

IN College Kirk was president of our Freshman Class. He had a wonderful voice and in 1923 he was living in Milan, Italy, where we understand he was studying singing. Then in 1927 we know he was back in his native Texas and was in the real estate business in San Antonio. He was one of the most popular men in our Class and we regret that we have no more information about him.

VESSELIN GUENOV KIROV

HOME ADDRESS: 5 Arborlea Ave., Morrisville, Pa.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Thermoid Co., Trenton, N. J.

BORN: Nov. 13, 1892, Philipopolis, Bulgaria. PARENTS: Kiro Guenov Kirov, Rada Momchilova.

PREPARED AT: Monson Academy, Monson, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

UNMARRIED.

HARVARD BROTHER: Constantine Genov Kirov, '13.

OCCUPATION: Production Manager of a Rubber Factory.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered service private May 10, 1918; detailed to Machine Gun Training Center, Camp Hancock, Ga.; transferred to Quartermaster Corps July 25, and assigned to Auxiliary Remount Depot No. 308, Camp Hancock; promoted sergeant Feb. 1, 1919; discharged April 8, 1919.

MEMBER OF: American Legion Post 93, Trenton, N. J.

VESSELIN KIROV believes that Humanitarianism should not only be taught but also practised. He writes:

IMMEDIATELY after graduation I started to work with the Boston Woven Hose and Rubber Company in Cambridge, in their physical testing laboratory. A month or two later I tried to enlist in the Navy, but was rejected on account of my height

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and weight. Early in 1918, however, I was accepted for the draft and the next eleven months I spent first at Camp Hancock and next at the nearby Remount Station — both close to Augusta, Georgia.

Back to civies in 1919 and to the old job for another year at Cambridge. From there to Trenton, New Jersey, with Murray Rubber and Tire Company, then with a small rubber mill, and finally with the Thermoid Company in the same city for an unbroken service of over eighteen years. With the exception of a few years in between, I have been in charge of production scheduling. Indeed, this has been very interesting work.

Looking back several years, I feel that I have slowed down a bit, just as I have on the sport I have tremendously enjoyed ever since 1917, when I began playing tennis. Prior to that time, and at short intervals since then, I have played some golf.

Sometimes I wish I had taken up teaching as my following, as I have trained many recruits for their jobs and have found it extremely pleasant work. In the receptive recruits I have gone further, by stirring in them the desire for study of various subjects. Throughout all the years I have held on to my meager mathematical knowledge and have made constant use of it, particularly by deriving formulae and devising computation charts. To many of my "students" the explanation and working of these have been the necessary spark to kindle their minds. My experience in this has led me to the conclusion that, before starting to teach the subject, the teacher should introduce it by an initial chapter designed to create an enthusiasm in the pupils.

Speaking of learning, I have often wondered whether it might not be preferable to acquire less knowledge and more of the art of understanding of humanity's problems and the means to cope with them. The peoples of nations, brought up in this kind of atmosphere, would become devoid of greed and the world today would not be where it is now. I am sure we should do well to have none but well-informed humanitarians around the next conference table with President Conant as its guiding spirit.

✠ GUSTAV HERMANN KISSEL

BORN: March 3, 1895, Washington, D. C. PARENTS: Rudolph Hermann Kissel, Caroline Morgan.

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PREPARED AT: Milton Academy, Milton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Aviation Section, Signal Corps May 17, 1917; sailed for France July 17; assigned to Headquarters Air Service, Paris; commissioned 1st lieutenant Aviation Section, Signal Corps Oct. 3, and detailed to Central Flying Station, Upavon, England; returned to France March 18, 1918; attached to Squadron 43, Royal Air Force, British Expeditionary Forces; killed in action April 12, 1918, near Merville, France.

HARVARD BROTHER: Rudolph Hermann Kissel, Jr., '19 (deceased).

DIED: April 12, 1918, near Merville, France.

FATHER: Rudolph Hermann Kissel, Lake Rd., Morristown, N. J.

AFTER entering Harvard from Milton Academy Kissel continued the interest in hockey which he had developed at Milton. He was a member of the Freshman Team, and was for three years a member of the second University Team. He was also a member of the Institute of 1770, the D. K. E., the Stylus, O. K., Hasty Pudding, and Spee Clubs. He left College in May, 1917, to enlist as a private in the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps in the United States Army, but his work for a degree was completed and at Commencement of 1917 he was awarded the degree of Bachelor of Arts with honors in fine arts.

For eight weeks he studied aviation at the ground school of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and on July 17 sailed for France with the first American aviation squadron to set out for the front.

On September 27, after spending two months in Paris as a cadet in aviation, he received his commission as first lieutenant, and proceeded immediately to England for aviation training at the Central Flying Station of Upavon, Wiltshire, and at Ayr in Scotland. On December 3 he received the wings of the Royal Air Corps. In March, 1918, he went to the front, attached to Squadron 43 of the British Royal Air Forces. Less than a month after he reached the front he was killed in combat. His squadron was attacked by a greatly superior number of German planes from above, and Kissel and one other pilot were shot down behind the German lines.

Our classmate, George C. Whiting, who had been in training with Kissel at Ayr and afterwards was attached to the same British squadron, wrote of him:

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“At Ayr he won for himself the respect and admiration of the staff as the most brilliant flyer — English or American — that had ever gone through the school. He was without exception the most perfect ‘camel’ pilot I have ever seen, and when he came to ‘43’ he at once took the position of the squadron’s best flyer. . . . It was predicted that he would surely be America’s leading ace.”

PHILIP KLEIN

HOME ADDRESS: 139 Mercer Pl., South Orange, N. J.
OFFICE ADDRESS: 744 Broad St., Newark, N. J.
BORN: July 31, 1894, New York, N. Y. PARENTS: Henry Klein, Rose Klein.
PREPARED AT: Barringer High School, Newark, N. J.
YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.
MARRIED: Rose Rosenstein, June 15, 1926, East Orange, N. J. CHILDREN:
Robert Andrew, June 13, 1927; Laura Jane, May 12, 1931.
OCCUPATION: Lawyer.
OFFICES HELD: Member, New Jersey Legislature, 1923; president, Mohawk Savings and Loan Association, Newark, New Jersey.
MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of New Jersey; Downtown Club of Newark; Newark Athletic Club; Essex County Bar Association; New Jersey State Bar Association; American Bar Association.

PHILIP KLEIN was denied voluntary enlistment in the last war because of defective vision, so he served as a member of the local Legal Advisory Board. In November, 1917 (he finished College in three years), he was admitted to the New Jersey Bar as an attorney, and in December, 1920, as a counsellor. Since his admission to the Bar he has practised law in Newark, and in 1923 he was a member of the New Jersey Legislature.

JOSEPH EDWARD KLINE

HOME ADDRESS: 2448 Tunlaw Rd., N. W., Washington, D. C.
OFFICE ADDRESS: General Accounting Office, Washington, D. C.
BORN: May 4, 1895, Cambridge, Mass. PARENTS: Joseph Patrick Kline, Margaret Harrington.
PREPARED AT: Rindge Technical School, Cambridge, Mass.
YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: S.B., 1917.
MARRIED: Grace Marion O'Connor.
OCCUPATION: Supervising Accountant, General Accounting Office of the United States Government.
MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Commissioned in Heavy Artillery Corps; served until Jan., 1918.

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JOSEPH KLINE finds that there is not much he can say about himself. He writes:

IT is rather a hard thing to write a biography and especially to crowd one into a few paragraphs. It smacks somewhat of patting oneself on the back, especially so when you are inclined to tell only the good things about yourself. And now, when I sit down belatedly to tell you all about myself, I find that there are not a hell of a lot of good things that I can say about myself.

We started out in 1917 right in the middle of a mess and now, twenty-five years later, here we are right back where we started from. I wonder if this is an omen, the ghost out of the past to haunt us on our anniversary. For didn't we make a botch of it after the war? Not we, of course, we of the Class of '17, but the men who settled things afterwards. Let's hope that our sons of this year's class do a better job.

I was commissioned in the Heavy Artillery Corps shortly after graduation and served until January, 1919. After the war I became an accountant and have been in the field of public accounting ever since. At the present time I am a supervising accountant in the General Accounting Office of the United States government here in Washington.

I am married, my wife being Grace Marion O'Connor formerly of Everett, Massachusetts (you know we must put in a plug for the wife or there'll be no anniversary celebration, if you know what I mean).

And there, you see, are the sordid details of my life. Make something of them if you can, and if you do you're a better man than I am, Gunga Din.

✦ ROBERT LEE KLOEBER

BORN: Dec. 2, 1894, Washington, D. C. PARENTS: Charles Edward Kloeber, Frank Theresa Skelton.

PREPARED AT: Pinkerton Academy, Derry, N. Y.; Vermont Academy, Saxton's River, Vt.; Los Angeles High School, Los Angeles, Calif.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Florence Irene Felch, June 17, 1928, Great Barrington, Mass.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Camion driver, American Field Service, Motor Transport Unit No. 184 (Réserve Mallet), 1917, with the French Army; transferred to U. S. Army as 2d lieutenant, Q. M. C., Dec. 20, 1917; 1st

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lieutenant Oct. 17, 1918; captain, M. T. C., March 8, 1919; remained in France throughout Peace Conference before discharge from Army.

DIED: Dec. 20, 1941, Pompton Lakes, N. J.

WIDOW: Mrs. Robert L. Kloeber, Oakland Rd., Pompton Lakes, N. J.

AFTER his discharge from the Army Kloeber returned to America, but, finding no work, went back to France, where he remained until 1923. He then worked for the McCall Company in New York, and later for the Educational Research Reports of Washington, D. C., introducing these reports to schools and libraries.

From the time of his return from France Kloeber had not been a very well man and had spent a good deal of time studying literature, and writing fairy tales and poems. He had a keen mind and had always been a student of good literature. He was a deep thinker, an understanding soul, a lover of mankind and human nature, and a poet, traits which are revealed in his poem entitled, *Far Journey*:

The dead see clearly through the dark –
They need not cling or grope;
They climb the pathway of their dreams
From shining hope to hope.
But e'er they leave this speck of dust
Where sun and shadows fall;
They stop to think of whom they loved,
And pause to bless them all.

WILLIAM MORRIS KONIKOV

ADDRESS: 11 Keswick St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Jan. 14, 1897, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Moses Joseph Konikow, Antoinette Francis Buchholz.

PREPARED AT: Malden High School, Malden, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913–1918, 1919–1920. DEGREES: A.B., 1917 (20); M.D. (Boston Univ.), 1928.

MARRIED: Henrietta Fink, April 21, 1920, Boston, Mass. CHILDREN: Nadya, Sept. 24, 1928; Antoinette, Dec. 11, 1931.

OCCUPATION: Physician; Professor of Anatomy.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Served as chemist in Ordnance in last war.

MEMBER OF: Massachusetts Medical Society; American Medical Association; Greater Boston Medical Society; Massachusetts Urological Society.

PUBLICATIONS: "A New Method for the Determination of Renal Function" (with Dr. George Levene and Helen Matthews), *American Journal of Roentgenology and Radium Therapy*, Vol. XXXII, No. 6, January, 1935;

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"A New Method of Reading the Friedman Modification of the Asheim-Zondek Test (with Dr. Max Davis and Elizabeth M. Walker), *American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology*, Vol. 27, No. 2, Page 274, February, 1934.

WILLIAM KONIKOV tried chemistry but found medicine more to his liking. His "Life":

AFTER graduation I tried chemistry for two years and then decided to go into medicine. Not having much money, I went to Berlin, Germany, where the exchange made living expenses low. But after one year the gold mark was restored and expenses became high, so I returned and entered Boston University Medical School in 1924, graduating in 1928. I served as junior and senior intern, and then as resident in urology, in the Massachusetts Memorial Hospital. Following this service I was on the urological staff of this hospital until 1935, when I was offered the position of professor of anatomy at Middlesex University Medical School in Waltham, Massachusetts. I have occupied this position for the last six years.

EDWARD JACOB KRAMER

BORN: Aug. 5, 1895, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Harry Julius Kramer, Bessie Levy.

PREPARED AT: Dorchester High School, Dorchester, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

EDWARD KRAMER is another "lost" man. We quote from Seventeen Men: "Edward Jacob Kramer while in College lived with his family at 99 Elmo Street, Dorchester. This is now known as Ellington Street. It is only two blocks long, but the Boston City Directory of 1916 listed seven persons by the name of Kramer as living on it. Only one of these can be located today, and he has not heard of our man for twenty years. In 1921 Kramer wrote from Detroit for a transcript in order to apply for a civil service position.

DAVID ABRAHAM KRIESFELD

HOME ADDRESS: Hotel Kenmore, Boston, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Feine Trimming Co., Inc., 130 Brookline Ave., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Sept. 1, 1896, New York, N. Y. PARENTS: Morris Kriesfeld, Fannie Kaplan.

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PREPARED AT: Classical High School, Worcester, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1914.

UNMARRIED.

OCCUPATION: Manufacturer of Advertising Displays.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted March 1, 1918, 11th Machine Gun Battalion; commissioned 2d lieutenant Oct., 1918; with Army of Occupation until August, 1919. Engagements: Marne, Saint-Mihiel, Argonne.

OFFICES HELD: Vice-president, Feine Trimming Company, Incorporated.

FOR fourteen years David Kriesfeld visited Europe at least once a year and as a result deeply appreciates his own country. His "Life":

MY problem on leaving College was to earn enough for sustenance and to continue my education. I worked at various jobs during the day and studied law evenings at Northeastern University. Then came the war. I joined the Harvard Reserve Officers' Training Corps and, while there, I enlisted.

After spending two years in the service, I felt I had lost too much time to continue studying law. I decided to go into some kind of business and became associated with my present firm. I was engaged in importing silks, laces, and velvets for the theatrical and display trade, and finally emerged occupied solely with display advertising.

From 1923 to 1937 I went to Europe once or twice each year. Being away so often had its disadvantages as well as advantages. I was able to make a definite comparison between the United States and European countries and learned long ago to appreciate this great country of ours and its great institutions. Right now, when I try to give you an account of my life for the last quarter of a century, everything seems insignificant. There is really one thing worth recording, and that is that we have all lived as free men, and now it is time to determine whether we shall continue to be free.

I feel that the fierce spirit of liberty that lies deeply in the hearts and minds of every American will never be subdued. I hope that we shall never forget how perilously close we were to losing our freedom.

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✠ NATHAN KROLL

BORN: Jan. 1, 1895, Marlboro, Mass. PARENTS: Lewis Kroll, Sarah Alberts.

PREPARED AT: English High School, Boston, Mass.; Hudson High School.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1914. DEGREE: A.B. (Yale Univ.), 1917.

MARRIED: Bertha Hutzler.

DIED: June 1, 1933, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

WIDOW: Mrs. Nathan Kroll, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

KROLL was with our Class for one year only, after which he transferred to Yale. The Secretary had received no communication from him since he left Cambridge.

CHARLES NEWCOMB LADD

HOME ADDRESS: 325 Highland Ave., Winchester, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company, 197 Clarendon St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Oct. 27, 1895, Everett, Mass. PARENTS: Charles Bradford Ladd, Lydia Adelaide Newcomb.

PREPARED AT: Everett High School, Everett, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Florence W. Whitehill, Sept. 25, 1920, Everett, Mass. CHILD: Lois, June 7, 1921.

OCCUPATION: Personnel Manager.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private May 8, 1917; assigned to 3d Pioneer Infantry; promoted sergeant Dec. 7; detailed to Machine Gun Officers' Training School, Camp Hancock, Ga., May 15, 1918; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Oct. 16; discharged Dec. 6, 1918.

OFFICES HELD: Member Finance Committee, Town of Winchester.

AS a former member of his Class Tennis Team, Charles Ladd is justly proud of his daughter's tennis ability. He writes:

LOOKING back over the twenty-five years of life since graduation, it is rather easy to pick out events that have seemed of tremendous and vital importance in a personal way, but it is certainly difficult to select those events that might be of interest in a Class Life. Perhaps a few facts supplementing those covered in the Questionnaire will be adequate.

Leaving College in May, 1917, I attended the First Officers' Training Camp at Plattsburg, and well remember the one valuable day granted to attend Class Day, as that was the only part of graduation many of us could attend. After leaving Plattsburg, I "fought the war" in southern training camps.

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Mustered out of the Army in December, 1918, my first celebration was a serious attack of flu. After recovering I entered business, in January, 1919, in the same firm with which I am now associated. By good fortune it was my lot to start training in personnel work, something that has proved very interesting because of the many personal contacts afforded and to the great chance to study human nature under many different conditions.

My own family is small, a wife and daughter. Furthermore, my wife and I are "only children." Fortunately, however, there are many aunts, uncles, and cousins, so that holidays find thirty-five or forty of us gathered to celebrate. Through her ability and success in tournament tennis, my daughter Lois, now a sophomore at Wellesley College, has aroused the family's interest in that game. In fact, I used to play a great deal of tennis myself until at the age of thirteen Lois not only beat me, but confided to her mother that she "let Daddy win some points, so he wouldn't look too bad to those watching." Golf is now my game!

In closing I shall cover a few of the suggestions. My travels have taken me through a good deal of the southern part of this country as well as to Bermuda and Canada, on trips made during spring vacations, which to me seem more helpful than the usual summer one. Politically, I am a Republican. My pet aversions are persons who can never decide any question on its merit, but are swayed by some personal prejudice, and I am sure that if I were Secretary of the Class my pet aversion would be classmates like me who always procrastinate in completing and returning such reports as these.

PAUL REVERE LADD

HOME ADDRESS: 144 Division St., East Greenwich, R. I.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Providence Chamber of Commerce, 162 Westminster St., Providence, R. I.

BORN: April 19, 1894, Cambridge, Mass. PARENTS: Dr. George Edgar Ladd, '87, Mary O. Hammond.

PREPARED AT: Proctor Academy, Andover, N. H.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1915-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Helen Gertrude Douglas, June 21, 1917, Newton Center, Mass.

CHILDREN: Paul Revere, Jr., Sept. 26, 1919; Douglas, Sept. 10, 1922.

HARVARD SONS: Paul Revere Ladd, Jr., '41; Douglas, '44.

HARVARD BROTHER: George Edgar Ladd, Jr., '20.

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OCCUPATION: Association Secretary; General Manager of Providence Chamber of Commerce and Manager of Providence Retail Trade Board.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled landsman for electrician (radio), U. S. Naval Reserve Force Nov. 21, 1917; assigned to Naval Radio School, Cambridge, Mass., Dec. 5; transferred to Naval Training Camp, Hingham, Mass., Jan. 1, 1918; promoted chief boatswain's mate Feb. 18; entered Officer Material School, Cambridge; appointed ensign June 6; assigned to U. S. S. *Northern Pacific* on transport duty June 10; served as junior watch and division officer; commissioned ensign (temporary) U. S. Navy Sept. 12; transferred to 7th Naval District, Key West, Fla., Oct. 16 as instructor; to University of Florida Naval Unit Nov. 1 as executive officer and instructor; to 7th Naval District Jan. 20, 1919, as aide to commandant; to Submarine Chaser No. 436 Brooklyn, N. Y., April 10 as commanding officer; resignation accepted May 6, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Trustee, Insect Zoo and Nature Center of Rhode Island, Proctor Academy, Andover, N. H.; secretary, Southwest Middlesex Public Health Association, Rhode Island Retail Association; "dollar-a-year" appointee in United States Employment Service; past chief, Town Criers of Rhode Island; past president, New England Retail Secretaries Association, National Association of Retail Secretaries; member Marketing Committee of New England Council; director, Providence Rotary Club, Federal Hill House (Settlement), Travelers' Aid Society of Providence; member, Governor's Commission on Unemployment Problems of Negroes; member, Examining Panel for State Civil Service; instructor, course in association management, Division of University Extension of Brown University.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of Rhode Island; Turks Head Club; Rushlight Club; Warwick Heights Tennis Club (past president); East Greenwich Yacht Club; Early American Industries Association; Providence Council of Social Agencies; Corporation of East Greenwich Library; Sales Managers Club of Providence.

PUBLICATIONS: "Shall the Retailer Join the Chamber of Commerce," *Nations Business*; "Windmill Cottage," *American Home*; "Democracy through Clubs and Associations," *Providence Sunday Journal*; "Returned Goods," *Dry Goods Economist*; "Employees Reference Bureau" and "Merchants' Cooperative Activities," *Retailing*; address published by Connecticut Chamber of Commerce on "New Uses for Retail Advertising"; frequent speaker at conventions, forums, and other meetings.

PAUL LADD finds it easier to write of what he is thinking than about himself in the following story:

GRADUATED, enlisted, inoculated (para-typhoid), and married, all in one day twenty-five years ago, on June 21st. Why did I do it? That is obvious today. How did I do it? It was the longest day in the year.

Little did I dream then that our sons would be meeting the same problems today. Like H. M. Pulham, I pause and reflect as I trace back over the last quarter-century, but unlike H. M. Pulham there are no regrets and no questioned alternatives.

As my biography states, I have lived (most happily) in two places on two jobs, the first of which I went to while still in uniform after the last war. A Harvard man steered me to that first job, which took me by chance into social work as an association executive.

The first years of home life, with children growing up, are of course cherished indelibly, but the experiences of a new position, a new environment, and with children coming to maturity are too a part of the twenty-five years which I would not go without — not one day of it.

So here I am, with more than a score of years of experience in association management, with a family all but reared — two sons at Harvard now — and with a satisfactory environment for daily living. And as I stated before, I would not have had it different, if I had to do it all over again, except that I should try to do a better job in each task and with each relationship. Also, I should have put more individual and organizational effort into all the things which make for peace.

One might say that our present world chaos is beyond our control, particularly that of individuals like myself. Yes, this is all very true, but if enough of us had worked hard enough, there might have been just enough influence exerted to change attitudes and broaden tolerances to change the whole course of world events.

Little things grow into war or make for peace. We, the free peoples of the world, are at war, which now must be concluded by victory accompanied by a just and lasting peace.

This does not tell so much about me, which is just as well. It is hard to write of one's self, of one's family life, of hobbies and interests, of likes and dislikes, and of personal experiences. It is easier to write of what one is thinking, on a subject about which we are all thinking just now.

I am also thinking back to the time when twenty-five or more of our classmates gave their lives to win a war to end all wars. The rest of us now have an obligation not only to help to win

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this war, but positively to use every ounce of energy and every speck of influence to bring about, for one and all, a durable peace, even if such peace must be maintained by power or force of arms itself, but a force which is not malignant or oppressive, but which is exercised for the benefit and at the insistence of the freedom-loving and peaceful peoples and nations of this earth.

HENRY CHESTER LAMOND

HOME ADDRESS: 4337 Kahala Ave., Honolulu, Hawaii.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 351 Young Hotel Bldg., Honolulu, Hawaii.

BORN: July 15, 1896, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Henry Lamond, Jane Maxwell.

PREPARED AT: English High School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B. *magna cum laude*, 1917.

MARRIED: Aurora Robles Aspiazu, Jan. 14, 1925, Havana, Cuba. CHILD:
Ruth Aurora, Jan. 14, 1926.

OCCUPATION: Manufacturers' Representative in Hawaii and the Orient.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered private May 15, 1918; detailed to Officers' Training School, Camp Devens, Mass.; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Aug. 26; assigned to Company G, 73d Infantry, Camp Devens; discharged Jan. 29, 1919.

HENRY LAMOND spends most of his time travelling and could probably match miles with Bill Savale. He reports:

EXCEPT for a brief spell in the Army immediately after graduation I have been following my one and only career — export trade and foreign travel. The first five years I travelled Latin America, and for almost twenty years now I have been operating in the Pacific as representative of various United States manufacturers. Much of my time every year is devoted to travel in the Far East, so much, in fact, that I have had no time for hobbies or aversions. As for social, political, and religious convictions, I have encountered many and divergent types in my travels, but apparently have failed to acquire any in particular myself.

CLARENCE HURD LANE

HOME ADDRESS: 67 Hobmoor Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Fowler's, Inc., 362 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

BORN: Sept. 23, 1895, Dover, N. H. PARENTS: Willie Irving Lane, Minnie Augusta Ricker.

PREPARED AT: Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, N. H.

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YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Margaret Toohy, June 21, 1921, Cambridge, Mass.

OCCUPATION: President and General Manager, Fowler's, Incorporated, operating three men's shoe stores.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Aug. 15; assigned to 151st Depot Brigade, Camp Devens, Mass.; discharged Feb. 7, 1919. Commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Officers' Reserve Corps Jan. 23, 1920.

OFFICES HELD: President and Treasurer, Fowler's, Incorporated.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of Buffalo; Masons.

CLARENCE LANE showed remarkable foresight in transportation matters when he changed from selling automobiles to selling shoes. He writes:

HAVING enough credits for my degree by June, 1918, I entered Harvard Law School that fall. However, the first World War interrupted my budding legal career, and I became a ninety-day second lieutenant of Infantry at the first Plattsburg Officers' School. Thereafter I served at Camp Devens till February, 1919.

After the war I sold automobiles in Boston for about a year, and then got a job with a shoe store chain with headquarters in Baltimore. With this outfit I had many positions, from shipping clerk to store manager, and finally travelling auditor. I resigned this job just one mail ahead of a letter from the boss in which he stated that he was firing me. This was in April, 1922, in Buffalo.

I spent the next two years in Buffalo selling automobiles again, and then went back to shoes. In September, 1924, I opened and managed the first store for the company with which I am now associated. This was in Syracuse, New York, and a year later I opened and managed another in Buffalo. This company at one time had several stores but the slump of 1929-1932 cut them down to two, and in 1933 I acquired a half interest in these. In 1937 we added a third store and in 1939 I bought the other half of the business. At present we have three stores — in Buffalo, Niagara Falls, and Syracuse — all of which I direct and supervise and one of which, the one at Buffalo, I manage.

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STEPHEN CHRISTIAN LANG

HOME ADDRESS: 22 Franklin St., Somerville, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: First Congregational Church, Somerville, Mass.

BORN: May 20, 1884, New York, N. Y. PARENTS: Raymond Lang, Elizabeth Erb.

PREPARED AT: Public High Schools, New York, N. Y.; Bangor Theological Seminary, Bangor, Maine.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1912-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; S.T.B. (Bangor Theological Seminary), 1918.

MARRIED: Margaret Florence MacLeod, June 30, 1914, Bangor, Maine. CHILDREN: Stephen Arthur, Jan. 8, 1920 (died Dec. 19, 1924); Paul Andrew, Aug. 17, 1923.

OCCUPATION: Pastor, First Congregational Church.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Training School for Army Chaplains, Camp Zachary Taylor, Ky., Oct. 4, 1918; commissioned chaplain with rank of 1st lieutenant Nov. 7; assigned to 211th Field Signal Battalion, 11th Division, Camp Meade, Md., Nov. 25; transferred to 52nd Coast Artillery, Camp Abraham Eustis, Va., Jan. 25, 1919; discharged Oct. 27, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Past master and chaplain of Soley Lodge, A. F. & A. M.; scribe, Suffolk North Association of Congregational Churches and Ministers; pastor, First Congregational Church, Somerville, since December 1, 1919; director, City Missionary Society; past department chaplain, Massachusetts, American Legion; chaplain, Somerville Post No. 19, A. L. seventeen years; major and chaplain, Auxiliary Reserves, United States of America; Chaplain, Harvard Lodge of Masons.

MEMBER OF: Masons; American Legion; Somerville Harvard Club.

NO one who reads Steve Lang's "Life" can fail to realize that he has made a real contribution to the spiritual welfare of the people with whom he is associated. He writes:

HAVING failed to make prompt return on the request for a Class Life, the second notice said, "Your 'life' need not be long." Alas, that is true, though I have already had fifty-seven summers, and it does not yet weary me to keep the pace of my friends ten years younger. The average minister cannot be far-travelled, unless he married a moneyed woman or came to an inheritance, and neither of these has happened to me. In my case, my longest journeys have been through the courtesy of Uncle Sam, and otherwise I like my thirteen quiet summers on my seventeen-acre farm (note the Seventeen) in Wolfeboro.

The ordinary joys and sorrows have come into my life, but

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what has kept me active and useful (I say it with modesty) has been the privilege of transplanting these experiences into the hearts and lives of people within my parish and in the city of Somerville. I can say quite truthfully that if I were to live the days since College over again, I should desire to be nothing other than a minister for Jesus Christ. It would be false to say that it has been all roses, but it is certainly a kinder area in which to labor than many a man of business faces. The men of the ministry need not be pitied, unless they themselves are pitiable; the minister can say, as did his Lord, "I have meat to eat that ye know not of." Further, it is good to have the sort of work to do that aids health. Much of my calling I still prefer to do on foot, and besides, almost twenty-two years ago I started a bowling league among my men, and this provides reasonable weekly exercise, and also keeps me among the men of my church.

In the earliest days of my ministry, I began an address with, "The gospel is glad tidings; it is a message of Infinite love. If the church for one moment forgets that, it forgets the heart of all." That sounds like the optimism of youth, but so many years later, I would repeat the same words and believe the same things, even in a world torn by war a second time in my life. Then, as now, the world is still "waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God." I am at my work in one way or another, from the time I arise until I retire, but I can tell you now that when a final day comes, as it will, I am going to leave an unfinished list of calls in my parish, and a list of books I should like to have had time to read.

THEODORE LANG

HOME ADDRESS: 20 Charles St., New York, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: New York University, 90 Trinity Pl., New York, N. Y.

BORN: May 30, 1893, Plozk, Poland. PARENTS: Jacob Lang, Rebecca Weinberg.

PREPARED AT: Barringer High School, Newark, N. J.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREES: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917; M.B.A. *cum laude*, 1920.

MARRIED: Rose Minevitch, Nov. 3, 1917, New York, N. Y. CHILDREN: Zena, April 12, 1921; Marcia, April 18, 1930.

OCCUPATION: Professor of Accounting; Certified Public Accountant.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training School, Fort Myer,

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Va., May, 1917; transferred to Aviation Section, Signal Corps and detailed to School of Military Aëronautics, Princeton University, N. J.; to Aviation School, Mineola, N. Y.; to Gerstner Field, La.

MEMBER OF: American Accounting Association; New York State Society of Certified Public Accountants; American Institute of Accountants; National Association of Cost Accountants.

PUBLICATIONS: "Essentials of Cost Accounting;" "Mathematics of Business and Finance;" "Accounting Notes and Problems;" "Accountants' Cost Handbook" (in preparation).

THEODORE LANG wonders what sort of generation we are. Are we not to be blamed for many things? He writes:

NO doubt many members have pondered over the irony of fate that seems to have marked the Class of 1917 for its own. Twenty-five years ago many of us missed our Commencement because we were already in the armed forces of our country. Now that the Twenty-fifth Reunion is drawing near, it begins to look as if there might again be absentees because of service either in our armed forces or at least in government posts due to another and more terrible war.

Thus what may yet turn out to be the most exciting quarter-century in history is the period of our generation. But what sort of generation is it? Apparently none too good, for we have allowed the world to drift into another war. I cannot believe that we are the puppets of fate, for we have it in our power to shape and direct our destinies and "mold them nearer to our heart's desire." Well, what sort of world has it been? At the close of the last war we dropped whatever war work we were doing and eagerly looked about us to see what the world had to offer. It wasn't a bad world, and it was full of wants waiting to be satisfied. On our part, we plunged eagerly into this world and tried to make up for lost time. And for a while we succeeded beyond our wildest dreams, but when the bubble of the Roaring Twenties collapsed and the Depression deepened, I wonder how many realized that this was more than a recurring depression, more than the vanished glories of an age that should never have been.

Remember? We are the generation of the flapper and prohibition, of progressive education that perhaps wasn't so progressive, of experiments in marriage, of incredible shenanigans

in high finance. But we are also the generation that allowed our political institutions to fall into the hands of professional politicians, cabinet members who were responsible for Teapot Dome scandals, mayors who resigned from office under fire, etc. We are the generation that allowed the roots of the tree of democracy to die and the tree to all-but-topple.

Our individualism was rampant, and it has taken a depression and another war to drive home the lesson that the world as our parents and as we knew it is gone for good. We have also to learn that if we would preserve our democratic institutions, they must be fought for and watched over constantly, not merely here but everywhere. Democracy has become militant and must remain so, to the end that our political institutions will once more become part of all of us, and that governments again may "derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." Ours is the duty and the inestimable privilege of making the sacrifices necessary to bring this about and thus work out our own redemption.

I do not think these reflections tell anything like the whole story of our generation. But they do point the way to greater personal participation in public affairs, in which so many of us have shown such indifference.

As for my personal life, what is there to say? When I was in College and heard about 25th Class Reunions, I felt that the participants must be terribly old fogies. Well, maybe we are. But I can't say that I feel like one. I still play a fair game of tennis and like to go ice-skating in winter. To be sure, it is becoming increasingly difficult to find the time for even this moderate amount of exercise, but with the determination of age I stick to it.

What have I done in twenty-five years? Well, it's all there in my biography — not much, you see. Just an average sort of life — marriage, children, professional career, that's all. "Sounds like an epitaph," as H. M. Pulham said when he filled out his class life. Perhaps, but the biography is merely a formal shell that cannot reveal the warm and throbbing inner life that constitutes our daily lives. In twenty-five years I have experienced great happiness and great sorrow. I have lived high adventure, and pursued the daily routine of a well-ordered life. I have found a few precious friends. And yet it seems incredible that all this could fill up a

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space of twenty-five years. But it has. The years have passed swiftly and there was never a moment of boredom.

Hobbies? I'm a rather poor amateur photographer. I wish that I had time to indulge myself more in photography. I used to collect stamps with and for the children, and we still have quite a sizeable collection. And then of course there are the books and magazines. I have never grown tired of reading, and I am glad of that.

Finally, I hope that shortly I may have the opportunity of engaging in war work in the service of our country, and repay in a small way the debt I owe for the privileges and opportunities it has bestowed on us. Keep 'em Flying!

WILBERT JASON LANG

ADDRESS: 3421 Prospect Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

BORN: May 7, 1895, Cleveland, Ohio. PARENTS: William John Lang, Katherine Becker.

PREPARED AT: Lincoln High School, Cleveland, Ohio.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914-1918. DEGREE: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917 (18).

UNMARRIED.

OCCUPATION: Map Reproduction Plant, U. S. Army, Engineers; Professor of Psychology; Instructor in Medical Sciences.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered service private July 2, 1918; assigned to 157th Depot Brigade, Camp Gordon, Ga.; transferred to August Automatic Replacement Draft Aug. 20; sailed for France Aug. 23; transferred to Company M, 161st Infantry, 1st Depot Division, Sept. 18; to Company F, 165th Infantry, 42d Division, Sept. 25; sick in hospital Oct. 3, 1918, to Jan. 11, 1919; discharged March 1, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Lecturer on aesthetics and psychology, Federation of Women's Clubs of Greater Cleveland; lecturer in philosophy, American Sorority of University Women.

PUBLICATIONS: Contributions to *Notes & Queries*, London, and *Irish Monthly Magazine*, Dublin.

NOT only is Wilbert Lang a spell-binding lecturer, but he is also a student of Vedanta and is "disillusioned about the majority of mankind." He writes:

PROFESSOR Berdan of Yale once told me that I was like a Renaissance villain, attempting to ride two fiery steeds in opposite directions. By this astute observation he wished to crystallize in a single statement the result of my striving to fulfill

a fond paternal desire to have me become a doctor, for which I was conditioned and destined at a very early age — my father referring to me, I have been told, as “my little doctor” — and my natural aptitude to become an artist and teacher (or vice-versa) with no definitive attainment in either field. Music, art, and literature were evidently my primary destination; science, medicine, and research my destiny. In trying to straddle both steeds I have become a most interesting anomaly. As a lecturer I can hold my audiences spell-bound because I can view and express my views from multiple angles. In addition, since I am versed in so many fields I have become a most popular and stimulating teacher. Many of my past students are making their mark in the world and are continuing to express my special views on life and its problems.

One of my pet topics in the teaching of psychology has been to emphasize the prevalence of morons in our Moronia. I note that Professor Hooton and I agree on most of these points. Another pet view I emphasize is the importance of heredity versus environment — these two views reinforce each other. I can account for these almost monomanias (which I have not been broadcasting lately — quite useless unless you have large receptive audiences) by my observations in medical clinics and dispensaries, where you see the parade of the foolish repeating the follies of their ancestors day after day. Instead of being pessimistic and bitter I am merely disillusioned about the majority of mankind. The present result is that I have turned to the Vedanta and have sought refuge in a more profound knowledge of life.

My brother, Louis, died at the age of eighteen following an operation for appendicitis while a Freshman at the Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania. This event almost caused me to have to return to Cleveland to finish my education. The blow left my father a different man, and I have always felt that everything at home had somehow changed. In College Professor Bliss Perry's courses were to me the food my soul had been craving, and I became more interested in literature than ever. After the first world war was over, I entered the Harvard Medical School. I noted a distinct change in the quality of the men there from what I had been accustomed to at Cambridge. At the same time I continued my study of the piano at the New

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England Conservatory of Music, under Charles Denée. Pressure on my time finally resulted in my devoting my full time to my medical courses.

The following fall I entered the Graduate School of Western Reserve University, where I studied sociology and enjoyed it thoroughly, but the old urge to finish medicine compelled me to resume the subject, this time at Yale. This also was a happy period for me, although I cannot say that I ever felt really at home in medical occupations. Today I am very glad that I spent the years I did in their pursuit. Teaching a subject has always attracted me more than the practising of it. After two years here I was persuaded to leave the pursuit of medicine. The following year I studied English literature in the Yale Graduate School, taking twice the normal amount of work. The following year I entered the Rush Medical School of the University of Chicago, where I really enjoyed my work with excellent results.

While at Yale I had hit the "groove" for the first time — research. Professor C. B. Tinker of Yale had inspired me by his lectures on the Age of Johnson, and I undertook a subject for the doctorate which almost ruined me — "The Bibliography of the British and Irish Newspaper and Magazine from 1558 to 1801." I spent some ten years in constant literary research and endless amounts of travel (including London) and expense to gather the material. When completed — and I have several sheets of galley proof from the prospective publisher — I found it could not be printed because of the excessive cost of composition — \$27,000. Result — no degree because no book, although a patron endowed a chair for the subject at Yale and another gave \$15,000 for a special library for the collection, etc. Meanwhile my financial condition went into reverse and here I am today among the "almosts." Perhaps this second world war will give me the needed opportunities to fulfill my destiny. If not, I have not lost anything, except recognition.

ALLEN LAWSON

HOME ADDRESS: 429 Commercial St., Braintree, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 60 State St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: June 18, 1894, East Braintree, Mass. PARENTS: Peter Byron Lawson,
Susan Jane Kingman.

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PREPARED AT: Thayer Academy, South Braintree, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917.

UNMARRIED.

OCCUPATION: Attorney at Law.

OFFICES HELD: Member, House of Representatives of Massachusetts.

ALLEN LAWSON is opposed to women serving on the jury, but not to serving a sentence with one. He writes:

AFTER attending Law School for two years and becoming a member of the Massachusetts Bar, my first ambition was to do right so as to fear no man, and not to write so as to fear no woman. After twenty-five years of attempts to secure the proper lady so that a new football team might endow the old spot, all efforts along that line have been futile, and all I can now boast are a lot of calluses on my knees from proposing.

In 1921 the voters of three Massachusetts towns saw fit to elect me a member of the Legislature and after serving two terms there, I found that independence of thought in matters of prohibition and jury service for women were not conducive to political advancement. When I became a candidate for Congress, I discovered that while people may cheer loudly when you oppose the service of women on juries and prohibition, yet when they are alone with their consciences in the ballot boxes, they just don't seem to vote as they drink.

And so, from that point on I stopped putting out paid advertisements telling how many voters had urged me to run for any political office, and at the age of twenty-six years I retired into the private practice of law in Boston, specializing in probate work. To this end all my efforts have been devoted so that now comes my second ambition — that of retiring in a few years from the hustle and bustle to a log cabin sort of arrangement in the warm peaceful Sierras, there to be a city mountaineer.

P. S. I am still opposed to the service of women on juries.

ROBERT KEITH LEAVITT

ADDRESS: 31 Walbrook Rd., Scarsdale, N. Y.

BORN: Aug. 20, 1895, Easthampton, Mass. PARENTS: Robert Greenleaf Leavitt, '89, Janet Shumway.

PREPARED AT: New Jersey State Model School, Trenton, N. J.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

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MARRIED: Beatrice Mildred Turner, July 29, 1922, Albany, N. Y. CHILDREN: (Robert) Keith (Jr.), Nov. 14, 1924; William Turner, April 4, 1927.

HARVARD BROTHER: Russell Leavitt, '17.

OCCUPATION: Advertising Counsel and Writer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Aug. 15; assigned to Company D, 302d Infantry, 76th Division; promoted 1st lieutenant March 15, 1918; sailed for France July 5; transferred to 163d Infantry, 1st Depot Division (41st Division), in September; to Prisoner of War Escort Company No. 223 Dec. 9; designated officer in command; discharged Oct. 30, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Secretary-treasurer, Association of National Advertisers, New York, 1924-1926; commissioner, Greenville Fire District, Scarsdale, N. Y., since 1938; sundry offices and committee chairmanships in associations, clubs, and civic organizations.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of New York; Masons Island Yacht Club, Mystic, Conn.; Outers Club; Greenville Gun Club; Mystic Rod & Gun Club; The Baker Street Irregulars; American Legion; National Rifle Association.

PUBLICATIONS: Various magazine articles in general publications, a few widely reprinted; many articles in advertising journals; occasional contributions to technical books; some privately printed stuff; a haphazard periodical letter called "Voyages & Discoveries."

BOB LEAVITT was the author of the famous "Open Letter to the Young Men of Harvard from Some of the Older Men of Harvard," which was signed by thirty-four members of the Class and was published in the Crimson in May, 1940. He frequently writes editorials for This Week Magazine. And now he writes his "Life":

ANY man's army is a fine, if somewhat cockeyed, graduate school to sharpen and temper a college education. I spent two and a half years in ours, much of that time as curator of a collection of prisoners of war in France, and emerged with the usual brash freedom from awe in the face of responsibilities and a fine technique in the art of saying "Yessir" defiantly — even, I regret to say, disrespectfully.

Thereupon I fell, by pure chance, into the advertising business, which I have infested ever since. For five years I was an advertising manager; for two years the secretary-treasurer and managing director of a major business-association in that field, and for eleven years an operative under sundry hifalutin titles in the advertising agency business.

Now the advertising agency, as an institution, is a queer combination of big business, showmanship, and Machiavellianism. It is troubled by a dim awareness of economics, tinged ever-so-slightly with literacy, deeply dyed with advanced notions on Art, and has heard tell of science. Its research department knows more about you-in-the-average than God Himself. But almost alone among business institutions of comparable importance, it is unable to claim the kindly protection of the Law of Averages. Its eggs are very largely in one or two big baskets, which are filled — or spilled — by Acts of Providence. It is a nice business to be in if you enjoy buying an occasional yacht or two — a poor one if you hate to sell them again.

So in 1938 I hauled out of the ranks of the Glamour Boys and started a purely personal practice in advertising counsel, copy, and plans. To the date of this writing it has done very nicely, thanks to taking its own medicine. I work for a lot of pleasant people; I do it at my own choice of time and place; I enjoy it — and that, after all, is about what you might prescribe for a vocation. Occasionally, too, I get a chance to write for publications.

So much for the trivia of life; my real occupations are:

(1) Small-bore target shooting (.22 calibre rifle), a mildly loony form of sport, pursued competitively, indoors or out, night or day, winter or summer, at rifle clubs and at meets anywhere within 300 miles. Its chief recommendations are that it is conducted lying down and that even the aged can occasionally take a medal in competition with national top-notchers. Aside from a fistful of such hardware, my only claim to distinction in this line is as the inventor of a handicapping system which practically nobody can understand.

(2) I am a volunteer fireman who asks nothing better than to be aroused from slumber on a winter's night, to pull on his pants, and to drive with glad yelps to the scene of a fire. However, in mistaken consideration for my years and frailties and for the fact that I happen to be a commissioner, I am no longer accorded the honor of throwing the first axe through the grand piano, but instead am assigned the job of shooping kids out the front door and consoling the hostess who is giving the fire. ("Take it easy, lady, your parrot *needs* a bath!")

(3) With the aid of a cellar full of electrical woodworking and

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machine tools, I keep the rugs full of sawdust, the floors nicely impregnated with metal chips, my hands full of nicks, and the neighborhood awake with mechanized shrieks and groans. Products: anything from Jacobean furniture to telescopic sights.

(4) In the summer I spend four days a week — two of them in alleged work — on Masons Island, Mystic, Connecticut, where we have a cottage. Some years (as noted above) I have a boat in which to cruise the nearby waters, unashamedly a monkey-wrench sailor. Other years (as the one of this writing) I moon over textbooks of naval architecture and drafting boards, figuring what kind of craft I will have if I can ever satiate the Collector of Internal Revenue. However, the Bursar of Harvard College will shortly take his place next-in-line, and it looks like a long spell of mooning.

Between times I do a little politicking as a local ward-heeler or hatchet-man, commit occasional mayhem on the graphic arts, and try with indifferent success to keep up with current events, books, and family. Like nearly everyone else, I offered the adjutant general the practically inestimable value of my services in early 1940 and learned thereby that I was now an old, old man. So runs the world away. . . .

RUSSELL LEAVITT

HOME ADDRESS: Brookridge Drive, Greenwich, Conn.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Moody's Investors Service, 65 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

BORN: Dec. 19, 1896, Easthampton, Mass. PARENTS: Robert Greenleaf Leavitt, '89, Janet Shumway.

PREPARED AT: New Jersey State Model School, Trenton, N. J.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: S.B. *cum laude*, 1917.

MARRIED: Mavis Macintyre, Sept. 9, 1922, Lake Mahopac, N. Y. CHILDREN: Russell Scot, Nov. 21, 1924. Donald Macintyre, Aug. 24, 1928; Mavis Jean, Dec. 9, 1932; Bruce, July 22, 1935.

HARVARD BROTHER: Robert Keith Leavitt, '17.

OCCUPATION: Director and one of Chief Stockholders in Moody's Investors Service.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled seaman 1st class U. S. Naval Reserve Force March 21, 1917; assigned to Naval Training Station, Marblehead, Mass., April 19; honorably discharged Sept. 15, 1917 to enter U. S. Army Ambulance Service. Enlisted private U. S. Army Ambulance Service Oct. 24, 1917, in France; assigned to Section 626; unit attached to 48th French Division; transferred to Chemical Warfare Service Laboratory,

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Paris, Sept. 20, 1918; discharged Feb. 10, 1919. Engagements: Noyon-Montdidier defensive, Marne-Aisne and Aisne-Oise offensives.

OFFICES HELD: Member Board of Directors, Brunswick School, Greenwich, Conn., since 1935, treasurer, 1936-1939, president, 1939-1941.

MEMBER OF: Greenwich Country Club; Downtown Harvard Lunch Club, New York, N. Y.

RUSSELL LEAVITT freely admits that he is an Anglophile and that the future economic welfare of the world must be based on some kind of federation with the British Empire. He says:

MY doings since 1917 run as follows: The last war's outbreak took me into the Navy as a member of a sub-chaser crew, skippered by Larry Dodge. But, of course, we were all soon scattered, and it fell to my lot constantly to fight the Battle of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, mostly in dry-dock. I managed to get out of the Navy in September, 1917, and to sail for France with the American Ambulance where I spent practically all the rest of the war with the French Army (it *was* an army in those days).

Soon after returning home in 1919 I got a job in Moody's Investors Service, New York, with which company I have been associated ever since. My work has been mostly in New York, but I spent an interlude of nearly three and a half years in London where, among other things, I became a confirmed Anglophile. This was during the twenties, and we sailed back to New York for good just as Electric Bond and Share and other stocks like it were making their all-time highs on the Stock Exchange and everyone was telling us what we had missed by being away. But really the several years in London were a life-saver to me for I completely escaped the speculative mania of 1928-1929. The business established in London during those years was still going strong through blitzes and all, at last reports.

There is no use in my trying to do anything even approaching justice to the importance to me of my marriage in 1922 to Mavis Macintyre of New York, so I shan't try. I shall say only that we have three sons and a daughter and believe ourselves to be one of the damndest best families that ever lived. Our eldest son is at Pomfret and is hoping to get into Harvard in what would have been the Class of 1946, but what now (with the year-round schedules) looks more like the Class of February, 1945.

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After the 1929 era, my business experience became far more alive and interesting than before. My particular end of it has been to supervise industrial and economic research and analysis. And this, in latter years, has been to labor always in a sort of microcosm. Far from having lost its lustre as a result of the crash, the Depression, the New Deal, and the war, our business has continued to be one of absorbing interest.

Alongside this stream of business activity, which I count most satisfactory, as such things are measured these days, and certainly happy, must be reported the extracurricular activities.

First for the lighter things. I have tried hard for years to play golf, but can manage only an execrable score to this day. Sometimes I can do a (say) 47 on the first nine, only to find the second mounting up to 60 or even higher. I finally have concluded that really I enjoy the landscape far more than the competition. Gardening is a more serious occupation; anyone who wants to see what a good hemlock hedge is like is invited to examine mine in Greenwich. But I can also grow such divers complex things as zinnias and tomatoes!

One of our local private schools has interested me greatly, and I was for several years its treasurer and thereafter president of its board. This is one of the two country day schools in Greenwich. As a result of this experience, I sympathize heartily with teachers and consider that the greatest trouble with education at home is the small amount of serious care — especially discipline — allotted by parents to their sons' (and daughters') school work. Certainly, I have little use for progressive education.

Coming of the war I have welcomed, hoping and believing that we as a country can do a job where before we did not. If we will do it, both in and after the war, all that may happen to us or to our sons in this struggle will have been worth while.

LOUIS DU BOIS LE FEVRE

HOME ADDRESS: Forest Glen Rd., New Paltz, N. Y.

BORN: Jan. 14, 1894, Forest Glen, New Paltz, N. Y. PARENTS: Solomon Le Fevre, Jane Rapalje Flagler.

PREPARED AT: Mackenzie School, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B. *magna cum laude*, 1917.

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MARRIED: Margaret Elizabeth Le Fevre, Dec. 18, 1923, New Paltz, N. Y.

CHILD: Anne Louise, Jan. 15, 1928.

HARVARD BROTHER: Philip Flagler Le Fevre, '18.

OCCUPATION: Civil Service, Ulster County Department of Public Welfare, New York State.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Camion driver, American Field Service, Motor Transport Unit 133 (Réserve Mallet), May to Nov., 1917, with French Army on Chemin des Dames front.

PUBLICATIONS: *Liberty and Restraint*, published by Knopf, 1931; various magazine articles.

LOUIS LE FEVRE believes that the spirit of Rip Van Winkle still roams the Catskills and adds problems for the relief worker. His "Life":

SINCE 1917 my life has been uneventful, but not uninteresting. Soon after we entered the war, I was rejected by a physical examination for the American Army and left College to join the American Ambulance Field Service with the French. I returned in November, after six months as a truck driver in the Soissons-Rheims sector, worked in the State Department during the winter, and was again rejected by the Army in March, 1918.

For fifteen years I suffered at various intervals from tuberculosis, but have had no trouble for several years now. Since 1920 I have been living on a farm near New Paltz, which has been owned by the family for two hundred years.

In 1923 I married a fifth cousin, Margaret Le Fevre. Our daughter, Anne, is now thirteen years old. When she was somewhat younger, I wrote a letter containing a carefully restrained description of her, to which my friend replied that he was glad to hear that such a baby had at last been born. I still think the women in the family are very satisfactory.

Besides a few magazine articles, I have written one book, *Liberty and Restraint*. This was recommended by the Scientific Book Club, but like most other discussions of liberty, it did not reach any notably fruitful conclusions.

Since 1938 I have been working in the Ulster County Welfare Department. This work deals with such varied aspects of the relief problem as old age grants, W. P. A. assignments, and home relief. Ulster County (across the Hudson from the Roosevelt home at Hyde Park) is mainly rural, but it includes small indus-

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tries, southern Negro migrants, Italian farmers, back-to-the-land refugees, and several colonies of Father Divine's followers. The final product of my experience will perhaps be another book, which I won't try to summarize in a page.

The relief question sometimes looks like a tug-of-war between H. M. Pulham and Rip Van Winkle. (I sympathize with Pulham in the struggle with his Class Life which supplies the framework for Marquand's story.) Pulham represents the respectable tax-paying citizens who are the backbone of Ulster County as well as of New England. But his admirable qualities do not seem entirely adequate to meet the present situation.

Rip Van Winkle slept twenty years in the Catskills, fifty miles from here; and he evidently left descendants in this region. When they follow his example, their families nowadays apply for relief. It is natural that taxpayers should explode with righteous indignation. Rip certainly flies in the face of our most cherished traditions of economic virtue; yet he is also the most persistent of American legendary heroes. He reappears in countless stories and plays from *Huckleberry Finn* to the recent film in which Ginger Rogers chooses the boy who, in her dream, rejoices at the loss of his job, because that gives him more time free to go fishing.

I don't know the answers to Rip. Perhaps the nagging of Dame Van Winkle will always keep his vagrant impulses within limits. No matter how shiftless he may be, most people now believe that his children should not starve. In any case, he is more conspicuous than he is typical. Plenty of recipients of public help have worked hard all their lives and have been swamped by illness, old age, or economic disasters over which they have no control.

Our Class was evidently not destined for quiet times. We were at war in 1917 and we are again at war in 1942. Hitler will never be beaten without fighting, but no conqueror has ever been invincible. In spite of the new gospel of the Herrenvolk, not all Germans are superior physically to Joe Louis or intellectually to Dr. Einstein.

After the war, we shall doubtless have extremely difficult problems, but we shall also have a tremendously expanded productive capacity to use for butter, bread, electric power, and universities, instead of guns. By the time our fiftieth anniversary arrives

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in 1967, our grandchildren may guide us around the Yard in a fairly decent sort of world.

GEORGE ELIOT LEIGHTON

HOME ADDRESS: Greenfield Hill, Fairfield, Conn.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Fiduciary Trust Co. of N. Y., 1 Wall St., New York, N. Y.

BORN: June 25, 1894, Dublin, N. H. PARENTS: George Bridge Leighton, '88, Charlotte Kayser.

PREPARED AT: St. Mark's School, Southboro, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Lisa Gilman Todd, Nov. 14, 1925, New York, N. Y. CHILD: Lisa, Sept. 22, 1926.

HARVARD BROTHER: John Langdon Leighton, '19 (deceased).

OCCUPATION: Assistant Vice-president, Fiduciary Trust Company of New York.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Appointed ensign U. S. Naval Reserve Force July 26, 1918; assigned to Naval Overseas Transportation Service, New York, N. Y.; released from active duty Feb. 18, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Assistant vice-president, Fiduciary Trust Company; vice-president and director, 860 Park Ave. Corporation; member board of managers, 23rd Street Branch, Y. M. C. A.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of New York; Society of the Cincinnati (state of New Hampshire); Society of Colonial Wars; Country Club of Fairfield; Pequot Yacht Club (Southport, Connecticut).

GEORGE LEIGHTON writes a letter which he concludes with, "If you an make a 'Life' out of that, go to it." Here's the letter, which we think needs no editing:

MY dear Clem:

I am enclosing the questionnaire for the 25th Anniversary Report which I have had no difficulty filling in. The questions are clear and call for no imagination.

When I came to the last question, however — publications — I had first thought that this was particularly easy and was about to say that I had never had anything published. I then realized that along with the questionnaire you have asked me to make out a Class Life which would in effect be the *Autobiography of George Eliot Leighton*, and then that this autobiography is about to be published. That means that you expect me to write something for publication. Now it seems to me that in order to be interesting an autobiography must be either funny or historically

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or philosophically important. I cannot see anything funny about my own life and, although I feel that I can see things that are historically and philosophically important about it, I am sure no one else would see them.

The few facts, like those of many others in my Class, could have been taken directly from the life of H. M. Pulham, Esquire, and are as follows:

Brought up to think the world was at our feet. Went to St. Mark's School and Harvard. Graduated into the war which at first didn't want me because of bad eyes, then decided I could do a good enough desk job in New York. Went to work with Lee, Higginson & Company, first in Chicago, then in New York. Woke up with a terrible start to find the world was not at our feet, but rather that we were at its feet and being handsomely stepped upon. Left Lee, Higginson in 1924 to join Scudder, Stevens & Clark in New York. Moved from Scudder, Stevens & Clark to Fiduciary Trust Company of New York in 1933, and here I am.

Married and have one daughter, going on to sixteen, whose outlook on life I hope is smarter than mine was when I was her age. Have a small place in Fairfield, Connecticut, which is as far away from New York as I can possibly get and still commute. Gave up trying to keep my weight down almost before I started trying. Play a little golf, very badly; a little tennis, just as badly. Read the *Saturday Evening Post* and occasionally detective stories. Grouse when I have to come back from vacation.

Faithfully yours,

GEORGE ELIOT LEIGHTON.

✦ FREDERICK TALBOT LELAND

BORN: Feb. 1, 1895, Holliston, Mass. PARENTS: Percy Francis Leland, Minnie E. Talbot.

PREPARED AT: Public Latin School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916.

DIED: Dec. 6, 1921, Rutland, Mass.

MOTHER: Mrs. Percy Francis Leland, Washington St., Holliston, Mass.

LELAND was obliged to leave College because of lung trouble. He went to Asheville, North Carolina, where he received such benefit that he returned to Holliston. In the fall of 1917,

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however, he suffered a relapse and went to Rutland, where he remained until his death.

William L. Hickey of our Class writes of Leland:

"F. T. Leland — 'Efftee' — my classmate for four years at Boston Latin School, was one of those chaps that everyone likes. He was a quiet, dependable boy, and completely unassuming, and if anyone in our Class had a right to be the reverse of unassuming, Leland had, because he was a 'shark.' To every B. L. S. boy the word 'shark' is one to inspire complete admiration — with an admixture, possibly, of some awe. The 'shark' is a top-flight man in scholarship, and a top-flight man in the affection of his associates. Leland was such a man — or such a boy. A nasty passage in Greek or Latin seemed to be no obstacle to him, and he would explain with pleasure — but never with any appearance of pride — to us dullards, who would come to him, just what it was all about. He had a quiet voice and a pleasant chuckle. We all liked him a lot, and we all miss him a lot."

ROBERT SANGER LELAND

HOME ADDRESS: Central St., Framingham Centre, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 73 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Feb. 7, 1896, Sherborn, Mass. PARENTS: Robert Hamilton Leland, Cora Eugenia Sanger.

PREPARED AT: Public Latin School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; LL.B. (Boston Univ.), 1920.

MARRIED: Mary Elizabeth Lewis, June 23, 1923, Boston, Mass. (died June 30, 1937). CHILD: Elizabeth Clark, Sept. 30, 1925.

OCCUPATION: Lawyer.

ROBERT LELAND follows a daily routine and hopes that in the next twenty-five years he will have caught up to changing times. He writes:

UPON graduation from College I went into the office of my father, Robert H. Leland, '88, who was then practising law in Boston. For the next three years I combined "leg-work" in the office with attending Boston University Law School. In 1920 I was graduated and was admitted to the Massachusetts Bar. For a year or so I practised independently. Then I joined in a partnership with my father, which continued until his death in 1932. Since that date I have maintained my own office, more recently

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in association with Craig Alden, '17. For some years I have specialized to a large extent in probate and real estate law, neither the most lucrative nor the most glamorous branches of the profession, but interesting to some.

In 1923 I married and settled in Framingham, Massachusetts, whence I have commuted to Boston ever since. In 1925 a daughter arrived. In June, 1937, after a series of illnesses, my wife died. I have not married again. Up to the present, with the assistance of my daughter, I have continued on at the same residence.

Aside from having been Town Counsel of my native town of Sherborn, Massachusetts, for some twelve years, and occasional service of a minor local nature, on committees, as air-raid warden, and so on, I have not held public office. I am not a member of any fraternal or other organizations.

My life since College has consisted, for the most part, of following a daily routine. Except for infrequent business trips I have remained within the borders of the New England states. I have been over this area by automobile fairly thoroughly, and at various times have done some climbing in the White Mountains, and a little fishing and hunting in Maine. For spare time relaxation I have, in a rather desultory way, taken up the home workshop idea, and have acquired some skill at wood-working. None of these activities has, however, been followed intensively, nor has any produced unusual results.

Being of a conservative disposition, I am not in sympathy with many present-day ways and trends. I especially deplore the disregard for economy which seems prevalent in all branches of government, and is reflected in private matters. However, times change and perhaps, if it falls to my lot to report at the end of another twenty-five years, I shall have caught up and changed with them.

ROBERT LEVENSON

HOME ADDRESS: 45 Meadow Lane, Lawrence, Long Island, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Boston Knitting Mills, Inc., 1350 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

BORN: July 19, 1897, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Samuel Levenson, Pauline Rothstein.

PREPARED AT: Public Latin School, Boston, Mass.

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YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1915.

MARRIED: Evelyn Lippmann, June 14, 1925, Boston, Mass. CHILDREN: Judith, April 25, 1930; Paul, April 9, 1932.

OCCUPATION: Sales Promotion Manager.

OFFICES HELD: Member Board of Governors, Lawrence Association, Lawrence, Long Island, N. Y.

MEMBER OF: Masons; South Shore Square Club; Lawrence Association.

PUBLICATIONS: Popular songs: "My Belgian Rose;" "Pretty Little Rainbow;" song edition of "National Emblem" March; and others.

BOB LEVENSON explains how his literary ambitions caused him to break out in song, but he "found comfort in the knowledge that Homer, too, was said to have been a bard of sorts." He now sings, in print, the praises of "knit suits for little shavers to wear." He writes:

TO some life is — to borrow a phrase from a popular song — a bowl of cherries, to others a bed of roses. If I were to label my life in similar fashion, I'd say it has been a series of blanket-tosses.

I've had my ups, I've had my falls, but I must confess the bumps haven't been too hard — maybe because the ups weren't too high. In the ebb and flow of fortune (not a bad title for something or other) I've gained a modest measure of money, possessions, and dignity, and subsequently lost them all in even greater measure. But two things I've managed to hold on to in spite of all — my girth, and (so I'm told) my sense of humor.

To go back to college days, I had a yen — as who hasn't? — to write. At first my ambition was to write plays. Indeed, one of my themes, a hefty one, in English 22 was on "The Endowed Theatre." Later I thought that novels might be a bit easier, and eventually I actually wrote and had published a couple of short stories. The final expression of my creative urge took the form — alas, alack! — of popular songs. I wrote more than a hundred and had about fifty of them published. You may remember "My Belgian Rose" (sung in World War I), "Pretty Little Rainbow," "Lazy Mississippi." These were among my better-known *opera*. One I'm a little bit proud of is the song version of the "National Emblem" March, because that involved a contest in which my humble effort was chosen the winner.

Song-writing was a far cry from my original lofty literary

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ambitions, but at the ripe age of twenty-two or -three, one learns to compromise with ambition — and besides, the royalties enabled me to forget about the mortgage on the old homestead, and to buy a new home with a much larger mortgage.

A man who thinks he has a way with words sooner or later finds himself, as I did, in the advertising profession. I never made the big leagues, but I managed to get along, serving as copy chief of a smaller agency, and later account executive with another. I don't know whether it is something to be proud of, or to shudder at, but I feel that thousands of people have been led, via my copy, to better bladders, happier haberdashery, cleaner collars, loftier living quarters, and extra etceteras.

Some years ago one of my clients asked me to devote all of my time to his firm, and today I find myself not only doing sales promotion, but also devising new styles in knit suits for little shavers to wear, arranging color-schemes which, if they go sour, can always be called "California-inspired," and doing a host of other things that hardly seem to fall under the head of advertising. Nevertheless, I have found a great deal of fun in doing this work and plenty of mental exercise in grappling with the merchandising problems involved. Which brings me up to this hectic year of 1941.

My fondness for music, which once manifested itself in playing several instruments, writing songs, and singing an indifferent baritone, has now been reduced to the passive form of attending the opera. I prefer vocal music to orchestral. I may even discontinue this practice since I find myself too often comparing the mediocre voices I hear today with the glorious chorus I enjoyed so much two decades or more ago.

Civic affairs take up a little of my surplus time. I live in the village of Lawrence on the south shore of Long Island, and am on the board of governors of the Lawrence Association, an organization of local taxpayers. On a small scale we have our problems of machine politics, too heavy taxes, over-burdening bond issues, etc., etc., and I find some satisfaction in lending a hand to try to improve these conditions.

One of the keenest disappointments of my life is the lack of a hobby that would give me physical exercise. I played tennis up until five or six years ago, and while my game was mighty poor,

it at least gave me the opportunity of using muscles that are dormant in a desk-chair. I tried golf, but I spent more time replacing divots than sinking putts.

My two children while away my spare evenings with their endless questioning on a thousand and one subjects, fully confident in the beginning that I was a veritable encyclopedia. I have disappointed them so often that I dare not think what their present estimate of my knowledge might be. I often wish that they were Quiz Kids — or that I was one.

Having attended several classes in Emerson Hall, I should, I suppose, be qualified to discuss philosophy. Seriously, though, I have found one or two modest thoughts that have helped me from time to time, and that may be worth recording. One is a phrase that was often repeated by Mr. Henry Pennypacker when he was headmaster at Boston Latin School, "Grasp the thing nearest to your hand and do it with all your might." Often, when distant dreams and visions made hands idle that should have been busy, this simple admonishment served as a reminder that, while man must indeed dream to advance himself and his fellow-men, today's work must be done today.

I feel grateful for this request to write an account of my life since leaving College because it has given me an opportunity to pause for a few moments to glance backward — and to look ahead. The first quarter-century is done, the next is waiting. *Andiam, incominciate!"*

ERNEST LOUIS LEVERONE

HOME ADDRESS: 668 Washington St., Brighton, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Milton Bradley Co., 127 Clarendon St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Sept. 11, 1897, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Michael Leverone, Justina Leverone.

PREPARED AT: Public Latin School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

UNMARRIED.

HARVARD BROTHER: Louis Michael Leverone, Sp.

OCCUPATION: Salesman, School Equipment and Supplies through New England.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Harvard R. O. T. C., 1917; O. T. C., Camp Lee, Petersburg, Va., 1918.

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OFFICES HELD: Member Executive Committee, New England Educational Salesmen's Association.

MEMBER OF: University Club of Boston.

ERNEST LEVERONE discovered that travelling fifty-two weeks annually did not leave much time out for a rest. He writes:

THE years since graduation studied in retrospect present a series of pictures, somewhat kaleidoscopic but grayed for the most part by the routine of commonplace living. There are in it highlights enough, at least from the subjective point of view, to keep it from being a monochrome, but if you expect to have unfolded before you a cyclorama of brilliant financial, social, political, or emotional scenes, it were best you turn away at this point.

After completing the three months' course in the 1917 Reserve Officers' Training Corps and being denied admission to Plattsburg and officers' training camps because I was under age, I was advised to cool my war fever until a later date. (It is being re-kindled today in the field of A. R. P., Precinct 5, Sector 1, Post 27.)

I went to work in Lynn with the J. J. Grover's Sons Company, shoe manufacturers, where I began the slow process of learning the business, literally from the ground up. This continued until the fall of 1918, when I finally reached Camp Lee. Then the war ended as also did my military career.

Back home again, I returned to my shoes. After another year or two of apprenticeship, I was selected to represent the company in Michigan, Pennsylvania, New York, and Maryland. By 1928 the revolution in buying practice, which required fifty-two weeks of travel annually, had been completed. This was more than I was disposed to allocate out of my year. Hence I welcomed the transition to a more stable business—that of purveying school equipment and supplies to the schools of New England through the Ryan & Buker Company. I remained with this company until 1933, when I joined up with the Milton Bradley Company of Boston and Springfield. I now represent this company in its school contacts in the eastern half of New England.

So much for my business career. I have never been active socially. I have been quite content with my family and a very

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small circle of close friends. While I have never married, I have had, by proxy, most of the responsibilities attendant upon that state.

I live happily here in Brighton where on my half-acre of lawn and garden I find the relaxation and joy which only those who have labored in the earth may experience.

ABRAHAM SIMEON LEVIN

ADDRESS: 534 S. Fifth St., Terre Haute, Ind.

BORN: June 26, 1895, Terre Haute, Ind. PARENTS: Morris Leon Levin, Rose Jennie Joffey.

PREPARED AT: Wiley High School, Terre Haute, Ind.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREE: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917.

UNMARRIED.

OCCUPATION: Buyer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Aug. 15; sailed for France Sept. 11; detailed to Infantry Officers' Training School, La Valbonne, Oct. 4; assigned to Company L, 166th Infantry, March, 1918; detailed to Headquarters 42d Division April 28 as assistant to zone major; to Headquarters 42d Division, Operations Section, in September; rejoined Company M, 166th Infantry, in November; attached to American Sub-commission, Inter-Allied Field Railway Commission, Dec. 17; discharged June 1, 1919. Engagements: Lunéville sector, Baccarat sector, Champagne-Marne defensive, Marne-Aisne, Saint-Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne offensives.

ABRAHAM LEVIN regards his college life as his halcyon days. His "Life":

I WOULD assess my life since graduation in 1917 as a very uneventful one, but Stodder refuses to let me rest in quiet obscurity and calls for a report.

I never married, so can't report with pride about my children. I never offered myself, or was sought by my fellow-citizens, as a candidate for public office, so have no record of political honors.

I answered the call of World War I — as did most of our Class — serving in the Army. Looking back, I see it was a wonderful experience, but didn't think so then.

When I got my \$60.00 bonus in 1919 I had the choice of going back to finish my course in the Graduate School of Business Administration or getting started at once on the job of earning a

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living. I chose the latter and that's all I've been able to do for twenty-five years.

Writing this report, in which I wasn't much interested, made me think of my life's course, which hasn't satisfied me very much, and wonder whether my education was at fault. I really don't think so. I think what enjoyment I have derived from my life has been due to my Harvard College education. There is no question that my college years were my most enjoyed years. My background knowledge of history, literature, and economics makes me read more intelligently. Because of my studies under the brilliant professors we enjoyed in our college days, I am a tolerant man with a liberal outlook.

I might want to change some of my steps since 1919 if life gave us a second chance, but I wouldn't trade my years at Harvard from 1913 to 1917 for anything else.

LAWRENCE MEYER LEVIN

HOME ADDRESS: 41-96 Gleane St., Apt. B 10, Elmhurst, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Grolier Society, Inc., 2 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

BORN: March 7, 1898, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Zarah Levin, Emilie Cohen.

PREPARED AT: West Roxbury High School, West Roxbury, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B. *magna cum laude*, 1917; PH.D. (Columbia Univ.), 1936.

MARRIED: Ada Mandelstam, Dec. 24, 1936, New York, N. Y. CHILD: Barbara Ann, Jan. 13, 1941.

HARVARD BROTHER: William Levin, '12.

OCCUPATION: Associate Editor of *The Book of Knowledge*.

PUBLICATIONS: (1) Doctoral dissertation: "The Political Doctrine of Montesquieu: Its Classical Background," New York, 1936 (Columbia University); (2) Textbooks: *Gloria*, by Galdós (Century Co., N. Y., 1927); *Candide*, by Voltaire (Prentice-Hall, N. Y., 1929); (3) Translation: D. Morner's *Pensée française au 18e siècle* (Prentice-Hall, N. Y., 1929); (4) Articles for Romance publications; (5) Articles for *The Book of Knowledge*.

AS an associate editor of The Book of Knowledge, Lawrence Levin must have an encyclopedic mind and would be a hard man to faze in any "Information Please" contest:

AFTER leaving College in 1917, I landed at the State University of Iowa, at Iowa City, as tyro instructor in French and Spanish. Following that bucolic episode I went to Chicago

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University and for four years combined teaching with graduate work in the Romance field. There was another rustic interlude (two years) at the University of South Dakota and a shorter interlude at the intellectual citadel of the Latter Day Saints — the University of Utah. Next I took a plunge in the business field and ran a translation bureau for a couple of years. I entered academic work again in 1928, teaching French at Columbia University. There I remained for eight years, acquiring the Ph.D. in the interim, and doing a certain amount of writing in the field of Romance languages.

Since 1937 I have been doing writing of an entirely different sort, as associate editor of *The Book of Knowledge*. My work has consisted chiefly of writing articles on a wide variety of subjects for the younger element of the population — a difficult task, if there ever was one.

I was married in 1936 to Ada Mandelstam, an alumna of Bates (1926) and a specialist in psychiatric social work. She tells me that I have very interesting potentialities as a schizophrenic, with possible manic depressive deviations.

On January 13, 1941, my daughter Barbara Ann, weight six and a half pounds, put in an appearance in order to see for herself what all the shooting was about. She still hasn't found out, but she has progressed to the point of saying "Dada" with the proper emphasis and of taking her all too numerous inoculations with the nonchalance of a veteran.

LEONARD SOLON LEVY

HOME ADDRESS: 1351 East Blvd., Cleveland, Ohio.

OFFICE ADDRESS: City Hall, Cleveland, Ohio.

BORN: Sept. 16, 1895, Cleveland, Ohio. PARENTS: Simon Louis Levy, Ricky Bergman.

PREPARED AT: Central High School, Cleveland, Ohio.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREES: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917; LL.B., 1920.

MARRIED: Adele Steiner, Aug. 25, 1926, Cleveland, Ohio. CHILD: Lois Jean, Dec. 21, 1927.

OCCUPATION: City Treasurer, Cleveland.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Ordnance Dept. Jan. 14, 1918; detailed to Ordnance Training School, Dartmouth College, N. H.; to Ordnance Supply School, Camp Jackson, S. C., Feb. 26; to Officers' Training School, Camp Hancock, Ga., April 23; assigned to 39th Provisional Ordnance Depot; sailed for France July 31; detailed to Aërial

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Gunnery School, Saint-Jean-de-Monts, Aug. 21; promoted corporal Nov. 19 and detailed as instructor; discharged Feb. 17, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Police Prosecutor, Cleveland, 1922-1923; City Treasurer, Cleveland, since 1935; member Illegal Practice of Law, Publicity, and Radio Committees of Cleveland Bar Association; trustee, Council Educational Alliance, Jewish Big Brothers Association, Bureau of Jewish Education, Institute of Jewish Studies, Cleveland Jewish Community Council; member, Cuyahoga County Republican Executive Committee, 1936-1937; member, Greater Cleveland Safety Council; member, Advisory Council, Draft Board No. 25; member, Committee on Education and Publicity of Mayor's Committee on Civilian Defense; member, Radio Sub-Committee, Civilian Defense; teacher of municipal corporations, Cleveland Law School.

MEMBER OF: Masonic lodges.

PUBLICATIONS: Numerous articles and radio scripts on many subjects, including traffic, fire safety, public finance; considerable literature and material used in political campaigns. Produced and directed over one thousand sustaining radio programs; producer and director, City of Cleveland "Your Town" radio forum program and City of Cleveland "Safety First" radio program.

LEONARD LEVY'S description of his use of radio as a means of public education in municipal government is most interesting and commendatory. His story:

WHEN in the course of human events twenty-five years have elapsed since the long distant day of college graduation, it becomes necessary to review the stream of intervening events and then blush before the apparent emptiness of personal achievement.

Few men ever attained sufficient maturity of detachment to see themselves objectively and in perspective. The rest of us can only stumble along with an inner consciousness of self-deficiency and conviction as to the utter futility of our accomplishments. This distortion of self-evaluation will continue to haunt us to the end of our days. But be that as it may, life is still a wonderful thing, and this country of ours the most precious citadel of democracy yet known to man. We still have something to live for and, if necessary, to die for.

And so with that dramatic introduction, I embark upon the adventures of my life. Ours being the War Class, the glamour of service was impressed upon me. Having achieved sufficient previous college credits, the school year 1916-1917 I spent in the

Harvard Law School. In 1917, immediately after the declaration of war, I received my first call to duty. I was invited to go to Washington to assist Dean W. R. Castle, Jr., who had been named director of the Bureau of Communication and Casualty Information of the American Red Cross. I spent eight thrilling months in Washington, having charge of administering certain of the affairs of prisoners of war, both American and Allied, in the Teutonic prison camps through the International Red Cross in Geneva, Switzerland, as well as the problems of the Teutonic prisoners interned within our own borders.

At the request of the State Department, I also took charge of the ill-fated and short-lived attempt at establishing civilian communications between non-combatants under meticulous censorship. Our office, through International Red Cross contacts abroad, became the original channel for assembling and clearing casualty information, until this function was officially assumed by the adjutant general's office. Through these exciting months I had the privilege of contact with some of the great personalities of the times, some occasionally, others frequently. Among these were President Woodrow Wilson, Secretary of State Lansing, Secretary of War Newton D. Baker — from our own home town — William Jennings Bryan, Postmaster Burleson, the French Ambassador Jusserand, Mr. and Mrs. Ignace Paderewski — who used our offices as their own headquarters for the re-establishment of Poland — and many other persons in the diplomatic and official life of Washington, whom fading recollection fails to recall.

Remember, however, we were all young at the time and the country was at war and the feeling for the need of direct action was upon me. The tremendous perspective necessary to view the entire war effort picture and feel the certainty of my own contribution was, of course, as with most other persons, entirely lacking. And so, in December, 1917, I enlisted in the Army and after eight months of specialized training in various parts of the country, I was sent to France. By one of those strange coincidences of fate, out of that vast convoy ours was the particular ship that enemy submarines sought to intercept. We had the privilege of seeing the actual exciting process of encirclement and attack staged by our own destroyers and the subsequent depth bomb discharges, followed by the characteristic surface oil

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spots. Later the destruction of two enemy submarines was officially announced. Well, we got to France in due course, and after various shuntings around from the interior back to the sea coast, I was finally selected to receive instruction in aërial bombing from members of the Royal Air Force. This led to my becoming an instructor in that subject at the Aërial Gunnery School of France at Saint-Jean-de-Monts on the Coast of the Bay of Biscay where I remained until after the Armistice.

On my return to the United States and civilian life, early in 1919, I was the last person to be admitted to the special sessions of the Harvard Law School, from which in due course I received my degree of LL.B. in June, 1920. Then I returned to Cleveland and passed the Ohio Bar examinations. For the first two years of practice I was associated with the law firm of Stanley & Horwitz. In 1923 I was named police prosecutor, which position I occupied for the next two years. From 1924 to 1926 I was a part of the firm of Levy & Bruml. From 1926 to 1935 I was with Bloomfield, Orr & Vickery. In 1935 my own enthusiasm for good government carried me into the campaign of Harold H. Burton, Independent Republican candidate for Mayor of Cleveland. This campaign was successful and Mr. Burton was elected. Shortly after his inauguration I was invited to become City Treasurer, a position which I accepted and which I occupy at the time of this writing. Burton was re-elected twice thereafter and in 1940 he was elected United States Senator from Ohio. From the time of Mayor Burton's advent Cleveland's City Government went through a process of reorganization and all Cleveland citizens now take due pride in the progressive and forward-looking changes that have occurred. In the last recently concluded election Democratic candidate Frank J. Lausche was elected mayor. He also has all the capacity and impulses to insure good government in our city, which in these times of stress is needed more than ever.

In my position as treasurer I became interested in many public matters not generally associated with that office. In the course of those early campaigns I had developed some experience in writing and producing radio programs. It was natural then to continue that interest by using the radio as a means of educating the public in the process of government. Before long, with official blessing and local radio coöperation, a city radio forum

program was established and has continued bi-weekly for over six years. Every phase of city operation, every current or burning issue has been presented on this forum, and citizens have been invited to participate by asking questions by telephone, on the matters under discussion. Vast numbers of persons have heard these programs and the ultimate results of this experiment have been far-reaching. Other cities in America have inquired into it and followed its pattern. Local and distant newspapers have commented on its effectiveness. Even the *Christian Science Monitor* complimented it with a feature article. The magazine *Public Management* accorded it recognized prominence in its survey of radio activity among the cities of America. The *United States Municipal News* made some mention of it, and the local Citizens League devoted an entire issue of their bulletin to it and to other radio programs I later undertook as a means of public education.

Classes in social science and in government in the Cleveland public schools and at Western Reserve University, Cleveland College, and other institutions of higher learning in and around Cleveland have used the material developed, and recently I am pleased to see that there has been published an unusual textbook on local government for high school use in Cleveland, and the author indicates in his introduction his indebtedness to the material developed on these programs.

So much for that. The success of this radio series stimulated the Cleveland Safety Council and local safety leaders to consider the establishment of a regular weekly radio program on safety. This was undertaken in July, 1937, and that "Safety First" program, under my direction and production, has been presented every week without interruption since that time. The success of this experiment found wide recognition. The police and fire departments on their own initiative established bureaus of public relations with radio as one of the chief means of expression. As a result of this emphasis on public education, Cleveland's traffic safety record improved tremendously, so that in 1939 and 1940 we led the country. Our fire losses also fell off because of this stress on fire prevention, so that we achieved better records than ever before and won national and state-wide recognition in competition with other cities. Not for a moment should it be inferred that these "Safety First" programs were responsible for this re-

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sult, but they were a part of the process and helped the ultimate effect. Only my enthusiasm leads me to ramble as I have, to show how far these matters ultimately reach. Copies of these scripts have been requested and used all over the country, and a number of them have been reprinted in various magazines.

As a natural outgrowth of this most of the city's radio work drifted into my hands. I undertook it in addition to my regular functions as treasurer. Numerous other types of programs were presented at frequent intervals. I myself have participated in, written, and produced over one thousand such broadcasts and have in some fashion influenced over five thousand other programs. I consider radio one of the most powerful present and future forces in American life.

As just indicated, my major activity was still devoted to my duties as City Treasurer. Cleveland's income from all sources is between sixty and sixty-five million dollars per year and expenditures are on approximately the same scale, to give some indication of the size of our operations. We passed through the trying days of the use of scrip during the Depression, and with the revival of business, the intricate process of its retirement.

One of the notable innovations of recent years has been the introduction of parking meters upon our streets. This has been acclaimed as one of the new sources of revenue for municipalities which for many years have been on the declining side of the income scale, and so it has proved to be. It also has fulfilled every expectation as a means of traffic and parking control and parking convenience. Our blessings on them as a ray of sunlight in an otherwise darkening traffic and financial picture. Cleveland has already installed, or is in the process of installing, 4200 of these silent sentinels, which probably constitutes the largest installation of its kind in the world. The duty of collecting these traffic slot machines fell into my lap, and starting from scratch we have evolved and installed a system of efficient and controlled collection which has aroused the interest of other cities and gained widespread approval. Our local Citizens League, the civic watchdog of public functioning, has devoted one of its bulletins to commendation of every phase of parking meter installation and operation, including my contribution.

If you haven't tired of reading the account of my activities thus

far, permit me to become purely personal and mention the two important factors in my private life. I was married in the summer of 1926 to Adele Steiner of Cleveland and have one daughter, Lois Jean, now fourteen. Words are meaningless to describe the happiness we three enjoy. My wife is a contralto and still undertakes to sing professionally with various church choirs. We both like the movies and dancing — it helps to keep us young. My daughter has an astounding instinct and facility for every form of art. Our family life compensates for the many sacrifices of other duties. I myself am a fairly liberal, conservative member of the community. I serve on any number of civic and philanthropic boards. I am a past or present trustee of the Council Educational Alliance, the Institute of Jewish Studies, the Bureau of Jewish Education, the Jewish Big Brothers Association, and the Jewish Community Council. I have served on various committees of the Cleveland Bar Association, such as the Committee on Illegal Practice of Law, the Publicity Committee, and the Radio Committee. I have served on the Greater Cleveland Safety Council and I am a past member of the Cuyahoga County Republican Executive Committee.

During most of these twenty-five years since graduation I have been concerned with teaching youngsters and adults in some fashion or other, even in Sunday School. In fact, this is where I met my wife as one of my first students. I am also a teacher of a course on municipal corporations at the Cleveland Law School.

In the shadow of the current military emergency I am assisting on the Advisory Council of one of our local draft boards. In our civilian defense program I am a member of the Mayor's Civilian Defense Committee on Information and Education, and on the sub-committee on Radio.

Now the country is again at war. Every other activity fades in importance before the overwhelming needs of the nation. Twenty-five years ago we went forth emotionally, but some came back disillusioned, because we were still too young to see our wartime activities in their proper perspective. Now we are more mature; now we can appreciate the true value of this country of ours and the glories of democracy, which we must preserve. Twenty-five years ago we followed the promptings of our hearts;

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today we feel the complete dedication of conviction in our minds. Whatever the opportunities of service, small or large, I know we will not fail.

PHILIP CURTIS LEWIS

HOME ADDRESS: Brendonwood, Indianapolis, Ind.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 411 Terminal Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

BORN: Oct. 5, 1894, Indianapolis, Ind. PARENTS: Charles Sumner Lewis, Adaline Purviance.

PREPARED AT: Shortridge High School, Indianapolis, Ind.; Milton Academy, Milton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Katharine Jameson, June 23, 1918, Hattiesburg, Miss. (died April 14, 1923); Helen Richards, June 2, 1928, Indianapolis, Ind. CHILDREN: Mary Elizabeth, June 30, 1920; Patricia Joan, May 10, 1929.

HARVARD BROTHERS: Charles Sumner Lewis, Jr., '06; Edward Rieman Lewis, '08, LL.B., '10; Montgomery Smith Lewis, '11.

OCCUPATION: Advertising.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Ambulance driver, American Field Service, Section 1, Feb. 25 to Aug. 10, 1916, with French Army on Somme and Verdun fronts. Entered Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Aug. 15; attached to Battery F, 137th Field Artillery, 38th Division; assigned to Company I, 150th Infantry, 38th Division, Oct. 6; promoted 1st lieutenant April 25, 1918; sailed for France Sept. 16; discharged Aug. 14, 1919. Awarded Croix de Guerre.

OFFICES HELD: President, Service Club of Indianapolis, 1927-1928, Contemporary Club of Indianapolis, 1935-1936, Harvard Club of Indiana, 1920-1930; chairman, Indianapolis Chapter, Fight for Freedom, Inc.; commander, McIlvaine-Kothe Legion Post, 1938-1939.

MEMBER OF: Indianapolis Literary Club; Contemporary Club of Indianapolis; Service Club of Indianapolis; American Legion.

EVER since he became an editor of the Harvard Crimson, Duffy Lewis has been associated with printer's ink, directly or indirectly, and now he looks forward to the time when he can have the leisure to write some books. His "Life":

THIS business of taking stock of one's self after a quarter of a century away from Cambridge is a truly humbling process — so many things undone, so many things done wrong — and time getting shorter and shorter in which to set things right.

In the world of business I have had some vehement ups and downs. My general line has been advertising and printing. In

1928, after some nine years of agency and advertising department work, I took over a printing plant. For the next twelve years I fought, bled, and died a score of times trying to guide the business through the three reefs of depression, old indebtedness, and insufficient operating capital. It breathed its last two years ago, and I have gone back into advertising. So much for unpleasantness.

In the daily goings and comings I have enjoyed varied community contacts. The Service Club of Indianapolis is a luncheon group on the order of Rotary, the prime requisite being that the member must have served in World War I. Because it doesn't take itself too seriously, because it doesn't try to be a public do-good, its comradeship has meant a great deal. By no means a professional Legionnaire, I have, however, found common ground in my Legion Post. And for the highbrow touch there is the Indianapolis Literary Club. I belong to the Presbyterian Church, and though I have been derelict lately, I like church work and activities.

My two daughters keep me under control and let me know when my puns are too vile and my humor too feeble. June, 1942, will be a three-cornered affair, our Reunion having to share honors with one daughter's graduation from Radcliffe and the other's from grade school. Our home, outside the city limits, gives me plenty of practice at lawn mowing, growing tomatoes, and at not fixing this and that about the house.

Regarding World War II—I went all-out long, long ago in the matter of intervention and the fight against Hitler. More recently I have been serving as Indianapolis chairman of Fight For Freedom, Incorporated. Having decided back in 1920 not to go into the Officers' Reserve, I have been doing my damndest to get into some sort of service but, thus far, without success. I still feel as if I could do squads right with the best of 'em.

And what do I do and like? I'm a first-rate second-class golfer, bowler, and swimmer—tennis once in a while. I like to follow sports, and still walk the floor when the Harvard game comes in on the radio, and suffer when things go wrong. At the risk of seeming sentimental—Harvard is one of the great things in my life. Everything about it grips me in a way that is difficult to describe. I look hungrily for news of it. My one regret is that

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I can't afford to take the *Bulletin*, *Crimson*, and *H. A. A. News*. I drive along the road alone, singing Harvard football songs to myself and — believe it or not — all four verses of *Fair Harvard!* Childish? Perhaps so, but the fact remains that Harvard and all that it has done for me and means to me is a very deep and sacred part of my life.

And so on to the next twenty-five years. There are so many things I want to do. For instance, there are books on Harvard and Theodore Roosevelt inside of me that I want to get out of my system. But my one prayer is that I shall have done those many things now undone, that I shall have righted those many things done wrong when I sit down in 1966 to write the story of the quarter of a century just closed.

[On March 12, 1942, Lewis wrote that he had gone back into the service on March 7, 1942, as first lieutenant with the 737th M. P. Battalion at Fort Harrison, Indiana. — *Secretary*.]

TSUE-LING LI

BORN: March 7, 1893, Cheng, Hunan, China. PARENTS: Sarng-Ling Li, Su-Shi Li.

PREPARED AT: Mount Hermon School, Mount Hermon, Mass.; by private tutor.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1915. DEGREE: A.B. (Univ. of Iowa), 1917.

WE quote again from Seventeen Men about a "lost" man: "Tsue-Ling Li studied at Hunan Provincial College in China and later at the Mount Hermon School. During 1913-1914 he joined us as the holder of a scholarship of the Provincial Government in Hunan. In 1914-1915, during a revolution at home, this scholarship was withdrawn. The following year Li transferred for a short time to Iowa University. He is also lost on the records of Iowa. He returned to China in 1920, but his home address in Hunan proved no longer useful in 1923. Contemporaries of his who still belong to the Chinese Students Club in Cambridge know nothing about him. A rumor that he was on the staff of the Chinese Embassy in Mexico City in 1940 cannot be verified. E. R. Yin, 1917, who is Commissioner of Finance in Changsha, has been consulted but recent doings have doubtless disrupted the mails. Classmate Rikert at Mount Hermon has not been able to dig up anything for us."

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ORLANDO R. LINDESMITH

HOME ADDRESS: 310 N. 15th St., Grand Junction, Colo.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Mesa College, Grand Junction, Colo.

BORN: Feb. 12, 1890, Owatonna, Minn. PARENTS: Orlando R. Lindesmith, Ellen Louisa Thompson.

PREPARED AT: Owatonna High School, Owatonna, Minn.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1909-1910, 1915-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; A.M. (Univ. of Wisconsin), 1926.

MARRIED: Marion Edith Dickinson, July 6, 1922, Minnewaukan, N. Dak.

CHILDREN: Orlando Roger, 3d, Aug. 1, 1926; George Gerald, Sept. 15, 1928.

OCCUPATION: Head of Department of Science, Mesa College, and Professor of Chemistry.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled seaman 2d class U. S. Naval Reserve Force June 30, 1917; assigned to Naval Aviation Detachment, Mass. Inst. Tech., Oct. 1; transferred to Naval Air Station, Hampton Roads, Va., Nov. 26; to Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Fla., Jan. 9, 1918; promoted machinist's mate 2d class Feb. 1; promoted machinist's mate 1st class Feb. 1, 1919; released from active duty June 16, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: First president, Grand Junction Mineralogical Society; vice-president, Grand Junction Forum Club.

MEMBER OF: Masons; Rocky Mountain Harvard Club; American Legion; Last Squad Club.

ORLANDO LINDESMITH tells how he helped to build a brand new junior college and of the satisfaction he has obtained from this job. He says:

I IMAGINE that the term "in active service" fully answers all questions regarding the first few years after graduation for most of us Seventeeners. From all present indications we must have slipped up somewhere on our "war to end war" job, though. Too bad we did not save those Commencement posters and decorations — so perfectly appropriate for our Twenty-fifth! Teaching chemistry and coaching high school athletics seemed rather tame after naval aviation and for several years nothing of importance happened except that I acquired a wife — whom I still have — and definitely settled down in the teaching profession. The year 1926 probably stands out as most important on my calendar because in June of that year I became an M.A., in August I became a Pa, and in September I assisted in the birth of a brand new junior college out here in this little valley in the Rockies.

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Talk about your pioneering! A condemned grade school building with holes in the floors and pigeons in the attic, five enthusiastic faculty members, thirty youngsters who were bound to get a college education no matter what, and a town full of loyal supporters who managed some way or other to find the necessary money to meet emergencies were all we had to start with; but we started and we're still going.

Only those who have watched a small community like this literally build with its hands from the ground up such an institution can realize how intensely interesting the work here has been or how we who were in at the beginning are getting a thrill out of the modern fully-equipped buildings in which we are now working, a student body of over six hundred members, and an alumni group who are not only winning honors in our largest western colleges, but are making good at Northwestern, Columbia, West Point, Annapolis, and, in one instance at least, at Harvard. No glory, no particular prospect of future advancement, and so darn little salary that I've had to be among those missing as far as Class subscriptions and reunions were concerned, but work that has seemed definitely worth while, so even though I haven't been financially able to give anything back to Harvard, I may have passed on to these others something of what Harvard gave to me, and thus indirectly have paid at least a portion of my debt. So much for my work and the more serious side of life.

As to travels, who wants to go travelling when he can hunt deer and elk on the slopes of the Rockies, pull Rainbow and Brookies out of 1,000-foot-high lakes just an hour's ride from his back door, and see more real scenery in one afternoon than you could see on a month's trip anywhere else? I'll send you a bulletin from our Chamber of Commerce.

My hobbies? Well, I don't seem to have many of those things. One son who has upheld family traditions by winning his letter on a championship high school wrestling team this year, and another one who is already inquiring about chances for a Harvard scholarship seem to be taking care of my leisure time right now and promise to do so for several years to come. Anyway I still have plenty of my own hair left, can hold my own with the college wrestlers, and can still wear both the scarf and hat of my old Navy suit.

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My pet peeves? Say, who has time to think of little details like that after twenty years of married life, let alone thirty years in the teaching profession? You just didn't enclose paper enough for such a dissertation. But one of my chief joys in life has been my share of the Class bulletins, pamphlets, letters, etc., from our Class Secretary. In fact, even his "duns" and "bawling-outs" are so interesting that I hold out on him just to get "repeats." And what a thrill to get a real Class birthday card! I have always planned on being present for our Twenty-fifth, but you should see the condition of my tires, and we insignificant old school-masters aren't on the priorities list. So, if this arrives in time to get my picture in the parade, I shall have to be satisfied.

✦ CHARLES GRAY LITTLE

BORN: July 9, 1895, Newburyport, Mass. PARENTS: Henry B. Little, Fanny Gray.

PREPARED AT: Noble and Greenough School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916.

MARRIED: Joy Bright, in England.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled quartermaster 1st class U. S. Naval Reserve Force May 9, 1917; assigned to Naval Air Station, Akron, Ohio; appointed ensign Oct. 31; sailed for overseas service Nov. 13; assigned to Naval Air Station, Rochefort, France, Nov. 24; transferred to U. S. Naval Air Station, Paimboeuf, Jan. 5, 1918; promoted lieutenant (junior grade) March 23; transferred to U. S. Naval Air Station, Guipavas, Sept. 25; promoted lieutenant Oct. 1; transferred to U. S. Naval Aviation Office, Paris, Jan. 5, 1919; returned to United States and assigned to Naval Air Station, Cape May, N. J., March 27; transferred to England in connection with fitting out U. S. Navy Airship ZR-2 March 16, 1920; in service Dec., 1920. Awarded Navy Cross:

"For distinguished service in the line of his profession as Commanding Officer of a dirigible engaged in patrol and convoy flights in the War Zone, in which operations he did exceptional work, and pushed his flights to the limits of physical and material endurance."

DIED: Aug. 24, 1921, Hull, England.

WIDOW: Mrs. Joy Bright Hancock, Falls Church, Va.

LITTLE remained in the Navy after the first World War. In 1920 he was executive officer at the United States Naval Air Station at Camp May, New Jersey, and had a short time before been assigned to duty in England, attached to the United States Dirigible R-38.

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After enlistment in June, 1917, Little was sent to the aviation school in Akron, Ohio, and commissioned an ensign. In October he was sent overseas, and was said to be the first to fly the American flag in France from a dirigible. He established the station at Quidividi, near St. John's, Newfoundland, from which in 1919 the ill-fated blimp C-5 was to begin an overseas flight. When a sudden storm broke while the blimp was moored, Little climbed up her side to try to reach the rip-cord so that the bag could be deflated and the balloon saved. Meanwhile, the C-5 broke from her moorings and was being blown to sea. The rip-cord parted in Little's hand and he jumped thirty feet to the ground, breaking an ankle.

Little was killed when the ZR-2, the great dirigible which was on a final test flight prior to being accepted by the United States Navy, collapsed over Hull, England. Starting from Howden on a test flight to Pulham, the big aircraft had been afloat for thirty-four hours, at times in bad weather, and was returning to the Pulham airdrome at the time of the disaster. While it was flying about 1000 feet over Hull it suddenly appeared to buckle amidships during turning tests. A spark from the broken electric lines ignited the hydrogen with which the ship was inflated. The explosion which followed tore the ship to pieces. The burning sections plunged downward over the city and into the Humber River, resulting in one of the worst disasters of its kind in peace times.

Charlie Little was always sincere and efficient. He enjoyed his life and his work. No one who ever heard it can forget his contagious laughter. The last time I saw him was in Brest, France, in 1918. At that time he was in charge of an observation blimp over the English Channel. Always he was a brave officer and a loyal friend.

WILLIAM HENRY LOCKE

HOME ADDRESS: 1601 S. Center Ave., Sioux Falls, S. Dak.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Will A. Beach Printing Co., Sioux Falls, S. Dak.

BORN: Feb. 8, 1895, Brooklyn, N. Y. PARENTS: William Henry Locke, Jr.,
Julia King Winter.

PREPARED AT: Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, N. H.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917.

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MARRIED: Barbara Maud Beach, Oct. 3, 1917, Sioux Falls, S. Dak. CHILDREN:
William Beach, June 30, 1918; Sara Luise, Feb. 16, 1927.

HARVARD SON: William Beach Locke, '40.

OCCUPATION: Vice-president of Printing, Lithographing, and Office Outfitting Concern.

MEMBER OF: Masonic Bodies; Lions Club.

BILL LOCKE, in a note, terms the following his "Class Life-let":

THOUGH I am half a continent away, my spiritual ties with Cambridge remain close. There I met my wife, there our infant son — borne from our flat across the way — fed pigeons in the Harvard Yard, and there we returned some years later to adopt a daughter.

After a brief stay in the East, with marine insurance my occupation in Boston, I journeyed westward to this metropolis of South Dakota, where after twenty-three years, I still work for the long-established business organization which I joined upon arrival. A congenial calling and a comfortable home in a small but notably friendly and progressive city sum up my present fortune — fortune enough, surely, in the current cataclysm.

EDWARD WHITTIER LOMBARD

ADDRESS: 44 Robeson St., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

BORN: Sept. 4, 1893, Hull, Mass. PARENTS: Ephraim Lombard, Annie Folger Coombs.

PREPARED AT: Volkmann's School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1914.

UNMARRIED.

OCCUPATION: Retired.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled seaman U. S. Naval Reserve Force April 17, 1917; appointed ensign; entered Reserve Officers' Training Class, U. S. Naval Academy; graduated and commissioned ensign (temporary) U. S. Navy; assigned to U. S. S. *New Jersey*; to Torpedo Station, Newport, R. I.; to Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa.; resignation accepted Jan. 23, 1919.

ED LOMBARD is terse and provocative. He says, "Not married — retired." Most of us married men would have paraphrased this: "Married — can't retire."

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LAURENCE MANUEL LOMBARD

HOME ADDRESS: Westfield St., Needham, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Bingham, Dana & Gould, 1 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: May 23, 1895, Winchester, Mass. PARENTS: Manuel House Lombard, Anna Josephine Freeman.

PREPARED AT: Milton Academy, Milton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; LL.B., 1921.

MARRIED: Cornelia McLanahan Curtis, Dec. 12, 1931, New York, N. Y.

CHILDREN: Laurence Curtis, May 16, 1934; Cornelia McLanahan, April 15, 1936; James Manuel, June 11, 1938.

OCCUPATION: Lawyer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled quartermaster 3d class U. S. Naval Reserve Force May 10, 1917; assigned to Scout Patrol No. 733; promoted chief quartermaster July 27; appointed ensign Sept. 25; entered Reserve Officers' Training Class, U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md., Oct. 10; graduated and commissioned ensign (temporary) U. S. Navy Feb. 1, 1918; assigned to Destroyer *Trippe* overseas Feb. 25; promoted lieutenant (junior grade, temporary) July 1; resignation accepted March 1, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Member Board of Public Welfare, Boston; member Board of Governors and secretary, Harvard Club of Boston, several years; trustee or director, North Bennett Street Industrial School, Boston Legal Aid, Boston Chapter Red Cross; trustee and member executive committee, Milton Academy; director, secretary and trustee, several business corporations and clubs.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Clubs of Boston and New York; Tavern Club; Dedham Country and Polo Club; Cruising Club of America; Skii Club Hochgebirge.

PUBLICATIONS: Several magazine and newspaper articles on trips.

WE wish that Laurie Lombard had not been so modest and had described more fully some of his adventurous experiences. He writes:

SHADES of English A! But perhaps it's just as well to get these twenty-five years behind us so that at the Reunion we can reminisce about college and discuss the future. That is, if and when we have our Reunion. Personally, I think we should postpone it until a more auspicious year. We are fighting for our existence and to try to give our children the opportunity of having something to say about the type of government under which they will live. This is a full-time job and there is no place for business as usual, and the sooner we finish it the fewer Ameri-

can lives will be lost. So let those who have sons graduating, or who can make Cambridge in June without even in a small way interrupting the other job, do so for an informal meeting — but let's postpone our 25th until we all feel more like a three-day get-together.

Probably I'm influenced by working in Washington for the last eight months and coming in contact with so many business men who have talked defense and expansion merely as a supplement to their normal civilian business. All over the United States we've been talking defense. Why not realize that what we need is offense, and that if we concentrate on offense our defense will take care of itself.

In January, 1917, upon finishing college at midyears, I was signed up to drive an ambulance in France, but because of our severing diplomatic relations with Austria, all arrangements were cancelled. Instead, I went West and worked as a laborer at a little mine in Arizona for a couple of months. At the end of April, when I left the mine to enlist, I was a curiosity as the first in the neighborhood to go to war, and everyone inquired on which side I was going to fight. The prevailing sentiment was pro-German.

I was just two years in the Navy, enlisting as a seaman, spending the first summer guarding the nets at Newport. I attended a four-month officers' training course at Annapolis, and in February, 1918, I was sent to the destroyer U. S. S. *Trippe*, based at Queenstown, Ireland, where I served until after the Armistice, escorting American troops through the war zone. It was a full year. I saw no subs until three days after the Armistice (but few sailors did, it was the doughboys on the convoys who spread those stories), was sick every time it got rough, ate three Thanksgiving dinners — we happened to be at sea that day — saw a light cruiser torpedoed and sunk while picking up three hundred survivors, carried a British admiral for three days, and proudly navigated the ship home via the Azores and Bermuda, arriving in Boston January 6, 1919.

In February, 1919, I entered the Harvard Law School. Upon graduation I went to work for the law firm of Blodgett, Jones, Burnham & Bingham, the largest admiralty office in Boston. For the first few years my work was largely admiralty, but gradu-

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ally tended toward banking, corporation, and general practice, in which most of my time has been spent in the last fifteen years.

About 1925 I was asked to represent Hidemitsu Toyota, a Japanese, in a proceeding brought by the Department of Justice to annul his naturalization. The Jap, who served in our Navy during the war, had been naturalized under a statute passed in 1918, which seemed to indicate that, contrary to the previous policy, Asiatics who served in our armed forces could be naturalized. I tried the case before the United States Supreme Court, but Chief Justice Taft was the only one on the bench to agree with me. The Japanese Ambassador sent for me and hissed his appreciation to me for the service I was rendering his people — this was before the case was decided.

While at Law School, I attended a lecture by Earl Gray in which he stressed the importance of vacations and of planning ahead for them. This appealed to me, and as a result, during the regular lawyers' vacation — with an occasional slight stretch — I've taken many trips that might otherwise have seemed out of the question.

During the second summer at Law School I served as third officer on the Red Star liner *Kroonland* in order to get some practical shipping experience. The following summer I toured Europe with Fred Lund, spending a few days at the League of Nations in which I believed as a step in the right direction — but doomed when we declined to take part.

Other vacations have included the Bermuda race in 1924, climbing in the Canadian Rockies with José Harris in 1925, climbing in the Dolomites, Italy, and Switzerland in 1926, and a sail to England in Daniel Simonds' 58-foot schooner *Nicanor* in 1927. I had the unusual experience of hailing Dr. Eugene Poole, father of Larry Poole, one of our crew, on an overtaking liner and talking with him through megaphones at night, seventeen days at sea and 500 miles off the English coast. I navigated the schooner *Nina*, belonging to Paul Hammond, in the Queen's Cup race from New York to Spain in 1928, spent twelve days in Russia with Bob Finley in 1929, flew from Boston to Alaska with Pete Blodgett in a Moth plane, the first small plane to go to Alaska, in 1930, and in 1931 flew Dr. Alexander Forbes' Waco

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plane to Labrador to be used on his expedition charting the Labrador Coast from the air.

In December, 1931, I married Cornelia Curtis of New York, several years my junior. Life ever since has been just a compromise. We both gave up golf for tennis. She took up skiing because I liked it, and to even things up she also took up cruising. As a further drastic concession I've abandoned annual for biennial vacation trips. In 1936 we Falt-boated in Germany, and in 1938 cruised on the Swedish Coast in Erich Warburg's 45-foot sloop *Konig Bela*.

We have three children. Laurie, almost eight, was missing from the backyard when he was two, and was finally discovered (without a stitch of clothing) marching proudly down the fairway of a nearby golf course, flanked by two Cocker Spaniels. "Ci Ci," our five-and-one-half-year-old daughter, greeted me cheerily last summer, after a two weeks' absence, with "Hi, you disconnected set of sewer pipes." And James, three and one-half, the other day at the playground went up to a toy truck on a bench beside a nurse and said firmly three times, "I forgot my truck today."

So life is very active. Our home is in Dedham where we moved, or had moved, an old house from Lebanon, Connecticut.

Last May I resigned from my law firm and came to Washington to join the legal staff of the Office of Production Management. The work is interesting — the problems are industry-wide in scope and the misfortune is that time is so short for obtaining facts essential to the making of important decisions. For one who has never been in government work before, the calibre of many government workers is encouraging.

My hope is that after this war Americans will feel it necessary to take an active part in sharing the responsibility for developing world peace and not lapse into developing for ourselves the resources among which we have the good fortune to have been born.

ELLESLEY WALDO LONG

HOME ADDRESS: 19 California Rd., Reading, Mass.

BORN: June 19, 1895, Cambridge, Mass. PARENTS: Henry Crawford Long, Frances Bryant Riggs.

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PREPARED AT: Cambridge Latin School, Cambridge, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

UNMARRIED.

HARVARD BROTHER: Rodney Winfred Long, '22.

OCCUPATION: Journalism.

MEMBER OF: Boy Scout Council; Defense Committee.

PUBLICATIONS: Articles and fiction in national magazines over the past twenty years; editor, tercentenary history of Duxbury, Massachusetts; *Ricardo of the Lion Heart* (fiction), 1940.

WALDO LONG modestly refrains from writing about himself but does write interestingly about the Harvard Dames and the average Harvard boy as follows:

SINCE most autobiographical stuff bores everybody but the writer thereof, I'll duck it in favor of two items which seem more likely to be of general interest to other members of the Class and their families.

Some years ago I stumbled across the fact that one of the two young ladies who founded the Harvard Dames in 1896 was my mother. A bit puzzled as to what difference it makes at this late date, Mother has survived a third degree to confess the following facts.

In 1896, when Cambridge was a prim, self-sufficient, awe-inspiring seat of culture and snobbery, it was a fearfully lonesome place for an outsider to live. Nobody felt this more than the mothers and wives of students who lived in Cambridge temporarily. One morning the wife of a brilliant graduate student named Stafford (later to become famous as head of the mathematics department of the University of Pennsylvania) called on my mother to discuss the plight of the wife of a third student; this latter young lady knew nobody, and had no means of meeting anyone. Whereupon Mother observed, "We ought to have a club where each newcomer could be invited to meet with us." "Let's form one right now," retorted Mrs. Stafford.

The two young ladies tramped many a block that afternoon, making calls along the elm-shaded brick sidewalks, with the result that a handful of women met shortly thereafter in the Wendell Street apartment of Mrs. Stafford. They formed their club without further ado, and elected Mrs. Stafford as chairman. And thus the Dames had its beginning. Later the growing club

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attracted the interest and support of Dr. Francis Peabody, and acquired a more formal organization and its present name. The name, by the way, was offered as a joke by a graduate student to his wife, one of the charter members. The student was Charles Swain Thomas, long-time member of Summer School faculties and member of *Atlantic Monthly* editorial boards. He claims to have been amused and startled when the name was formally adopted. All of which boils down to the simple fact that the Harvard Dames was brought into being because one young lady was lonesome, and two other young ladies were determined to do something about it.

The second item is this. Since graduation I have always lived fairly close to the Yard and through various connections having to do with boys have always been in direct contact with the current crop of Harvard students. I've seen letters from graduates damning the later generations of students as softies. For some twenty years that has been a custom. But, in spite of the undeniable fact that our misnamed "intellectuals" and a large portion of preachers and teachers have been prattling the sort of nonsense which, if swallowed, would certainly have made a nation of softies, in spite of the fringe of noisy gullibles who get on the *Crimson* or the radical clubs, I do know that at no time has the average Harvard boy been much different in his outlook from his average predecessor of the Class of 1917. Right now I am continually reminded, when I hear these boys argue, of similar lines of argument used by that group which gave a pretty good account of itself when the need arose.

JOSEPH MICHAEL LOONEY

HOME ADDRESS: 728 Pleasant St., Worcester, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Memorial Foundation for Neuro-Endocrine Research, Worcester State Hospital, Worcester, Mass.

BORN: April 3, 1896, Somerville, Mass. PARENTS: Michael Looney, Mary Breen.

PREPARED AT: Somerville High School, Somerville, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREES: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917 (16); M.D., 1920.

MARRIED: Mildred Elizabeth Walsh, Aug. 7, 1922, Somerville, Mass. CHILDREN: Joseph Michael, Jr., April 23, 1924; Richard John, Nov. 14, 1925; William Robert, June 9, 1927; James Arthur, May 5, 1930; Mildred Elizabeth, Dec. 10, 1935; Anne Marie, May 4, 1942.

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OCCUPATION: Physician specializing in physiological chemistry and endocrinology; Director of Laboratories, Memorial Foundation Neuro-Endocrine Research.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered service private Oct. 5, 1917; honorably discharged Oct. 10, 1917. Enlisted private Medical Enlisted Reserve Corps Oct. 11, 1917; not called to active duty; discharged Dec. 27, 1918. Assistant pharmacologist, Chemical Warfare Service, 1918.

OFFICES HELD: Secretary-treasurer, Harvard Club of Somerville, 1917-1922; director, Chesterton Club, Worcester, 1936-1938, president, 1938-1939.

MEMBER OF: American Medical Association; Massachusetts Medical Society; Worcester County Medical Society; American Chemical Society; American Society of Biological Chemists; Association for Study of Internal Secretions; Association for the Advancement of Arts and Sciences; Society for Experimental Biology and Medicine; Philadelphia Physiological Society; Boston Society of Biologists; Massachusetts Society for Research in Psychiatry; Knights of Columbus; Chesterton Club; American Legion; Worcester Harvard Club; Worcester Chess Club.

PUBLICATIONS: Approximately seventy papers published in medical and chemical journals, dealing with the elaboration of new methods for biochemical determinations, investigations in endocrinology, and the chemistry of mental disorders.

JOE LOONEY has been steeped in biochemistry since graduation and finds relaxation in "duplicate contract bridge and an occasional game of chess." He writes:

UPON graduation from College in 1917 I entered the Harvard Medical School, from which I was graduated in 1920. Because of my interest in chemistry, a subject in which I specialized during my undergraduate work, I became interested in the medical aspects of chemistry and during my Junior and Senior years in Medical School was made an Austin Teaching Fellow in the Department of Biochemistry. I spent three months as surgical intern in the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital and then, as an opportunity arose to become instructor in the Department of Biochemistry in the Medical School, I took advantage of this offer. This perhaps was a mistake, at least so far as future finances were concerned. However, I spent the next two years in the Department of Biochemistry and then left to become director of the Biochemical Research Laboratories at the Sheppard and Enoch Pratt Hospital in Towson, Maryland, where I undertook to learn something about the biochemical processes in mental disease.

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Before leaving Boston I married, and I went into the new position with a new bride. I remained at Towson for four years and then left to accept a professional position in the Department of Biochemistry and Toxicology at Jefferson Medical School. The next five years were spent teaching biochemistry to the students of that institution. During the last year of my stay there I was acting head of the department because of the resignation of the department head.

At this time, which was about at the beginning of the Depression, I had already made plans to go to Detroit to become head of the Department of Biochemistry at a new medical school which was to have been started by the University of Detroit. The endowment for this proposed medical school was to have been supplied by the Fisher Brothers. Unfortunately, because of the Depression and the collapse of stock prices, the proposed arrangement was never completed.

As I had by this time acquired four sons, the collapse of my plans in this regard made it necessary for me to seek a position elsewhere, and so I moved back to Massachusetts to become director of laboratories for the Memorial Foundation for Neuro-Endocrine Research at the Worcester State Hospital, where I have remained ever since.

During this time I have been actively engaged in research in biochemistry and have published approximately seventy papers on medical and chemical subjects and have also given numerous lectures both on scientific and more popular subjects.

The feeling that schizophrenia could be investigated in the same manner as any other medical condition and that chemical research in this field should yield some knowledge concerning the cause and possible cure of the condition has been the elusive butterfly that has lured me on into research in this condition.

During this period at Worcester my last child, and only daughter, was born. On the whole I suppose one would adjudge that I have been fairly successful in my endeavors to make a home for my wife and family, although, as with the majority of the members of our Class, I lost considerable during the period of the Depression as the result of the great depreciation in investments and real estate.

The one outstanding event in my life is the trip which I took

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in 1935 to visit Russia and European countries as a delegate to the Fifteenth International Congress of Physiologists.

At this time I visited Norway, Estonia, Russia, Poland, Germany, France, England, and also the birthplace of my ancestors, Ireland. Even at that time the beginnings of the conflict which now engulfs us were quite evident. On one of the days which we spent in Moscow the Soviet Government emphasized their preparations for war by staging an enormous military aviation meet. In Germany one could also see signs of the growing military power which was eventually to be extended over all of Europe.

My oldest son, who graduates from high school next June, does not plan to enter Harvard. He feels that he would rather go to one of the technical schools. I have not as yet been able to sell the idea to any one of my boys that they should plan to go to Harvard, but I still have hopes.

In the political field I have been rather an independent with a leaning towards the Democratic party in national politics. However, this leaning has received a severe jolt during the past four years and although I twice voted for our present President, I voted against him at the last election.

If success is measured by financial returns, I don't suppose that I would be given a very high rating, but when other measuring-sticks are employed, I should consider that there must be other reasons for the inclusion of my name in various "Who's Who" volumes. Whatever success I have attained has been due in no small measure to the support of a wonderful wife, and I believe anyone could be proud of my five splendid youngsters. [In a letter written to the Secretary on May 12, 1942, Looney said, "My papers for a commission as lieutenant commander in the Medical Reserve of the Navy have been forwarded to Washington. I may be in uniform before the Reunion." — *Secretary*.]

ARTHUR BENJAMIN LOURIE

HOME ADDRESS: 319 St. Paul St., Brookline, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 18 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Oct. 4, 1896, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Myer L. Lourie, Lillian Freedman.

PREPARED AT: Public Latin School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREES: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917; LL.B., 1920.

MARRIED: Annette S. Platt, Dec. 29, 1925, New York, N. Y. CHILD: Edith Marion, May 22, 1930.

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OCCUPATION: Lawyer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Sergeant 1st class, Ordnance Department, U. S. Army.

MEMBER OF: Boston City Club; New Century Club, Boston, Mass.; Massachusetts Conveyancers Association.

ARTHUR LOURIE enjoys being a lawyer. Here is his story:

THE past twenty-five years have witnessed a succession of outstanding events, in some of which it was my privilege to participate in a modest way — the first World War, the greatest boom time in our country's history, the greatest depression in our country's experience following the year 1929, the greatest drouth in the history of the United States, and now our entrance into World War II. In the series of events my part was no more prominent than that of the "unknown soldier," or that of the common man who is the object of so much governmental solicitude.

My intention being to follow the career of my father, on completion of the college course in 1916 I entered the Harvard Law School. My law course, interrupted by a year in the military service, was completed in 1920, in which year I was admitted to the Bar.

In 1925 I married Annette Platt, a graduate of Teachers College, Columbia University. During the summer of 1927 we travelled extensively in Europe, visiting many of the highlights of the Continent. We have one daughter, Edith, aged eleven, who regrets that she will be unable to attend Harvard, but hopes to obtain some of its advantages at Radcliffe.

Looking back through the past quarter of a century, I may say that I have enjoyed the practice of law and the contacts it has provided, and I am now looking forward with anticipation to the Twenty-fifth Reunion of our Class for inspiration for the next twenty-five years.

JAMES SPENCER LOVE

HOME ADDRESS: 313 Sunset Drive, Greensboro, N. C.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Burlington Mills Co., Greensboro, N. C.

BORN: July 6, 1896, Cambridge, Mass. PARENTS: James Lee Love, Julia Spencer.

PREPARED AT: Cambridge Latin School, Cambridge, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

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MARRIED: Sara Elizabeth Love, Jan. 24, 1922, Mocksville, N. C. (divorced April, 1940); Dorothy Ann Beattie, Sept. 26, 1941, Greenville, S. C.

CHILDREN: James Spencer, Jr., Dec. 26, 1926; Robert Lee, May 11, 1928; Richard, Sept. 7, 1935; Julian, Aug. 11, 1938.

OCCUPATION: President, Burlington Mills Corporation, Textile Manufacturers.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y. May, 1917; commissioned 1st lieutenant Infantry Nov. 27; assigned to Headquarters 78th Division and detailed as assistant to adjutant; sailed for France May 20, 1918; promoted captain July 6 and appointed division adjutant; promoted major Oct. 12; detailed to Headquarters 78th Division for staff duty; discharged Feb. 12, 1919. Engagements: Saint-Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne offensives. Cited by General Pershing.

MEMBER OF: University Club, New York; River Club, New York; Rockaway Hunting Club, New York; Everglades Club, Palm Beach, Fla.

SPENCER LOVE started on the road to success in his first venture after graduation—the Army. He was promoted to major and was cited by General Pershing for “exceptionally meritorious and conspicuous services as division adjutant, 78th Division.” After demobilization he went South in search of a job. How successful he was we shall let him tell you in his own way. He reports:

HAVING had a year in the Business School before graduation, it would have been the normal thing to return and finish the course, after almost two years in the Army, dating from Plattsburg in May, 1917. But following the excitement of army and overseas experience it seemed too great a transition to settle back into the life of a student, so I tried to get a job. Finally, I landed one in the cotton spinning industry in Gastonia, North Carolina, my father's old home, and in a few years when opportunity offered, I acquired an old mill and started out on my own in the textile field. Cotton spinning led to weaving, to the manufacturing of draperies and bedspreads, and finally to the use of rayon, which was just beginning to be used in quantity in its early, crude form. As the various types of man-made yarns and fabrics gradually improved and were accepted as having their own distinctive and important place in the textile world, my business—which had become the Burlington Mills Corporation—expanded also, taking over various plants in North Carolina and neighboring states, and weaving all sorts of fabrics, from

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the simpler materials to beautiful brocades, satins, and taffetas of the highest qualities. Headquarters are in Greensboro, North Carolina, with principal sales and credit offices in New York. I shuttle between the two places, but call Greensboro home. North Carolina is in many ways the ideal dwelling-place, with its mild climate, outdoor sports the year round, abundance of sunshine, and general freedom from extremes of climatic vagaries. New York is overnight in one direction, Florida in the other.

My two oldest sons are now at Woodberry Forest School in Virginia.

My experience in politics, or other phases of public life, is nil, golf and tennis having most pleasurably claimed my spare hours.

DOUGLAS GORDON LOVELL

ADDRESS: Garrison, Md.

BORN: Oct. 8, 1895, Atlantic City, N. J. PARENTS: John Quitman Lovell, Anne Campbell Gordon.

PREPARED AT: Marston's University School, Baltimore, Md.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Virginia Dandridge Page, April 23, 1921, Baltimore, Md. CHILDREN: Virginia Page, Jan. 19, 1922; Douglas Gordon, Jr., Aug. 17, 1927.

OCCUPATION: Inspector, Glenn L. Martin Company.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled quartermaster, U. S. Naval Reserve Force May 10, 1917; appointed ensign June 27; entered Reserve Officers' Training Class, U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.; graduated and commissioned ensign (temporary) U. S. Navy Sept. 15; assigned to U. S. S. *Pueblo*; resignation accepted.

OFFICES HELD: President, Harvard Club of Maryland.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of Maryland; Bachelors Cotillion; Green Spring Valley Hunt Club.

DOUG LOVELL'S business career has been in the ascendancy — from mining to aviation. He writes:

I ENLISTED in the Naval Reserve at Newport, Rhode Island, in May, 1917. I was commissioned an ensign in the Naval Reserve in June, 1917, and entered the first Reserve Officers' Training Corps at Annapolis on July 5, 1917. After receiving my commission in the United States Navy the following September, I was ordered to sea duty and for the duration of the war I was assigned to duty in the cruiser and transport force. This duty

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consisted of convoying to France the troops who made the world safe for democracy.

After the Armistice I was transferred to the U. S. S. *Leviathan*, and spent a very delightful year bringing the troops home and enjoying some very pleasant weekends in London, Paris, and New York. I left the service in September, 1919, as a lieutenant, senior grade. I had served on the U. S. S. *Raleigh*, the U. S. S. *Pueblo*, and the U. S. S. *Leviathan*. I was ordered to command the U. S. S. *Wasp*, but upon request I received honorable discharge before taking over.

I entered the coal mining business in Birmingham, Alabama, and subsequently visited about twenty-five coal mines in England, Scotland, and Wales to study different systems. The first of an undetermined number of depressions hit us in 1921, and we were forced to close down.

I then made the greatest mistake of my life in entering the banking and brokerage business, where I was thrown for a loop on the one-yard line by the team of Cochran, Cohen, Perkins, Eccles & Ickes, *et al.* Now I am happily engaged in making the world safe for democracy once again, this time in the inspection department of the Glenn L. Martin Company.

We have always lived in the country and hope to continue to live there.

HENRY CARTY LYNCH

HOME ADDRESS: 15 Forest St., Cambridge, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Rindge Technical School, Cambridge, Mass.

BORN: NOV. 15, 1894, Cambridge, Mass. PARENTS: Albert Edward Lynch, Mary Elizabeth Carty.

PREPARED AT: Cambridge Latin School, Cambridge, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; LL.B. (Northeastern Univ.), 1927.

MARRIED: Julia Sullivan, Feb. 10, 1923, Manchester, N. H. CHILDREN: Albert Edward, Feb. 12, 1924; Henry Carty, Feb. 17, 1927; Janet Gael, Nov. 10, 1931.

HARVARD SON: Albert Edward Lynch, '45.

HARVARD BROTHERS: Frederick James Lynch, M.D., '19; Joseph Bertram Lynch, '14.

OCCUPATION: Master's Assistant, Head of French Department, Faculty Manager of Athletics, Rindge Technical School; Attorney at Law.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered service private Signal Corps Dec. 10,

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1917; assigned to Depot Company I, Fort Wood, N. Y.; sailed for France Jan. 8, 1918; assigned to Division of Research and Inspection, A. E. F.; promoted private 1st class; transferred to 35th Service Company; detailed to American Students' Detachment, University of Lyon, France; discharged July 22, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: President, Faculty Managers' Association of Massachusetts, Greater Boston Interscholastic Ice Hockey League, Suburban Interscholastic League of Football, Baseball, and Basketball.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of Boston; Charitable Irish Society; Cambridge Post, American Legion; Cambridge Bar Association.

IN 1923 Henry Lynch wrote, "In 1920 I was engaged in the wool business, but the extreme depression in that industry caused me to turn to other pursuits. I have been a member of the faculty of Rindge Technical School in Cambridge since September, 1921." The Vicennial Report shows that besides being in the same school, he was also an attorney-at-law, both of which professions he has continued to follow.

WILLIAM RIDDLE McALLASTER

HOME ADDRESS: 689 Union St., Manchester, N. H.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Central High School, Manchester, N. H.

BORN: May 7, 1895, Manchester, N. H. PARENTS: John Goffe McAllaster, Mary Frances Vose.

PREPARED AT: Manchester High School, Manchester, N. H.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; A.M. (Columbia Univ.), 1929.

UNMARRIED.

OCCUPATION: Teacher of Music in Central and West High Schools.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., Aug., 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Field Artillery Nov. 27; sailed for France Jan. 12, 1918; detailed to Artillery School, Saumur, Feb. 3; assigned to Battery C, 148th Field Artillery, April 30; promoted 1st lieutenant May 8, 1919; discharged July 7, 1919. Engagements: Champagne-Marne defensive, Marne-Aisne, Saint-Mihiel, and Meuse-Argonne offensives.

OFFICES HELD: Various offices in New Hampshire and New England School Music Teachers and Festival organizations; councilor, Manchester Institute of Arts and Sciences.

MEMBER OF: City, State, and New England Teachers' Associations; Manchester Institute of Arts and Sciences; Society for Preservation of New Hampshire Forests; Manchester Riding Club; Manchester Chamber Music Club.

PUBLICATIONS: Several songs; arrangements of folk-songs, and piano pieces in

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"A First Book of Hymns and Worship," by Miss Edith L. Thomas of Boston University (1922); songs in "A Child's Garden of Song," by Miss Thomas and Professor E. Hershey Sneath of Yale University (1929).

BILL McALLASTER is certainly a versatile and a busy musician. We don't know how he finds time to attend to all his duties. He writes:

L EFT the Army after the war in July, 1919. Worked for two years in the accounting and purchasing departments of Mead-Morrison Company, manufacturing hoists in East Boston. Lived at the time in Louisburg Square on Beacon Hill. Gradually drifted into music, largely through the influence of Dr. Walter H. Butterfield of Providence. Started teaching in the Manchester Central and West High Schools in February, 1924, and have been there ever since. Studied at various summer school sessions, twice at West Chester, Pennsylvania, Normal School, four summers at Columbia (finally acquiring a Master's degree), and one summer at the Sherwood School of Music in Chicago. At present, I direct three orchestras, a band, and nine chorus classes and teach a two-year harmony course. My outstanding accomplishment in Central High School was producing, just prior to 1942, eight different Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, which were modeled largely on the D'Oyly-Carte productions and which have become more or less of a community event.

For a period of ten years following 1923 I did a great deal of piano playing with a violin and 'cello (and sometimes viola) combination and covered practically the entire field of trio music. Am a sort of free-lance substitute organist, having assisted for short periods in nine Manchester churches, and still play when called on. Feel that the incentive gained from Dr. Davison in undergraduate days has been a sizable factor in whatever success has come my way in a music career.

Am fond of camping on a farm in nearby Bedford and doing practical forestry work there; also at times am active in horseback riding, swimming, hiking, and mountain climbing. Like to read most any book by such good Harvard men as Bliss Perry, Barrett Wendell, William Roscoe Thayer, and Presidents Eliot and Lowell, and of course the usual fare of standard literature. Can't

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get along without attending the Saturday night symphony concerts, usually after a full day of business in Boston, and occasionally go to athletic events and musical affairs in Cambridge. At present am living at home with both parents in Manchester.

WILLIAM JAMES McCARTHY

ADDRESS: 26 Skahan Rd., Belmont, Mass.

BORN: April 5, 1891, Cambridge, Mass. PARENTS: John Joseph McCarthy, Ellen Fitzgerald.

PREPARED AT: Bridgewater Normal School, Bridgewater, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914-1917.

THE only thing that we know about William McCarthy is that in the last twenty-five years he moved from Somerville to Belmont.

✦ KENNETH PHILLIPS McDEARMOTT

BORN: Oct. 16, 1892, Kansas City, Mo. PARENTS: Andrew Michael McDermott, Katherine Phillips.

PREPARED AT: Pasadena High School, Pasadena, Calif.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914-1917. DEGREE: S.B., 1917.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled seaman 1st class U. S. Naval Reserve Force Dec. 10, 1917; called to active duty March 1, 1918, and assigned to Naval Reserve Training Station, San Francisco, Calif.; rating changed to electrician 3d class (radio) May 1; transferred to Naval Reserve Training Station (radio), Marconi, Calif.; to Naval Training Station, San Pedro, Calif., July 1; appointed ensign March, 1919; released from active duty April 14, 1919.

DIED: April 8, 1928, Pasadena, Calif.

FATHER: Andrew Michael McDermott, 525 Prospect Blvd., Pasadena, Calif.

IN 1923 McDermott reported that he was advertising manager for Hunter, Dulin & Company, dealers in investment securities in Los Angeles. Four years later he gave his occupation as advertising and investments with no firm name.

A business associate of McDermott's — obviously from New Haven — recalls him as follows:

"Ken was liked by everyone. He was most intelligent, a hard worker, and executed his assignments well and efficiently. He was most modest and, I believe, inclined to be a little bashful. This I consider to be an attribute. I was always sorry that Ken had not gone to Yale!"

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✠ ADRIAN JAMES McDONALD

BORN: April 3, 1895, Ogdensburg, N. Y. PARENTS: James Edward McDonald, Ellen Theresa Lynch.

PREPARED AT: Ogdensburg Free Academy, Ogdensburg, N. Y.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Field Artillery Aug. 15; assigned to 18th Cavalry; commissioned provisional 2d lieutenant Field Artillery, Regular Army, Oct. 26; promoted temporary 1st lieutenant Oct. 26; transferred to 20th Field Artillery, 5th Division; sailed for France May, 1918; designated officer in command Battery F, 20th Field Artillery, Dec. 8; promoted temporary captain May 6, 1919; detailed to French Military School, Saint-Maixent, May 11 as instructor; transferred to Camp Pontanezen Oct. 1 for duty on staff of base commander; resignation accepted March 18, 1920. Engagements: Saint Dié Sector, Saint-Mihiel offensive, Puvenelle sector. Cited in general orders Headquarters 5th Division, A. E. F.:

"For distinguished conduct in action, for exceptional devotion to duty, energy, and courage. On the day of November 7, 1918, while at a forward observation post adjusting fire in preparation for firing accurate barrages, was subjected to heavy enemy shell fire but displayed great courage by remaining at his post until the work had been accomplished. This in the vicinity of Jaulny, France."

DIED: Dec. 26, 1921, Erie, Pa.

FATHER: James Edward McDonald, 20 Hasbroack St., Ogdensburg, N. Y.

DURING his brief business career McDonald was with the Burke Electric Company in Erie, Pennsylvania.

Our classmate, Rogers Bruce Johnson, writes:

"In McDonald's freshman year he was a member of the lacrosse team. He was faithful in all his assignments and carried his full share of load in a quiet, cheerful, and efficient way. He was of the solid, unpretentious type, liked by his teammates and trusted by them to take care of his full share of team work."

✠ GEORGE FRANCIS MCGILLEN

BORN: Feb. 14, 1894, East Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Owen McGillen, Anna Fitzpatrick.

PREPARED AT: Brookline High School, Brookline, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1915. DEGREE: S.B. † 1917 (20).

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Private Machine Gun Company, 9th Massachusetts Infantry (later designated Machine Gun Company, 101st In-

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fantry, 26th Division); sailed for France in September; detailed to Automatic Weapons School; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry May 15, 1918, and transferred to Company A, Machine Gun Battalion, 9th Infantry; killed in action July 15, 1918, at Château-Thierry, France. Engagement: Château-Thierry.

HARVARD BROTHERS: James Gerald McGillen, '20; Eugene Francis McGillen, '25.

DIED: July 15, 1918, Château-Thierry, France.

BROTHER: James Gerald McGillen, 2203 S. Geddes St., Syracuse, N. Y.

ALTHOUGH McGillen remained with our Class but a short time, he will be remembered as a cheerful, kindly boy whom his classmates were always glad to meet. After leaving College he was employed by the M. B. Foster Electric Company of Boston, electrical contractors, and at the time of his enlistment in the Brookline Machine Gun Company, later known as the Machine Gun Company of the 9th Regiment of the National Guard, he was assistant superintendent of the concern. After its federalization on July 25, 1917, this Machine Gun Company was designated as Machine Gun Company, 101st Infantry, 26th Division. In August McGillen was promoted sergeant of this company, then in training for overseas service at Camp McGuinness, Framingham, Massachusetts. On September 20 the company arrived at Saint-Nazaire, and soon afterwards McGillen was ordered to the Automatic Weapon School of the American Army at Gondrecourt. There he qualified as a machine gun instructor and later he went to the First Officers' School at Langres. He was commissioned a second lieutenant in May, 1918, and assigned to Company A, Machine Gun Battalion, 9th Infantry, a unit of the 3d Division, American Expeditionary Forces.

An account of the events leading up to McGillen's death is given in the *Memoirs of the Harvard Dead in the War Against Germany* as follows:

"On June 1 the company entered the front line at Château-Thierry. From this date until that of McGillen's death, it was constantly taking its part in holding the line at various points, chiefly on the Marne. The German offensive in which McGillen lost his life began at midnight of July 14, while he was in command of four guns, each holding a strategic point on the river. When the bombardment opened he was taking a late supper at the post of command, in the small village of Parroy, near Château-

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Thierry, about ten minutes' walk from his gun positions. One of the officers who were with him at the P. C. reports his saying repeatedly, 'I want to go down to my men, and I don't care what happens.' His companions prevailed upon him for a time to remain where he was, for the bombardment was terrific, and venturing forth meant certain death. Still he insisted upon joining his men and at about 3:30 A.M. (July 15) Captain Carswell and Lieutenant Russell of the 9th Machine Gun Battalion, who had so far prevented his taking the unnecessary risk, left their place of safety with him to see if it was then possible for him to carry out his wish. As they stood outside the P. C., a shell exploded in the air, and McGillen, looking up, was hit over the eye with a piece of shrapnel, which killed him almost instantly, after he had sunk to the ground and asked for a drink of water.

"A non-commissioned officer of the company has declared that from the way he conducted himself on a particularly bad night, June 6, 1918, he was rated one of the best officers in the battalion."

JOSÉ ANTONIO MACHADO, JR.

HOME ADDRESS: 320 E. 72nd St., New York, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Bankers Trust Co., 16 Wall St., New York, N. Y.

BORN: July 12, 1895, Plainfield, N. J. PARENTS: José Antonio Machado, '83, Eleanor Esmond Whitman.

PREPARED AT: Ottawa Collegiate Institute, Ottawa, Can.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Beatrice Gawtry, Dec. 28, 1932, New York, N. Y. CHILDREN: Mildred, Sept. 18, 1935; José Antonio, 3d, Jan. 2, 1938; Louisa Gawtry, March 15, 1939.

HARVARD BROTHER: John Zaldivar Machado, '20.

OCCUPATION: Assistant Treasurer, Bankers Trust Company.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 1st lieutenant Field Artillery Aug. 15; assigned to Headquarters Company, 303d Field Artillery, 76th Division; sailed for France June 28, 1918; 303d Field Artillery served with 2d Army Corps at the front; discharged May 2, 1919. Engagement: Toul front. Troop A, 51st Machine Gun Squadron, New York National Guard, 1922-1926, attaining 1st lieutenantcy (Cavalry), 1922-1926; squadron adjutant, Headquarters, 51st Machine Gun Squadron, 1926-1927; captain Infantry, commanding Company E, 51st Regiment, New York Guard, Dec., 1940, to June, 1941; major, Infantry, commanding 2d Battalion, since June, 1931.

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OFFICES HELD: Member Republican County Committee, New York County, since 1939.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of New York; Amateur Ski Club of New York; Ski Club of Great Britain; Lloyd Neck Bath Club; Association of Ex-members of Squadron A.

JOSÉ MACHADO considers himself fortunate to have had the opportunity of living abroad for several years, as he thinks things will never be the same there again. He is sure, "the isolationists to the contrary notwithstanding, that we can have no destiny independent of the rest of the world." He writes:

NOW that we are involved in World War II, it seems almost prehistoric to write of my small part in World War I. My first post-war job was with the Roller-Smith Company, manufacturers of electrical instruments in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. In 1922 I came to New York, worked for a while chasing advertising for *Commerce and Finance*, a business weekly; then with Lattin & Pierce, a Curb Exchange firm. In 1925 I went to the Bankers Trust Company, where I am now an officer of the banking department.

During my early days in the bank, I was in the bond department, or in our securities affiliate, the Bankers Company. Those were the good old days, more or less, when a bank could deal in securities without benefit of the Securities Exchange Commission, and I handled the purchase and sale of bonds abroad through our European offices and directly with foreign banks and dealers. This led to my being sent to our Paris office in November, 1927, where I stayed until May, 1929, transferring then to London until December, 1930, when I returned to New York. In September, 1932, I went back to London for another tour of duty which ended in April, 1935. Since then my farthest east has been Nova Scotia.

Business and vacation trips led to a better than nodding acquaintance with the British Isles, France, Holland, Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, with an occasional glance at other countries including Germany and Finland. It was a tremendously interesting time to be in Europe, and I realize more and more how fortunate I was to be able to know that part of the world at it was then — and will never be again. I made many good friends,

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with some of whom I have been able to keep in touch, at least until the present war brought an end to satisfactory communication with most of Europe. It is not pleasant to imagine what may have happened to them and their lives since then. My foreign experience has at least made it simple for me to decide where the duty of our country lies in the present crisis.

We spend our summers on Long Island, in the neighborhood of Cold Spring Harbor. My outside interests have been varied, though since October, 1940, most of my spare time has been devoted to the activities of the New York Guard, the state military organization that took over the duties of the New York National Guard when the latter was inducted into the federal service as a result of the present emergency. I have the rank of major, in command of the 2d Battalion, 51st Regiment, New York Guard. This unit is the successor to the Manhattan units of the 101st Cavalry — better known hereabouts as Squadron A, with whom I served from 1922 to 1927.

Under the heading of relaxations I would include singing, skiing, and sailing — the singing with the University Glee Club of New York, the skiing both abroad and at home, and the sailing with anyone who needs an able-bodied seaman.

My political views? I'd rather not get started on the subject. Briefly, I've always been a Republican, and during the last few years a member, though an inactive one, of the New York County Committee. However, the unintelligent and short-sighted attitude of the Republican minority in Congress since the emergency started has made me so fed up with the G. O. P. that I'd now describe myself as pro Roosevelt's foreign policy, and anti his handling of the domestic situation arising from the emergency.

WALTER STAUNTON MACK, JR.

HOME ADDRESS: 49 E. 68th St., New York, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Pepsi-Cola Co., 47-51 33rd St., Long Island City, N. Y.

BORN: Oct. 19, 1895, New York, N. Y. PARENTS: Walter Staunton Mack, Alice Ranger.

PREPARED AT: DeWitt Clinton High School, New York, N. Y.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Marion Reckford, May 2, 1922, Ardsley, N. Y. CHILDREN: Walter R., Jan. 18, 1926 (died 1929); Anthony R., Jan. 26, 1933; Florence Ann, Aug. 30, 1935.

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OCCUPATION: President, Pepsi-Cola Company and its Subsidiaries.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled seaman 1st class U. S. Naval Reserve Force April, 1917; assigned to Naval Training Station, Newport, R. I.; appointed ensign Dec. 25; entered Reserve Officers' Training Class, U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md., Feb. 11, 1918; graduated and commissioned ensign (temporary) U. S. Navy May 28; assigned to U. S. S. *New Jersey* June 5; transferred to U. S. S. *Powhatan* as assistant executive officer, on transport duty July 4; resignation accepted Feb. 23, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: President, Pepsi-Cola Company and its subsidiaries — Pepsi-Cola Company of Canada, Pepsi-Cola Company of Cuba, Pepsi-Cola Bottling Companies of Boston, New York, New Jersey, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and Brewster Bottle and Machinery Company, Republican Assembly District Club, 1931; chairman Board of Directors, United Cigar-Whelan Stores Corporation; president and director, Phoenix Securities Corporation, Caleph Corporation; director and member Executive Committee, Celotex Corporation, South Coast Corporation; director, National Brass and Copper Company, Incorporated, South Shore Oil and Development Corporation, Consolidated Motor Lines, Incorporated, Red Cross Queens Division, Police Athletic League of the City of New York; vice-president and treasurer, Central Securities Corporation; Republican candidate for State Senate, 1932; treasurer, Republican County Committee, 1933-1937, Fusion Campaign for Election of Mayor LaGuardia, 1937, New York City Campaign Committee for Reëlection of LaGuardia, 1941; member, New York City Special Defense Committee, New York City Business Advisory Committee; vice-chairman, Greater New York Fund Campaign, U. S. O. 1941 Campaign; trustee, Mount Sinai Hospital; sponsor, Walter Mack Job Awards for American Youth.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Clubs of New York and Boston; Keswick Hunt Club, Keswick, Virginia; Virginia Fox Hunters' Association; Century County Club; City Mid-Day Club; National Republican Club; Advertising Club of New York; Miami Quarterdeck Club; Elks.

WALTER MACK says, "My avocation is business. My recreation is politics." He also says, "I admit that I find business fun." He has been eminently successful in business so he must thoroughly enjoy life, and his recreation has been most interesting. He writes:

AFTER receiving an honorable discharge from the United States Navy, I started in as a salesman carrying a bag of samples for Bedford Mills, Incorporated, in New York City. This was in 1919. I soon found pounding the sidewalk was hard work, but also was good fun. Each customer was a different individual and to sell him was an individual problem. I don't know any

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better education or study of human nature than being a salesman. Probably the second-best opportunity to learn life and human nature is to be found in politics. After six years of work, I became general sales manager, two years later vice-president, and later president.

I left the textile industry in 1931 and joined a college friend in a company specializing in reorganization and industrial-management problems from an industrial viewpoint. In 1932 I became vice-president of the Equity Corporation, a large investment trust which had extensive holdings in industrial companies, and I remained as vice-president from 1932 to 1936. In 1934 I became vice-president and chairman of the executive committee of Phoenix Securities Corporation, a company which specialized in investing its funds in companies which needed either financial or managerial direction, and quite often both. In 1937 I was elected president of Phoenix Securities Corporation. In 1938 I became chairman of the Board of Directors of the United Cigar-Whelan Stores Corporation. In 1939 I was elected president and director of the Pepsi-Cola Company and its subsidiaries, as well as director of a number of other companies.

I have always enjoyed business and find its many problems a rather stimulating challenge. I don't think there are many greater kicks that one can get out of life than to work on a business program, plan it out, help it mature, and see it operate successfully. In this work one uses not only good, ordinary, common horse-sense, with which we are all endowed, but those faculties which we may possess for bringing out the better side of our fellow-man. A good business organization usually has the good will and coöperation of all employees and takes that part of their ability which is their best and puts it to work. To do this one must enjoy business and people because it not only takes a great deal of application, but it must also be stimulating application, or it isn't worth while. We who are in industry spend so much of the time we are awake working, that unless we get a great deal of pleasure out of it, it may to a large extent become wasted effort.

After graduation I felt it was the duty of all of us returning from the war to try and take an active part in the political machinery of our country. I soon became, in my spare evenings,

the lowest form of political animal life, a district worker. This was in 1919. I soon became a district captain, or in other words, that fellow responsible for getting out the vote for the party in a certain small area. I found this lots of fun. One meets everybody, from the owner of the house up to the janitor. In New York City this is a great cross-section of the world and an education in itself.

In 1932 I was designated to run on the Republican ticket for State Senator. I had a senatorial district which consisted of 115,000 voters. It ran from 117th Street on the East Side of New York down to Third Street, and included an Italian settlement, a Portuguese settlement, a Chinese colony, a large Spanish population, as well as the Greek settlement in the East Twenties. Campaigning was fun, but on election day after the votes were counted, I found I had lost the election by approximately 1700 votes out of a total of 108,000 cast.

I didn't mind losing the election so much, but what got under my skin was that in the poor, ignorant sections of the city the gangsters then in existence in New York, in coöperation with the local political machine, had voted in place of the citizens in those districts, and had rung up enough votes in these poor districts to counteract the honest vote in the middle of the city. They did this quite openly, signing the register books in green ink in the same handwriting by the hundreds. That got me pretty mad, so I collected a war party of my friends, hired some private investigators, and started out to collect affidavits from the citizens in these districts who were prevented from voting at the polls. It was quite obvious that this could happen only if the election board composed of workers of both parties were in collusion. There seemed to me to be two things to do. One was to try to clean up the Republican organization in the city, which had been famous for years for being just the backdoor to Tammany Hall, and the other was to try to get some indictments of the election boards and the gangsters who had made this possible. The New York City district attorney, a good Tammany Hall politician, wouldn't touch it. The New York State attorney general, a member of the same group, warned me to go no further as the election was over. I finally reached J. Edgar Hoover, then head of the F. B. I., who tried to help and told me

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if I could prove that these election frauds were also perpetrated in connection with the Congressional candidate, the United States district attorney's office might handle it. After some work the connection was established, and the United States district attorney assigned one of his young assistants to handle the case. The young assistant was Thomas E. Dewey, now district attorney of the City of New York.

Thomas Dewey went to work and checked on our evidence, as well as assigning additional investigators, and as a result of this investigation indicted over sixty election district inspectors. This turned out to be the start of the Seabury investigation, and the cleaning up of the election frauds and the gangsters' domination of elections in New York.

That was one part of the picture; the other part was to clean up the Republican organization in New York City which was at that time largely a puppet of Tammany Hall. With another young Harvard graduate, Chase Mellon, working in one section of the city and with me in the other, we formed a committee called the Republican Organization for Change in County Leadership, and went into a battle against the old entrenched Republican organization. We found the battle a little easier than we expected because the old organization was not only rotten on top, but hollow underneath. In 1933 we threw out the Republican County chairman and elected Chase Mellon county chairman of the Republican party of New York City in his place. With that organization as a background, we started a fusion campaign to throw Tammany Hall out of New York City, and to elect a fusion mayor, F. H. LaGuardia, who has been mayor and has given the city an excellent administration since that time. I have been, therefore, reasonably active in politics, as my recreation, since graduation.

I accepted the office of treasurer of the Fusion Campaign in 1937 for the reelection of LaGuardia at that time, and am treasurer again this year in the same battle.

During this period I have been a delegate to most of the state and national Republican conventions and a member of the Republican County Committee. In the last election I went to the national convention as a voting delegate and was very gratified at Mr. Willkie's nomination.

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Politics are great fun and a great schooling for life, too. It is a different game probably than one finds in any other walk of life; one sees things happen in politics — because the stakes are high — which one will not find happening in other games of life.

Outside of this, like the rest of us, I do what I can to help in charitable and social welfare work. I was vice-chairman this year of the Greater New York Fund drive, which is New York City's community chest. Jim Farley was the chairman. Inasmuch as he is a Coca-Cola man, we had a lot of fun together. I was also chairman of the Red Cross Roll Call in Long Island, where our main plants are. I am also treasurer of the Police Athletic League of New York City, which is an organization specializing in boys' group work and recreation centers. I am also trustee of a large New York hospital.

In my spare time I like to play a little bad golf, a little poor tennis, ride a bit at my farm in Virginia, and generally, to get a little exercise to keep in fighting shape.

CARL KEISTER McKINLEY

HOME ADDRESS: 18 Tamarac Rd., Newton Upper Falls, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, Mass.

BORN: Oct. 9, 1895, Yarmouth, Maine. PARENTS: Charles Ethelbert McKinley, Fanny Blanche Keister.

PREPARED AT: High School, Galesburg, Ill.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1915-1917. DEGREES: MUS.B. (Knox Coll.), 1915; A.B. *magna cum laude* (Harvard Univ.), 1917; MUS.D. (Knox Coll.), 1930.

MARRIED: Gertrude Louise Pilz, March 9, 1920, New York, N. Y.

OCCUPATION: Instructor in Composition; Lecturer in Music History; Organist and Choirmaster, Old South Church in Boston.

MEMBER OF: Boston Art Club; Sinfonia; Pi Kappa Lambda; American Guild of Organists (associate).

PUBLICATIONS: "Masquerade," an American rhapsody for symphony orchestra, J. Fischer & Brother, New York; numerous songs, piano and organ pieces.

CARL McKINLEY probably regrets that he was not the seventh son of a seventh son endowed with a prophetic view into the future. If he had been, he might have put arsenic into Adolf Hitler's tea that day in Munich when he met the future scourge of Europe. He writes:

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AT Commencement in 1917 I was awarded the Elkan Naumburg Traveling Fellowship in music, which was designed for European study. Because of conditions abroad, it was necessary to spend the year in this country, and I waited ten years before attaining my cherished ambition to travel and study in various European countries.

I spent the winter of 1917-1918 in New York City continuing my musical studies, and in the spring of that year I accepted the position of organist and choirmaster of the Center Church in Hartford. It was in Hartford that I met my wife, and we lived there for four years. In 1921 I was able to augment the meagre salary of a church organist by joining the musical staff of the Strand Theater in Hartford, where, in learning the tricks of the movie organist, I acquired a knowledge that was to be of great value later on in New York. In 1924 I got an introduction to "Roxy," who had just become impresario of the Capitol Theater, which was at that time Broadway's largest, if not its gaudiest palace of cinematic pleasure. What really attracted me to the Capitol was the eighty-piece symphony orchestra, together with the varied and high-class musical programs presented there. I spent four years at the Capitol, beginning as second organist, and working up to the point where I became assistant conductor and had under my direction the entire orchestral and choral forces of the theater, which at that time compared not unfavorably with those of most of the smaller European opera companies.

In 1927 radio and the talking pictures hit Broadway and revolutionized the whole theater setup. Roxy left the Capitol, the fine orchestra was replaced by a jazz band, and general deterioration set in. I was thus doubly fortunate in escaping the storm, for in September of 1927 I was sent abroad as a fellow of the Guggenheim Memorial Foundation for further study in musical composition. My wife and I took a little apartment in Paris for the winter, and got to know and love the city as is possible only during an extended stay. The following summer I was granted an extension of the fellowship for a second year, and after traveling in Germany, where we visited the Bayreuth Festival, we settled in Munich for the winter. Here I received an "honorary" appointment as musical stage assistant at the Munich Opera. I

found Munich an ideal place in which to work, and made the most of the opportunity to observe, at close range, the workings of one of the world's finest opera companies. We were frequent guests at the home of "Putzi" Hanfstaengl, and on several occasions had tea there with one Adolf Hitler, who had just been released after the abortive "Bierhaus Putsch." I am sure that none of the guests then present had the faintest notion of the sinister significance of this apparently amiable and harmless little man, about whom there was certainly no trace of anything distinguished, forceful, or arresting.

In the spring we visited Salzburg and Vienna, and then spent two months travelling through Italy and Sicily. Returning to Paris via Switzerland, we sailed for America in August, 1929, and when we got back were congratulated on every hand on our wonderful trip, but received no offers of employment! After several months of enforced idleness, I finally accepted an offer to join the faculty of the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston as instructor in theory and composition, a position which I still hold. In 1931 I became organist and choirmaster of the Old South Church in Boston, and carrying on both jobs has kept me pretty well occupied.

Since then my only opportunity to write music has been during the summer months, which we have generally spent on the Cape, where I spend the mornings writing and the afternoons on the beach or sailing a small Cape Cod knockabout, in which I take a quite childish delight.

My published compositions, though few in number, have achieved a fairly wide circulation, and one of my orchestral pieces, entitled "Masquerade" has been played by virtually all the larger symphony orchestras in America, and several abroad. The aspect of my work that I most enjoy is the constant contact with young people and young minds, which is both stimulating and refreshing in these troublesome times.

JAMES CAMPBELL McMULLIN, II

HOME ADDRESS: 219 W. Tenth St., New York, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: The Interpreter, 219 W. Tenth St., New York, N. Y.

BORN: Dec. 3, 1896, Chicago, Ill. PARENTS: Frank Roswell McMullin, Jessica Genevieve Lake.

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PREPARED AT: Pomfret School, Pomfret, Conn.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: S.B. *cum laude*, 1917.

MARRIED: Margery Davis, Sept. 24, 1928, New York, N. Y. CHILDREN: James Campbell, 3d, Oct. 30, 1929 (died May 1, 1937); Robert Digby, July 8, 1937 (adopted).

OCCUPATION: Writer and Lecturer on Current Events.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Aug. 15; assigned to Company C, 165th Infantry, 42d Division, Sept. 3; sailed for France Oct. 26; sick in hospital; detailed to Limoges May 14, 1918, as assistant provost marshal; transferred to Company L, 162d Infantry, 41st Division, June 12; to Headquarters 1st Army Nov. 4; to Renting, Requisition and Claims Service, District No. 6, Advance Section, Services of Supply, in November; discharged Aug. 4, 1919. Commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Officers' Reserve Corps Dec. 6, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Vice-president and president, Index Number Institute, New Haven, Conn.; associate editor, McClure Newspaper Syndicate, New York, N. Y.

MEMBER OF: Town Hall Club; Military Order of the World War.

PUBLICATIONS: "The Interpreter," weekly news letter; "Government and Business — Friends or Foes?", Town Hall pamphlet; numerous articles in *Commentator* Magazine ("before it turned into an isolationist house organ").

JIM McMULLIN gaily recounts his life and concludes with a stirring definition of our duty:

IN common with many classmates, I found the problem of what to do with myself after graduation solved by World War I. I was one of the dozens of Seventeeners who graduated to the exalted status of second lieutenant after a summer at Plattsburg. In November of 1917 I went overseas with the 165th Infantry (ex-"fighting 69th") — Wild Bill Donovan's battalion. Incidentally, I shared a stateroom on the way over with our late classmate, Oliver Ames.

All told, I spent some twenty months in France. My military career was varied but not especially exciting. It included six months in assorted hospitals, a stretch as an A. P. M. in Limoges (who won the war? M. P.'s!), quite a while in the 162d Infantry, a short bit at First Army Headquarters, and finally, after the Armistice, a sentence to the R. R. and C. (commonly known as Rest, Recreation, and Comfort) in a little town near Verdun.

Returning to the United States in July, 1919, as adjutant of an

officers' casual company — boy! what a soft touch that was! — I connected with the Harvard Endowment Fund just as it was being organized. After a while I became comptroller of the Fund and had fun signing checks of half a million dollars payable to Charles F. Adams, treasurer of Harvard University. I stayed with the Fund until after it moved to Cambridge in the spring of 1921. Then I decided I had better get out and scratch for a living.

Three years of experiments followed before I made the belated discovery that I was never meant to be a salesman. Where I got that goofy idea in the first place I still don't know.

In 1924 the lure of Paris got me. I landed a job with an oil-marketing outfit and went blithely back to France. The job folded up almost as soon as I arrived in Paris, but I decided to stick around for awhile. I did so for two richly enjoyable years, helped by free-lance writing. In a surge of optimism I launched a small publishing venture of my own, which did right well until the French caught wise that a foreigner was making a small profit in their midst, after which the curtain descended rapidly.

I came back to the United States in 1926, scraped by for a couple of years on free-lance stuff and editing for various publishers, then joined the staff of the Index Number Institute of New Haven, Connecticut. I started out selling a syndicated financial service to newspapers all over the United States east of the Mississippi and learned a lot about my fellow-Americans from Maine to Louisiana. That gave me a yen for travel which remains with me, even though there isn't much that can be done about it now. Eventually, I wound up as president and editor of the Institute, with an office in Eli town, but the Depression got us — and thoroughly — in 1931. Nobody seemed to want our nice fresh index numbers at any price.

Immediately thereafter I signed up with the McClure Newspaper Syndicate and wrote the New York half of a nationally syndicated column called "National Whirligig — News Behind the News" for more than eight years. During the same period I more or less accidentally discovered that people liked to hear my interpretations of current news. I now have a lecture business which I thoroughly enjoy, with lecture series every year in New York, Boston, Bar Harbor, Baltimore, and several way stations in between.

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I parted company with the McClure Syndicate in 1940 and launched my own news letter, "The Interpreter." It's still an infant, but shows encouraging signs of growth. I like my job, I like being my own boss, and hope to stick in my current profession henceforth.

I married Margery Davis, another refugee from Illinois, in 1928. Our son, James Campbell McMullin, 3d, died in 1937. We adopted Robert Digby McMullin in August, 1937, at the age of six weeks, and he is now as swell a four-year-old as any parents could wish for.

I note that I am supposed to record my hobbies, aversions, and convictions. As to the first, I like music, the theater, baseball (as a spectator), tennis (as a participant), and travel. Perhaps my favorite avocation is to climb into a car and head for distant destinations, but of course that's out for the duration.

My greatest aversion is intolerance, imported or domestic. By profession I am supposed to be more or less neutral politically, but gladly confess that my voice and pen enlisted for Wendell Willkie's campaign in 1940 — and would do so again. I like to think of myself as a liberal, but certainly not of the New Deal variety.

As to convictions, I believe profoundly in American liberties and American institutions. Our way of life is far from perfect, but it seems to me much the best system — socially and economically — that erring humanity has discovered yet. The members of the Class of 1917 who went to war for it twenty-five years ago were not saps and suckers, as the younger generation has intimated. We have reason for pride in what we did. By the same token, facing a far graver challenge, we have a job to do today. It seems to me that those of us no longer suited for military service have a tremendous and inspiring responsibility to help our neighbors understand in their hearts what our America means. To me it means justice and decency, human dignity, human freedom, human rights. I can conceive of no better cause to which we could dedicate all that we have and all that we hope to be.

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917

✦ GEORGE WALTER FRANCIS McPHERSON

BORN: April 12, 1894, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Michael McPherson, Mary Kell.

PREPARED AT: Public Latin School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917.

DIED: Dec. 7, 1929, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

MOTHER: Mrs. Michael McPherson, 34 Peter Parley Rd., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

AT the time of our Decennial Report McPherson was an accountant in the Boston office of the Standard Oil Company of New York.

TABER HASLER MAHLER

HOME ADDRESS: 1090 S. Pasadena Ave., Pasadena, Calif.

OFFICE ADDRESS: A. O. Smith Corp., 533 Roosevelt Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

BORN: July 13, 1895, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Edward Mahler, Kate Taber.

PREPARED AT: Brookline High School, Brookline, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: S.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Virginia A. Moseley, March 8, 1934, Beverly Hills, Calif. (died June 22, 1939).

OCCUPATION: District Sales Manager, A. O. Smith Corporation, Manufacturers of Steel Products.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Seaman 1st class U. S. Naval Reserve Force when United States entered the war; assigned to Receiving Ship, Commonwealth Pier, Boston, Mass., April 18, 1917; transferred to Receiving Ship, Navy Yard, Boston, April 28; rating changed to storekeeper 2d class July 7; discharged Dec. 26, 1917, for physical disability. Entered service private April 27, 1918; assigned to 151st Depot Brigade, Camp Devens, Mass.; transferred to Company K, 301st Infantry, 76th Division, May 15; promoted corporal May 27; transferred to Base Hospital, Camp Devens, July 3; to 151st Depot Brigade July 10; to Headquarters Cantonment Detachment, Camp Devens, Aug. 27; discharged March 11, 1919.

MEMBER OF: University Club of Los Angeles.

TABER MAHLER does not like selling as well as purchasing, but he does enjoy cabinet work. His "Life":

I FIND it difficult to realize that twenty-five years have gone since 1917, and to know what I have done with them.

After leaving the Army I came to California, and I have lived here ever since. It was a complete change from my early life, as I spent the first seven years in an engineering capacity with an oil company, living in various construction camps, usually remote

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from towns or cities. Living conditions were extremely rough and ready with few outside interests except the job in hand.

I continued to follow engineering as applied to all the various phases of the oil industry until 1937, when I joined the A. O. Smith Corporation, as a sales engineer. I am still with them as district manager for the Southwest. This connection entailed a very radical change in that I turned more or less from the purchasing and installation viewpoint to that of selling, and I can't say that I have acquired any great love for the latter.

Obviously I am affected as is everyone else by the war. We have lost practically all our local business, and there is to date nothing to replace it, but in this I am certainly no worse off than many others.

I married in 1934, acquiring two daughters in the process. My wife died in 1939 and I am attempting to carry on their education, more or less successfully I hope.

My travels since 1917 have been confined to the United States, except for business trips to western Canada and Mexico. I travel mostly by air, though at times I have used horses, mules, and "Shank's Mare," as the occasion arose.

I have had various sporadic hobbies, but the latest and apparently most lasting is cabinet work, and I enjoy reproducing old English furniture for my own and friends' use.

The above covers twenty-five years of a rather prosaic life, but at least I've enjoyed it.

FELIX MANDELSTAM

HOME ADDRESS: 51 Cotton St., Newton, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 66 Hereford St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Feb. 19, 1895, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Isaac Wolf Mandelstam, Rose Blumenthal.

PREPARED AT: Public Latin School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Sarah Odence, Dec. 26, 1920, Boston, Mass. CHILDREN: Beatrice Rosalind, May 8, 1922; Charles L., July 6, 1927.

HARVARD BROTHER: Benjamin William Mandelstam, '28.

OCCUPATION: Merchant; Owner of Automobile Tire Store and Super Service Station.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted and appointed private 1st class, Quartermaster Corps Aug. 27, 1917; called to active duty Dec. 10 and

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917

assigned to Coast Defenses of Portland, Maine; promoted corporal May 23, 1918; promoted sergeant Aug. 16; discharged Feb. 15, 1919.
MEMBER OF: Shawmut Lodge, A. F. & A. M.; Anos Lodge, B'nai B'rith; American Legion Post 48; Jewish War Veterans; Massachusetts Civic League, Incorporated; Newton Chamber of Commerce.

FELIX MANDELSTAM has had rebuffs, as well as retreads, but hopes one of these days to have his cottage and garden in the country. He writes:

AFTER taking my final examinations in April, 1917, I joined the Harvard Reserve Officers' Training Corps, planning to go to Plattsburg, but my 5' 5 ³/₄" was just under regulation requirement for appointment. I then enlisted in August, 1917, in the Quartermaster Corps, and while waiting for call to active duty, I learned how to sell haberdashery at a Boston department store. In December, 1917, I was ordered to Portland and, although I was anxious for a transfer, I remained there until my discharge in February, 1919, as sergeant.

My daughter, Beatrice, is a senior at Westbrook Junior College, and if my business warrants it, I hope she can enter Simmons College this fall. My son, Charles, enters senior high school this year, and since his leanings are on the technical side, I fear Harvard will not be his choice.

We like the simple things in life. Every possible leisure moment I get we spend in the outdoors, tramping and trailing. After the first robin has appeared we know it is time to get our fishing poles and tackle in readiness for our little trips. Cape Cod seems to have our first call for summer recreation.

In 1919 I opened up a retail tire store in partnership with my younger brother. For many years we prospered and developed a large and profitable business. Brother turned towards law and finally in August, 1929, I turned over the active end of my tire business to a capable employee and plunged into the horticultural field as a wholesale grower. The crash of 1929 quickly levelled many of us financially, but in my case I worried along for three years, until finally I was forced to liquidate at a terrific loss. Then it was back to my old, tried field — automobile tires. The automotive business had changed in all its phases during those three years and perhaps here I made my gravest error. I should have attempted another field of business.

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Now, of course, with war upon us with all its restrictions of crude materials, my business has undergone a complete revolution. We are practically restricted to the sale of used tires and tubes and vulcanization of same. Fortunately, I have one of the largest tire repair plants in Boston, and if gasoline rationing doesn't become too drastic, I hope to continue until our world menaces are completely removed and we can resume "business as usual."

I believe that our youth of today are beginning to realize their responsibility to their community and nation. They know, I think, that our lives, their lives, and those of their children are intimately involved in the world-wide conflict. I hope and pray that the war does not last too long, thus depriving them of their youth with all its thrills, joys, and ambitions.

Some day, when all this is history, my family happily married, and my wife and I alone again — well, I hope to have my little cottage in the country with my little garden, and of course, my fishing pole, and, I hope, a brook or lake nearby.

STEPHEN JEWETT YOUNG MANN

HOME ADDRESS: 1356 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, Mass. (temporary).

OFFICE ADDRESS: 50 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Jan. 15, 1896, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Roland William Mann, Mary Young.

PREPARED AT: Milton Academy, Milton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917.

MARRIED: Sarah Helen Wood, May 1, 1917, Arlington, Mass. (died May 29, 1930); Dorothy Lowell, Nov. 24, 1933, Medfield, Mass. CHILDREN: Stephen Jewett Young, Jr., Dec. 23, 1918; Sarah Helen, Feb. 6, 1920; Anthony Proctor, Nov., 1924; Dudley Lowell, 1938; John Emerson, 1940.

HARVARD BROTHER: Kenneth Dudley Mann, '26.

OCCUPATION: Bond Salesman.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry, 3d Division; commissioned provisional 2d lieutenant Infantry, Regular Army, Oct. 26; promoted temporary 1st lieutenant Oct. 26; sailed for France Feb., 1918; wounded Aug. 10 near Fismes; promoted temporary captain Aug. 17; returned to United States Jan., 1919; attached to 22d Infantry; resignation accepted Aug. 15, 1919. Engagements: Aisne defensive, Château-Thierry sector, Champagne-Marne defensive, Aisne-Marne offensive. Major, Infantry, Officers' Reserve Corps.

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OFFICES HELD: President, Post No. 11, Society of the Third Division.

MEMBER OF: Society of the Third Division.

STEVE MANN tells how a classmate came to his aid when he was bloody and bowed:

HAVING served with the National Guard on the Border during the summer of my Junior year and subsequently in the Harvard Reserve Officers' Training Corps, I made up my mind to enter the regular Army if possible. Plattsburg afforded the opportunity. My roommate, J. K. Hoyt, Jr., who was in the New York Training Regiment, and I, in the New England Regiment, were both delighted after winning provisional commissions in the regular Army to find that we both were assigned to the 30th United States Infantry at Syracuse, New York. My original command consisted of twelve men.

In one way or another, even in France, he on the staff and I as a machine gunner (eventually a captain) kept more or less in touch during the war. After the second battle of the Marne, he practically cut off my muddy and bloody uniform (someone else's blood) and virtually reclothed me.

To make a long story short, after about two and one-half months at the front the inevitable bullet found my elbow and I spent the rest of the war and some months afterwards in the hospital. This bored me exceedingly, and I finally got the War Department to assign me to active duty at Fort Jay, New York. I resigned in August, 1919, at the time when Congress was busy making life miserable for anyone in the regular Army from General Pershing down. There seemed to be no future for an ambitious man.

There followed the long drag of a bond man's career interspersed with the loss of my mother and wife, the problem of three motherless kids, and the need of some guiding star for myself. I didn't find one until my present wife came along and pulled me out of my coma, meanwhile presenting me with two young boys who are at one and the same time great joys and little devils. I hope that she can say as much for me.

I have kept up my interest in military affairs and reached the rank of major reserve on the staff of the 94th Division. Meanwhile, I have served in the Society of the Third Division either

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as president of the local post or chief doer of dirty work at conventions, etc.

One of my sons is nearly old enough to serve in the Army and is a sergeant in his cadet corps. My daughter is in the Women's Defense Corps and is slated, I am told, for the grade of lieutenant. Since this work takes only two nights a week, she is filling in the other nights with the Red Cross Nursing Course. My wife plans to do the same, if possible. I am now a technical sergeant on the staff of the Second Division, Massachusetts State Guard, so I guess that all I can say for myself is that I am busy and my family apparently will not be found missing when the emergency comes.

Once in a while I sell a bond.

SAMUEL JOSEPH MANTEL

HOME ADDRESS: 5650 N. Pennsylvania St., Indianapolis, Ind.

OFFICE ADDRESS: c/o Mantel & Doyle, 1109 Hume Mansur Bldg, Indianapolis, Ind.

BORN: Dec. 4, 1893, Indianapolis, Ind. PARENTS: Emil Mantel, Yetta Brown.

PREPARED AT: Shortridge High School, Indianapolis, Ind.; Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, N. H.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; LL.B. (Indiana Law School), 1922.

MARRIED: Beatrice Smith Talmas, June 22, 1920, Schenectady, N. Y. CHILDREN: Samuel Joseph, Jr., Nov. 17, 1921; Thomas David, Oct. 23, 1925.

HARVARD SON: Samuel Joseph Mantel, Jr., '44.

OCCUPATION: Attorney-at-law.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Aug. 15; assigned to Company H, 333d Infantry, 84th Division Aug. 29; transferred to Machine Gun Company, 33d Infantry, Feb. 2, 1918; promoted 1st lieutenant Aug. 9; sailed for France Sept. 2; detailed to Forwarding Camp, Le Mans, Feb. 8, 1919, as assistant personnel adjutant; discharged July 16, 1919. Major Reserve Corps, United States Army.

OFFICES HELD: Past master, Monument Lodge, A. F. & A. M. 657; past president, Dist. No. 2, B'nai B'rith; secretary-treasurer, Grenada Industries, Incorporated, 63rd & Bellefontaine Realty Corporation; director, Security Trust Company; president, Manchester Realty Corporation; treasurer, Illinois & North Realty Corporation.

MEMBER OF: Broadmoor Country Club; American Legion; Indianapolis Bar Association; Indiana State Bar Association.

SAM MANTEL has been active in fraternal organization work

and, even with the inevitable worry connected with this, his hair has not turned grey. He writes:

TOWARD the end of my third year at Harvard I made a startling discovery. I found that I had enough credits to graduate. My fourth year, therefore, was spent attending Harvard Law School — that is, most of my fourth year was spent there, for on April 6, 1917, the United States entered the first World War, and on May 16, 1917, I entered the First Officers' Training Camp at Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana.

I was commissioned a second lieutenant of Infantry in August, 1917, and stationed at Camp Zachary Taylor, Kentucky, where I helped receive the first draftees. In September, 1918, as a first lieutenant in the Machine Gun Company of the 333rd Infantry, I sailed for France. I spent eleven months overseas, during the last five months acting as assistant personnel officer of the Forwarding Camp at Le Mans. I was finally discharged from the Army in July, 1919, and am now a major in the Reserve Corps of the United States Army.

Before sailing for France, I had become engaged to Beatrice Smith Talmas, then a student at Emerson College, and in order to get married without years of waiting, I decided to give up my study of law, and to go into business with my father, who was operating several clothing stores. A year later I was married. One year after that I entered Indiana Law School to complete my study of law. I became associated with the firm of Mote & Goodrich, specializing in corporation and utility law. Later I became a member of the firm of Mote, Mantel & Loughry, which subsequently became Mantel & Loughry, and then was succeeded by Mantel & Doyle.

In the meantime, my family had increased by the addition of two sons. Samuel is now a sophomore at Harvard, and Thomas is in his third year in high school and anticipates entering Harvard when he graduates.

I was quite active in Masonic work, and in 1922–1923 was master of my lodge. Later I became interested in B'nai B'rith lodge activities, and served as president of the lodge in Indianapolis, and then as president of the Second District, which extended from New Mexico in the Southwest, to Wyoming in the North-

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west, to Ohio in the Northeast, and to Kentucky in the Southeast.

Athletically, I confine myself to golf in summer and to bowling in winter. Both games afford a maximum of exercise, but a minimum of score satisfaction.

I still retain practically all my hair, which has not yet turned grey, and although my weight needs supervision, it still is below 160. I must confess, though, that an undue portion of the 160 is in the neighborhood of my waist band.

For the most part my vacations have been devoted to fishing, either in Canadian waters or in Minnesota lakes, although I have used some of the vacation periods to travel north, west, and east, and to cruise about the Caribbean and the northern part of South America. I find that as the years go by I am inclined to look forward more and more to my vacation periods. Guess I'm getting old.

ALBERT ELMER MARKS

HOME ADDRESS: 6890 Alta Loma Terr., Hollywood, Los Angeles, Calif.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 715 Union Bank Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

BORN: Nov. 20, 1895, Youngstown, Ohio. PARENTS: Henry Marks, Kate Frankle.

PREPARED AT: Rayen School, Youngstown, Ohio.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917; LL.B., 1920.

MARRIED: Lillian Coles, July 14, 1927, Los Angeles, Calif. CHILD: Judith Nina, Dec. 29, 1930.

OCCUPATION: Lawyer.

OFFICES HELD: Assistant in hygiene and sanitation, Harvard University, 1918; special assistant to attorney general of United States, 1922-1925; member law faculty, Southwestern University, Los Angeles, 1927-1930; member Charter Revision Committee of City of Los Angeles, 1940-1941; chairman of Board of Directors, Progressive School of Los Angeles.

MEMBER OF: Masonic organizations; Los Angeles Bar Association; State Bar of California.

PUBLICATIONS: Articles and book reviews, *Los Angeles Bar Association Bulletin*.

ALBERT MARKS vividly describes what a Harvard graduate may expect in a Californian political campaign:

MY life since graduation has been that of a professional worrier. A lawyer first has to worry about getting clients; next he has to worry for his clients who saddle him with their

woes and troubles; then he has his own worries, not the least of which is the worry about having a few dollars left at the end of the year for the modern bogey-man, the tax collector.

Now that I live in southern California, it is a different story. Eternal sunshine! Hollywood glamour! The land of *mañana*! Not to mention boloney — gobs of it — big, thick slices!

In 1936, together with my wife and daughter, I returned to Cambridge for the Harvard Tercentenary. From Los Angeles to New York we went by steamer, going through the Panama Canal, making stops at Panama and Havana, among other places. The return trip was by rail. I was away from the office for a period of two months. Not until the day before I left Los Angeles was I certain that I would be able to get away, but now that I look back upon the Tercentennial Celebration and realize what a marvelous occasion it was, I think I would have been justified in closing the office and throwing away the key had this been necessary to enable me to make the trip back East.

My instructions say that this account should reflect myself and my points of view. Looking into the mirror of politics, I find that in the course of a political campaign several years ago I, a Jew, was pictured by my political opponents as a Nazi. Then, too, I was described as a plutocrat who was born, not with the traditional silver spoon, but with a gold spoon in my mouth. How come? That's easy. Wasn't I one of those boys from Haaawvaaad (pronounced only as a California mucker can pronounce it)? Actually I sold newspapers until shortly before I entered Harvard. Not that I am complaining. Hell, no! It is all in a day's work. It adds color and fun and zest to life.

Social and political convictions? Why not? Liberal and realistic, with a soupçon of cynicism.

The Class of 1917 well understands the significance of war, since the life of our Class, considered as an entity, had its beginning in war, and now enters upon maturity in time of war. In a totalitarian nation, not only would the acts, thoughts, and comments of the individual members of the Class be meaningless, but it would be unthinkable that such a volume as this should be produced. Fortunately, we can let our hair down, unburden ourselves of our gripes, gossip like a bunch of old women, and at

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the same time give whole-hearted support to a great Harvard man and a great American leader, Roosevelt.

ORVILLE JORDAN MARSH

ADDRESS: 4614 Prospect Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

BORN: Aug. 27, 1889, Cheyenne, Wyo. PARENTS: Ward Noble Marsh, Mary Amilia Bennet.

PREPARED AT: McMinnville Academy, McMinnville, Ore.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917, 1921-1922. DEGREE: A.B., 1917 (22).

OCCUPATION: With Educational Films, Incorporated.

ORVILLE MARSH lived in San Francisco until 1923. In 1927 he was at the Municipal University in Akron, and in 1937 he was at the Western Reserve University in Cleveland. We understand that he is now working for Educational Films, Incorporated, in Cleveland.

WILLIAM HENRY MEANIX

HOME ADDRESS: 44 Halifax St., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: English High School, Boston, Mass.

BORN: Jan. 18, 1892, Roxbury, Mass. PARENTS: Patrick Meanix, Annie Moran.

PREPARED AT: English High School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1915, 1916-1917. DEGREES: S.B.† 1918 (19); ED.M. (Boston Teachers Coll.), 1930.

MARRIED: Genevieve A. Burns, Sept. 8, 1926, Boston, Mass. CHILDREN: William Henry, Jr., June 10, 1927; Robert, Sept. 11, 1930.

OCCUPATION: Master of Military Drill, English High School.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Nov. 7, 1917; assigned to 301st Infantry, 76th Division, Camp Devens, Mass.; promoted corporal Jan. 1, 1918; detailed to Officers' Training School, Camp Devens, in January; promoted sergeant April 19; transferred to Infantry Central Officers' Training School, Camp Lee, Va., May 10; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry June 1; transferred to 159th Depot Brigade, Camp Zachary Taylor, Ky., June 17; promoted 1st lieutenant Nov. 1; discharged May 2, 1919. Commissioned 1st lieutenant Infantry Officers' Reserve Corps June 1, 1919. Major 302d Infantry Reserve.

MEMBER OF: American Legion.

IN the last twenty-five years we all have had hurdles to get over, but Bill Meanix set an English record in this respect. He writes:

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917

MY life since College has been pleasant. After my discharge from the Army, I felt myself lucky to get a \$12-a-week job with the T. G. Plant Shoe Company, for which I worked one year.

In 1920, as a member of the Olympic Team, I went to Antwerp, Belgium. On the same trip I competed also in London, where I set a 400-metre hurdle record for England. I suppose that by now it has been beaten many times.

On my return, after three years with the Texas Company as salesman, I passed the Boston examinations for a high school certificate in military drill, and received an appointment in 1925. I hope to stay on the job till I reach the age of retirement.

For six years, three at Tufts and three at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, I combined coaching track with my school duties.

In 1932 I went by car to the Olympic Games in Los Angeles. A few years later I bought a small farm in Jackson, New Hampshire, and now I always know where to go and what to do after the school year is over.

PAUL HOWARD MEANS

ADDRESS: 64 Highland St., Cambridge, Mass.

BORN: Nov. 1, 1894, Windham, Conn. PARENTS: Frederick Howard Means, Helen Coit.

PREPARED AT: Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, N. H.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917; M.D., 1922.

MARRIED: Averyl Dickinson, Sept. 16, 1926, Cambridge, Mass. CHILDREN: Ann W., Oct. 10, 1927; Barbara H., March 7, 1929; Elizabeth A., June 2, 1931.

OCCUPATION: Physician.

AFTER graduation Paul Means went to work in Dr. Grenfell's Hospital at Battle Harbor, Labrador. He was there only three weeks when he was drafted. He returned to Boston, where on examination he was turned down on account of heart trouble. He then entered the Harvard Medical School and while there he also served in the Medical Enlisted Reserve Corps. In 1919 he was prevented from continuing his medical studies on account of a severe attack of pleurisy. He then went to Arizona and California for his health and later returned to the Medical School, from which he was graduated in 1922. Later he became an assist-

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ant in hygiene at Harvard, a member of the staff of the Massachusetts General Hospital and the Cambridge Hospital, and also a teacher at the Sargent School of Physical Education. In the last Report, in 1937, he said, "Devoting my entire time to the private practice of medicine since resigning the position of medical adviser at Harvard two years ago."

✠ WILLIAM HENRY MEEKER

BORN: Jan. 5, 1894, New York, N. Y. PARENTS: Henry Eugene Meeker, Jenny Royce.

PREPARED AT: Pomfret School, Pomfret, Conn.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Joined Lafayette Flying Corps May 10, 1917; sailed for France May 19; enlisted, as member of Lafayette Flying Corps, private Foreign Legion, French Army, June 3; detailed to School of Military Aviation, Avord; brevetted pilot and promoted corporal July 29; detailed to School of Military Aviation, Pau, Sept. 10; killed in airplane accident Sept. 11, 1917, at Pau, France.

HARVARD BROTHER: John Royce Meeker, '21.

DIED: Sept. 11, 1917, Pau, France.

BROTHER: John R. Meeker, Lance Creek, Wyo.

A GLANCE at the list of societies and clubs in which Meeker held membership while he was at College will show why he was considered one of the best known and most popular men of his college generation. He was a member of the Institute of 1770, the D. K. E., the Hasty Pudding, Speakers', Dramatic, Stylus, Iroquois, and Fly Clubs, the Signet Society, and the Student Council; he was treasurer of the *Advocate*, in 1915-16 assisting managing editor of the *Crimson*, in 1916-17 managing editor, and in 1917 president. These varied distinctions and activities bespeak a man of marked personality and character.

Meeker's gift for writing first became manifest at Pomfret School, where during his last year he was editor-in-chief of the school paper, the *Pontefract*. His contributions to this paper and also some of his writings for the *Advocate* and the *Crimson* were gathered together in a privately-printed volume, *William Henry Meeker: His Book*.

Towards the end of April, 1917, preparedness for military service was filling the undergraduates with enthusiasm and Meeker was a captain in the Harvard Reserve Officers' Training Corps,

which had grown out of the Harvard Regiment. His influence and enthusiasm had contributed greatly to the organizing of this group. He left College in May of 1917, having passed his examinations for the Bachelor's degree, to become a member of the Lafayette Escadrille and he sailed for France on the nineteenth of that month. He enlisted in the Lafayette Flying Corps and was sent to the Aviation School at Avord, where he was brevetted corporal on July 26. Early in September he started for Pau to receive training in acrobatics, the final stage of preparation for war flying. He arrived at Pau on September 10, and on the next day was killed in the fall of his Nieuport machine on his trial flight. It is recorded in the official history of the Lafayette Flying Corps that "he took the Caudron training and made a most brilliant record at Avord; few men have been brevetted in a shorter time. He was all anxiety to get to the front, and once his Nieuport training was finished, he took the train for Pau without the loss of an hour. There, while doing a vertical spiral in an 18-metre Nieuport, he fell into a wing slip, as any young pilot is apt to do, failed to pull out of it in time, and crashed into the ground, killing himself instantly. At his funeral the whole school turned out to do him honor; the coffin bearers were five comrades of the Lafayette Corps, and Lieutenant Chevalier of the United States Navy."

Before his death Meeker had expressed the wish that, should he be killed, his library be given to the *Crimson*. In the spring of 1918 Meeker's father presented to the *Crimson* a thousand volumes, now installed in the sanctum as a memorial to his son. He also established the William Henry Meeker, '17, Scholarship to be awarded "for excellence in some of the English courses."

In an obituary written for our Triennial Report Edward Allen Whitney paid Meeker the following tribute:

"If any one deserved the title of the most brilliant man in the Class of 1917, surely Billy Meeker could justly claim it. And no one in 1917 was more universally admired, more genuinely loved or more deeply mourned. Even while he lived it was difficult to speak or write about Billy without using superlatives; it is doubly difficult now that we can never see him again. Had 1917 lost no other member in the war, the Class had suffered more than its share in the loss of Billy Meeker — 1917 had no better to give."

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JOHN MELCHER

HOME ADDRESS: Flagg Pl., Dongan Hills, Staten Island, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: c/o Dick & Merle-Smith, 30 Pine St., New York, N. Y.

BORN: March 28, 1895, New York, N. Y. PARENTS: John Stevens Melcher, Margaret Greenleaf Homer.

PREPARED AT: Middlesex School, Concord, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Betsy Flagg, May 16, 1926, New York, N. Y. CHILDREN: Pamela, April 14, 1927; Ursula Ward, April 18, 1929.

HARVARD BROTHER: Edward de Selding Melcher, '28.

OCCUPATION: Investment Banking.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Ambulance driver, American Field Service, Section 3, May to September, 1915, with French Army. Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., Aug., 1917; commissioned 1st lieutenant Infantry Nov. 27; attached to 166th Infantry, 42d Division; sailed for France; detailed to 2d Corps School, Châtillon-sur-Seine; detailed to 128th Infantry, 32d Division, as instructor; with Army of Occupation, Germany; discharged May 2, 1919. Engagements: Marne-Aisne, Saint-Mihiel, and Meuse-Argonne offensives.

OFFICES HELD: Trustee, New York Society for Relief of the Ruptured and Crippled; warden, St. Paul's Church, Tompkinsville, Staten Island, N. Y.

MEMBER OF: Richmond County Country Club.

JACK MELCHER thinks "we are living in the meddle ages" and inasmuch as this era is often referred to as "the machine Age" he probably would blame meddle-urgy. He writes:

MY first job was with a small company which had recently been formed to carry on an export business with South America. Unfortunately, this bubble of trade soon burst, and our company, along with others, went under. My next was with the Foreign Credit Corporation, but this subsidiary of certain large banks was soon liquidated. By this time I felt that I had better find an employer with longer roots. There was a place with the Bank of America, and when I learned that this institution had been founded in 1807, I thought the chances were good that it might continue in business for a few more years. However, after a time it seemed to me that the outlook in the foreign department was not very bright, so I gratefully heeded the advice of a friend who said he thought there might be a job for me with Roosevelt & Son. This was in 1923, and at Roosevelt & Son (or its virtual successor in the bond business, Dick & Merle-Smith)

I have worked ever since. It has always been, and continues to be, a great happiness to work for and with my employers and my associates in this firm. We have, I believe, an unusual *esprit de corps*.

I am sure that my wife and I are often called hermits by some, snobs by others, and introverts by still others. I don't mind being called a hermit; in fact, we are both rather secretly pleased with that appellation. We are very pleased to enjoy together simple things in a quiet way. But snobs, no — if I know what that word means, this is unjust. However, I might put in here a saying of Bacon which I have come to think wise: "See the good of other men, but be not in bondage to their faces or fancies; for that is but facility or softness; which taketh an honest mind prisoner." As to being introverts, I rather suspect we are, although I have not read Dr. Freud (or is it Dr. Jung?), and I am not yet altogether sure whether to be pleased or not when so called. However this may be, we are fond of simple things, especially of reading a good book aloud, and listening to good music. Among the many books read aloud I should especially single out those of Trollope. This writer has, I think, a more profound knowledge of human nature than any of the great masters of fiction; more so than many of the poets. I am indebted to him for many hours of great pleasure. Then again, I owe unbounded pleasure to a modern invention, the phonograph — far more than to the radio (the turning on of which is forbidden in our household, and I boast of it!) The hours spent in listening to all of our modest stock of records have been a great source of profit and deep contentment.

Perhaps this is all beginning to sound like a reversion to the one-hoss shay, or to the horse-and-buggy age, as Robin Hood puts it. For I am not a believer in Progress with a capital P. Many of our ills, I believe, derive from the apparent fact that we feel that the world is getting better and better simply because our comforts and gadgets have improved and increased. Our pride, individually and collectively, has become swollen to such an extent that we believe it is more our duty to be our brother's keeper than our own. This idea is surely a warping of the good life, whether considered with regard to another world or to this world alone. For if we have a mind to be religious, we

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cannot be prigs; and if we are seeking to live to the best advantage in this world alone, we cannot be happy unless we are just. Now Plato's definition of justice was to mind one's own business. This is exactly what we are not doing. As one writer so aptly puts it, we are living in the "meddle ages." The only progress worth anything at all, I am convinced, is progress according to the moral law. I can't say that I'm doing it.

However, there is a crying need for conservatives. Everyone is following the liberal bandwagon so far to the Left that there can be only one result, namely, a violent reaction to the extreme Right — and that would be hell. We need men of common sense to show us how to avoid the Scylla of visionary radicalism on the one hand, and the Charybdis of materialistic reaction on the other.

JOSEPH MANLEY MELLEN

ADDRESS: Harward House, Bowdoinham, Maine.

BORN: May 3, 1894, New York, N. Y. PARENTS: Chase Mellen, Lucy Cony Manley.

PREPARED AT: Middlesex School, Concord, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Sylvia Wigglesworth, June 7, 1919, Garden City, Long Island, N. Y. (divorced May, 1926); Clara Standish Hawkins, April 25, 1930, New York, N. Y. CHILDREN: Henry Wigglesworth, March 12, 1920; Anne Seymour Clark, May 14, 1922.

HARVARD BROTHER: Chase Mellen, Jr., '20, M.B.A., '22.

OCCUPATION: Old-fashioned Farming.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Ambulance driver, American Field Service, Section 3, June 30, 1915, to Jan. 15, 1916, with French Army on Vosges front. Enlisted private 1st class Aviation Section, Signal Corps June 5, 1917; detailed to School of Military Aëronautics, Cornell University, N. Y.; to Aviation School, Hazelhurst Field, N. Y., Aug. 6; commissioned 1st lieutenant Aviation Section, Signal Corps Sept. 24; sailed for France Oct. 15; detailed to 3d Aviation Instruction Center, Issoudun; to 7th Aviation Instruction Center, Issoudun; to 7th Aviation Instruction Center, Clermont-Ferrand, Jan. 30, 1918; assigned to 96th Aëro Squadron, 1st Day Bombardment Group, May 18; taken prisoner July 10; released Nov. 29; discharged Jan. 31, 1919. Awarded Croix de Guerre with citation.

MEMBER OF: Society of the Cincinnati in State of Connecticut.

JOE MELLEN, unlike some classmates, found time to write his "life" even though he has less time than anyone we know. He

rises at 4:45 A.M. daily and gets home in time to go to bed again, seven days a week. He says:

TWENTY-FIVE years ago our Class had the privilege of serving the nation. Today opportunity has come our way again, though most of us find to our regret that our greying hairs, if any, bar the way to combatant service. Many serve humbly, and not a few in important capacities. It certainly is safe to say that every member of 1917 works usefully to the limit of his ability.

As for the twenty-five years that have gone, they somehow have slipped away swiftly. Comedy and tragedy have trod the boards for all of us, we have known prosperity and depression, successes and failures have been our lots.

Personally, I have spent years in search of the education I should have absorbed in college. I vainly have sought knowledge and experience in journalism and in business. Satisfaction was not there for me. Gradually, I have learned that, for happiness, I must be closer to the soil.

For some years it has been my ambition to bring an old farm in Maine back into satisfactory production. A year ago I cut loose from the city entirely and went back to the land—I hoped for good. In the fall I had to compromise with my desires and take on a job in a shipyard for the duration.

Farming seems to me the most desirable form of human existence. This makes me, like all farmers, an individualist. In my case this makes me want in my farm a farm and not a business. I want to be old-fashioned, producing as nearly as possible everything that man and beast consumes. I do not even care if this departs from sound economics. At the same time I see no reason why the farmer should fail to enjoy modern conveniences and labor-saving devices, where he can afford them. Not all the electricity, plumbing, and central heating in North America can prevent a man from farming if he so desires.

Production of food is necessary. It can be a healthful and pleasant vocation. To increase the number of independent farmers in the population may set up a counter-current to the ills of the industrialization of civilization. As a safeguard against special privilege, as a weapon against concentration of economic power

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in distribution, and as a factor in the encouragement of freedom, I look to the spread of coöperative enterprise, particularly in the rural population.

Down below the surface of wars and fighting, I feel the surge of a deeper form of revolution. I sense the desire of more and more human beings to live simply and normally. Man wants less leadership, less dictation, and less regimentation. At the risk of the radical label, I voice my honest hope and conviction that men of intelligence, perhaps out of Harvard, will rise to show us how to live without the benefit of politicians, tax collectors, bankers, and big business.

Until the good days come I am digging in on the old farm, hoeing my peas and corn, and planting a few rows of potatoes. If a prying reporter should ask me how I would know if I were successful, I should whisper into his shocked ears that I would know it instantly when the day arrived that I could drive to town behind a pair of smart trotting horses and never again have to climb into the seat of a motor car. Therefore, until our Fiftieth, *au 'voir*, my classmates. Go in peace and sin no more.

✦ HARRY HUBBARD METCALF

BORN: July 4, 1894, Southboro, Mass. PARENTS: Walter Clap Metcalf, Jessie Willson.

PREPARED AT: Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, N. H.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREE: A.B. † 1917 (20).

MARRIED: Helen Breck Williams, Jan. 1, 1918, of Pasadena, Calif.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Ambulance driver, American Field Service, four months in 1915, with French Army on Pont-à-Mousson front. Private 1st class Aviation Section, Signal Corps on duty at Miami, Fla., when United States entered the war; commissioned 2d lieutenant Aviation Section, Signal Corps March 17 and appointed officer in charge of formation flying Park Field; died of pneumonia Oct. 13, 1918, at Park Field.

HARVARD BROTHER: Walter Willson Metcalf, '06.

DIED: Oct. 13, 1918, Park Field, Memphis, Tenn.

BROTHER: Walter Willson Metcalf, 305 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

HARRY HUBBARD METCALF served for two and a half months with the American Ambulance Field Service in France in 1915, an experience which made him one of the first and one of the most energetic participants in the aviation activities

which were beginning at Harvard a year later. When the Harvard Flying Corps was organized, Metcalf was made its temporary captain, and at the Curtiss Flying School at Buffalo in the summer of 1916 he was the first of the ten men in the Harvard squad to qualify for the official pilot's license issued by the Aero Club of America.

While he was in College Metcalf was a member of the University gymnastic team, and was also active in the Harvard Gun Club, being known as one of the best intercollegiate shots. The war in Europe intensified his interest in aviation, and with others he was instrumental in establishing the Harvard Flying Corps and in arousing undergraduate enthusiasm in aëronautics.

In June, 1915, Metcalf left the Ambulance Service, in which he had served for two and a half months, and returned to the United States. He served in Battery A of the Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, and entered actively into the organization of the Harvard flyers. During the succeeding summer he received his pilot's license, and in November he offered his services to the government. He subsequently received training at Miami, Florida, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and at Princeton University. At the completion of his training he was sent to Park Field in Memphis, Tennessee. In March, 1918, he was commissioned second lieutenant, but being regarded as one of the best flyers at the field, he was kept there as officer in charge of formation flying. Early in October he became ill with pneumonia, which proved fatal after three days' illness.

A classmate said of Metcalf that his "unfailing patience, his confidence, and pleasant nature made him peculiarly fitted to be a good instructor, and the men under him testified to this by their rapid progress." In our Triennial Report Edward Allen Whitney wrote of Metcalf:

"Harry Metcalf was a man of quiet, unassuming exterior, but of a strong sensitive nature within. He felt deeply the significance of the war, and it was always nearest his heart all through his undergraduate days. He entered it in no spirit of adventure, but because he could not bear to sit idle while real men were doing real work for a great cause. And, as all who knew him expected, he gave the best that was in him. Of those men who laid down their lives in the war, no one offered his more freely, more

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courageously, or from a nobler sense of duty than Harry Metcalf."

WESLEY BARRINGTON MILLER

HOME ADDRESS: 800 S. Long Beach Ave., Freeport, N. Y.

BORN: Oct. 7, 1896, Baldwin, N. Y. PARENTS: James Wesley Miller, Emma Eugenia Rogan.

PREPARED AT: St. Paul's Cathedral School, Garden City, Long Island, N. Y.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1915. DEGREE: S.B. (Mass. Inst. Tech.), 1921 (19).

MARRIED: Eleanor Rushmore Hill, 1927, Freeport, N. Y.

OCCUPATION: Sales and Executive.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: 1st Tank Battalion, C. M. G. C., C. E. F., 1918-1919; service in England.

MEMBER OF: South Shore Yacht Club; Technology Club of New York.

WE tried to get Wesley Miller to amplify the following "Life" but nothing more has been heard from him, so here is his story:

AFTER leaving Harvard I attended the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, graduating with the Class of 1921 (as of 1919). The war accounted for part of the intervening time. From 1921 to 1924 I served as assistant professor of mechanical engineering at the School of Mines and Metallurgy, University of Missouri at Rolla, Missouri. Since that time I have been engaged in business here. Am married — no children.

I realize that this is a very short and sketchy "Life," but you may use the meager information as you wish.

WILLIAM LESTER MILLS

HOME ADDRESS: 44 Davis Ave., Arlington, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: U. S. Navy Dept., Navy Yard, Boston, Mass.

BORN: Oct. 14, 1895, Charlestown, Mass. PARENTS: Richard Alfred Mills, Mary Alice Ewing.

PREPARED AT: Somerville High School, Somerville, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: S.B. *cum laude*, 1917.

MARRIED: Lilla Edna Granger, Aug. 4, 1926, Somerville, Mass. CHILDREN: Barbara Ann, July 14, 1932; William L., Dec. 28, 1939.

OCCUPATION: Chemist.

WE regret that Lester Mills's pet aversions are ones with which we are intimately connected and which we think are of value. It may be a matter of perspective. He writes:

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FROM June to October, 1917, I worked as a chemist at the Bridgeport Brass Company in Connecticut. I worked in the same capacity at the duPont Company's Repanno Explosives Plant at Gibbstown, New Jersey, from October, 1917, until the end of World War I. From then until February, 1921, I continued in the duPont employ at their Dye Works on Deep Water Point, New Jersey. Since December 16, 1921, I have been employed by the United States Navy Department as a chemist at the Boston Navy Yard.

My pet aversions are anniversary meetings and filling out such questionnaires and reports as this one right here. In my opinion, this meeting should be called off and the funds that would be spent on it turned over to the Red Cross.

HENRY WHITNEY MINOT

ADDRESS: 85 Sears Rd., Brookline, Mass.

BORN: Feb. 6, 1896, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: James Jackson Minot, Elizabeth Whitney.

PREPARED AT: Noble and Greenough School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Ellen Sears Curtis, Oct. 18, 1924, Boston, Mass. CHILDREN: Henry Whitney, Jr., Aug. 1, 1925; George Richards, 2d, July 6, 1927; Ellen Amory, April 12, 1929.

HARVARD BROTHERS: George Richards Minot, '08, M.D., '12, S.D. (Hon.), '28; James Jackson Minot, '13.

OCCUPATION: Personal Affairs and Politics.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 1st lieutenant Infantry Aug. 15; detailed to School of Trench Warfare, Cambridge, Mass., Aug. 19; assigned to Company E, 303d Infantry, 76th Division, Sept. 18; served as officer in command Company E Sept., 1917, to May, 1918; sailed for France July 6; detailed to 3d Corps School, Clamecy, in September; attached to Company B, 163d Infantry, 41st Division, Nov. 9; detailed to Embarkation Camp, Saint-Nazaire, Nov. 24 as assistant administrative adjutant; to American Students' Detachment, Oxford University, England, March 1, 1919; discharged July 16, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Assistant treasurer and chairman executive committee, Republican State Committee of Massachusetts; chairman, Republican Town Committee of Brookline; vice-president, Brookline Taxpayers Association; treasurer, Brookline Citizens Committee; Town Meeting Member, Brookline; director, Habit Clinic for Child Guidance, North Bennett Street Industrial School, Brookline Friendly Society, Home for Aged Men.

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MEMBER OF: Brookline Kiwanis Club; Harvard Varsity Club; The Country Club, Brookline.

HENRY MINOT has devoted a lot of time to public affairs, but for the most part he has modestly stayed behind the scenes. As to his favorite sport, there are French Canadians who still remember "Monsieur Mee-no" as one of the best American curlers they ever played against. His story:

AFTER getting out of the Army in 1919, I spent some weeks of service in the Boston police strike. Then I went to the Harvard Business School for a year. In June, 1920, I entered the Boston office of Charles F. Smillie & Company, general commodity importers of New York. We handled chiefly foreign cotton in Boston, but also rattan, sugar, rubber, and other East Indies products, to say nothing of tinned rabbit from Australia and dried egg from China. In January, 1921, I went to England to learn the importing game at first hand. During this trip I spent some time in Liverpool, London, Rotterdam, Amsterdam, Bremen, Hamburg, Berlin, Brussels, and Paris. After four years in the importing business, during which time I became a partner in the firm of Smillie, Baker, Dulles Company, handling the New England business of C. F. Smillie & Company and some other connections, we decided that conditions were unfavorable and liquidated the business.

In 1925 I went to work for Willie Willcox with Dillon, Read & Company in their Boston office. For the next four years I endeavored to retail in New England the securities they originated. Bob Baldwin was on the wholesale end and later, when Willie returned to New York, he was in charge of the office. As assistant sales manager I kept in touch with New York on one end and salesmen all over New England on the other. The fall of 1929 brought collapse in the financial world and a nervous breakdown to me. I took some three months off, then went back to the office, but after six months the doctors ordered me to quit and I sadly said goodbye to my many friends and quit business for good in September, 1930.

In October, 1924, I married Ellen Sears Curtis. We lived in several houses in Boston before moving to Brookline and building a house in 1929-1930 at 85 Sears Road, where we live today.

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Here my hobby is gardening. In my small greenhouse I enjoy many winter hours with my bulbs and plants. In summer we now go to North Haven, Maine, where we live in the village, but own an 80-acre island of our own, on which we have a camp and spend much time. My two sons go to St. Mark's School, and my daughter to Winsor.

In the fall of 1930 I took my family to England, bought a small car, and toured during the winter and spring of 1931 in nearly every part of England, Scotland, and Wales. In the summer of 1931 my wife and I took a trip around Europe, through the Balkans to Constantinople, then Greece, Italy, France, and home.

Since returning from Europe eleven years ago I have devoted my time to family affairs and activity in political and charitable affairs, when ill-health has not deterred me. I have taken an active part in the National Economy League, the Massachusetts Federation of Taxpayers Associations and Republican politics both state and local. In recent years I have spent much time on various problems of state government, particularly financial ones. At the present time I am actively engaged in following in the executive office many problems that have arisen as a result of the war.

My chief hobby from an athletic viewpoint is curling, which I took up when I could not do hard exercise ten years ago, and which I have enjoyed every minute since, along with many other Seventeeners. Most every summer I have cruised on the Maine Coast, in recent years with my children, and several times with Laurie and Cornelia Lombard.

SAMUEL GREENWOOD MITCHELL

HOME ADDRESS: U. S. Veterans Hospital, Bedford, Mass.

MAILING ADDRESS: c/o George F. Mitchell, 81 Butler St., Revere, Mass.

BORN: Aug. 23, 1896, Chelsea, Mass. PARENTS: Fred Mitchell, Annie Lister.

PREPARED AT: Revere High School, Revere, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1914, 1915-1917. DEGREE: S.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Eva Appleyard, 1930.

OCCUPATION: Retired.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., Aug., 1917; commissioned provisional 2d lieutenant Cavalry, Regular Army, Oct. 26; assigned to Troop L, 2d Cavalry, Dec. 15; pro-

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moted temporary 1st lieutenant Jan. 16, 1918; sailed for France March 22; resignation accepted Aug. 8, 1919.

MEMBER OF: A. F. & A. M.

WE regret that Samuel Mitchell has been in poor health for years.

ROBERT LEE MIXON

HOME ADDRESS: Marianna, Ark.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Mixon Co., Inc., Marianna, Ark.

BORN: Jan. 30, 1895, Marianna, Ark. PARENTS: Robert Lee Mixon, Carra Lee Robinson.

PREPARED AT: Gulf Coast Military Academy, Gulfport, Miss.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914-1917.

UNMARRIED.

OCCUPATION: Part Owner and Operator, Mixon Company, Incorporated, Retail Farm Implement Agency.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: First Plattsburg Training Camp; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Reserve Corps; in France Oct., 1917, to July, 1919.

COTTON may seem soft to most people, but it was hard for Bob Mixon. Now he tells people how to till and thereby augments his till. He writes:

AFTER I left the Army in 1919, my first two attempts to make a living were pretty awful. I tried to grow cotton for several years, and then for several more I tried to buy it. Both ventures were disastrous. I then took up banking. From 1925 to 1935 I was with the Union Trust Company of Little Rock, Arkansas, ten long and weary years. I think I was getting somewhere, but slowly. After my father's death in 1934 I came back to Marianna and with two of my brothers organized my present business which is an implement agency handling the John Deere Plow Company line. I am now telling other people how to farm, selling them equipment, and doing fine.

The blank spaces on the questionnaire will indicate that I have never married, but I haven't given up hope — yet. I have a vegetable garden and a rose-bed for exercise, and my end of the house is stacked to the ceiling with books. I go to Hot Springs once every spring to see the horses run, and every five years or so I manage to get back East, where I generally see Doug Lovell,

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917

Howard Rand, and King Hoyt. What is making me mad is that they have never yet been down here to see me.

✠ JAMES KENNEDY MOORHEAD

BORN: April 16, 1896, Pittsburgh, Pa. PARENTS: James Kennedy Moorhead, Harriet Clark Godfrey.

PREPARED AT: Pittsburgh Central High School, Pittsburgh, Pa.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Fort Niagara, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Aug. 15 and assigned to 22d Infantry; sailed for France April 15, 1917, with Company K, 61st Infantry, 5th Division; detailed to Infantry Specialists' School, Langres, in June; killed in action Oct. 5, 1918, in the Argonne Forest, France, as 1st lieutenant. Engagements: Saint-Dié sector, Saint-Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne offensives.

DIED: Oct. 5, 1918, Argonne Forest, France.

MOTHER: Mrs. James K. Moorhead, 700 St. James St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

JAMES KENNEDY MOORHEAD completed his college course in three years and then entered the Law School. Outside his studies his chief interest was in the European conflict. He became one of the early members of the Harvard Regiment, and upon the declaration of war he offered his services. His training began in May, 1917, at the Officers' Training Camp at Fort Niagara, New York. In August he was commissioned a second lieutenant of Infantry and assigned to the 22d Regiment at Fort Hamilton, New York. He spent a few months commanding a guard at Gloucester, New Jersey, for interned sailors from the German ships. On April 15, 1918, his organization, the 61st Infantry, 5th Division, to which he was permanently assigned in December, was ordered overseas.

Moorhead's command of the French language caused him to be made town major of the little town in which his company was billeted. Although that position entailed several men's work, he found time to continue his study and practice of French. In June he spent four weeks at a school of trench warfare, where he studied automatic rifles and grenades, and in August he was promoted to a first lieutenancy. After serving for a time as liaison officer of the battalion, he was transferred to the 1st Division as second in command of H Company of the 16th Infantry.

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With this regiment he saw almost continuous action up to the time of his death.

In a letter from Captain W. R. McMorris, subsequent commander of H Company, Moorhead's last engagement in the Argonne is described as follows:

"As second in command of this company he started over the top on October 4, 1918, and very shortly afterward, when all the officers of the company on our right were out of action, either killed or wounded, Lieutenant Moorhead volunteered to command this company which was suffering heavy losses due to the fact of encountering enemy machine guns in their position and heavy artillery which was firing point blank in their path. Knowing this, Lieutenant Moorhead, in command, instilled new courage in this company and by his actions, unmindful of his own great danger, gave very valuable assistance to his battalion commander and contributed very largely to the success of the day."

The next day Moorhead, leading the reorganized company, again started forward. Private Crouse of his company relates the circumstances of Moorhead's death as follows:

"When they went into the attack in the Verdun sector, they lost many men and their commanding officer, and Lieutenant Moorhead was placed in charge. While leading a platoon to a given objective, the German 77's got the range of the 16th and, although their box barrage was immediately put over, it fell short and Lieutenant Moorhead shouted to his men, 'Off with your packs and get into holes,' and while seeing that the orders were heard and obeyed he was struck by a bursting shell and fell mortally wounded."

Moorhead was posthumously cited in the general orders of the 1st Infantry Brigade for gallant conduct.

JOHN STEPHEN MORAN

HOME ADDRESS: 5125 El Campo St., Fort Worth, Texas.

PRESENT ADDRESS: U. S. Army, Camp Wolters, Texas.

BORN: Dec. 27, 1892, Genesee, Pa. PARENTS: Patrick Michael Moran, Catherine Cahill.

PREPARED AT: Mansfield Preparatory School, Mansfield, Pa.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Abby Duggan, Jan. 22, 1923, San Antonio, Texas. CHILDREN:

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John Stephen, Jr., Nov. 8, 1923; Victoria, March 3, 1926; Brian, Dec. 25, 1929.

OCCUPATION: Major, United States Army; Camp Exchange Officer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Fort Niagara, N. Y., Aug., 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry, Nov. 27; assigned to 343d Machine Gun Battalion, 90th Division, Jan., 1918; sailed for France June 19; promoted 1st lieutenant Nov. 3; detailed to American Students' Detachment, Cambridge University, England, March 4, 1919; Army of Occupation in Germany; discharged July 30, 1919. Engagements: Puvénelle sector, Saint-Mihiel offensive, Saizerais sector, Meuse-Argonne offensive. Reserve officer since 1919, called to active duty Jan. 25, 1941.

OFFICES HELD: President, Reserve Officers' Association, Fort Worth, Texas, Harvard Club of Fort Worth.

MEMBER OF: Reserve Officers' Association; Harvard Club of Fort Worth.

JOHN MORAN'S first military command was in Texas, and now he is a major at an army camp in that same state. He says, "I feel that I am again back in 1917 as I am again engaged in defense preparation as I was then." His story:

UPON graduation in June, 1917, I continued in the Harvard Reserve Officers' Training Corps until August, when I went to the Officers' Training Camp at Fort Niagara, New York. There I received my commission and was ordered to join the 343d Machine Gun Battalion at Fort Sam Houston, Texas. I went overseas with this unit in June, 1918, and was in the Saint-Mihiel defensive and offensive and Argonne offensive until November 11, 1918. My division crossed the Meuse November 10, 1918, in the identical sector where the Germans crossed against France at the start of the present war in 1939. I was in the Army of Occupation in Germany and later went to Cambridge University for study in 1919. I returned to the United States in July, 1919, received a discharge from the Army, but retained my Reserve commission.

After a few months in New York City, I came to Texas in pursuit of oil, but later engaged in the building and construction business. I also had an added attraction calling me to Texas — the girl I married.

During this twenty-five years' span there were many incidents peculiar to every man, including the Depression, which in itself was not conducive to normal blood pressure and which also

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added the customary sprinkling of salt and pepper around the temples.

In 1936 I attended the Command and General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and that training has proved very helpful in my present capacity. In January, 1941, I was called as major, Infantry, for active duty at Camp Wolters, Texas, as Camp Exchange Officer, and at present I am serving in that capacity. I created and built the exchange system in this newly created camp.

My elder son, John Stephen, Jr., is in his second year of college, preparing to become a petroleum engineer. My daughter, Victoria, is a senior in high school, and my younger son, Brian, is in grade school. He intends to become a lawyer. Mrs. Moran is keeping the home fires burning while I am on active duty.

It is suggested that my social, political, and religious convictions be reviewed. This is a tough assignment in this day of turmoil, chaos, and confusion. I certainly hope that we may be able to retain and maintain our democratic American social standards in spite of the external and internal influences which are subversively trying to tear them down, and I sincerely feel that our country will again be united in a common purpose.

Politically, I feel that our international policy is sound and hope that we shall offer no appeasement to any foreign nation. No doubt this present international situation will have a tendency to alter our way of living, but the American people are adaptable and can adjust themselves to such changes.

In this present day religions of all types are taking a beating, but I sincerely hope that the Christian religion will prevail, and there is good assurance that it will, as Christianity has survived greater storms than the present one.

I am hoping to be able to attend the Twenty-fifth Reunion, and if conditions permit, I shall be there with my family.

HEWITT MORGAN

HOME ADDRESS: 489 Boylston St., Brookline, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 10 Post Office Sq., Boston, Mass.

BORN: March 10, 1895, Paris, France. PARENTS: James Hewitt Morgan, Martha Leavitt.

PREPARED AT: St. Mark's School, Southboro, Mass.

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YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Susanne S. Kemper, July 16, 1929, Kingston, N. Y. CHILD: Hewitt, Jr., June 2, 1930.

HARVARD BROTHER: Patrick Henry Morgan, '26.

OCCUPATION: Financial Agent.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry, later 1st lieutenant; assigned to Company M, 302d Infantry, 76th Division; sailed for France July 4; transferred to 163d Infantry, 41st Division in November; to 311th Infantry, 78th Division, Jan., 1919; discharged June 3, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Various offices held in business, charitable, and social organizations.

CHUB MORGAN mentions squash racquets, squash tennis, racquets, and court tennis, but modestly does not mention the fact that for many years he was a champion in most of these sports. He writes:

MY entrance into an import and export firm shortly after discharge from the American Expeditionary Forces in 1919 found the business so active and prosperous that my arrival was scarcely noticed. Within a few months, however, disaster overcame many companies of this type, ending with my corporation in bankruptcy and myself looking for another job. The next two years were spent partly in credit investigation for a bank, and partly in the ticker room of a branch brokerage office. Returning to the banking field in 1922, I was trained in various departments and appointed a junior officer. The routine dullness of my duties, in conjunction with a difference of opinion with the senior executive, brought me back in 1929 to the greater excitement — temporarily at least — of a brokerage office. This connection, with one or two interludes, continued for nearly ten years. With stock market activity gradually dwindling during this period, it was finally my good fortune to obtain a tax-accounting position, which has been continued to this writing.

In closing, it might be mentioned that my so-called hobbies of younger and more prosperous days have included the indoor winter sports of squash racquets, squash tennis, racquets, and court tennis. These games have served to introduce many friends and have brought numerous pleasant associations in playing trips to various eastern cities, including one competitive trip to England.

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JOHN EDWARD PARSONS MORGAN

HOME ADDRESS: Riversville Rd., Greenwich, Conn.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Alfol Insulation Co., Inc., 155 E. 44th St., New York, N. Y.

BORN: Aug. 9, 1895, Lenox, Mass. PARENTS: David Percy Morgan, Edith Parsons.

PREPARED AT: Middlesex School, Concord, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: S.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Anne O. Delafield, Oct. 28, 1918, Lenox, Mass. CHILDREN: Joan Delafield, Aug. 4, 1920; John Edward Parsons, Jr., Aug. 11, 1922; Frederick D. Morgan, April 13, 1927.

HARVARD SON: John Edward Parsons Morgan, Jr., '44.

HARVARD BROTHER: David Percy Morgan, '16.

OCCUPATION: Executive, Insulation and Light Aircraft.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Seaman U. S. Naval Reserve Force when U. S. entered war; appointed ensign; graduated U. S. Naval Academy, Reserve Officers' Training Class and commissioned ensign (temporary) U. S. Navy; assigned to Destroyer *Wainwright* based at Queenstown, Ireland; promoted lieutenant (temporary) and transferred to Destroyer *Ramsay*; to Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa.; resignation accepted Feb. 17, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Assistant vice-president, Bank of the Manhattan Company; assistant to chairman of the board, Union Pacific Railroad; vice-president and treasurer, Alfol Insulation Company, Incorporated; director, Piper Aircraft Corporation; treasurer, National Ski Patrol System, National Volunteer Winter Defense Committee; chairman finance committee, National Ski Association of America.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of New York; Field Club of Greenwich, Connecticut.

JOHNNIE MORGAN learned about "fliers" in Wall Street and how some people got "burned." He is now a director of an aircraft company and an officer of an insulation company. He writes:

THE Navy life on a destroyer was most interesting but not a perfect preparation for the competitive struggle for the pay-check. Three years in Mexico City were fascinating, but not profitable. After messing around for some years listening to Wall Street stories of rapidly accumulating wealth I found the banking business from 1930 to 1936 an interesting study of what happened and how.

Thanks to a love of skiing, I left the banking business for a year and a half of ski promotion at Sun Valley, but apparently

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I am not by nature a hotel keeper. During all this time my family enjoyed life in a mild way but still suffered from the need of larger pay-checks. What a life—if you have it you worry about keeping it; if you haven't you worry about getting it; and you never have enough anyway.

Recent years have been full of the daily problems of business, while I have served in the capacity of director of the Piper Aircraft Corporation and an officer of the Alfol Insulation Company.

Skiing and fishing have given us (I include the family) a great deal of pleasure because they can be enjoyed only in the country and out-of-doors.

I feel that on the whole life has treated me very well. I have a lovely family, seem to be able to feed and house them, and have done a great many things that I wanted to do.

LESLIE ALLEN MORGAN

HOME ADDRESS: 2425 Earl St., Los Angeles, Calif.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Defense Public Works Administration, 408 S. Spring St., Los Angeles, Calif.

BORN: May 25, 1890, Potwin, Kans. PARENTS: Riley Jackson Morgan, Ella Theodocia Graham.

PREPARED AT: Hotchkiss School, Lakeville, Conn.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913–1916. DEGREE: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917 (16).

MARRIED: Marjorie Burdick, Dec. 15, 1917, Kalamazoo, Mich. (divorced 1938); Rosalind Jones, Dec., 1940, Reno, Nev. CHILD: Hugh Burdick, May 21, 1921.

HARVARD SON: Hugh Burdick Morgan, '43.

OCCUPATION: Investment Securities Salesman.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Fort Sheridan, Ill., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Field Artillery; assigned to Headquarters Company, 328th Field Artillery, 85th Division, Sept. 1; promoted 1st lieutenant March 1, 1918; sailed for France July 21; 328th Field Artillery attached to 3d Army Corps at the front; discharged May 3, 1919. Engagements: Toul sector, Meuse-Argonne offensive.

OFFICES HELD: Member various committees, Investment Bankers Association; trustee, Mariners Mission, Detroit; secretary, Michigan National Economy League; vestryman, St. James Episcopal Church, Birmingham, Mich.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Clubs of Michigan, Southern California, New York; Los Angeles Athletic Club; Village Players, Birmingham; various golf and lunch clubs.

PUBLICATIONS: "The Trend of Bond Prices," 1926; *Security Salesmanship*,

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1930-31; various addresses and articles on investments and security selling.

LES MORGAN feels that college friendships are of great importance and he is sorry he hurried through College in three years. His story:

PRESIDENT ELIOT told a group of us Freshmen in the fall of 1913 that any reasonably intelligent student could complete the requirements for a degree in three years — with not over two hours a day of real study. I was greatly impressed by this remark and started in to skip a year. It took more than the two hours' study, but after three swift terms, I found that I had pushed myself right out of College — a premature graduate.

Although a number of our classmates, eager to get into real work, did the same thing, I doubt that we gained much by jumping the gun a year. We probably lost much by giving up the ripened friendships of Senior year. Anyway, in our case the war soon put us all on the same basis, and we started our real careers about mid-1919.

My Hotchkiss schoolmate and college roommate, Doug Campbell, used to say, "Farmer Morgan, the oldest living undergraduate, is 'worming' his way through Harvard and Boston society in three years!" The work was necessary and kept me out of serious mischief. Also, I have always felt that the gracious hostesses of Cambridge and Boston contributed much to my culture and education.

Another influence greater than most of us realized at the time was that of our college friends. In my case it was tremendous. Besides "Wife" Campbell, there was "Rummy" Taylor, the genial, guileless victim of many a practical joke, a sincere friend throughout the years; Frank Fremont-Smith, whose boundless enthusiasm and loyal friendship still endure; Pat Geraghty, wit, tennis enthusiast, apostle of good living; Bill Kelley, pugnacious Tennessean, "busy" manager of the *Crime*, warm friend, terrible foe. Charlie Windsor, José Machado, John Parson, and a host of others added their special flavors to the process. I hereby acknowledge my debt to each of them. Full tuition for this education can never be paid. Andy Dunn and Ken Culbert were two of my great friends and roommates. Association with them

was always pleasant — often inspiring. Both died in action in France, but they live on in our memories.

These remarks may seem unduly reminiscent, but I feel now that most of what we have done during the past twenty-five years has been somewhat conditioned by our college association. Certainly they should be more interesting to you special readers than the following catalogue of my paltry doings:

WAR: Although lacking many of the qualifications of a good soldier, I enjoyed the excitement, travel, and even discipline of the Army. I never worried much about what we were fighting for and had no special ill-will against the Germans — in fact, I liked those I met after the Armistice. High point of my war experience was a three-week A. W. O. L. expedition to Italy in December, 1918. The story of how we smuggled ourselves across the French border, travelling first-class without tickets, enjoying the sights and pleasures of Rome, Naples, Florence, Venice, and Milan, is far more thrilling than that of our helping drive back the enemy on the Meuse-Argonne front. Aside from a little phosgene gassing, my most serious “wound” was mumps — in the old French hospital in Toul. They “went down!” Except for membership in the American Legion, I have had no further military experience.

FAMILY: For about twenty years after the war, we lived in Detroit and a suburb, Birmingham. Our son, Hugh, followed his Dad’s trail to Hotchkiss School and Harvard. His first year’s record was good, but the next year he became impressed with the “futility of it all,” wanted to do “real work,” and finally left at midyears. The dubious distinction of being the first member of our Class to have a son fired from College is tempered somewhat by the knowledge of his independent thinking, his above-average writing and splendid physique.

A combination of business and climate brought our family to California in 1938. Here the wife of my youth and war years decided to live her artist’s life — separately.

Three years of living around clubs were enough for me. Then a tennis, reading, and mountain-climbing friend became my delightful companion. She is a Barnard College graduate, addicted to good reading, horses, and most sports. Her tolerance of the settled bad habits of a half-century-old husband is remarkable.

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BUSINESS: Like many of our generation, I fell right into the bond business from the Army. Selling was easy and profitable and promotions came fully as fast as deserved. My business career followed the usual pattern — salesman, sales manager, vice-president, etc., through trust company, bond house, bank, securities affiliate, and finally into my own firm. Income varied from \$600 to \$24,000 per year.

In spite of the well-known cloud which has over-hung the securities business for most of the past ten years, I have little complaint, because the preceding "golden decade" was as much too good as the present one is too bad. Since 1938 I have been associated with various security houses in Detroit and California.

RECREATIONS: A fine taste in vacations and a love of travel have been the keynotes of our leisure. One trip to Europe in 1930 and various short ones to Canada, Mexico, and Cuba constitute our foreign travels. However, we have crossed the continent by car, air, or train no less than twenty times. Canoe camping trips with Hugh in Ontario and Quebec were great fun in the '20's and early '30's. In recent years I have given up a poor game of golf for equally mediocre tennis, but enjoy it more. Mountain climbing and all-year ocean swimming in California have occupied many weekends. Last summer, at the age of fifty, I climbed Mt. San Jacinto (10,000 feet), San Geronimo (11,500 feet), and finally the tallest hill in this country, Mt. Whitney (14,500 feet).

RELIGION: Arthur Bean, '11, got me into social service work through Brooks House. The interest has lasted. I confess to a feeling of greater satisfaction with my work as trustee of Mariners Mission than as vestryman of our local Episcopal Church. We never made our son attend Sunday School — we knew the teachers too well. Personally, the longer I live, the less competent I feel to teach religion to anyone.

POLITICS: I have voted regularly and been on local municipal committees, but have never held public office. A Democrat, except for Hoover and Coolidge, I have usually been a minority of one in the securities business in recent years. I think F. D. Roosevelt is a great American statesman and am proud to have been graduated from the same liberal college as he!

I have firm faith in American character and destiny. Harvard

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men are not doing enough to shape that destiny, but I predict that before our Thirtieth Reunion we'll all have greater cause than ever to thrill with pride over our relation to the greatest college in the greatest country in the world.

WILLIAM CAROL MORGAN

HOME ADDRESS: 29 Vincent Ave., Belmont, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Potter Press, 515 South St., Waltham, Mass.

BORN: March 20, 1894, Fulton, Ill. PARENTS: Rev. George Emanuel Morgan, Carrie Virginia Brewer.

PREPARED AT: Peabody High School, Peabody, Kans.; Urbana University, Urbana, Ohio.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1912-1914, 1915-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Helen Ruth Metcalf, July 25, 1917, Boston, Mass. CHILDREN: Marjorie Virginia, May 11, 1918; Harold Victor, May 26, 1926.

OCCUPATION: Certified Public Accountant with the Potter Press.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Signal Corps May 10, 1917; assigned to 2d Field Battalion; promoted sergeant July 9; called to active duty Oct. 5, and transferred to Headquarters Detachment, 301st Field Signal Battalion, 76th Division; promoted sergeant-major; sailed for France July 11, 1918; 301st Field Signal Battalion attached to 6th Army Corps at the front; discharged May 31, 1919. Engagement: Marbache sector. Commissioned 2d lieutenant, Signal Reserve Corps.

MEMBER OF: Massachusetts Society of Certified Public Accountants; American Institute of Accountants; various Masonic organizations.

BILL MORGAN'S shorthand has been "applicable" to many tasks he has undertaken. His "Life":

MY business career began, I think at the age of six, when I learned to set type while perched on a high stool on the back porch of my father's house in Rock Island, Illinois. Dad had been taught the "trade" early by his father, and I grew up in the printing business. I taught myself shorthand reporting and after completing high school at the age of sixteen, I followed that line of work in Kansas and Oklahoma. I had reported many speeches, including those of Bryan, Taft, and Teddy Roosevelt, and had worked in the courts in southern Kansas and on oil litigation in Oklahoma long before going to Cambridge.

Family tradition required that I go to the Swedenborgian school in Urbana, Ohio, where I remained two years, exposed to the classical and modern languages, mathematics, and science. Col-

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lege entrance requirements were quite a problem, and I applied to my father's alma mater at Ann Arbor, Michigan, as well as to Harvard College. It was a big moment when a card came from Mr. J. G. Hart notifying me of my admission to Harvard as an unclassified student. In Cambridge I made use of my shorthand in taking lecture notes and in reporting speeches. The funniest, perhaps, was the anniversary dinner of the Menorah Society at the Boston City Club, where I wrestled with the anecdotes of that very rapid speaker, Dean Roscoe Pound of the Harvard Law School, and of a prominent attorney from New York whose jokes turned on the play of words in Hebrew. The chairman of the meeting thought it a great joke on the reporter, but was kind enough to say that blanks had been left at just the proper places for him to insert the Hebrew characters!

The war fever bit me, and with others, I enlisted in the Signal Reserve Corps. In the meantime, I had fallen in love, and after an acquaintance of six weeks we were married. Our twenty-fifth wedding anniversary will be celebrated shortly after the twenty-fifth reunion of the Class of 1917.

After the war I worked in Boston as clerk for Jesse A. Holton, patent attorney, then spent five years with the Merrimac Chemical Company, where I was private secretary to the vice-president and worked through all the jobs in the accounting department. A course in the Bentley night school enabled me to pass the Massachusetts Certified Public Accountant's examination on my first attempt, which gave me no little satisfaction. To tell the truth, however, I had already enrolled for a review course to try it again, when word finally came that I had passed.

I entered public accounting in the office of Schuyler Dillon, Harvard '16, who was then in practice with his father. Late in 1925 I transferred to the Boston office of Lybrand, Ross Brothers & Montgomery, where I spent fifteen years, getting a variety of work, chiefly with banks and insurance companies. In May of 1941 I resigned to take my present position in the accounting department of the Potter Press, where I find myself once more in the printing business.

If I have any hobbies, they are genealogy and the taking of long automobile trips in summer vacations. It is a poor day when

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we do not cover five hundred miles, and only one member of the family drives.

My two aversions are the movies (I never go) and folks who persist in saying "a-plick-able" for "applicable."

Our daughter had two years at Simmons College and two in a business school. She is now employed in a bank in Boston but plans to have a home of her own before long. Our son, who is named for two of my college intimates, Harold Eugene Young, '16, and Victor Hall Vaughan, '18, is a junior in Belmont High School. He hopes to take up aëronautics at Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

My early training in matters of religion has kept me active in church work. I try to attend service each Sunday, have taught in the Sunday School, and serve on various committees. I believe that the profound philosophy of Emanuel Swedenborg, who wrote on the "internal sense" of the Bible, is best summed up in this motto, "All religion has relation to life and the life of religion is to do good."

JOHN JOSEPH MORIARTY

HOME ADDRESS: 38 Gardner St., Allston, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: New England Power Service Co., 441 Stuart St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Dec. 11, 1895, Lawrence, Mass. PARENTS: Michael Moriarty, Anastasia Barry.

PREPARED AT: Lawrence High School, Lawrence, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917.

MARRIED: Margaret Teresa Driscoll, Sept. 22, 1934, Sherborn, Mass. CHILD: John Joseph, Jr., July 11, 1936.

OCCUPATION: Travelling Auditor.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Harvard Unit, Students' Army Training Corps.

MEMBER OF: Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

JOHN MORIARTY believes in universal military training, religion, and his fellow-men. He writes:

A SHORT time after graduation I taught high school, regularly by night and as a substitute by day. I worked nights superintending the unloading of freight cars, running an electric crane (with five minutes' instruction — but that was also wartime), and passing bills against receiving records (all part of one job).

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Then I joined the Army, and what an unsatisfactory spot that was! I thoroughly believe in universal military training. I have never had any objection to hard-boiled sergeants, in or out of the Army. The Purgatory through which ninety-day officers can put a bunch of men eager to do their best is, however, better left undescribed. For the sake of the great body of men who serve, in war or peace, let us have them commanded by men of good character, at least, and let us insist that the commanders know their business. I thank the few professional soldiers I met in the Army for whatever there was in the experience that was not entirely futile.

Since my discharge I have worked as a public accountant, a government tax accountant, and in private accounting, some of it administrative, at which I think I excel, but principally auditing, which I do well but at which I have plenty of peers. So much for my working life.

My personal life has been happy. There have been losses of close relatives and friends, but I have been fortunate in realizing in time that my grief, while entirely natural, was probably compounded principally of my own sense of loss and self-pity, for I have not in any case been other than confident that the persons involved had improved their lot. Also I had what the bombers call a "near miss" myself and learned several things from that.

My selection of relatives, the persons who exercise the greatest influence for good or for ill, has been very fortunate whether they be by blood, by marriage, or by the alchemy that governs the formation of friendship.

Finally, and I suppose most important in the story of a life, in casting up the account I find that I have developed in my understanding and appreciation of man, his Creator, and the works of both. My hopes for myself center on an increase in this understanding and appreciation, for that way lies what I believe to be success.

SIDNEY NEUTON MORSE

HOME ADDRESS: 122 Trenor Drive, New Rochelle, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 120 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

BORN: April 19, 1896, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Joseph Pelansky Morse, Henrietta Peyser.

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PREPARED AT: Public Latin School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917.

MARRIED: Elizabeth Sporborg, April 2, 1924, Port Chester, N. Y. CHILD:
Sidney Neuton, Jr. (Peter), April 16, 1928.

OCCUPATION: Member of the New York Stock Exchange.

MEMBER OF: Quaker Ridge Golf Club.

AFTER reading about his travels, one begins to wonder if Morse is not a refutation of the adage about a rolling stone. His "Life":

AFTER completing my college course at midyears, 1917, the next week found me on the *Empress of Asia* bound for the Orient. This so-called pleasure trip developed into a business trip and, instead of an expected two-month stay in the Far East, I found that my trip dragged out to about three years.

On reaching Manila, I discovered that the condition of affairs of the concern with which I was to become connected upon my return necessitated my staying in the Philippines indefinitely. I never received my diploma in person, but it was mailed to me out to the Orient. I became engaged in various lines of import and export in Manila, taking numerous trips to China, Japan, and southern Siberia. Life out there appealed to me for the first year or so — its novelty was all for which a young man could wish. I learned the language and did all the crazy things that a boy of twenty-one would do. I went down to the southern Sulu Islands group on native Chinese boats, ate exotic foods, and put up with the most primitive accommodations.

After two years the tropical climate took its toll on me, the way it does on every white man, and I had to come back into the temperate zone. Upon my return to America, I became vice-president of the French American Import Company of New York, dealing in various lines of imported merchandise and produce, such as essential oils, gumcopal, hemp, embroideries, laces, hat bodies, and silk.

Being intrigued by Florida, I went down two years before the boom of 1926, and as a result I still have considerable interests in Broward County. About 1926 I first became associated in Wall Street and lately have bought a Stock Exchange seat.

It was just after I came back from the Philippines that I got married. Shortly thereafter we went out West and spent three

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months on horseback with a pack-train in the Rockies, climaxing the trip with a sojourn in Alaska, where we went down the Yukon River to Dawson.

Since then we have taken numerous trips to South America and Canada, as well as the West Indies. In latter years I have become quite devoted to golf and, business in Wall Street being what it has been, it has afforded me a good opportunity to play and somewhat improve my game. In recent years I have done a lot of deep-sea fishing off the coast of Florida and in other West Indian waters. My wife has accompanied me on most of these excursions and lately has been "taking me in regularly" on the golf course. My son Pete, aged thirteen, has started the game as well. He says that he wants to be a Harvard man, so it looks as if there would be another generation of Harvard graduates in my family.

PHILIP REED MORSS

HOME ADDRESS: 164 Chestnut Hill Rd., Chestnut Hill, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Simplex Wire & Cable Co., 79 Sidney St., Cambridge, Mass.

BORN: Jan. 30, 1895, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Charles Anthony Morss, Martha Houghton Reed.

PREPARED AT: Middlesex School, Concord, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Alice Munro, June 14, 1924, Milton, Mass. CHILDREN: Barbara, Aug. 25, 1926; John Munro, Nov. 25, 1928.

HARVARD BROTHERS: Charles Anthony Morss, '19; James Reed Morss, '21.

OCCUPATION: Manufacturer of Electrically Insulated Wire and Cable.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Ambulance driver, American Field Service, Section 3, Aug. 2, 1915, to Jan. 7, 1916, with French Army on Alsace front. Entered service private Sept. 21, 1917; assigned to Headquarters Company, 301st Field Artillery, 76th Division; promoted sergeant Nov. 23; detailed to Officers' Training School, Camp Devens, Mass., Jan. 5, 1918; sailed for France April 16; detailed to Artillery School, Saumur, May 15; commissioned 2d lieutenant Field Artillery July 12; assigned to 330th Field Artillery, 85th Division, in August; discharged April 22, 1919. First lieutenant, Mass. National Guard, Battery B, 101st Field Artillery, 1920-1923.

OFFICES HELD: Vice-president and director, Simplex Wire & Cable Company, Cambridge, Mass.; director, Cambridge Chamber of Commerce.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of Boston; Badminton & Tennis Club of Boston; The Country Club, Brookline, Mass.

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PHIL MORSS modestly states that he has "had the best of luck all around," but we know that ability had something to do with his progress. His "Life":

THE War to End War drew me to Plattsburg in May, 1917. Getting bounced from there gave me a pleasant vacation before being caught in the draft. I spent that coldest ever winter in Camp Devens. I served twenty-one months in the Artillery, including nearly twelve months in France, and established a near record by missing only a dozen nights' sleep in bed.

I served in the 101st Field Artillery Massachusetts National Guard as a lieutenant from 1920 to 1923, mostly under Cliff Farrington, '16. My principal exploit was getting run over by a gun limber on Boston Common while the Battery was firing a salute for the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. I got a broken arm and a hoof print on the slack of my breeches. I remember another saluting day when we were warned that the Bolshies would seize our guns and drag them to the State House to demand their rights, so we went to the Common with our caissons full of night sticks.

In July, 1920, I entered the employ of the Simplex Wire & Cable Company of Cambridge, manufacturers of electrically insulated wire and cable. I have been there ever since, specializing in mechanical and plant engineering. The war boom hit us early in 1940, and now (October, 1941) we are trying hard to keep up with various departments of the government which come around about once a month with bigger and better ideas of what we should produce.

My principal fault is that I work too much and have too little energy for other activities. The high point of each year is the too brief summer vacation. In 1941 I spent my thirtieth at Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts. There I crowd in as much sailing as possible in a very small and lively boat and try to teach my children how to do it. On warm days I match dives from the springboard with C. Norman Fay, '69, but on cool days he dives alone.

My pet aversions are the radio and the drama, but I make an exception to the latter in favor of Gilbert and Sullivan operas.

I just finished another half-page of my opinions concerning the

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state of the nation, but I believe it is safer to have them published in my biography instead of here.

In conclusion I want to say that I have had the best of luck all around. Even so, it is going to take another twenty-five years to make me famous.

EUGENE EVANS MORTON

HOME ADDRESS: 1830 Beacon St., Waban, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Carpenter-Morton Co., 77 Sudbury St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: March 30, 1895, Roxbury, Mass. PARENTS: George Carpenter Morton, Harriet Evans.

PREPARED AT: Roxbury Latin School, Roxbury, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Helen Whitman Leavitt, June 17, 1924, Chicago, Ill.

OCCUPATION: Paint and Varnish Manufacturer; President, Carpenter-Morton Company.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private May 15, 1918; detailed to Officers' Training School, Camp Meade, Md.; transferred to Infantry Central Officers' Training School, Camp Gordon, Ga., in June; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry in August; detailed to Recruit Camp, Camp Greene, N. C.; promoted 1st lieutenant in October and assigned to 810th Pioneer Infantry, Camp Greene; discharged Dec. 14, 1918.

OFFICES HELD: President, Paint and Oil Club of New England, 1936-1938; regional vice-president, National Paint, Varnish & Lacquer Association, 1935-1936, 1941-1942; member executive committee, National Paint, Varnish & Lacquer Association, 1938-1941.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of Boston; Brae Burn Country Club, West Newton, Mass.

GENE MORTON paints a modest picture of his life. He writes:

I HAVE read *H. M. Pulham, Esq.* The satire is too close to be laughed off, so with qualms at trying to be original, I shall set down a few points of minor interest.

I shall start with 1917, a year famous for so many things. All major activities in life turn on a minor incident. Do you remember that in the spring of 1917 Harvard had an epidemic of German measles? My case was extremely light, but I had either to go home or to the Stillman Infirmary. I went home. For this reason I wasn't included in the first great war exodus from Cambridge.

Arriving at the Second Plattsburg Camp with little preliminary training, it was suggested that I might do better in the Air Force, and I joined a group making ready for the long trip to Kelly

Field, Texas. That was when I discovered that I was color blind. Instead of becoming a war ace, I was just another lieutenant.

When the war ended, I took a job trying to sell paint. One day in 1922 I landed in Chicago. It was a routine trip, but there I received a wire from the home office. The Chicago office was not prospering and I was told to stay in Chicago and try to do something about it. Well, you know how it is, a fellow can't work all the time and that is how I met my wife.

I won't bore you about the job. It has been mostly an effort at selling paint, but it is apparent that if you can't sell enough yourself, the next thing is to hire somebody who can. It is needless to comment on conditions which we have had to face, but these were part of the story. First, there were the prosperous (?) twenties, when we were trying to learn what it was all about; then the thirties, when we thought we knew but couldn't make knowledge work, because few had money or the inclination to spend it. Now the forties, when everyone has money but must save it to pay next year's taxes. All this has been affected by many things too, such as a pistol shot at Sarajevo, the misfortunes of a paper-hanger from Vienna, and the ambition of a political liberal from Harvard.

My hobbies are golf, contract, and color photography. About my golf, it is consistently bad but, because it is consistent, it is also competitive. My partner is always the best player in the foursome, my handicap is always the largest. It really isn't a bad arrangement because little things like trees and rocks can even be an advantage on occasion.

Yes, I like to travel, but there hasn't been time to go far. California, the Canadian Northwest, the West Indies, and Central America, together with Florida, tell the story.

This twenty-five-year span of my life has been conventional and largely routine, but I must acknowledge that with all the ups and downs, it has been an exciting period to live through, and there has been a lot of fun. Now, we are again at war to determine whether our kind of living will continue. May our luck hold and the next twenty-five prove as satisfactory as the last.

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FRANCIS LINCOLN MORTON

HOME ADDRESS: 55 Strathmore Rd., Brighton, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 141 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Dec. 25, 1893, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Michael Stanislaus Morton, Mary Elizabeth Driscoll.

PREPARED AT: Public Latin School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Ruth Marie McLean, Oct. 10, 1931, Lake Clear, N. Y. CHILDREN: Mary Elizabeth and Stephen Francis (twins), Nov. 9, 1935.

OCCUPATION: Insurance Broker.

FRANCIS MORTON in 1923 said, "I have been in the insurance business since leaving College." He is still in it, but has changed his office address in Boston since 1937.

JEROME BAYARD MOYER

ADDRESS: 5440 Cass Ave., Detroit, Mich.

BORN: Nov. 11, 1896, Detroit, Mich. PARENTS: Samuel Marks Moyer, Pauline Levy.

PREPARED AT: Detroit University School, Detroit, Mich.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1919. DEGREE: A.B., 1917 (19).

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled seaman 2d class U. S. Naval Reserve Force March 23, 1918; assigned to Naval Training Station, Pelham Bay, N. Y., April 23; released from active duty Dec. 15, 1918.

ALL we can report on Jerome Moyer is that in 1920 he was in the banking business in New York. He hasn't been heard from since, but his latest address is in Detroit.

KERN MOYSE

HOME ADDRESS: 471 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 225 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

BORN: Jan. 5, 1896, Columbus, Ga. PARENTS: Edward Moyse, Caroline Kern.

PREPARED AT: DeWitt Clinton High School, New York, N. Y.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; LL.B. (St. Lawrence Univ.), 1927.

MARRIED: Svala Benediktsson, Oct. 10, 1928, Manhasset, N. Y. (died Aug. 12, 1929); Ruby Saunders, Sept. 19, 1941, New York, N. Y.

OCCUPATION: Insurance.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Nov. 27; assigned to Machine Gun Company, 309th Infantry, 78th Division;

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sailed for France May 20, 1918; promoted 1st lieutenant Nov. 3; discharged June 25, 1919. Engagements: Saint-Mihiel offensive, Limey sector, Meuse-Argonne offensive.

OFFICES HELD: Vice-president and director, Peerless Film Processing Corporation, New York, N. Y.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of New York; Military Order of Foreign Wars; American Legion; Country Club de la Habana, Havana, Cuba.

PUBLICATIONS: "Ballast against the Storm of Taxes," 1935.

KERN MOYSE says that his life began all over again when his wife came into it. We know that his Class Life began when she came into it. Moyse writes:

CLEM'S plea to my wife finally turned the trick. She threatened to write the Life herself and, because of her rather terrifying knowledge of me, I decided I had better do it right away.

There have been dull, empty periods, colorful periods, brilliantly happy periods. Plattsburg in 1916 and 1917 led swiftly to the American Expeditionary Forces, where, as a machine gun officer, I served in defensive operations and two major offensives. And I had a horse for the long marches. On my return I was in the flush Burkburnett oil field, scouting for a pipeline company. The work was rather feverish, and the Texas pony excellent, until I learned the peculiar limitations of alfalfa.

Then, after a brief political interlude, I was in the National Bank of Commerce in New York until late in 1921. The next two years were spent in Cuba in reorganization of a coal importing company, of which I was treasurer and managing director. I travelled the island from Bahia Honda to Guantanamo and built up a rather unique and useful credit file. But the trend of fuel in Cuba was clearly from coal to oil, and I came back to New York. I studied law, was admitted to the Bar, and practised for a while. Then I became treasurer and director of a company manufacturing patented roofing.

There was a good deal of travel from 1924 to 1931, in many parts of Europe and in North Africa. The years 1927 and 1928 were years of great happiness and fullness of living, for in them I met and married Svala. Then came her death and long stays in Iceland and England on a work of dedication I planned in her memory, and the adaptation into appropriate English verse of the

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very great Icelandic poetry of her father. It had to be suspended after much headway, but some day I hope to bring it to completion.

Since 1930 I have been in insurance work. Life was rather unimportantly eventful until 1940. Then life began all over again when Ruby came into it. It has been very right ever since.

WALTER KENT MUNROE

ADDRESS: 39 Drew Rd., Belmont, Mass.

BORN: Oct. 15, 1894, Cambridge, Mass. PARENTS: Nathaniel Munroe, Mary Louise Bailey.

PREPARED AT: Cambridge Latin School, Cambridge, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

UNMARRIED.

OCCUPATION: Free-lance Writing and Advertising Work.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Plattsburg Training Camp, summers of 1915 and 1916.

OFFICES HELD: Director, Franklin P. Shumway Company, Incorporated, Boston, Mass.

MEMBER OF: Masons.

PUBLICATIONS: "Invention and Industry" (Vol. II of "The New Wonder World").

WALTER MUNROE would be completely satisfied if he had to spend all his time fishing and chasing fires. He writes:

TWENTY-FIVE years! Ho-hum! And I've been so busy going nowhere that their passing has hardly been noticed. Physically, there is no doubt that I show the encroachments of middle age. Time has thickened my middle and thinned my top (and I don't mean maybe). The years have brought the usual mixture of good and bad, but a period of one sort of luck has usually averaged up with a compensating quantity of the other, so that on the whole I can't kick much about what has been dealt out.

Wisely or not, I went into the advertising business not too many years after 1917, and stayed with one company until the death of its majority owner forced a closing of its doors. Since then I've scratched along with free-lance writing and the like. I don't make much money, but manage to get a lot of fun out of life.

Under the marriage column in the Class questionnaire I'm unable to record a single score. I'm still occupied with the family

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into which I was born, and am now caring for an aged invalid mother.

Hobbies? Yes — fishing and fires. As confessions seem to be in order, I might as well own up that I'd rather fish than eat. My tastes in this gentle art are catholic. Unlike many anglers, I'll take my fishing as opportunity presents, whether it be dry-fly casting over the streams of Maine, or hand-lining for mackerel off the Massachusetts Coast. I've been chasing fires since I was old enough to sneak out through the bedroom window, and am now perhaps turning this predilection to a useful end as an officer in our local civilian-defense fire service.

The days build into years, and none of us can foresee the future. My only hope is that at our Fiftieth I'll still be able to scribble a few lines, and perhaps to fashion them into a much more interesting report than this current one.

✦ PAUL MYNARD MURDOUGH

BORN: Oct. 31, 1895, Dorchester, Mass. PARENTS: Harry Munroe Murdough, Kitty Ethel Mynard.

PREPARED AT: Public Latin School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917.

DIED: March 14, 1926, Boston, Mass.

FATHER: Harry Munroe Murdough, 25 Windemere Rd., Dorchester, Mass.

PAUL MURDOUGH'S first work following graduation was that of a teacher at Hamden Hall, New Haven, during the year 1917-1918. Here he was successful in teaching English and languages. During the last war the progressive kidney disease which was to cause his early death barred him from military service, but he served as chemist at the Boston Army Supply Base. From 1919 to 1922 he was in the wool business as an agent for the Swift Wool Company of Boston, Chicago, and Toronto. From 1922 to 1925 he was with Alfred Akeroyd, wool brokers in Boston. In 1925 he established a brokerage business under his own name in Boston, which he operated until his death.

Paul's activity of mind and body, his gracious, strong, and cheerful personality strongly bound his friends to him. His example of courage and honor continues to inspire those who knew him and who still hold him in loving memory.

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✠ WALTER AUGUSTINE MURRAY

BORN: Nov. 20, 1895, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Thomas Augustine Murray, Abbie Clifford.

PREPARED AT: Public Latin School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; LL.B., 1920 (21).

UNMARRIED.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled seaman 2d class U. S. Naval Reserve Feb. 11, 1918; assigned to Naval Training Camp, Hingham, Mass., April 16; promoted chief boatswain's mate June 18; entered Officer Material School, Cambridge, Mass.; appointed ensign Oct. 4; assigned to Section Base, Machias, Maine, as executive officer; transferred to 1st Naval District, Boston, Mass.; released from active duty Jan. 30, 1919. DIED: March 5, 1938, Brighton, Mass.

AFTER graduation Murray entered the Law School, taking his LL.B. degree with the Class of 1920. He was admitted to the Massachusetts Bar in September, 1920, and after three years as an associate in the trial office of Hurlburt, Jones & Hall, he was appointed an assistant clerk in the Suffolk Superior Court for criminal business. He held that position until 1929, when he resigned to devote his attention to his own law practice.

In 1934 he re-entered public service when he was appointed a member of the Street Commission of the City of Boston, becoming its chairman in 1937. Upon the death of his brother Francis, he was appointed his successor as Budget Commissioner of the City of Boston. His public service also included a short term as acting chairman in 1937 of the Statistics Department of the City of Boston.

Murray was a member of the Harvard Club of Boston, the Bar Association of the City of Boston, and the American Legion.

Walter Murray was closely associated with his brother, Francis, who had helped guide his career to no little extent. After his brother's death he assumed the responsibilities of his brother's family to whom he was devoted as though they had been his own.

He was a keen student of the affairs of his city and of the politics with which it has always been involved. He gave an enormous amount of time to the many duties of the public offices which he held, studying far beyond the confines of each position conscientiously to be the master of what he undertook. Murray's work and his devotion to his brother and his family, coupled with

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his failing health, left little time or opportunity for widening the circle of friends with whom he was associated in the Latin School, in College, and in the Navy.

R. B. T.

EDWARD PIERCE NAGLE

ADDRESS: Georgetown, Maine.

BORN: June 1, 1893, Revere, Mass. PARENTS: George Braybrooke Nagle, Isabel Dutaud.

PREPARED AT: Dummer Academy, Byfield, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916.

MARRIED: Virginia Parker, 1936, New York, N. Y.

OCCUPATION: Artist — Painter.

EDWARD PIERCE NAGLE has not been heard from since graduation, and we are indebted to his mother for the above information. He has been ill in a hospital in Georgetown, Maine.

OTIS CUSHING NASH

HOME ADDRESS: 121 Haven St., Dedham, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Co., 100 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Jan. 29, 1895, Wellesley Hills, Mass. PARENTS: Arthur Irving Nash, Mary Axford Batchelor.

PREPARED AT: Cambridge High and Latin School, Cambridge, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Theodora B. Roberts, Sept. 17, 1927, Newton, Mass. CHILD: John, March 6, 1932 (adopted).

OCCUPATION: Trust Clerk.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private U. S. Marine Corps July 7, 1917; assigned to 88th Company, 1st Regiment, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa.; transferred to Marine Detachment, Radio Station, Tuckerton, N. J.; to Fort Mifflin, Pa.; discharged Feb. 20, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Treasurer, Dedham Tennis Club.

OTIS NASH likes tennis and brevity. He writes:

AFTER holding several jobs following the first World War, I landed at the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company in their trust department.

My hobby is a game of tennis at the Dedham Tennis Club.

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CLIFTON ELLSWORTH NEAL

HOME ADDRESS: 7 Bellevue Ave., Braintree Highlands, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Old Colony Laundries, Inc., 100 Quincy Ave., Quincy, Mass.

BORN: Jan. 30, 1888, Elmsdale, N. S., Can. PARENTS: James Gilbert Neal, Rebecca Ann McKay.

PREPARED AT: Thayer Academy, Braintree, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Ruth C. Stevens, Nashua, N. H.

OCCUPATION: Laundering and Dry Cleansing.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Seaman U. S. Naval Reserve Force when United States entered the war; called to active duty June 4, 1917, and assigned to Navy Yard, Boston, Mass.; transferred to Naval Training Camp, Bumkin Island, Mass., Oct. 1; to Naval Training Camp, Hingham, Mass., April 9, 1918; promoted chief boatswain's mate June 10; entered Officer Material School, Cambridge, Mass.; appointed ensign Nov. 29; released from active duty Dec. 16, 1918.

OFFICES HELD: Chairman of Publicity, Harvard Club of Quincy.

CLIFTON NEAL was a "solicitor and organizer" for the Equity Coöperative Exchange of St. Paul, Minnesota, and Fargo, North Dakota, in 1923. Our Decennial Report states, "Last known address: Senate Office Bldg., Washington, D. C." and our Vicennial Report, "Assistant to the President of the Old Colony Laundries, Incorporated, Quincy, Massachusetts."

CHARLES HELGE NELSON

ADDRESS: 9 Sawtelle Rd., Fort Point, North Weymouth, Mass.

BORN: Nov. 10, 1892, Dorchester, Mass. PARENTS: Nels P. Nelson, Augusta Lawson.

PREPARED AT: Public Latin School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1914.

MARRIED: Elizabeth G. Chisholm, Sept. 25, 1919, Dorchester, Mass.

OCCUPATION: Mercantile Business.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled chief yeoman U. S. Naval Reserve Force Aug. 30, 1917; assigned to Bath Iron Works, Bath, Maine; rating changed to seaman 2d class June 18, 1918; transferred to Naval Training Camp, Bumkin Island, Mass., in July; to Naval Training Station, Rockland, Mass., in August; promoted chief boatswain's mate Oct. 18; entered Officer Material School, Cambridge, Mass.; appointed ensign Feb. 20, 1919; released from active duty Feb. 21, 1919.

AFTER leaving the Navy the first recorded job of Charles Nelson was one with the American Radiator Company. In 1920 he was

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with the sales promotion department of the Carr Fastener Company of Cambridge, and in 1937 with the United Carr Fastener Company of Hamilton, Ontario, Canada. In 1941 he was living in North Weymouth, Massachusetts, and was the district representative of the South Bend Air Products, Incorporated, of South Bend, Indiana.

ELMER SEVERIN NELSON

ADDRESS: 2311 Pierce St., N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.

BORN: June 8, 1892, Minneapolis, Minn. PARENTS: Severin Nelson, Mary Olson.

PREPARED AT: North High School, Minneapolis, Minn.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917 (18); A.M. (Univ. of Minn.), 1938.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled seaman 2d class U. S. Naval Reserve Force June 13, 1918; assigned to Naval Training Camp, Hingham, Mass.; transferred to Naval Training Camp, Bumkin Island, Mass., July 1; promoted chief boatswain's mate Oct. 1; entered Officer Material School, Cambridge, Mass.; appointed ensign Feb. 20, 1919; released from active duty Feb. 21, 1919.

ELMER NELSON has never been heard from, but we do know that he received the degree of A.M. in history from the University of Minnesota in 1938. These Nelsons are not very communicative.

ROBERT WARRINGTON NEW

ADDRESS: Nacoochee, Ga.

BORN: June 16, 1893, Brooklyn, N. Y. PARENTS: Clarence Herbert New, Rachel Tatum.

PREPARED AT: Manual Training High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1915.

MARRIED: Silva Tipple, March 5, 1918, Mount Vernon, N. Y. (divorced); Teresa Frances Ryan. CHILDREN: Robert Warrington, Jr., March 16, 1919; Silva Katharine, March 23, 1921; Bertrand Latimer, July 28, 1926; Gregory Ryan, Oct. 12, 1928; Ann Dunspagh, Nov. 20, 1934.

OCCUPATION: Research; Letters.

NEW tells about his last twenty-five years so interestingly that one feels sure his new novel should be a success. He writes:

WHEN I found myself in Harvard in 1913, it was too exactly what I had wanted. Two lectures given by Professor G. C. Moore in History 1 that first autumn gave me an

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inspiring hint of the method of research which I shall follow while I live, though I did not begin to understand it until I was twenty-eight, nor make it adequately my own until I was forty-three. My first exposure to the Harvard atmosphere was complicated by nearly all-night bouts of dialectic with Sidis, then a fifteen-year-old senior, and by what was to me an epoch-making, philosophic walk in Mt. Auburn cemetery with Bertrand Russell.

I left undergraduate Harvard, not in the warm June of 1917, but in the slush of a gloomy day in November, 1914. As my roommate and I ducked into the pillbox — he was going to South Station with me — a brass band was playing through the Square on its way to a football game. I expected to come back in February.

For the next six years, however, I lived in sanitariums, out-of-the-way rural boarding houses, and on a little farm of my own in Vermont. All the while I was in pursuit of "absolute rest and exercise." The Army turned up its nose at my physiology, and my military career was nil. During that era my first marriage and first two children happened to me.

During the years 1920–1922 we lived in Rome, which was a lovely place in those days, very little Mussolini being visible. I taught a bit of local topography in a *collegio* for American boys, but for the most part I wandered around the city by myself. I had had no archaeological preparation and began at scratch, letting Rome teach itself to me. Ultra source-method!

In Rome there is scarcely a malodorous alley which fails to lead to a hidden piazza where a fountain plays. And fossils of other eras crop out among the cobbles of the pavement, and protrude from the tinted plaster of house walls. You walk through streets too narrow for traffic, past the Academy of Saint Cecelia, under a gloomy archway, and into the tomb of Augustus where the symphony orchestra plays. In the presence of all these congenial things I was able to come out from my seven years' eclipse, and begin going on where History I and Phil. B and Phil. C had stopped.

My life job of research got under way in 1921, in a manner not so unlike Gibbon — I'd had a sense of vocation from back in mid-high school, which was merely re-awakened in Rome — though I was more thrilled by the old churches sixty feet below

the pavement, and by the Neopythagorean Basilica under the railroad tracks, than by the peak of Ara Coeli. It was not political institutions but interpretative ideas with whose adventures I was concerned.

From 1924 to 1929 — my second period of direct contact with Harvard — I was a householder, first in Watertown and then in Belmont. I lived there solely because of its access to Cambridge. I had no official contact with the University except the permission to prowl in the stacks of Widener and draw out books. Until I was nearly thirty-five I pictured myself going back eventually for my degrees. Since then I've had no time — not because of the pursuit of any external career (I've had none — and very little cash), but because I've been following my own investigations so intensively.

For the next three years we lived in Bavaria — one season in a Munich apartment, in easy reach of the big yellow library, the rest of the time in a little villa, way out the Starnberg electric line. We could look up at the Alps, listen to the deep bell of Benediktbeuren, and watch the ox-sleds draw lumber across the snow. I had intended to stay there for about ten years more, not suspecting the motions of world history, and finding the round of life of the Alpine peasantry the most congenial, non-personal, human environment I have known.

In the year 1933-34 I designed and had built the tile house at the foot of the Blue Ridge in Georgia where we live and where I aspire to grow old undisturbed. You could label the architecture "Italian Palazzo" or "Yankee Barn" according to your mood. The interior finish is more in the genre of barn.

Except for afternoons, when the kids and I scratch in the garden, train grapes on their wires, or gather plums, I inhabit my study on the second floor in company with my library. Around us are 223 acres of Georgia, the majority of which are lumbered woods. I encourage the children to shoot at trespassing dogs who come yowling after rabbits. Since the rabbits keep their mouths shut, I'm entirely on their side.

The nearest house inhabited all the year is almost a mile away, and across the Chattahoochee River. When the river "comes out," which it has done three times in seven years, we're cut off from the outside world. But that rarely lasts a day. I have a

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colored man as farmer, who lives across the river in an African village named Bean Creek. Like myself, he prefers mules and the sweat of mules to patching inner tubes or caressing the entrails of a truck. So we get along.

My central investigation, in *Evolution of Logic*, has had my best hours for twenty years. The other mornings have gone to my avocational books — corollaries of the main research — problems in *History of Culture* at various levels, and most relaxing, several novels. The book which I take most seriously has reached over 400,000 words of technical notes. The main outline is formed, but many problems are still unsolved, and innumerable details remain to be filled in.

Of the eleven novels which I've written and then re-written, one should be ready to seek its fortune before the end of 1941, and another by next year. I like the idea of completing one annually after that, but I am very used to seeing this type of dream evaporate.

My first marriage ended in Reno. I wasn't there, but they sent me a nice crinkly document with pink ribbons. My second marriage and its little fruits are flourishing.

Nothing is easier to tell than my pet aversions. As a starter: all the Wonders of the Age of Invention which make a row. I'd joyfully give up every benefit I could get from airplane, radio, or car for the boon of having them cease to be, and for the chance to listen to the things for which ears were made — crickets, hoot owls, and rustling corn. (At date of writing — August, 1941 — katydids still hold their own against the twentieth century.) Beyond even the noises which invade, I detest books in which the learning is glib and showy, or the precision stylistically flavorless.

Our cows graze right up to the terrace of the house and give us three acres of passable lawn without a lick of work pushing the grass cutter. “. . . et je me tiendray tousiours plus obligé a ceux, par la faveur desquels je jouiray sans empeschement de mon loisir, que je ne ferois a ceux qui m'offriroient les plus honorables emplois de la terre.” (Written, it is worth remembering, during the Thirty Years' War.)

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917

GERALD TAFT NICHOLS

ADDRESS: 7 Chester St., Danvers, Mass.

BORN: Oct. 4, 1895, Bath, Maine. PARENTS: Elijah Baxter Nichols, Bertha Louise Taft.

PREPARED AT: Holten High School, Danvers, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916.

MARRIED: Marie Foster MacGowan, Feb. 19, 1930, Cambridge, Mass. CHILD: Gerald MacGowan, Dec. 14, 1934.

OCCUPATION: Consulting Chemist, Specializing in Leather Finishes.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: U. S. Naval Reserve Force, 1918-1919.

MEMBER OF: A. F. & A. M.

GERALD NICHOLS did not send in a "Life" but he graciously returned two questionnaires. Your Secretary lost the first one as it was sent in a suit to the tailor — thereby becoming the first Questionnaire to go to press.

✦ RICHARD HASKINS NICHOLS

BORN: Feb. 13, 1895, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Wendell Lloyd Nichols, Anna Wood Haskins.

PREPARED AT: Noble and Greenough School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1914.

HARVARD BROTHER: Lloyd Nichols, '19.

DIED: Dec. 29, 1914, Barnstable, Mass.

BROTHER: Lloyd Nichols, 43 Sumner Rd., Brookline, Mass.

DICK NICHOLS entered Harvard with the Class of 1917. Classmates recall him as a lover of nature and the adventurous outdoor type of life, rather than the more formal games and sports. At tennis, however, he was well above the average in skill; and in 1912 he spent the summer abroad, playing a great deal of golf on the famous Scottish links.

Dick roomed in Randolph with William St. A. Stearns. In previous years they had made several trips to Canada on hunting and fishing trips; and in the Christmas vacation of their Sophomore year had planned to go duck-shooting in Barnstable harbor. Dick went down ahead, with another friend, and early on the morning of December 29, went out alone in a "sneak-box." It was cold and foggy, and when he did not return by mid-afternoon, a search was made. He was found frozen to death in the boat, which had apparently capsized some hours before, and which he

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had righted and bailed out. The oars had drifted away, and he was unable to reach the shore.

L. N. '19

✠ GLADWYN KINGSLEY NOBLE

BORN: Sept. 20, 1894, Yonkers, N. Y. PARENTS: Gilbert Clifford Noble, Elizabeth Adams.

PREPARED AT: New York Military Academy, Cornwall, N. Y.; Yonkers High School, Yonkers, N. Y.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917; A.M., 1918; PH.D. (Columbia Univ.), 1921.

MARRIED: Ruth Elizabeth Crosby, Aug. 13, 1921, Hartford, Conn. CHILDREN: Gladwyn Kingsley, Jr., Nov. 10, 1923; Alan Crosby, Sept. 5, 1926.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled seaman 2d class U. S. Naval Reserve Force April 11, 1918; assigned to Naval Training Camp, Hingham, Mass., April 16; appointed ensign Oct. 14; assigned to Communication Section Office of Chief of Naval Operations, Washington, D. C., Nov. 8; released from active duty Dec. 5, 1918.

DIED: Dec. 9, 1940, Englewood, N. J.

WIDOW: Mrs. Gladwyn K. Noble, 209 Sunset Rd., Englewood, N. J.

AT the time of his death, which resulted from a streptococcus infection of the throat, Noble was curator of herpetology and experimental biology at the American Museum of Natural History in New York City. He was well known for his studies of snakes and lizards, and popularized scientific knowledge about them. Under his direction the department of herpetology and experimental biology developed into two of the most vital in the work of the American Museum. The Hall of Living Reptiles was built under his supervision, and was opened to the public in 1927. Many years of research work in the experimental biology laboratories under his charge resulted in the Hall of Animal Behavior, opened in 1939, where the exhibits attempt to reveal the mental life of familiar animals, based upon psychological and physiological research.

Noble's interest in natural history had already manifested itself while he was in high school. When he was but twenty years of age he headed an expedition to Guadeloupe, one of the Leeward Islands of the West Indies, that was sponsored by Harvard University. The next summer he headed another expedition to study wild life in Newfoundland. In 1916 he was the zoölogist attached

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to another Harvard University expedition, this time penetrating the jungles of Peru. After his graduation from Harvard he became assistant of the American Museum's department of herpetology. He was made curator in 1924 and four years later he became curator also of the Museum's department of experimental biology. He was also a lecturer on herpetology at Columbia University and in 1931 was visiting professor of zoölogy at the University of Chicago, and in 1939 visiting professor in biology at New York University. He was a member of the advisory board of the New York Aquarium.

Noble's scientific publications included "The Biology of the Amphibia" and several scientific papers in herpetology, ornithology, neurology, anatomy, and phylogeny of vertebrates, amphibian life history, endocrinology and experimental morphology. His studies led him to support the hypothesis that in the animal kingdom color is used to terrorize other males rather than to lure the opposite sex. This view is opposed to the Darwinian belief of the function of color in natural selection.

On several occasions Noble searched for rare aquatic chameleons in western Cuba and for tropical reptiles and amphibians in Santo Domingo. He had explored many of the caves throughout the United States in his study of salamanders.

He was a member of the American Society of Biologists, the American Association of Anatomists, the American Society of Naturalists, the New York Academy of Sciences, the Zoölogical Society of London, the Galton Society, and the American Philosophical Society. He was an associate editor of the *Journal of Morphology*.

MARK NOBLE

HOME ADDRESS: 250 LaSalle Ave., Piedmont, Calif.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 2910 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Calif.

BORN: June 25, 1894, San Francisco, Calif. PARENTS: Francis Lister Hawks Noble, '88, Alwina Franck Leidy.

PREPARED AT: Noble and Greenough School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Delia Sprague Bowen, Nov. 16, 1918, Minneapolis, Minn. CHILDREN: Betsy, Oct. 13, 1919; Mark, Jr., Aug. 1, 1923.

OCCUPATION: Sales Engineer, Baldwin Locomotive Works and Pullman-Standard Car Manufacturing Company.

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MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled seaman 2d class U. S. Naval Reserve Force Nov. 23, 1917; assigned to Naval Aviation Detachment, Mass. Inst. Tech.; to Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Fla.; qualified as Naval Aviator; appointed ensign and assigned to Naval Air Station, Dunwood Inst., Minneapolis, Minn.; released from active duty Jan. 18, 1919.

MEMBER OF: University Club, San Francisco, Calif.; Diablo Country Club, Mt. Diablo, Calif.

FOR twenty-two years Mark Noble has lived in the same house "overlooking San Francisco Bay and the Golden Gate." His business slogan seems to be "everything that runs on rails." He writes:

UPON graduating from College in the early spring of 1917, thanks to the war and the beneficent passing grades accorded to all those entering the service, I joined the Navy, where I did some flying which still makes me shudder in the light of present-day aviation technique.

After the close of the war, I followed Horace Greeley's suggestion, going west to the redwood lumbering district of northern California, where I found that while the hardy life of Paul Bunyan is romantic in fiction, it soon became evident to me that gaining a livelihood by the use of my brain, provided that I had any, would lead to a more secure and happy future.

A steamship firm in San Francisco offered the opportunity I was looking for and, as luck would have it, this concern also represented the Baldwin Locomotive Works. No one in particular was handling the locomotive end of the business, and it was turned over to me. That was in 1919 and now, twenty-three years later, I am still peddling engines, for the last sixteen years as a direct representative. In addition to the sale of locomotives I also became connected about fifteen years ago with the Pullman-Standard Car Manufacturing Company, which broadened my field to include practically everything that runs on rails.

My domestic life has been most tranquil. My wife has gained considerable prominence as a gardener, while I have served chiefly in the capacity of the resident engineer.

My daughter, after graduating from Rosemary Hall in Greenwich, Connecticut, completed two years at Mills College and then decided that she was fully educated, a conclusion somewhat open to debate. My son graduates from school this year.

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From the foregoing, you can readily see that my literary ability is quite limited, although I have had published in trade journals a number of technical and historical articles on the motive power of the western railroads.

GEORGE FRANCIS NOLTE

HOME ADDRESS: 16 Love Lane, Weston, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: National City Bank of New York, 55 Wall St., New York, N. Y.

BORN: May 26, 1895, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: George Henry Nolte, Evelyn Taylor White.

PREPARED AT: Mamaroneck High School, Mamaroneck, N. Y.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917.

UNMARRIED.

OCCUPATION: Officer of the National City Bank of New York.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered service private Infantry April 27, 1918; assigned to Medical Detachment, 301st Ammunition Train, 76th Division, May 25; sailed for France July 12; promoted private 1st class Sept. 9; transferred to Medical Detachment, 54th Infantry, 6th Division, Dec. 15; discharged June 18, 1919.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of New York.

GEORGE NOLTE has hitched his hobby to a star, but as yet has not had enough time to ride it. He writes:

AFTER graduation in 1917 I took a position with the National City Bank of New York, and except for a year's absence in 1918-1919 in military service, I have been with that bank ever since. The time has gone all too fast. If only some benefactor of humanity might contrive a method of slowing down the later years, so that a year in middle life might be even half or a quarter as long as a year in childhood and youth!

My hobby is astronomy, as it always has been, and I am keeping my interest in it fresh in the hope that some day I can really devote adequate time to it. Another special interest is in keeping up the old home in Weston, which I still call my permanent address, although I can't be there much nowadays, except in summer.

I probably take too philosophical a view in looking at present disturbing world events. I'm rather proud to be one of the early graduates of Harvard, one who studied there during the first three hundred years of her history. And no wonder things are unsettled and a bit primitive today. This is "way back in 1942."

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RICHARD HORTON NORRIS, JR.

HOME ADDRESS: 2540 N. Lake Drive, Milwaukee, Wis.

OFFICE ADDRESS: R. H. Norris & Son, 425 E. Wisconsin Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

BORN: Nov. 7, 1894, Milwaukee, Wis. PARENTS: Richard Horton Norris, Margaret Watson Allis.

PREPARED AT: Milton Academy, Milton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1915.

MARRIED: Anne Elizabeth Hatton, Dec. 30, 1919, Milwaukee, Wis. CHILDREN: Katherine Elizabeth, April 8, 1921; Anne Elizabeth, Sept. 15, 1923; Richard Horton, 3d, Jan. 14, 1930.

HARVARD BROTHERS: William Allis Norris, '18; Thomas Wyatt Norris, '24; Frank Watson Norris, '28.

OCCUPATION: General Insurance.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Troop C, 1st Wisconsin Cavalry, April 25, 1917; promoted corporal in May; organization federalized and designated Battery C, 120th Field Artillery, 32d Division, in October; sailed for France March 4, 1918; wounded July 17; promoted sergeant in August; discharged May 16, 1919. Engagements: Haute-Alsace sector, Marne-Aisne, Aisne-Oise and Meuse-Argonne offensives. Cited in general orders Headquarters 88th Division, A. E. F.

OFFICES HELD: Secretary, Milwaukee Country Club, Milwaukee Curling Club, University Club of Milwaukee; treasurer, Oconomowoc Lake Club.

MEMBER OF: University Club of Milwaukee; Town Club; Oconomowoc Lake Club; Milwaukee Curling Club; Harvard Club.

DICK NORRIS briefly states his vocation and avocation:

AFTER leaving College in the spring of 1915, I started to work for my father in the general insurance business, where I have remained ever since with the exception of my two years in the Army. Occasionally I come to Boston, where I have business connections, and pay a visit to Cambridge, but I can hardly recognize the place any more.

My chief recreations are tennis in the summer and curling and stamp-collecting during the long winter months.

ALFRED BARHAM NORTH

HOME ADDRESS: 290 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Wortham & North, Inc., 515 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

BORN: Aug. 14, 1895, Narragansett Pier, R. I. PARENTS: Franklin Haven North, Adabel Strebeigh.

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PREPARED AT: Allen-Stevenson School, New York, N. Y.; Syms School, New York, N. Y.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917, 1918-1919. DEGREE: A.B., 1917 (20).

MARRIED: Sydney Frances Upton, Feb. 7, 1941, New York, N. Y.

OCCUPATION: Investment Counsel; Vice-president, Wortham & North, Incorporated.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: U. S. Marine Corps Feb., 1917, to Dec., 1918.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of New York.

ALF NORTH gives a summary which is briefly and strictly septentrional:

IN the fall of 1919 I entered the employ of the Guaranty Trust Company and was with the Trust Department for three years. I was then transferred to the Bond Department and remained there until June, 1934, when I left to become a partner of H. F. Wortham & Company, investment counsellors.

CECIL JUNIOR NORTH

HOME ADDRESS: Hewlett, Long Island, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., 1 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

BORN: Nov. 15, 1894, Kansas City, Mo. PARENTS: Cecil Barham North, Elizabeth Cecile Keating.

PREPARED AT: Manual Training High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREE: S.B. *cum laude*, 1917 (18).

MARRIED: Adelaide Edyth Marler, April 9, 1928, Montreal, P. Q., Canada.

CHILDREN: Cecil Junior, Jr., Jan. 19, 1931; Mary Adelaide, Aug. 23, 1933; Sally Beatrice, June 25, 1935.

OCCUPATION: Vice-president, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Commissioned 2d lieutenant Field Artillery May 13, 1917; assigned to Headquarters Troop, 19th Cavalry, Provisional Field Artillery, Fort Ethan Allen, Vt.; promoted 1st lieutenant Jan. 21, 1918, and transferred to 77th Field Artillery, 4th Division; sailed for France in May; transferred to Headquarters 4th Field Artillery Brigade, 4th Division; promoted captain Nov. 13; with Army of Occupation, Germany; discharged Sept. 28, 1919. Engagements: Château-Thierry, Marne-Aisne, Saint-Mihiel, and Meuse-Argonne offensives.

OFFICES HELD: Vice-president and member Board of Directors, 5 Towns Community Chest; director, American College of Life Underwriters, Life Insurance Sales Research Bureau, Long Island Symphony Orchestra; associate chairman Disaster Relief, 5 Towns Red Cross.

MEMBER OF: Rockaway Hunting Club; Cedarhurst Yacht Club; Harvard Club of New York; New York Chamber of Commerce; Hewlett Badminton Club.

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CECIL NORTH tells several things about his life during the last twenty-five years, but he says, "My political, social, and economic views are CENSORED for the duration." His "Life":

AFTER returning from Germany, where I had been with the Army of Occupation, I stayed in the regular Army until October, 1919, when I resigned. The following fall I returned to Cambridge to complete my work in the Graduate School of Business Administration. Simultaneously I entered the employ of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, with which I have been associated ever since.

During the years 1924 to 1928 I lived in Ottawa and Montreal, Canada — happy years, with many months of winter skiing and summer months at the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club. In 1927 I visited England, France, Switzerland, and Italy. The big thrill was being at Le Bourget when Lindbergh arrived. While in Montreal I married Adelaide Edyth Marler, daughter of Sir Herbert and Lady Marler.

In 1929 I moved to New York and since then I have been living at Hewlett, Long Island, where I busy myself with golf, sailing, Community Chest, Red Cross, the Opera, and keeping up with my children.

CYRIL DEXTER NORTON

ADDRESS: Chilmark, Mass.

BORN: Aug. 7, 1893, Chilmark, Mass. PARENTS: Charles Mayhew Norton, Malvina Mayhew Tilton.

PREPARED AT: Tabor Academy, Marion, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1915, 1916-1918. DEGREES: A.B., 1917 (18); LL.B. (Suffolk Law School), 1926.

MARRIED: Goldie Garfield West, Feb. 21, 1920, Bronx, N. Y. CHILDREN: Bower Dexter, April 5, 1923 (died Nov. 3, 1927); Valerie Elizabeth, Nov. 21, 1928; Alan Tilton, Oct. 4, 1938.

OCCUPATION: "A Casual."

OFFICES HELD: Town Clerk of Chilmark since 1936; head of history department, Peters High School, Southboro, Massachusetts; head of English department, Stetson High School, Randolph, Massachusetts.

CYRIL NORTON is a devotee to the scythe. Concerning same he once wrote your Secretary, "As physical labour I know of no other work at which I am more proficient. I really enjoy it, once

I get my pipe well lit, my scythe whetted to suit me, and good clear mowing ahead of me.” In the following he has figuratively gripped his scythe and done some mowing:

MY life since graduation hasn't amounted to much. I had to pay off \$2400, and engaged in teaching for the next fourteen years as the quickest way to do it. For the past nine years I've been living at home, farming mostly, with a bit of commercial fishing mixed in. I had to come home on my mother's account. She is now nearly eighty-eight years old. Now, when conditions have ironed themselves out and I can leave home, I'm too old — forty-eight years — to be acceptable either as a teacher or as a laboratory technician, for which I prepared in later years at Harvard Medical School.

My family life finds me with my mother, wife, a daughter nearly thirteen years old, a son nearly three years old, and myself as the human elements. There is no place that I know of more healthful to live in than the Vineyard, with its open country, seashore, hills, woods, salt and fresh water ponds. The boy is naturally the king — His Majesty so to speak! My older boy would be eighteen years old had he lived. His loss was one of the little hells we experience on this earth, although I'm not so sure that life is worth living at that.

I have never travelled — couldn't.

My hobbies are surf-bathing, modest figure-skating, and pipe-smoking. My social, religious, and political convictions are more or less allied. If people lived up to the Tolstoian “brotherhood of man” idea, the world would be a lot happier. In religion I'm an agnostic and a skeptic, and expect to remain so. Organized charity, frozen and iced, done in the name of a cold, statistical Christ is a good definition of most so-called religious groups. With all the fakes, quacks, social insecurity, and asinine creeds, which are mostly susceptible to greed and disregard of the other fellow, I'm afraid for the future of our form of government. The millionaire group has controlled and slowly secured a throttle hold on all industry, but the unrest of the unions may, in clashing with that group, bring about an internal explosion of tremendous proportions — perhaps a general revolution, bloodless or otherwise, and a dictatorship.

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RICHARD ALLEN NOTT

HOME ADDRESS: 3993 48th St., Sunnyside, Long Island, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: American Tel. & Tel. Co., 32 Sixth Ave., New York, N. Y.

BORN: Nov. 28, 1895, Cambridge, Mass. PARENTS: Charles Emerson Nott, Rosamond Heath.

PREPARED AT: Public Latin School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1914, 1919-1921. DEGREE: A.B.† 1917 (21).

UNMARRIED.

OCCUPATION: Accountant, Long Lines Department, American Telephone & Telegraph Company.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private U. S. Army Ambulance Service June 14, 1917; assigned to Section 512; sailed for France Aug. 7; unit served with French Army until Oct., 1918; with Italian Army Oct., 1918, to March, 1919; discharged April 26, 1919. Engagements: Chemin des Dames offensive, Flanders defensive, Champagne defensive, Aisne-Ardenne offensive. Awarded Croce al Merito di Guerra. 107th Infantry, New York National Guard 1924-1941 (discharged as captain for physical disability); Major, 7th Regiment New York Guard since 1941.

MEMBER OF: Organizations affiliated with the 7th Regiment.

OUR records show that Richard Nott has been with his present employer since 1923.

AMES NOWELL

HOME ADDRESS: 1311 Brightwaters Blvd., Snell Isle, St. Petersburg, Fla.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 401 Hall Bldg., St. Petersburg, Fla.

BORN: Dec. 30, 1892, Newton, Mass. PARENTS: George Manning Nowell, Anne Lee Ames.

PREPARED AT: Manlius School, Manlius, N. Y.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1915.

MARRIED: Margaret Anna Laura Harrison, March 7, 1916, London, England (divorced Nov. 6, 1933); Iris Olive Calder, Aug. 23, 1934, Amherst, N. H. CHILD: Lawrence Ames, April 28, 1917.

HARVARD SON: Lawrence Ames Nowell, '39.

OCCUPATION: Christian Science Practitioner; Certified Public Accountant.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted, appointed private 1st class Jan. 5, 1917; detailed to Officers' Training School, Camp Lee, Va.; transferred as sergeant to Field Artillery Replacement Depot, Camp Jackson, S. C., May 5; commissioned 2d lieutenant unassigned June 1; detailed to School of Fire, Fort Sill, Okla.; commissioned 2d lieutenant Field Artillery Sept. 13 and to Air Service Radio School, Columbia University; discharged Dec. 5, 1918.

MEMBER OF: Eastern Yacht Club.

AMES NOWELL is fortunate inasmuch as he not only has found

"health and happiness" but also has helped others to achieve it. He writes:

WHY anyone should wish to immortalize my life in print is a major mystery, if not an insoluble one. I suspect that it is merely a question of statistics, and that our Class Secretary's interest in my tale is not unduly personal. However, being desirous of helping my brother in his worthy activities, I submit the following comments, confident in the knowledge that no one will read beyond this point, if even this far.

I have been advised that I was born in Newton, Massachusetts, on December 30, 1892, though the medico in charge, having a supreme contempt for statistics, failed to make note of this important event in the official records. Not being in a position to testify of my own knowledge on this matter, the source of my information being purely hearsay, the evidence is probably inadmissible.

There then followed an interesting succession of educational institutions, from most of which I escaped without undue damage. For the benefit of the record I submit the following list: Fay School, Southboro, Massachusetts; Noble and Greenough, Boston, Massachusetts; Manlius School, Manlius, New York; and a postgraduate intermission at Volkmann's, Boston.

Oh, yes! I almost forgot Harvard! Come to think of it, I enjoyed my sojourn there immensely, and departed with a solid conviction that I had extracted therefrom the full quota of useful information to which Dean Briggs made reference when he stated that five per cent of what one would gain by attending Harvard in those days would be the result of one's study, whereas the remaining ninety-five per cent would be distributed between athletic prowess and friendships. However, that golden period of intellectual growth was, peculiarly enough, to bless me in later years. I had taken Philosophy A and B in my Freshman year, and although I was markedly hazy on such trifles as the lives and philosophies of the ancient worthies, I had perceived something of philosophical reasoning — something of the way in which those not entirely satisfied with externals were able to analyze available facts to the end that reasonable and beneficial conclusions might be achieved.

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Necessarily, growth along these lines took time. The unsatisfying nature of a material sense of existence had to be seen in its proper perspective with relation to those spiritual qualities which are lasting and productive of permanent good. Following this growth in perception, it became evident to me that reliance upon human and material methods for the successful attainment of one's proper hopes and aspirations was equivalent to leaning on "broken reeds," for the very substance of that which is human and material contains within its finite self the seeds of its own destruction. Therefore, I naturally and inevitably turned to Christian Science as the only practical, logical, and scientific way in which to meet and overcome the problems of daily living. In the study and practice of this Science I have found health and happiness for myself and have been able to help others to health and happiness through my understanding of its principle and law.

Professor Eddington of Cambridge University, England, has stated:

"Of the intrinsic nature of matter, science knows nothing and never can know anything. Of what matter is science tells us nothing. For all we know matter may itself be mental. The old view, therefore, that atoms or electrons are the ultimate reality and that by interacting one on another, in accordance with the laws of nature, they produce our minds, with all their hopes and aspirations, has no longer any scientific basis.

"Another bugbear that many artists and religious people have found so depressing, the iron laws of nature, also acquire an entirely new status as the result of recent scientific work. It can be shown that these laws are the results of the mind's own action. The laws of nature are not something imposed upon an independently existing universe from without. Indeed, not only the laws of nature, but space and time and the material universe itself, are constructions of the human mind. To an altogether unsuspected extent the universe we live in is the creation of our own minds. The nature of it is forever outside scientific investigation. If we are to know anything of that nature it must be through something like religious experience."

Many years before the learned professor arrived at the foregoing conclusions, Mary Baker Eddy, the discoverer and founder of Christian Science, had written on page 469 of her textbook, *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures*, this arresting statement: "Matter is a human concept."

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While it is interesting to note the gradual reconciliation between physical science and Christianity as evidenced by the foregoing quotations, the mere recognition of the insubstantiality of matter would be valueless were it not for the freedom which comes as a result of greater spiritual understanding, always an outgrowth of the conscientious study of Christian Science. I cannot recommend its study too highly, having myself seen the remarkable physical healing of diseases which doctors term incurable, and the greatly improved circumstances of those who rely upon the power of God for abundance, activity, and health.

IRVING OBERMAN

HOME ADDRESS: 322 Westwood Rd., Woodmere, Long Island, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Oberman & Co., 469 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.

BORN: Aug. 8, 1893, Elmira, N. Y. PARENTS: Harry Oberman, Augusta Kaye.

PREPARED AT: Eastern District High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1915-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Isabel Becker, Sept. 10, 1922, Brooklyn, N. Y. CHILDREN: Joyce Selda, June 11, 1927; Carol Kaye, April 13, 1930.

OCCUPATION: Mercantile Business.

OFFICES HELD: Member Board of Trustees, Woodmere Academy, Woodmere, Long Island, N. Y.

IN 1920 Irving Oberman was a field engineer for the Cement Association. Since then he has been with the textile company with which he is now associated.

WILLIAM AUGUSTINE O'BRIEN

HOME ADDRESS: 348 N. Quaker Lane, West Hartford, Conn.

OFFICE ADDRESS: c/o Albert Steiger, Inc., Hartford, Conn.

BORN: Nov. 27, 1894, Brookline, Mass. PARENTS: Timothy Joseph O'Brien, Johanna Shanahan.

PREPARED AT: Brookline High School, Brookline, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Alice Lawler, Oct. 5, 1925, Elmwood, Conn. CHILDREN: Gregory, Jan. 3, 1930; Carol and William (twins), Dec. 19, 1932.

OCCUPATION: Restaurateur.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Appointed ensign U. S. Naval Reserve Force July 15, 1918; assigned to Aviation Section, Bureau of Ordnance, Washington, D. C.; released from active duty Feb. 21, 1919.

MEMBER OF: University Club of Hartford.

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BILL O'BRIEN quotes Eliot about food, and he may be interested to know that Dr. Johnson said, "A man seldom thinks with more earnestness of anything than he does of his dinner." O'Brien's story:

TWO years in naval aviation ordnance and five "on the road" as a salesman led me to resolve to settle down in the best city I was ever in — Hartford, Connecticut. One of the few businesses I could swing with my slender savings, and one which I thought in my travels was in need of tremendous improvement, was the restaurant business. Accordingly, in 1923 I took the plunge, and here I am!

It was eighteen years later that I discovered a Harvard justification for entering the food business. In *The Durable Satisfaction of Life* Charles William Eliot tells of an elderly lady who was asked on her death-bed what she considered the "durable satisfactions of life," and promptly replied, "My vittles, sir, my vittles!"

To the industry I have contributed new high standards of cleanliness, of labor relations, and of scientific production.

Excepting only the medical profession, I know of no better vantage point than the food business from which to observe the social revolution through which we are passing, to study its causes, to anticipate its effects, and thus to avoid its more agonizing accompaniments.

At home we have a long latch-string, which always hangs out for any member of the Class of 1917.

KENNETH SEYMOUR OLIVIER

BORN: March 20, 1894, New Bedford, Mass. PARENTS: George Louis Olivier, Martha Virginia Perry.

PREPARED AT: Powder Point School, Duxbury, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1914.

OCCUPATION: Real Estate.

KENNETH OLIVIER has never sent in any information about himself for any of our Reports, but mail addressed to him in care of his family in Webbs Mills, Maine, had always been accepted until two months ago. In 1929 his father reported to the Harvard Alumni Directory that Kenneth was in the real estate business.

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Inquiries in Ventura, California, and New Bedford, Massachusetts, where other members of the family still live, have produced no information about our classmate and we have now added him to our list of "lost" men.

LEONARD OPDYCKE

HOME ADDRESS: 10 W. Cedar St., Boston, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

BORN: Jan. 5, 1895, Nice, France. PARENTS: Leonard Eckstein Opdycke, '80, Edith Bell.

PREPARED AT: Groton School, Groton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B. *summa cum laude*, 1917; A.M., 1920.

MARRIED: Mrs. Frances Linzee (Prescott) Adams, July 7, 1924, Boston, Mass.

CHILD: Leonard Emerson, May 22, 1929, Boston, Mass.

OCCUPATION: Associate Professor of Fine Arts.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled seaman 2d class U. S. Naval Reserve Force Dec. 12, 1917; assigned to Naval Training Camp, Hingham, Mass.; entered Officer Material School, Cambridge, Mass.; appointed ensign and assigned to U. S. S. *President Grant* on transport duty; released from active duty Jan. 20, 1919.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of New York; Harvard Faculty Club.

LEONARD OPDYCKE'S interest was expressed by Longfellow when he wrote:

*"My soul is full of longing
For the secret of the sea,
And the heart of the great ocean
Sends a thrilling pulse through me."*

AFTER service at sea during the war, I returned to Cambridge in the autumn of 1919 for a year of graduate study, and received an A.M. degree in the spring of 1920. I was asked to do some teaching in the following year, and, although I had no definite thought of making teaching my permanent occupation, I did in fact remain at Harvard as time went on, and I am now an associate professor in the Department of Fine Arts. My special field has been the art of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and particularly Baroque and Rococo architecture.

Apart from four trips to Europe in the happier 1920's, I have led a quite unvarying, academic existence, with summers spent

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mainly at Mount Desert. My chief interest has always been the Navy, and my special pleasure the collecting of naval photographs and data. More recently I have enjoyed a renewed study of navigation and have done some teaching of that subject. My principal dislikes are comprehensive and consistent — Nazism, Communism, and the New Deal.

It has always seemed a privilege to be allowed to serve the University, and I now feel that if the times unexpectedly should permit it, the most welcome of destinies would be to spend the next twenty years, like the last, at Harvard.

JOHN PATRICK O'RIORDEN

ADDRESS: R. F. D. 1, Box 162, Largo, Fla.

BORN: March 29, 1895, Charlestown, Mass. PARENTS: Jeremiah Patrick O'Riorden, Delia Aloysius Mahoney.

PREPARED AT: Berkeley Preparatory School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1914.

MARRIED: Dorothy Marie Dutton, April 23, 1924, Brookline, Mass. CHILDREN: Jeanne Marie, Nov. 23, 1929; John Jeremiah, Feb. 6, 1934.

OCCUPATION: Real Estate.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted in Navy, 1917; commissioned ensign, Harvard Ensign School, 1918; attached to U. S. S. *San Diego* until sunk July 19, 1918; promoted lieutenant (junior grade); released 1919. Commissioned lieutenant Naval Reserve, 1927.

OFFICES HELD: Vice-president and director, Charlestown Trust Company, 1916-1929, Charlestown Coöperative Bank, 1916-1925; treasurer, Eastbrooke Corporation, 1933-1938.

MEMBER OF: War Society of the Cruiser and Transport Force; American Legion; Indian Rocks Beach Post No. 128, Florida. Former member, Belmont Springs Country Club; Brattleboro Country Club; Engineers Club of Boston; Boston Chamber of Commerce; Boston City Club; University Club of Boston; Royal Bermuda Yacht Club; Army and Navy Club of Boston.

THIS is the first report we have had from John O'Riorden, and we are glad to have him back in the fold.

WILLIAM R. OSGOOD

HOME ADDRESS: 3633 Ingomar Pl., N. W., Washington, D. C.

OFFICE ADDRESS: National Bureau of Standards, Washington, D. C.

BORN: April 17, 1895, Cambridge, Mass. PARENTS: William Fogg Osgood, '86, Therese Ruprecht.

PREPARED AT: Cambridge High and Latin School, Cambridge, Mass.

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YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917; S.B. (Mass. Inst. Tech.), 1919; S.M. (Univ. of Illinois), 1924; PH.D. (ibid.), 1933.
MARRIED.

HARVARD BROTHER: Rudolf Ruprecht Osgood, '24.

OCCUPATION: Materials Engineer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Engineers Enlisted Reserve Corps Jan. 17, 1918; not called to active duty; discharged Dec. 16, 1918.

MEMBER OF: American Society of Civil Engineers; Washington Academy of Sciences; Medical Society of the District of Columbia (associate member); Harvard Engineering Society; Harvard Club of Washington; American Association for the Advancement of Science.

PUBLICATIONS: Over thirty papers and discussions in the technical press.

DURING the last war Bill Osgood was an aeronautical engineer in the Research Department at McCook Field, Dayton, Ohio. He received his degree of Bachelor of Science in mechanical engineering from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1920. He then was an assistant in mechanical engineering at Massachusetts Institute of Technology and later an instructor in theoretical and applied mechanics in the College of Engineering at the University of Illinois, where he obtained his Master's degree in engineering. He then became assistant professor of structural engineering at Cornell.

WILLIAM ALLYNE OTIS

ADDRESS: 197 Marlborough St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Dec. 26, 1895, Winthrop, Mass. PARENTS: Harrison Gray Otis, Louise McNamara.

PREPARED AT: Noble and Greenough School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B.† 1917 (19).

UNMARRIED.

OCCUPATION: Retired.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Field Artillery Aug. 15; assigned to 301st Field Artillery, 76th Division, Camp Devens, Mass.; detailed to School of Fire, Fort Sill, Okla., June, 1918; transferred to 31st Field Artillery, 11th Division, Camp Meade, Md., Sept. 6; discharged Dec. 9, 1918.

BILL OTIS gives his story a title which sounds like the name of a Benchley book, and the tale he tells is far from lugubrious. His tale:

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YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TO BED, OR 25 YEARS BELOW THE SURFACE

BACK about the time of the Teapot Dome scandals or the publication of *The President's Daughter*, I forgot which — anyway when the first fissures were beginning to show in the Republican Party, fine, delicate little fissures to be sure, not the big Ham Fish-ures it has today — somebody gave me a diary. Going through an old trunk filled with rejected manuscripts, group pictures of school, college, and army organizations, and certificates of First Leasehold Mortgage 6% Gold Bonds with stock purchase warrants, I came upon it, shining at me from this mess of pottage like a good deed in a naughty world. Here at last was material which might be published in the *Dun* and *Bradstreet* report of the Class of 1917. At least it will save Clem Stodder the headache of having to write me any more dunning letters, I thought, and I may escape the stigma of being classed as a “fly-by-night” or “gyp,” as he so delightfully inferred in one of his letters. So, I took it tenderly from its hideout among those pressed leaves of early escapades and locks of hair of dogs that had bitten me, and settled down to read it. Using the morbid bonds to sit on and a picture of the second Freshman Football Squad as a head rest (a very soft one it made, too) I examined this chronicle. I found most of it rather dull, some of it quite shocking, but a few bits appropriate enough for such faintly Buchmanite publications as a *Twenty-fifth Class Report*. I shall boil it down in order that the reader may go on to the more instructive success stories in which, I am sure, this book abounds.

It seems I was brought up to settle down and be a respectable citizen of Boston, worthy to be buried in Mt. Auburn Cemetery. Fortunately, when running for the Dickey, I developed a strange antipathy for that resting place, so I joined the Army to make the world safe for democracy. In this effort I encountered nothing more dangerous than some applejack, concocted by a farmer in the village of Shirley, hard by Camp Devens. As to the success of that crusade, scarcely a man is now alive (I assume the readers of this book may be included in this category) who needs to be informed. We all know what politicians in short pants and bankers in short shrift did in its aftermath.

After the Army I reverted to civilian type: worked as a

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machinist, ran a foundry, fed babies in Russia, compiled trade information for the Department of Commerce, sold bonds in Boston (or at least tried to), then sold real estate, owned a barber shop at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in Boston (still do — advt.), ran a night club, and finally dabbled in the theatre. Nothing much ever came of these efforts, at least nothing to make Dun and Bradstreet seek me out. But I did have a wonderful time with a modicum of headaches — not counting the home-made or “bath-tub” ones we used to concoct ourselves in the '20's.

And now comes war again after twenty-five years (or perhaps I should say the same war). Few of us can be much good at the front now, but I hope when it is over, we shall have the intelligence not to repeat the same mistakes we made before. Quick, Stodder, the wastebasket!

ALAN GRANT PAINE

HOME ADDRESS: 2509 Summit Blvd., Spokane, Wash.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Post, Russell, Davis & Paine, 622 Spokane & Eastern Bldg., Spokane, Wash.

BORN: Jan. 5, 1895, Spokane, Wash. PARENTS: Waldo Grant Paine, Louise Nettleton.

PREPARED AT: North Central High School, Spokane, Wash.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Clara Abercrombie, Aug. 24, 1918, Spokane, Wash. CHILDREN: Harriet Abercrombie, June 3, 1919 (married Charless Hahn, Dec. 27, 1940); Sarah Nettleton, Feb. 10, 1921. GRANDCHILD: Padraig de Normandie Hahn, Oct. 4, 1941.

OCCUPATION: Lawyer; Member, Post, Russell, Davis & Paine.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Commissioned provisional 2d lieutenant Infantry, Regular Army, Oct. 26, 1917; assigned to 14th Infantry; detailed to Army Service Schools, Fort Leavenworth, Kans., Nov. 26, 1917, to Feb. 26, 1918; regiment stationed at Fort Wright, Wash., Camp Dodge, Iowa, and Camp Grant, Ill.; promoted temporary 1st lieutenant June 9; transferred to 33d Infantry, Gatun, Panama, March 13, 1919; 1st lieutenant Aug. 20; resignation accepted May 20, 1920.

OFFICES HELD: Assistant secretary, Spokane Chamber of Commerce, June, 1920, to February, 1922; clerk, United States District Court, Eastern District of Washington, February, 1922, to September, 1925; president, Spokane County Bar Association, 1931; member board of governors, Washington State Bar Association, 1933-1937.

MEMBER OF: Spokane City and University Club; Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, Country Club; Spokane Athletic Round Table.

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ALAN PAINE'S Class Oration should be re-read by all of us as there is much of the prophetic in it. Even then he spoke of the need of a "world federation or union" after the War. He pointed out that "the democratic countries of the world, especially the United States, must realize that democracy is not faultless or autocracy wholly bad. . . . We can make it (the world) safe in the long run only by learning from autocracy the lessons of discipline and organization. This discipline we must impose on ourselves if we would not have it imposed on us by others." His "Life":

I FINISHED my academic work at midyears and, through the kindly coöperation of the Harvard Employment Bureau, I made contact with a young man who was short on education and family — in fact, he was an orphan — but long on the accumulated results of his forbears' hard work. We arrived at an understanding and decided to spend the time until law school opened up in the fall touring the United States and adjoining countries, golfing, riding, fishing, hunting, and reading what we had time for of a cultural nature. War found us in Cuba, after having taken in all the principal spots of amusement in the Carolinas and Florida, and so a beautiful idyl came to an end. I hurried back to Harvard long enough to deliver a stirring class oration on all the idealisms that were then motivating us and outlining a system for post-war world reorganization. I read it over again the other day and, if the world's great had had a chance to hear it, we might not have had Pearl Harbor, but we didn't have radio chains and international short-wave hookups in those days and those of my classmates who were polite enough to sit through the ceremony at Sanders Theater had many other things on their minds.

I drilled for a while with the Harvard Reserve Officers' Training Corps, but decided that I could get into action quicker if I tried the regular Army, and in July, 1917, I took the examination for a commission in the regular Army at Fort Lawton, Washington. Here chance played a leading part, as my right eye has from early childhood had a puritanical quirk which prevented it from turning, even when provoked by the most tempting eyeful. Well, we were all lined up for our physical examinations and told to

roll our eyes. The young medical non-com who had me in his section started to do his duty plainly as old left eye wandered from one side of the gym to the other and old right eye fixed him with an unwavering stare. But it wasn't for nothing that I had gone to high school with him, and a piteous and pitiful grimace did its work and Uncle Sam got a second lieutenant in not entirely A 1 condition. My commission arrived in November, 1917, and without an hour's training, I was entitled to leap into an officer's uniform — which I did with such alacrity that I appeared at the home of my future father-in-law, a retired army colonel, with my puttees on the wrong legs, thereby almost losing a wife.

Three months' training at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, soon fixed things up and I was ordered back to the 14th Infantry at Fort Wright at Spokane, Washington, my old home town. Most of the battalion had no arms. I think we had one machine gun, so naturally the social life of the city, which was more than eager to do something for its gallant defenders, became of ever-increasing importance and my acquaintance with most of the eligible home-town girls inescapably qualified me for the position of post adjutant. It was a gay, carefree life and, if I am not mistaken, by the time we were ordered back to Camp Dodge, Iowa, in October, 1918, to get ready for real business, I had done my bit for the feminine element of Spokane by marrying off at least five of our officers, including myself. The Armistice found us at Fort Dodge, Iowa, where the most dangerous incident of my war career occurred, when I had to ride a nervous white horse through miles of cheering citizens of Des Moines, celebrating the Armistice.

In February, 1919, we were ordered to the Panama Canal Zone — it still seemed advisable to guard it from somebody — and there we stayed until May, 1920, chasing an occasional mosquito which had strayed into the Zone, spending many hours at the Officers' Club, welcoming into the world my first daughter, who later distinguished herself in school one day by announcing that she had been born in the Panama Canal. Life in the Army had become thoroughly dull in 1920 and I resigned my commission as a first lieutenant and returned to Spokane, to become an assistant to the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce. Maybe I took my

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work too seriously — we were striving for a population of 150,000 then — and our second daughter was born in 1921.

One Saturday afternoon in the spring of 1922 the 'phone rang and I was told that the United States District Judge wanted to see me. I knew him only by reputation and my imagination flew at once to the illicit liquor made in our bathtub and stored lovingly in the cellar. But my fears were ungrounded. After an hour's interview I had become the Clerk of the United States District Court and started to study law. It was somewhat different from the Harvard Law School. Most of my studying was accomplished by locking myself in my study every night after dinner and leaving my good wife to convince our friends and neighbors as best she could that she did have a husband and that he was not a hermit. In June, 1925, I convinced the State Board of Bar Examiners that I knew the rule in Shelley's case and could handle the legal jargon with sufficient agility to confuse a layman badly, and I was admitted to the practice of the law.

Even so, I hated to give up a federal sinecure and inflict myself on an unsuspecting public. But prohibition was in its heyday and the courts, especially the federal courts, were crowded with victims of the noble experiment and my three years in the clerkship were not wasted. I was offered a partnership with one of the leading lawyers in Spokane and from then on there was never a dull moment. In 1930 the tide was turning and I had an opportunity to join one of the oldest firms in town, specializing in corporation and insurance business and including the chief utilities of the town. Life, however, is still full of zest, what with the public ownership politicians moving to socialize the whole Northwest and the government, through its multitudinous agencies, staffed and run in many instances by my Harvard brethren, doing all it can to eliminate the profit motive and regulate our every act.

We spend our summers at a lake in Idaho where we sail, swim, and golf. The girls are grown. The elder is married and lives in the Middle West, and I am now a grandfather. The younger goes to an art school in Boston and from her I learn what the Harvard football teams are doing — how the boys in Lowell and Eliot Houses behave. My wife and I lavish our affection on a spoiled Irish Water Spaniel who, if he is so inclined, answers

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to the name of Sligo, and we look forward with no small feeling of distrust to the brave new world after the holocaust.

RICHARD CUSHING PAINE

HOME ADDRESS: 325 Heath St., Brookline, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 140 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Dec. 26, 1893, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Robert Treat Paine, 2d, Ruth Cabot.

PREPARED AT: Groton School, Groton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917 (19).

MARRIED: Ellen Peabody Eliot, June 3, 1922, Boston, Mass. CHILDREN: Walter Cabot, May 9, 1923; Charles Eliot, Sept. 8, 1925 (died Nov. 8, 1926); Sheila, May 2, 1927; Richard Cushing, Jr., and Sylvia Hathaway (twins), Dec. 23, 1928; Charles William Eliot, May 25, 1936.

HARVARD BROTHER: Walter Cabot Paine, '15 (deceased).

OCCUPATION: Investment Trust.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private U. S. Army Ambulance Service Oct. 16, 1917, in France; assigned to Section 645; discharged April 23, 1919. Engagements: Argonne, Verdun and Soissons fronts. Awarded Croix de Guerre.

OFFICES HELD: President and treasurer, State Street Investment Corporation; treasurer, Free Hospital for Women, Community Health Association; trustee, Boston Symphony Orchestra, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston Athenaeum, Judge Baker Guidance Center, Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum.

MEMBER OF: Somerset Club; Tavern Club; Harvard Clubs of New York and Boston; Eastern Yacht Club; The Country Club, Brookline, Mass.

FEW young men would have had the courage to undergo the interview with the late Charles William Eliot, which Dick Paine describes. He writes:

AFTER midyears in 1917, having failed to obtain my degree by a miserable $\frac{1}{2}$ C, I left for a six months' trip to Japan and China with my classmate, Francis Minot Weld. The experience was a vivid one, and even today has not lost meaning.

Upon my return in September, 1917, I found that my friends were engaged in some form of war activity, and I soon followed suit. Poor eyesight prevented me from joining the ranks, but my services were accepted by the American Field Service, Section 33, for ambulance service with the French Army. I sailed for France in October, 1917, and returned in March, 1919. While in France

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I acquired a liking for the country, its people, and their food and wine.

Upon my return I sought out Professor Tozzer, and thanks to his generosity, I received the required $\frac{1}{2}$ C in the study of Mayan inscriptions and my degree.

The next few years were spent in various small jobs in Boston and New York; in the latter city I particularly enjoyed the many opportunities of hearing good music and opera.

In June, 1922, I married Ellen Peabody Eliot, and was at once closely cross-questioned by her grandfather, President Emeritus Charles William Eliot, as to the physical strength of my ancestral stock. (It was not up to his standards.)

The following fifteen years were punctuated with the coming of six children. In off years we took long motor trips in Europe, particularly in Italy. In 1937 I bought from Mr. Paul Hammond, sight unseen, in Malta, the 60-foot ketch, *Landfall*. During the next two years we cruised the Baltic, Adriatic, and Ægean — days of peace and beauty which no man may now enjoy.

My business career has been largely concerned with the affairs of the State Street Investment Corporation, an investment trust which Paul C. Cabot, Richard Saltonstall, and I organized in 1924.

My less formal interests are reading, meditating, listening to music, pottering about the house, tennis, and drinking much wine with a few friends.

My political sympathies are about evenly divided between the two parties.

✦ SANFORD DENISON PALMER

BORN: March 1, 1895, Weston, Mass. PARENTS: Grant Merrill Palmer, Marian Keene Breed.

PREPARED AT: Weston High School, Weston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913–1915.

MARRIED: Helma Henderson, Oct. 11, 1916, Wayland, Mass. CHILDREN: Anne, Aug. 3, 1917; Sanford Denison, Jr., Feb. 16, 1919; Jessica, Sept. 28, 1921; Sarah, Jan. 11, 1923; Walter Henderson, March 15, 1929; Jan, Dec. 19, 1930.

DIED: Oct. 24, 1937, Concord, N. H.

WIDOW: Mrs. Sanford D. Palmer, 255 Boston Post Rd., Weston, Mass.

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IN 1923 Palmer reported that he was in the insurance business in Boston. At the time of our Decennial Report he was assistant department manager of the Coral Gables Corporation in Florida. For our Vicennial he reported no occupation, but was back again in Weston, Massachusetts.

HARRY HAYNE PARKER

HOME ADDRESS: P. O. Box 394, Lynchburg, Va.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Lynchburg News, Lynchburg, Va.

BORN: Feb. 15, 1893, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Aaron Gershon Parker, Dora Harriet Chalkot.

PREPARED AT: English High School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1915, 1916-1918. DEGREE: A.B., 1917 (18).

UNMARRIED.

OCCUPATION: Newspaper Editor.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered service private Medical Corps, Sept. 23, 1918; assigned to Medical Supply Depot, San Antonio, Texas; promoted private 1st class Nov. 4; transferred to Medical Distribution Division, Fort Sam Houston, Texas, Jan. 10, 1919; discharged Feb. 19, 1919.

MEMBER OF: Elks.

ALTHOUGH he still yearns for his native Boston, Harry Parker proves that he has become thoroughly acclimated to his southern setting. He writes:

HAD my life since College been a grand success, or even a glorious failure, what a pleasure it would be to be able to record the highlights. However, I have hopes —. Like all newspapermen I have dreamed of writing a book, or more than one — about what doesn't matter. That achievement may in the future conceivably put me in the "glorious failure" class.

If you know conditions on a newspaper, the best (and only one) in a town of 46,000, you can understand without my explaining what I mean when I write that I have been for years, and am now, all sorts of editor on the *Lynchburg News*. I feel that my greatest achievement since World War I, in which I was a private first-class after attending Harvard R. O. T. C., was in holding on to a job during the Great Depression, and the little one, too. I am now resting restlessly on my laurels, still at various times city editor, sports editor, telegraph editor, and so forth.

The fly in my ointment, one of the biggest ones at any rate,

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has been night duty for most of the years I have worked on newspapers. The hours are not conducive to improving one's social life, unless one chooses to go calling in the wee small hours; and I think that the lack of social life accounts for many things, such as living in single cussedness and not keeping in touch with classmates or anyone else.

I came to this southern town in the heart of Piedmont, Virginia, circuitously, almost accidentally, but I have a deep affection for it and its people, as I have for Virginia in general and the cities of Staunton, in the Shenandoah Valley, and Richmond, its capital. Small-town life agrees with me. I find that the people remember their heritage of live and let live, as stated in more eloquent words by Patrick Henry and other great patriots of the Revolutionary and War-between-the-States periods.

Since the first World War I have worked in Akron, Ohio, in a rubber company's office; in Richmond, Virginia, in numerous capacities — all these in the space of the first few (readjustment) years after discharge from the Army — in Boston on the *Post*; and in Staunton on the *News-Leader*.

Of all the cities or towns in which I have lived (excepting Boston, of course), I have most enjoyed Richmond, the gateway to the South and erstwhile capital of the Confederacy. The spirit of the old days still lingers there, and in spots, that is wherever the United Daughters of the Confederacy congregate, the "oncivil war" is still being fought. It reminds me of an occurrence in San Antonio, where a lady showed me a poem about the boys in the trenches in World War I, with the *Stars and Bars* waving over them. I protested the anachronism, but the lady said, "I prefer it that way." Richmond is a beautiful city, but then any city is beautiful in one sense — that is, when one has lived and loved there richly and left many friends with whom correspondence is kept up for years and years, and occasional visits paid.

Curiosity led me to Lynchburg, actually as advertised, "The City of Seven Hills," and known usually as the Hill City. I had heard, while living in Staunton, that "people walking along the sidewalks of Lynchburg can look down the chimneys and see what's cooking." While visiting I looked up the local editor and landed a job, and I have remained to this day, about seventeen years.

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Frequently I have found newcomers terming local people snooty, and their growls enter the People's Column in the newspapers, always with unfavorable comparisons. It seems to me that if a person *brings something* to a town, he is always welcome. Ability to act in the Little Theatre; to play an instrument privately or in church; to be adept at small talk and otherwise socially agreeable — these are but a few of the ways in which a stranger may fit in when he comes to a new community. Personally, I can play the violin and have found it a good introduction — one of several. Southerners not only love music, they practically worship education, and a Harvard man need not toot his own horn — someone discovers directly or indirectly that he is a Hahvahd man, and much is expected of him. And of course he is ribbed gently for his Hahvahd accent, although it was only a Bahston accent to his southern friends at first. Being a newspaperman, of course, brings innumerable contacts, too. And last, but not least, since the good old days in Virginia for me were in the prohibition era, a jar of "cawn" — now some good legal whiskey — is something than which there is nothing better as a world-shaking friendship-maker, and who is so poor he cannot buy a pint of legal liquor, or in the dry days half a gallon of "cawn"?

And finally, having developed something of a garrulous tone, let me pull myself together and confess that the thought of Boston, my native city — indeed all New England — still stirs in me feelings that only a Beethoven Fifth Symphony (V for Victory) can equal or surpass in touching off my deepest emotions. And I may be forgiven, I hope, for paraphrasing Browning with "Oh, to be in New England any time" for all its variable weather, hot summer and frigid winter. Amen.

RAYMOND PARMER

HOME ADDRESS: 261 Highbrook Ave., Pelham, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 120 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

BORN: Oct. 7, 1895, Quincy, Mass. PARENTS: John Alexander Parmer, Mary Elizabeth Manning.

PREPARED AT: Somerville Latin School, Somerville, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREES: A.B., 1917 (16); LL.B., 1920.

MARRIED: Dorothy Frances Peterson, June 1, 1923, New York, N. Y. (died July 13, 1931); Margaret Reed French, Dec. 26, 1933, Alexandria, Va.

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CHILDREN: Charles Wallace, March 24, 1924; John Raymond, Sept. 1, 1927; Mary French, April 28, 1935.

OCCUPATION: Lawyer; Member, Kirlin, Campbell, Hickox, Keating & McGrann.

PUBLICATIONS: "Laws Relating to Seamen," *Encyclopedia Britannica*.

RAY PARMER always wanted to be a lawyer, but he did not always want to be a conservative. His "Life":

AS respects my birth, I feel that I was fortunate that it took place in Massachusetts and that my parents had much hope and more courage. It is probable that Massachusetts had more to offer in the way of education during my growing years than other sections of the country. More important, Massachusetts schools seemed to be an essential part of life itself and not the luxury I have since found they were. I took what was ready at hand, little knowing how good and how rare it was. And then my father, and particularly my mother, were undaunted by economic circumstance. When my father died in 1907, leaving debts and very little else, my mother took over. It was due principally to her unshakeable will and capacity for work and sacrifice that both my sister and I completed college.

I cannot think of anything remarkable about those early years which I spent in Waltham. I was kept busy with school work, music lessons, and choir singing. I also had my share of fun, and some of it was with the gang from the other side of the tracks. All I can afford to say here is that I was lucky not to have been caught.

I attended high school at West Roxbury, Massachusetts, for one year and then entered Somerville Latin School. The latter I remember with great pleasure. It was a public school with a bit of tradition, of which it was proud. Bob Baxter, father of Professor Baxter, was principal. S. Henry Hadley, father of the composer Henry Hadley, taught music. There were some good younger men, of whom I remember well Sprague and Hosmer.

And then came Harvard, which, frankly, I chose because it was near at hand, and therefore, within my budget. I can remember visiting Dartmouth about this time and regretting having to leave behind me the Merriwellian atmosphere of the place. It was charming and romantic, whereas Harvard, to me at any rate, was hard reality.

My program was to do the four years in three, and I did. That was a course I should not recommend to anyone who can avoid it. I thought then that I could not avoid it, but now I wish I had not thought so. At any rate, it left me with little time for anything but the work that had to be done. I did try the Glee Club but Davison had too much talent that year and my second tenor was not among those present. As a result of my program, my living at home, and also, I believe, a certain ineptitude for such matters, I knew few of my classmates well. I might have done better in this respect if I had not spent the Senior year in the Law School. As it was, I was very much out of touch with the Class. I have regretted it.

I always wanted to be a lawyer. I suppose it was the result of hero-worship in the first instance. Later it seemed very practical. There was in me a tendency towards music, which I resisted because I felt that I was not good enough at it, and at all events, it was a precarious way to earn a livelihood. And so the law, which I like and which has been good to me. Still, I wish I had been blessed with more talent in the arts, and especially in music.

In 1920 I took my degree at the Law School. I had been fairly industrious and had made a fairly good record. However, it was not outstanding.

During the first World War I did not serve in the armed forces. This was because of a physical disability which the examining physicians insisted I had. Subsequent events have proved that they were wrong.

On leaving Law School, I decided to seek fortune, if not fame, in New York City, and after tendering my valuable services to several firms, I was much surprised to receive an offer from Kirlin, Woolsey & Hickox, who were then at 27 William Street. I did not hesitate to accept and came to New York, as it turned out, permanently, on September 6, 1920. Since then my work in law has been largely the trial of cases and the argument of appeals. My work in this has been not only in the State and Federal Courts of New York, but in Federal Courts of other jurisdictions and in the Supreme Court of the United States. In 1934 I became a member of the firm, which now bears the title, Kirlin, Campbell, Hickox, Keating & McGrann.

Active work in connection with litigation does not permit one

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to devote much time to writing for publication. However, years ago I managed to write an article for the *Encyclopedia Britannica* entitled "Laws Relating to Seamen."

In 1923 I married Dorothy Frances Peterson. When she died in 1931, it seemed the end of everything. However, adjustment took place and through good fortune I met Margaret Reed French, whom I married in 1933. Several years ago we moved from Manhattan, where we had been living since 1933, and came to Pelham where we are all very happy. If you should be driving by some time, drop in.

And now to the matters which are suggested as a proper part of a Class Life. My travels, I feel, are of no particular consequence. There was a trip to Europe in 1930, and several trips to Bermuda. In Europe I did not see what I should have seen. It was mostly night clubs and expensive hotels. I wish it had been places of historical interest. I always enjoyed Bermuda. It has always been the most beautiful place I expect to see. If I could arrange it, I would spend all my time there.

As to hobbies, I fear that there are none except that I like, now and then, to try my hand at the piano. I also like to think of what might have been.

As to social convictions, I believe that I have changed greatly since I was in College. Then I was a good deal of a "Red" although not very vocal about it. During the years I have become conservative according to the current meaning of that word. However, to me it seems that I have merely gained in ability to understand the viewpoints of persons in all walks of life and that with growth of understanding has come more sympathy and less pride of opinion.

As to politics, I was a Democrat for years. Through loyalty I remained a Democrat during the first eight years of Roosevelt. That, in my opinion, is enough, and like Willkie, I have now become a Republican.

As to religion, my convictions are unstable. I attend regularly the Protestant Episcopal Church, and I have my ups and downs emotionally and intellectually.

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917

JOHN DANIEL PARSON

HOME ADDRESS: Brooklin, Maine.

BORN: Feb. 15, 1894, Washington, D. C. PARENTS: William Edwin Parson,
Annie Rebecca Naille.

PREPARED AT: Hope Street High School, Providence, R. I.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917.

UNMARRIED.

HARVARD BROTHERS: Kenneth Barnitz Gilbert Parson, '16; Eric Parson, '10;
Donald Parson, '05, A.M., '06; Artley Beeber Parson, '03.

OCCUPATION: Teacher.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Military Intelligence Service, 1918-1919, with
headquarters in Honduras and Guatemala.

OFFICES HELD: Teacher of history and languages in Santa Barbara School,
Carpinteria, Calif., 1920-1938.

MEMBER OF: Center Harbor Yacht Club, Maine; Poodick Yacht Club,
Maine.

FOR the past two years John Parson, after many years of hard work as a teacher, has floated with a tide whose course has been similar to the Gulf Stream. His story:

I AM asked to write my life, and as I look back upon it thus suddenly, as upon a stranger whom I have long been with but seldom noticed, I am surprised at its regularity of pattern. There is something about it almost trochaic — long periods when the groove must have been deep, short ones which historians might label “periods of transition,” though in reality they were green oases in the dry desert of modernity.

For my first twenty years I was engaged in the pursuit (if not the capture) of an education. The chase led from Washington to Providence to Cambridge, and left me wondering at the truth of the saying that “education is what remains when all that you ever learned has been forgotten.”

Then followed pleasant jumbled years. During the first of these I taught in Pinehurst, North Carolina. During the second I served with the Division of Military Intelligence (capitalize the “i” but do what you will with the “m”) in Central America. A memorable experience was a 300-mile mule-back trip, with burros, baggage, and boss, from Tegucigalpa, Honduras, to Managua, Nicaragua. After some months of needed recuperation in Maine, I headed West — this was in 1919 — for Oregon via Canada, in a

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fruitless search for fruitful homestead lands. When the lands failed to turn up and my supply of Liberty Bonds began to run down, thrown for a loss by the forces of adversity almost back upon my own safety zone, I suddenly shifted the attack and — long before Steinbeck ever thought of a grape — hit the California line for good yardage, ending up with a score, or nearly a score of years of teaching at Santa Barbara School.

Thus began a new, long period of work during which I tried to pass on the torch to a part of the great, arid (if not inflammable) West. The school, perched on a mesa high above the curving coast of the gray Pacific, backed by the purple shadowy barrier of the Coast Range, went J. Milton one better in providing a life that was both delightful and laborious. But west is west, and I used to lose no time in going home after work — in June — crossing from coast to coast three or four dozen times by every route known to fish, flesh, or fowl. Usually I would spend the summer down in Maine, but on several occasions, including two sabbaticals, I visited Europe and the fringes of the Mediterranean, with a little leisurely study in London, Grenoble, Freiburg, Seville, and Athens.

For the past brief period of two years, convinced that there are too many purposeful people entangled in too many activities and interferences, and that there is a need for personal and political simplification, moderation, and sanity, I have been engaged in an unorganized, unplanned, unregimented, and unhurried movement of some kind or other that has taken me — when there was any movement at all — from the beaches of Barbados to the mesetas of Mexico and the fogs of Fundy.

Hobby — canoe. Aversion — automobile.

GEORGE AYER PARSONS

HOME ADDRESS: Concord, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Investment Clinic, 84 State St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Jan. 2, 1895, Stratford, Conn. PARENTS: Henry Chapman Parsons, Catherine Davis Leavitt.

PREPARED AT: Milton Academy, Milton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: S.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Elizabeth Hoar, May 29, 1920, Concord, Mass. CHILDREN: William Todd, Oct. 3, 1926; Mary Sherman, March 26, 1930.

HARVARD BROTHER: Leavitt Cooley Parsons, '10.

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917

OCCUPATION: Investment Consultant and Trustee.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled electrician 3d class (radio) U. S. Naval Reserve Force April 14, 1917; assigned to Naval Radio School, Cambridge, Mass.; promoted chief electrician (radio) July 1; appointed ensign Sept. 18; served as officer in charge of technical instruction, Naval Radio School, Cambridge; transferred to U. S. S. *Pittsburgh*, South Atlantic, June 6, 1918; served as assistant to Pacific Fleet radio officer, later as radio officer, Division 1, Pacific Fleet; promoted lieutenant (junior grade) July 1; released from active duty May 20, 1919. Recommended again for commission U. S. Naval Reserve Jan. 9, 1942; awaiting approval from Washington.

OFFICES HELD: Vice-president and director, C. L. Stevens Company, industrial engineers (formerly); proprietor, the Investment Clinic.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Clubs of New York and Boston; Concord Country Club; Off-Soundings Club.

GEORGE PARSONS bemoans the fact that "it's been too short a time to call a quarter-century." He writes:

Since nineteen-seventeen the fleeting days were filled
With many crowded hours — so full of all the stuff of life
That each has swiftly flown its way, reducing all those days
In retrospect, to but a single year.

And now another year begins,
Another year whose calendars will call it twenty-five
Prepares to sail — again beneath a darkened sky.
Another year secures, makes fast, its lashings for a storm,
Again to face the chaos of an angry sea.

A VERY considerable bit of research work in high-frequency electricity and radiotelegraphy made my problem in April, 1917, a relatively simple one, and April 14 found me a gob, rated electrician, third class (radio), attached to the newly-formed United States Naval Radio School in Cambridge, in charge of instruction in the theory of radiotelegraphy.

Here, after a short spell as chief petty officer, I was commissioned and assigned to the staff of the commander-in-chief of the Pacific Fleet, aboard the fleet flagship U. S. S. *Pittsburgh*, operating in the South Atlantic. As division radio officer of Division 1, Pacific Fleet, I was finally relieved of active duty after over two years of service. My final rank was lieutenant (junior grade) in class two of the Naval Reserve.

Thus in 1919 I was launched into the business world along with literally thousands of other radio job-hunters. The simple

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operation of the law of supply and demand put me "at the bench," making automobile tires on shift for the Hood Rubber Company in Watertown, Massachusetts. I then proceeded to get myself engaged to a most courageous girl while earning exactly \$18 per week.

Gradually I became active in plant industrial engineering work, meanwhile independently turning a natural bent for research into a new channel, later to prove the basis for my present work as investment consultant and trustee.

Feeling the need of sales experience, I left the Hood Rubber Company in 1922 to become a district sales manager for the Kardex Sales Company. This was a painful interlude, rich with experience, but nothing else. Here I learned what it takes to be a Fuller Brush man. Certainly nothing that I had learned in college could help me here, so I left, wiser but poorer, to join the staff of the Charles E. Bedaux Company as an industrial engineer.

Our life was a pretty full one for many years in this field. Once we moved nine times in a two-year period — that was our record — but the personal contacts which we made during these years in many cities were firm and lasting ones which we have always valued highly.

When C. L. Stevens, chief of operations for Bedaux, started the C. L. Stevens Company in Boston, I went with that company, becoming a director and later vice-president in charge of sales.

By 1931 my independent investment research had taken shape in practical form. I then left the industrial engineering field to go into business for myself as a manager of funds. The next year Newell Garfield (Yale, 1918) joined me as partner and remained until 1938, when he retired to go into manufacturing.

The period since 1931 has been a wholesome respite from the preceding years of constant travelling. For the first time my children began to recognize me as other than a periodic visitor. For their part they are one boy and one girl. Todd, at fifteen, is at Middlesex, headed, I hope, for the Harvard Class of 1948. Mary Sherman, twelve, is at the Concord Academy.

To replace all this travel came a revival of my old-time interest in sailing. For seven years I raced with the Wianno Yacht Club fleet and in the Nantucket Sound Regattas, but never could get the thrill from day-racing that I still can get from doing odd

things and going odd places in a 25-foot sailboat without auxiliary power. I have sailed to the New London races out of Osterville both in fourteen and seventy-two hours — the latter record being made with Stearns Poor from our Oyster Harbors reunion. Because of this interest I have derived perhaps more pleasure from my membership in the Off-Soundings Club than from any other membership that I have ever held.

My work in the investment field has been fascinating. From my constant research since 1920 emerged an original investment philosophy based upon the measurement of investment risk. This, aided by my industrial engineering experience, has made me something of a specialist in common stocks, through unique analyses of economics, industries, corporations, and market behavior. I now act as consultant for the investment banker and the investment adviser, as well as trustee and manager of funds for individuals.

More recently I have offered, through the newly-founded Investment Clinic, an investment supervisory service designed primarily for the investor of moderate capital. The launching of the Investment Clinic was virtually coincident with the launching of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, which again put my thoughts on a 1917 basis.

Our reëntry into war has so reduced the immediate importance of the investment field in my mind that I have again offered my services to the Navy, who thus far seem to want me back, despite my age. Therefore, unless Washington reverses my recommendation for a commission, I shall close my office, and place my business in a state of suspended animation for the duration of the war. To do this I have arranged to cease all personal consultation work, and to maintain only my basic indices of investment risk, which will be in the tender care of Henry P. Kidder, '18, at the offices of Hunnewell & Company, where they will be available until after the war.

Thus does history go in cycles. By the time these lines appear in print I shall probably be in uniform again, beginning a second cycle exactly as I began the first.

What of 1967?

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NELSON HOWARD PARTRIDGE, JR.

HOME ADDRESS: P. O. Box 102, Idyllwild, Calif.

BORN: Oct. 14, 1894, Colorado Springs, Colo. PARENTS: Nelson Howard Partridge, Emily Blanche Jones.

PREPARED AT: Thacher School, Ojai, Calif.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Marion Parks, July 16, 1936, Ojai, Calif. (divorced Jan., 1941).

OCCUPATION: "Carpentering and Plumbing."

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private U. S. Army Ambulance Service Oct. 5, 1917, in France; assigned to Section 625 Oct. 7; section served with French Army at the front; with French Army of Occupation, Germany; discharged March 24, 1919, in France. Engagements: La Reine sector (Seicheprey), Noyon-Montdidier defensive, Champagne-Marne defensive, Marne-Aisne offensive, Nancy sector. Awarded Croix de Guerre with citation. Volunteer observer, Aircraft Warning Service, World War II.

OFFICES HELD: Chairman, Pacific Coast division of the American Field Service, number of years following World War I; secretary, Art, Letters, and Music Section of the Commonwealth Club of California at San Francisco, several years; secretary and vice-president, California Art Club, Los Angeles; Southern California director, Federal Art Project, 1935-1937.

MEMBER OF: Press Club of San Francisco; Commonwealth Club of California; Alta Vista Lodge No. 464, A. F. & A. M., San Francisco; Pasadena Post No. 13, American Legion; Harvard Club of Southern California; Sigma Delta Chi, national professional journalism fraternity (associate member).

NELSON PARTRIDGE lives in a truly rural setting but thinks that Thoreau and Kent exaggerated a little in regard to its joys. He writes:

OMITTING dates, which for purposes of this report are of little consequence, and omitting mention of service in World War I, I have been successively with the agricultural department of the Great Western Sugar Company at Longmont, Colorado, reporter for the *Sacramento Star*, secretary to the chief of police of Sacramento, waterfront reporter for the *San Francisco Chronicle*, reporter for the *San Francisco Journal*, news editor and managing editor of *Western Advertising Magazine*, San Francisco, associate editor of *Sunset Magazine*, business manager of the Players' Guild Theater of San Francisco, and business manager and publisher of *The Argus*, an art magazine covering the Pacific Coast, and which put me \$5,000 in the hole (in a year and a half) before I

sold it to *The Art Digest*, New York. A date here might be pertinent — October, 1929. Anybody else remember what happened then? And so to Los Angeles, and a job which combined editorial and advertising work for *California Arts and Architecture Magazine*.

And now, in 1933, out of the Republican twilight into the dazzling bright dawn of the New Deal, and into a job on the administrative staff of the Public Works of Art Project for Southern California. This project was operated under the Treasury Department with what (I later learned) was a minimum of red tape, and we were able to do a fairly good job for a year, after which the money ran out and the project expired.

Then an interlude of a year during which I served on the administrative staff of the Los Angeles County Art Project, operated by the State Emergency Relief Administration.

Came next a telegram from Washington inviting me to be State Director for Southern California of the Federal Art Project, operated by the Works Progress Administration under the direction of a man whom we came to know affectionately as "Haywire Harry." This turned out to be a two-year assignment which ended when the Communist termites finally put the skids under me. (Whatever has become of those Communists since the United States found itself allied with Russia in the present conflict against Germany, Italy, and Japan?)

After my four-year adventure into the domain of Newdealia, and being then on the verge of a nervous breakdown, and having lost my wife via the divorce mill, I sought the solitude of the desert, and went to work as a ranch hand at Coachella, which is twenty-two miles from Palm Springs. Twelve to fourteen hours of work a day, at an "elevation" of twenty feet below sea level, soon proved too much for a "white-collar guy" nearing the half-century mark.

By the simple expedient of getting into my 1928 Ford coupe (which now has five new tires!) and driving fifty-six miles over an excellent paved highway, I removed last July from the furnace heat of the Coachella Valley to the grateful coolness of mile-high San Jacinto Mountain and its whispering pines. I am still there (or here) at Idyllwild, a tiny community where the few neighbors know all the best and worst about you in nothing flat. I

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like these neighbors, Americans all, and trust that they reciprocate my feeling for them.

My two-room cabin is equipped with a wood-burning range in the kitchen and a similarly-fueled heater in the bedroom. A double-bitted axe in the corner suggests the manner in which the fuel is obtained. A radio on the kitchen table keeps me in touch with all the world news that is worth hearing. The *Reader's Digest* and various news weeklies fill in the gaps. The winter evenings are long, and social life hereabouts makes no great demands. One has time to think, as well as to absorb.

Well, you may ask, what is the good of thought without action? It's a fair question, and my answer in part is that it takes a good deal of action merely to exist in a region where snow and near-freezing temperatures prevail through the winter months, and where jobs of any kind are scarce. The bare economic necessities have to be met by odd jobs of carpentering and plumbing. (No union agent has yet caught up with me, which is something in itself to make life worth while.)

Fellows like Henry Thoreau and Rockwell Kent will tell you, if you can establish communication with them, what a joy it is to discover that you don't have to be a white-collar guy to get by in this world, and that you can earn your living with your two hands and a modicum of common sense. At the same time I have no wish to become a professional hermit or a woolly-witted Hindu lost in contemplation of the ineffable glories of Nirvana.

My bit for national defense consists in taking my turn as a volunteer observer in the Aircraft Warning Service at our local observation post which operates twenty-four hours a day. We are told by the Fourth Interceptor Command at Riverside that our post is an important one because of its proximity to March Field, and because we are high in the mountains, where our planes now and then come to grief.

Our nearest town of any size is Hemet, home of the famed Ramona Pageant given every spring (but not this spring). I have lately taken what may prove to be a step back to the field of journalism by assuming the responsibilities of San Jacinto Mountain correspondent for the *Hemet News*, a weekly which can hold up its head in any company.

And that is my story to date. Overly long, no doubt, for a

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917

Harvard alumnus who quite evidently has no consuming desire to set the world on fire. But, dear Secretary of the Class of 1917, you have asked for it, not once, but several times, and here it is, by air mail, and in time, I hope, to meet the final deadline of our Class Book.

Under the head of "social, political, or religious convictions" which you suggest, I shall simply say that a quarter-century of first-hand observation of man and his works has left me what I choose to call a "cynical optimist," with an abiding sympathy for the man who said in the Gospel of Mark, "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief."

And I close with the statement that one of the reasons for my faith in the future is the existence in this world of such institutions as Harvard University. I regret that I shall probably be unable to attend the Twenty-fifth Reunion of our Class. If by some miracle I should die a rich man, Harvard will be remembered in my will.

STEPHEN CLOUGH PEABODY

HOME ADDRESS: 70 S. 17th St., San José, Calif.

OFFICE ADDRESS: First Congregational Church, San José, Calif.

BORN: Jan. 18, 1896, Trinidad, Colo. PARENTS: Harry Ernest Peabody, '87, Emily Stickney Clough.

PREPARED AT: Wendell Phillips High School, Chicago, Ill.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; S.T.B. (Union Theol. Sem.), 1923; S.T.M. (ibid.), 1930.

MARRIED: Anne Rhea Wilson, July 29, 1924, New York, N. Y. CHILDREN: Lawrence Wilson, Feb. 11, 1931; Louise Rhea, May 19, 1934.

OCCUPATION: Minister.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Fort Sheridan, Ill., Aug., 1917; commissioned provisional 2d lieutenant Infantry, Regular Army, Oct. 26; promoted temporary 1st lieutenant Oct. 26; assigned to 45th Infantry; detailed to School of Arms, Fort Sill, Okla., May, 1918; transferred to 67th Infantry in August; promoted temporary captain Aug. 23, 1918; transferred to Infantry Central Officers' Training School, Camp MacArthur, Texas, in September; resignation accepted Dec. 20, 1918. Commissioned captain Infantry Officers' Reserve Corps, Jan., 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Director, Samsoum, Turkey, Unit of Near East Relief, 1919; missionary under American Board at Peking, China, 1924-1929; assistant professor of sociology, Ripon College, 1930-1938; charter member, Board of Mental Hygiene, State of Wisconsin, 1937, 1938; associate

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delegate of Congregational Churches to World Council of Churches on Life and Work, Oxford, 1937; delegate of Congregational Churches at World Council of Churches on Faith and Order, Edinburgh, 1937; pastor, Moline, Illinois, 1923, Ripon, Wisconsin, 1930-1938, San José, California, 1938-1942; member, numerous church boards and commissions.

MEMBER OF: Wider Fellowship of the Quakers; Kiwanis Club; Citizens' Committee on Public Welfare, Wisconsin, 1936-1937; Citizens' Committee for Farm Security Administration, Santa Clara County, California, 1941, 1942.

PUBLICATIONS: Occasional articles in religious periodicals and bulletin for *Mental Hygiene*.

STEPHEN PEABODY has dreams for the future and believes that the present is "a thrilling time to be alive." His "Life":

THESE have been twenty-five years crowded with a rich variety of interests and enthusiasms in all parts of the planet. I am increasingly impressed with the pivotal importance of the liberal church and its program in a world witnessing the crumbling of anarchistic nationalism and self-defeating capitalism. I see increasingly the ruthless weakness of violence and war as a means of social control and change, the loss of social imagination and flexibility that wealth brings to almost all men, the poisonous temptations of power — political, economic, ecclesiastical — the false standards of success with which we crown our heroes, the cultured paganism and social ineffectualness of many of the academics and, perhaps worst of all, the smug and stuffy irrelevance of much that goes on in many of the churches these fateful times.

On the other hand, I feel intensely the unheralded heroism and interior significance of the work done by the Quakers, the new type of foreign missionary, the statesmanship of a few men in the left wing of the labor movement (not the racketeers), the vigor and maturity of many of the young people in the church, on the farm, and the intelligent service of men and women in the new professions of public welfare and civil service. I am persuaded that unless we are astute enough to give these groups a greater opportunity to make their new contribution, then the present trends toward concentration of wealth, racial antipathies, witch-hunting, and absentee ownership of the land will lead desperate American citizens to tragic violence and revolution.

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917

It's up to us. The next move is up to those in places of privilege and security.

Politically, I am an independent, disillusioned by the lack of creative leadership among almost all local and national politicians. The pioneer work of social reconstruction must be done by others than those who serve this organ of compromise for power's sake. I am delighted at the stirrings of new life and vision from so many unexpected places. Even in this desperate, paranoic time we stand on the rim of a marvelous new world — a new emancipation and concern for the common people, a new demand to use the economic plenty (health and homes for the masses) that science and business administration have made available for all according to their human need, and a far wider appreciation of the range of education needed; no longer a brittle, intellectual discipline for a few young people, but training for service and in service under religious motivation for all ages. I am confident that when we celebrate our Fiftieth Anniversary we shall be part of a United States Government of the World, with national sovereignty subordinated to planetary well-being.

I hope that we shall have a world financial-credit control, public ownership of all utilities, all sources of natural energy and communications, planned, democratic coöperation rather than competition and its inevitable company, war, for the sake of private profit. I hope it will arrive by the evolutionary process, but come it will, for it's a dream whose time has come from sin-cussed Massachusetts to sun-kissed California. I dream that Harvard and her leaders and her faculty shall not be shackled to the *status quo* by its institutions and its endowments, but will be out on the frontier of these social concerns even as it is now out on the frontiers of pure science. "All that is past is prelude."

WALDO CUTLER PEEBLES

HOME ADDRESS: 53 Morton St., Newton Center, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Boston University, 685 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass.

BORN: April 24, 1895, Lutherville, Md. PARENTS: Thomas Chalmers Peebles, Mabel Cutler.

PREPARED AT: Brookline High School, Brookline, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B. *magna cum laude*, 1917; A.M. (Columbia Univ.), 1919; A.M. (Harvard Univ.), 1927; PH.D. (*ibid.*), 1932.

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MARRIED: Elinore Jerome Cutting, May 16, 1917, Boston, Mass. CHILDREN: Robert Morris, June 23, 1918; Thomas Chalmers, June 5, 1921; Carolyn, Jan. 28, 1927.

HARVARD SONS: Robert Morris Peebles, '40; Thomas Chalmers Peebles, '42.

OCCUPATION: Professor of German and Spanish.

OFFICES HELD: President for three years of the Boston Chapter, American Association of Teachers of German; secretary-treasurer, vice-chairman, Eastern Massachusetts Group, New England Modern Language Association.

MEMBER OF: Modern Language Association of America; New England Modern Language Association; American Association of Teachers of German.

PUBLICATIONS: Editor (for Harper & Brothers), Thomas Mann's "Mario und der Zauberer," Remarque's "Im Westen Nichts Neues," Zweig's "Sergeant Grischa," and (for American Book Company) Remarque's "Drei Kameraden;" contributor of several articles to various modern language journals.

IN 1923 Waldo Peebles wrote: "— I have two husky boys whom I confidently expect to see enrolled in the Classes of 1940 and 1943, respectively, at Harvard." By referring to the above answer to his questionnaire the reader will see that this confidence was not misplaced as one son was Harvard, '40, and the other exceeded his father's expectations by one year and was Harvard, '42. Peebles' story:

AFTER a three years' apprenticeship in secondary schools, I joined the faculty of Boston University's College of Business Administration, where I have been teaching continuously on full-time appointment since the fall of 1920. During this period I had opportunities to do additional part-time teaching in five other Greater Boston colleges. I was instructor at Harvard for four years while studying for my doctorate, and more recently I accepted an invitation from Northeastern University to act as head of the Modern Language Department, newly organized, and remained there three years — until they were ready to operate on a full-time basis.

A great deal of thought and energy (my own and my wife's) have been devoted to supervising the children's education, seeing the two boys through high school and on into Harvard. Our finances did not allow for any tarrying along the educational road which might necessitate an extra year in preparatory school

or private tutoring. In this process we have kept in closer touch than most parents with the children's progress.

From observation of the experiences in college of my boys and their friends, I should say that the House Plan at Harvard is working very well indeed, and is a great improvement over the living arrangements of our time. I have been disappointed in the quality of teaching done at Harvard in the elementary courses. There has been no improvement since we were there in the practice of recruiting section men from among the graduate students and recent Ph.D.'s. Many courses are poorly organized, the marking is often arbitrary and unreasonable, and the instructors have little appeal to the students. The only solution is the appointment of a permanent corps of instructors for the elementary courses (those open to Freshmen), carefully selected on the basis of teaching ability and experience. Lack of funds for the purpose and inability to fit a permanent group of instructors into the general scheme of faculty organization and promotions are the excuses offered for failure to remedy this deplorable situation.

Editing textbooks for publication is an activity that has afforded me a good deal of enjoyment. After being privileged to do three books under the general editorship of Professor Lieder, I ventured upon a fourth book alone and unaided. These texts have brought no large financial gain, but I have had the satisfaction of seeing them in use at Harvard and adopted widely elsewhere.

Holding office in various modern language associations and serving on their committees has brought me pleasant contacts with congenial people engaged in similar work at other institutions.

I have felt that teachers of languages need frequent contact with European countries. One trip abroad in the summer of 1930 has had to suffice me as a source of inspiration. Though entitled to sabbatical leave on half-pay, I have hitherto been unable to afford it. By the time I am able to consider taking my wife for a year of travel and residence abroad, perhaps world conditions will again be favorable.

Summer vacations have been spent almost without exception at Provincetown, where I seem best able to relax and store energy for the year's work. For several reasons our stay there has been

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limited to a brief period in August after the close of the summer session.

HARRY W. PENHALLOW

HOME ADDRESS: 1926½ Rodney Drive, Los Angeles, Calif.

OFFICE ADDRESS: California State Dept. of Employment, Los Angeles, Calif.

BORN: May 30, 1896, Chicago, Ill. PARENTS: Arthur Lincoln Penhallow, '84, Laura McCarn.

PREPARED AT: Hyde Park High School, Chicago, Ill.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914-1917. DEGREE: A.B. (Univ. of Illinois), 1924.

MARRIED: Gladys Lender, Jan. 1, 1928, Grand Junction, Colo.

OCCUPATION: Placement Officer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Ensign, United States Naval Reserve Force.

HARRY PENHALLOW enjoys his work and the contacts he makes with Harvard men. He writes:

WORLD WAR I interfered with the completion of my undergraduate work at Harvard. A couple of operations — one at the Infirmary and one in Chicago — finally helped me get ready to get into the Naval Officers' Training School in Chicago. A commission — at the end of the war — and a return to school at the University of Illinois followed.

Then came various jobs in Chicago, a nervous breakdown in 1923, a sojourn in Florida, and finally departure for Denver. I spent several years teaching mathematics, returned to business for a time, and then moved on to California. Now I am finally set, in state civil service personnel work. My work is very interesting. I am often meeting people either from Harvard or with Harvard connections, and I am also making contacts with every other phase of my past life.

Oh, yes, my educational endeavors have gone on — now and then — and include a year of work at the University of Southern California.

I am still trying to play golf and bowl.

JOHN WINTHROP PENNOCK

HOME ADDRESS: 215 Scarboro Drive, Solvay, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 713 E. Genesee St., Syracuse, N. Y.

BORN: Oct. 4, 1894, Syracuse, N. Y. PARENTS: John Downer Pennock, '83, Eunice Bagg.

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PREPARED AT: Hackley School, Tarrytown, N. Y.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917; M.D., 1924.

MARRIED: Clarice Hewitt Leavell, June 17, 1922, Louisville, Ky. CHILDREN: Marian Rodman and Clarice Hewitt (twins), Jan. 20, 1924; Eunice, July 16, 1925; John Winthrop, Jr., Oct. 19, 1930 (died July 14, 1938).

HARVARD BROTHER: Stanley Bagge Pennock, '15 (deceased).

OCCUPATION: Practice of Internal Medicine, Specializing in Diabetes; Health Officer of Solvay.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Madison Barracks, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Aug. 15; assigned to Company D, 307th Machine Gun Battalion, 78th Division, Aug. 29; transferred to Company D, 309th Machine Gun Battalion, 78th Division, March 20, 1918; sailed for France in May; detailed to 2d Corps Schools, Châtillon-sur-Seine, Aug. 15 to Sept. 10; served as instructor at same school Sept. 28 to Oct. 20; wounded Nov. 4; invalided to United States April 2, 1919; discharged Sept. 22, 1919. Engagements: Saint-Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne offensives.

OFFICES HELD: Health Officer, Solvay, New York, since 1936; assistant professor of medicine, Syracuse University College of Medicine; member of staff, Syracuse Memorial Hospital, St. Joseph's Hospital, University Hospital; director, Syracuse Children's Bureau.

MEMBER OF: American Medical Association; New York State Medical Society; Aesculapian Club of Boston; Boylston Medical Society; University Club of Syracuse; Triton Fish and Game Club of Quebec; Skaneateles Yacht and Country Club.

PUBLICATIONS: A few articles in state and local medical journals.

WIN PENNOCK prefers hunting and fishing to competitive sports. He writes:

MY start in life was postponed, as it was with the majority of our Class, by more than two years in the armed forces. Those were worth-while years, though, and not without their lighter, pleasanter side as most of us will admit. Even some months in an army hospital as a *blessé* failed to dull memories of the Folies-Bergère, those chance meetings with college friends at Henri's in Paris, and the kick that any boy gets out of an outdoor life.

In spite of this interlude, so foreign to what those of our generation had expected, it seemed no time at all before medical school and internships were past and I was engrossed in earning a living, via the art and practice of medicine. The years since have gone even faster. Although no two days are alike in a doctor's work, with medical meetings and study adding to the variety, still the

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years total up pretty much the same, and many such have rolled by.

As do most of my ilk, I consider myself acutely and chronically overworked and "over-demanded upon" by my patients, the hospital wards, and clinical teaching. However, the number of days off, the fishing and shooting, add up to a pretty sizeable vacation. So much for this part of my life, then. I have no complaint. I like my job and would do the same thing over again.

I had three children before I was thirty — daughters who are, year by year, a greater source of pleasure and satisfaction. One is at Hollins in Virginia, another at Vassar, and the third probably will be at Poughkeepsie or Smith in the fall. I am continually grateful for their love of the outdoors — sailing, fishing, etc. — probably selfishly, since I can join them in some of the doings. All three play excellent tennis, and one is a better wing shot than the old man.

Competitive sports, including bridge, left me cold some time ago, for the usual reason — I was rotten at them. Tennis went out when it was no longer fun for my twin daughters, age fourteen, to play with me. Golf I stopped even before starting it. But in the hobbies of bird shooting and trout fishing I get enough anticipation and memories to carry me through our long "York State" winters. I usually get a canoe trip every September in northern Quebec, where five- or six-pound "squaretails" on the fly are not yet too scarce. The Koran has a comforting saying for the fast-aging sportsman — "God does not take from man days spent in the chase." I am counting on that to stave off senility a while longer at least.

I am undoubtedly one of the slackers when it comes to reunions and such. My infrequent trips to Boston more often take me to the Medical School and hospitals than to Cambridge. My get-togethers are more often with medical classmates. Even when it comes to games, I seem to get to New Haven or Princeton more often than to Soldiers Field.

My political beliefs and desires can be quickly dismissed. I am for Roosevelt, Churchill, and Uncle Joe Stalin for the duration.

Well, this may give the occasional one interested a sketchy idea of what has been going on since graduation. The fleetness of the years is astounding — never better realized than now. A few

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months less than twenty-five years ago, I, like many another, was signing up for a training camp. The wheel has made a complete turn and here I am at the moment, trying to convince the War Department that a middle-aged Doc, with none-too-perfect teeth and some other minor impairments, can still be of use.

Perhaps much that has made lives like ours so full, and in a way so soft, may never be for us again. Still I'm grateful for the years between, which have given an opportunity for a job, a family, and most of the amenities of life.

EARL ALPHIA PEOPLES

HOME ADDRESS: 16535 Middlebelt Rd., Detroit, Mich.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 22655 Ford Rd., Dearborn, Mich.

BORN: Sept. 12, 1892, Detroit, Mich. PARENTS: Alphia Claudius Peoples, Mabel Alma Sherwood.

PREPARED AT: Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Sarah Pearl Taphouse, 1918, Detroit, Mich. CHILDREN: Graydon A., April 9, 1920; Barbara Lee, June 3, 1921.

OCCUPATION: Building and Real Estate.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Private 1st class Aviation Section, Signal Corps when United States entered the war; called to active duty March, 1918; honorably discharged June, 1918. Enlisted private Infantry June, 1918; assigned to 160th Depot Brigade, Camp Custer, Mich.; promoted corporal July 1; promoted sergeant in August; detailed to Infantry Central Officers' Training School, Camp Pike, Ark., Aug. 6; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Nov. 17; discharged Dec. 3, 1918. Commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Officers' Reserve Corps Dec. 6, 1918.

OFFICES HELD: Formerly, editor, *Packard Service Magazine*; city editor, *Grand Junction News*, Grand Junction, Colo.; vice-president, Home Building Company; vice-president in charge of sales, Realty Trust Company, Detroit.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of Michigan.

EARL PEOPLES' life has been a series of contrasts. He writes:

STILL running the gamut of life, joy — sorrow; happiness — disillusionment; moderate wealth — strait circumstances; sickness — health; and now, head bloody, but unbowed.

HAROLD OTIS PHALEN

HOME ADDRESS: 8 Kilsyth Terr., Brookline, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Sherwin-Williams Co., Newark, N. J.

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BORN: Dec. 17, 1893, West Somerville, Mass. PARENTS: Otis Edward Phalen, Annie Louise Young.

PREPARED AT: Somerville High School, Somerville, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914-1917. DEGREE: S.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Mildred Edwina Jones, Sept. 24, 1917, Arlington Heights, Mass. (died Jan. 1, 1930); Marguerite Newhall, April 3, 1932, West Somerville, Mass.

OCCUPATION: New England District Sales Manager, Sherwin-Williams Company of Cleveland, reporting to Newark, New Jersey.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted and appointed private 1st class Ordnance Dept. Oct. 17, 1918; detailed to Technological School, Carney's Point, N. J.; discharged Dec. 16, 1918.

OFFICES HELD: Past secretary and president, New England Paint & Varnish Production Club; past member board of directors, Paint & Oil Club of New England; organist for the past twelve years, Harvard Lodge, A. F. & A. M., Cambridge, Mass.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Lodge, A. F. & A. M., Cambridge; University Club, Boston; Paint & Oil Club of New England; New England Paint & Varnish Production Club; Harvard Chemists' Club; Belmont Springs Country Club; Charles River Country Club; American Chemical Society.

ALTHOUGH Harold Phalen was a chemist for a number of years, he is not a synthetic sales manager. He writes:

IN February, 1917, I completed my requirements for the S.B. degree. I then left for Newark, New Jersey, to assume duties at Merck & Company, manufacturers of drugs and laboratory chemicals, as one of their analytical chemists. This, my first position, played an important part in my climb up the ladder of the business world.

Along with many of my classmates I enlisted in the Ordnance Corps, United States Army, as a chemist. I was detailed to the United States Technological School at Carney's Point, New Jersey, within DuPont's Powder Mills, where I took up my studies in explosive chemistry. Later I became an instructor in the same school and, before being dishonorably discharged from the service, I was recommended for a commission in the Ordnance Corps.

Upon my return to Massachusetts I entered the employ of the George H. Morrill Company, Norwood, Massachusetts, as research chemist on dyes and dry colors. In their analytical laboratory I tested all raw materials entering into the manufacture of printing inks. I also formulated many inks and varnishes. In

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1920 I left there to install a new laboratory for the testing of varnishes and other finishing materials at the Heywood-Wakefield Company, Gardner, Massachusetts.

Another rung up the ladder of the business world for me was the offer to become the chief chemist of the Boston Varnish Company, Everett, Massachusetts. Here I supervised the work of several junior chemists in the testing of raw materials entering into the manufacture of paints, enamels, and varnishes, formulated the same, and handled complaints in the field for the Industrial Sales Department.

During this experience I became interested in sales work, and in 1929 joined the sales staff of the United Color and Pigment Company of Newark, New Jersey, as New England district manager.

Later on I was invited to return to the Boston Varnish Company to build a new laboratory and reorganize the industrial sales department.

In 1939 I joined a larger manufacturer of paints and lacquers as a district sales manager in New England. I am still with this company — the Sherwin-Williams Company of Cleveland, Ohio.

Spare time finds me at one of two things, music or golf. I graduated from the New England Conservatory of Music, majoring in piano and organ before I entered Harvard. I play the organ regularly at the Harvard Lodge in Cambridge. Golf gives me a chance to blow off steam.

May I conclude by quoting Hare who writes: "They who cannot weave a uniform net may at least produce a piece of patchwork, which may be useful and not without a charm of its own."

JOHN KENNETH TAYLOR PHILIPS

ADDRESS: West Neck Ave., Huntington, Long Island, N. Y.

BORN: Sept. 2, 1894, Brookline, Mass. PARENTS: Frederic D. Philips, Jessie Taylor.

PREPARED AT: St. Mark's School, Southboro, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916.

MARRIED: Janet H. Freeman, Feb. 6, 1924, New York, N. Y. CHILDREN: James Delamater, March 11, 1926; Frederick Waldron, May 15, 1928.

OCCUPATION: Financial Statistician.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Driver, Norton Harjes Ambulance Corps, Section 5, March 4, 1916; commandant-adjoint Sept. 3; driver, Section 21,

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May 9 to July 20, 1917; served with French Army on Verdun, Chemin des Dames, Vosges and Somme fronts. Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., Aug., 1917; commissioned 1st lieutenant Field Artillery Nov. 27; assigned to 308th Field Artillery, 78th Division, Dec. 15; detailed to Balloon School, Fort Omaha, Nebr., March 23 to May 17, 1918; sailed for France May 26; promoted captain July 30; returned to United States Sept. 2; assigned to 44th Field Artillery, Leon Springs, Texas; discharged Dec. 24, 1918.

JACK PHILIPS expects to be back in the service soon and hopes that this time we shall finish the job we thought we had finished in 1918. He writes:

THE years behind have been uneventful except for the mad whirl of the '20's. Certainly the years before look grim. Smattering reports from other classmates seem to indicate that we all are trying to do the same thing — to get back in the Army. I hope to be there in the reasonably near future. Possibly your next Report will show a far-reaching improvement as a result of the job we are about to do and fell so far short of in 1918.

ARTHUR OSGOOD PHINNEY

HOME ADDRESS: 69 Yale St., Winchester, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 26 Temple Pl., Boston, Mass.

BORN: NOV. 4, 1892, Lynn, Mass. PARENTS: William Benjamin Phinney, Carrie Elizabeth Warren.

PREPARED AT: Browne and Nichols School, Cambridge, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; S.T.B. (Episcopal Theol. School), 1921.

MARRIED: Lucile Snow Flagg, June 18, 1921, Longmeadow, Mass. CHILDREN: Frederick Warren, May 15, 1922; Arthur Osgood, Jr., April 21, 1926; William Flagg, May 5, 1928.

HARVARD SON: Frederick Warren Phinney, '43.

OCCUPATION: Clergyman of Episcopal Church; Archdeacon of Lowell, Diocese of Massachusetts; Executive Secretary of Department on Youth.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Ambulance driver, American Field Service, Vosges Detachment and Section 33, May 19, 1917, to Nov., 1917, with French Army on Alsace and Argonne fronts. Entered Y. M. C. A. service Nov., 1917; served with Foyer du Soldat, 4th French Army, on Champagne front; appointed director Foyer du Soldat, Saint-Germain-la-Ville; appointed American assistant regional director 4th French Region, Châlons-sur-Marne, May, 1918; duty completed Sept. 15, 1918.

OFFICES HELD: Assistant minister, Grace Church, Lawrence, Mass., 1920-1923, Trinity Church, Boston, 1923-1928; rector, St. Paul's Church, Concord,

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N. H., 1928-1931, St. Stephen's Memorial Church, Lynn, Mass., 1931-1938; archdeacon of Lowell and executive secretary, Youth Department, Diocese of Massachusetts, since 1938; trustee, St. Mary's School, Concord, N. H., 1928-1931; national director, Order of Sir Galahad for Boys, since 1937; president and director, Camp O-At-Ka, Inc., since 1937.
MEMBER OF: Boston City Club.

ART PHINNEY gives a vivid description of why he went into the ministry:

FOR the reason that my life since College has been lived with people of many different social groups, it has been full of interesting experiences and quite varied in scope of activities. It has been devoted in the main to the task of trying to persuade a "faithless and perverse generation" to accept the Christian way of life as the means to worth-while, soul-satisfying living. My primary interest, however, has been in work with boys and young people in an endeavor to help them build up a stiff backbone, develop their talents and abilities for their own good and the welfare of their fellows. In short, my vocation is that of a clergyman, my avocation the direction of summer camps for boys and girls. Hence my work has fallen into two definite categories although comprehended in one — namely the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

You members of the Class who read this, being a cross section of men in the world of affairs, will no doubt understand some of the difficulties attending a vocation such as mine. Contrary to what you may think, however, dealing with materialistic, somewhat hard-boiled, predominantly selfish, essentially luxury-loving, sometimes greedy, and erstwhile skeptical sinners is a thrilling experience. It has many compensations for the disillusionments encountered, in that there are still many uncanonized saints among the multitudes of the market place, who act as leaven for the whole lump. It is a work which brings inner peace and satisfaction, since one can put one's whole heart and mind and strength into the cause without fear or favor, knowing that there is no work greater or more worth while than doing one's best to help one's fellow-men. From the personal viewpoint then, my job has been satisfying and most educative, although somewhat disillusioning and indescribably deflating to one's ego.

Some of you no doubt will wonder how under the sun I ever

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came to choose the ministry as a life work. Of course it is a long story. It began perhaps with the happy miss of an *arrivée* while I was in the ambulance service with the French Army at a little post called Hôche in the Vosges Mountains of Alsace, France, in June, 1917. An inclination to enter the ministry, which had started me toward college, was strengthened by the *éclats* of that *obu*. The next *arrivées* which burst in the midst of a concentration of kicking, screaming, agonizing pack mules aggravated the desire. My subsequent experiences with *obus*, bombs, *gaz*, cooties, and the like, living and sleeping the while in dirty, rat-infested *abris* deep underground, fanned the feeble flame into a burning zeal. This stayed with me until I finally got back home resolved to add my little voice and join my feeble efforts with others in the task of winning men to a way of life in which war could find no place. Alas! How futile and seemingly ineffectual the efforts of a comparatively few well-meaning souls in the face of recent events! And yet, there is a ray of hope. One can always comfort one's self with the old adage that it is always darkest just before the dawn. Despite the war clouds, a new generation is beginning to catch the vision of a better world. Perhaps, after all, our labors have not been in vain. After this war there may come a time when more men will truly try to love their neighbors as themselves, and when the principles of righteousness, justice, and truth will be recognized as the foundation stones for building a more stable world order.

All this, no doubt, sounds too preachy and impracticable, but "them's my sentiments."

During these years I have been blessed with a lovely, sweet-charactered girl as helpmate. Three fine sons have come along to add their bit to life's enjoyment. One of them is now a junior at Harvard and captain-elect of the Varsity cross country team.

There have been many high spots of personal enjoyment during the years. Among them was a summer before the war which my wife and I spent in touring Europe from the Trossachs of Scotland, down through England, Holland, Belgium, the Rhine country, Switzerland, Italy, and France. Many of the cities and historic shrines have since been destroyed by the legions of the invader. Time and space does not permit of more than mention of vacation periods spent in trips to various delightful places

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nearer home, the Caribbean, New Orleans, the Southwest, California, the Yosemite and Grand Canyon, Canada, and elsewhere. Many of these trips were in line of duty, to conventions and conferences, but nonetheless enjoyable.

It is grand to be able to combine work with pleasure, but real enjoyment comes from having a life work in which one can share in the joys and sorrows, the disappointments as well as the successes of hundreds of one's fellows. For such a life with its opportunities for service I am humbly grateful.

Twenty-five years ago a world war spoiled the Commencement of many members of the best class Harvard ever produced, and now it's here again. "Sherman was right." In that first fight to save the world for democracy (how I hate that phrase) many members of 1917 sacrificed their lives. In this second war which threatens to ruin our Twenty-fifth Reunion I am certain that Seventeen Men will not be found wanting in loyalty and devotion to those principles for which our classmates died.

My one hope is, however, that after this present war is won, we'll still have enough courage and stamina to win the peace, so that the children and children's children of the Class of 1917 may have a saner world in which to live.

LINCOLN WALLACE PIERCE

HOME ADDRESS: 48 Centre St., Milton, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 40 Broad St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Dec. 8, 1895, Milton, Mass. PARENTS: M. Vassar Pierce, '77, Margaret Gray Whitten.

PREPARED AT: Milton Academy, Milton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Ada Johnson, June 30, 1920, Milton, Mass. CHILDREN: Frances (Mrs. Spencer Field), April 7, 1921; Marion, June 7, 1924.

HARVARD BROTHER: Roger Pierce, '04.

OCCUPATION: Insurance.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled chief quartermaster U. S. Naval Reserve Force April 17, 1917; assigned to Bar Harbor, Maine, to Officer Material School, Cambridge, Mass.; appointed ensign Feb. 11, 1918; assigned to U. S. S. *Louisiana*, Atlantic Fleet; overseas Aug. 1 to Dec. 1; released from active duty Dec. 13, 1918.

OFFICES HELD: Chairman, Milton Finance Committee, 1929 and 1930, Milton Board of Health, since 1931, Milton Committee on Public Safety; president, Milton Visiting Nurse and Social Service League.

MEMBER OF: Milton Club; Hoosic Whisick Club; Wardroom Club.

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LINC PIERCE says that his twenty-five years out of College, "interspersed with numerous minor duties, pleasures, and responsibilities, have caused the years since 1917 to pass all too quickly." Linc is not like that bird, the Whiffenpoof, which flew backwards because it did not care where it was going — it only wanted to see where it had been. He writes briefly:

ALMOST twenty-five years of jumping from one thing to another. The Navy, marriage, the cotton business, children born, the investment business, the troubles of 1929, the insurance business — all radiating from a home in Milton and an office in Boston.

STEARNS POOR

HOME ADDRESS: Hanover, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 53 State St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Nov. 29, 1895, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Harris Osborne Poor, '90, Fannie Louise Stearns.

PREPARED AT: Newton High School, Newton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Hope Colwell, July 29, 1922, Concord, Mass. CHILDREN: Eleanor, Feb. 19, 1923; Hope, July 21, 1926; Stearns, Jr., May 13, 1928; Harris Colwell, June 29, 1935; Bennet, June 30, 1939.

OCCUPATION: Stock Broker.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Electrician (radio) U. S. Naval Reserve Force when United States entered the war; appointed ensign Sept. 18, 1917; assigned to Navy Yard, Boston, Mass., serving as radio officer; transferred to U. S. S. *Texas* Nov. 25; sailed for overseas service Jan. 30, 1918; commissioned ensign (temporary) U. S. Navy Aug. 1; resignation accepted Feb. 12, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Commander, Massachusetts Commandery, Naval Order of the United States, 1939, 1940.

MEMBER OF: Naval Order of the United States; Wardroom Club.

STEARNS POOR thinks that the rubber shortage may mean a good stretch in the country for him. His "Life":

IT should be compulsory homework to set down in writing a review of one's activities every five or ten years. In making this attempt after twenty-five years, I find that too much has faded out, and can be revived only by very considerable effort.

Early April, 1917, found me quitting Cambridge, in good company, and moving to Charlestown, in the Naval Reserve. Successful passing of intricate examinations produced an ensign's com-

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mission in August, and an assignment to the battleship *Texas* in November. Sailing abroad shortly we, with four other American ships, became a unit of the British Grand Fleet. I was transferred to the regular Navy in 1918, and resigned the commission in 1919.

I soon found myself in the wool business, as a small cog in the large house of Crimmins & Pierce, who, in a moment of trustfulness, sent me to England for a few months in 1921, in the rôle of buyer. Upon returning to this country, they made me a salesman, possibly indicating my success as buyer. I was assigned the task of keeping the mills of Maine supplied with wool, so I married Hope Colwell of Jamaica Plain, and we set up housekeeping in Portland in 1922.

We were back in Boston in 1926, with a house in Auburndale. My family was increasing, and the other fellow's pasture began to look greener than mine, so I bought a seat on the Boston Stock Exchange in 1928 and am still occupying it. I am an individual broker, a specialist in four or five New York stocks. Needless to say, for the last few years the other fellow's pasture has again begun to look considerably greener than mine.

We acquired an old house in the country a few years ago, and after putting in several summers there, we decided to dig in for the year 'round. So here we are, with eighty-five acres of land, in Hanover, Massachusetts, five children (one is a sophomore at Smith), one horse, two pigs, a few chickens, and sundry other minor livestock.

I am ten miles from the nearest railroad, and the tires on the family car are far from good, so perhaps before long I shall have to stay home and raise soy-beans. Perhaps that would be more peaceful, anyhow. In the city I get to worrying about a hundred billion dollars, but the pigs and chickens don't care a hoot. Maybe I shouldn't, either.

DUDLEY GREENE POORE

ADDRESS: R. D. 2, Marietta, N. Y.

BORN: Sept. 6, 1893, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. PARENTS: Alvin Brainard Poore,
Mary Isabella Brooks.

PREPARED AT: Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B.† *cum laude*, 1917 (20).

OCCUPATION: Education.

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MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered American Red Cross Ambulance Service, with Italian Army Jan., 1918. Enlisted and assigned to Courier Service; detailed to American Students' Detachment, Cambridge University, England, March, 1919; discharged July 19, 1919, in France.

IN College Dudley Poore was a member of the Poetry Society and was on the board of the Monthly. During the war he served with the American Red Cross Ambulance Service with the Italian Army. After the war he was in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, at least until 1923. In 1927 his address was 40 Seberti and Reali, Rome, Italy; in 1937 he was in Cambridge; and in 1941 he was living in Marietta, New York.

GEORGE ERNEST PORTECK

HOME ADDRESS: 1551 Alton Drive, Akron, Ohio.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Firestone Tire & Rubber Export Co., Akron, Ohio.

BORN: Aug. 1, 1895, Lawrence, Mass. PARENTS: Max Porteck, Margaret Farrell.

PREPARED AT: Lawrence High School, Lawrence, Mass.; Lowell High School, Lowell, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916, 1917-1918. DEGREE: A.B. *magna cum laude*, 1917 (18).

MARRIED: Mary Blomberg, Dec. 11, 1921, Lowell, Mass. CHILDREN: George Ernest, Jr., Oct. 6, 1922; Mary Margaret, Nov. 18, 1923.

OCCUPATION: Vice-president, Firestone Tire & Rubber Export Company.

GEORGE PORTECK has stuck to the same company since he went to work. In 1920 he was in the employment department of the Firestone Tire & Rubber Company at Akron; in 1923 he was in their export department at Lowell, Massachusetts; and since then he has been in the same department in Akron.

HERMAN WILLARD PORTER

HOME ADDRESS: 210 W. 150th St., New York, N. Y.

BORN: April 27, 1893, Terre Haute, Ind. PARENTS: Benjamin F. Porter, Minnie Armstrong Saunders.

PREPARED AT: Wiley High School, Terre Haute, Ind.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Alice Linberry, July 18, 1922, New York, N. Y.

OCCUPATION: Teacher of Mathematics, New York City Public Schools.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Fort Des Moines, Iowa, June 15, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Oct. 15; assigned to Company D, 367th Infantry, 92d Division; detailed

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as intelligence officer; sailed for France June 9, 1918; discharged May 14, 1919. Engagements: Saint-Dié sector, Meuse-Argonne offensive.

NOTHING is known about Herman Porter up to 1937 except that he was living in Terre Haute, Indiana. In 1937 he was living in New York and was a teacher of mathematics in the New York public schools, where he has since remained.

ALLEN POTTER

HOME ADDRESS: 36 Longwood Rd., Milton, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 10 Post Office Sq., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Aug. 12, 1895, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: William Henry Potter, Mary Louise Allen.

PREPARED AT: Brookline High School, Brookline, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Emily Tillinghast, Oct. 30, 1920, Boston, Mass. CHILDREN: John Tillinghast, March 27, 1923; Ann, March 29, 1928; Emily, Oct. 24, 1931.

HARVARD SON: John Tillinghast Potter, '45.

HARVARD BROTHERS: William Potter, '27; Roger Potter, '32.

OCCUPATION: New England Manager, Lawrence Warehouse Company.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Commissioned 1st lieutenant Sanitary Corps Sept. 27, 1917; assigned to Orthopedic Division, Medical Corps; sailed for overseas service Oct. 9; detailed to Medical Liaison Office, London, England; assigned to Headquarters 26th Division, A. E. F., Jan. 3, 1918; transferred to Headquarters Depot Division, 1st Army Corps, April 1; to Base Hospital No. 8 May 10; invalided to United States Jan. 24, 1919; discharged April 4, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Vice-president and director, William B. Nichols & Company; director, N. B. Thayer Shoe Company; treasurer, Milton Club, Milton Republican Committee; chairman, First Congregational Parish in Milton; Milton Town Meeting Member.

MEMBER OF: Exchange Club of Boston; Milton Club.

IT is evident that Allen Potter has in the last twenty-five years adhered to the philosophy which he quotes at the conclusion of his "Life". He writes:

THE summer after graduation found me at work in the chemical laboratory of the Robert Brigham Hospital in Boston. While thus engaged, I was offered an opportunity to obtain a commission as first lieutenant in the Sanitary Corps and to accompany Dr. Goldthwait of Boston, then a colonel in the Medical Corps, to France as one of a small group of special aides. We sailed for France in the first week of October, 1917.

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Until about Thanksgiving time I was stationed in London and visited many of the British hospitals in that area, studying particularly the methods which they had developed for re-educating men whose wounds had destroyed the function of legs or arms.

Later in the fall I was transferred to the Headquarters Company of the 26th Division, which by that time was established in Neufchâteau. The group to which I was attached was concerned with the care of men who had suffered various types of physical breakdown under the strenuous training program of that first winter in France. With proper equipment and training a large proportion of such men were returned to their outfits as useful members.

In the early spring our group was transferred to the Headquarters Company of the First Army near Tours where the same kind of work was carried on. It was in part on the basis of our work that the present army field service shoes were designed.

In May, 1918, I was transferred to Base Hospital No. 8 at Savenay near St. Nazaire, where my duties consisted of taking charge of a part of the medical records of the hospital, eventually organizing and heading the office of evacuation for the American Expeditionary Forces through which all wounded men were returned to America. As this hospital was the receiving station for all cases of influenza which developed on east-bound convoys, many of us, including myself, succumbed. After a long illness, I was sent home, being discharged in the latter part of April, 1919.

Medical training at this point looked like a long, hard row and I felt that at least one important event should be attended to, if necessary to the exclusion of a medical career. My services having been accepted in a very lukewarm fashion by a shoe manufacturer, I started in at the task of trimming noses, tails, and various other appendages off cowhides in the company's tannery. On the strength of these prospects, Emily Tillinghast, a woman of great courage and unquenchable optimism, consented to become engaged to me. In about a year the company went broke and, to celebrate, we were married.

Shortly thereafter, along with about 75% of the Class, I was inducted into what was then called the investment banking business. This step grieved my family, who considered this a very

low form of business. However, in common with most of us in that business, a very pleasant time was had for several years. The golden fleece was very nearly within our grasp. Early retirement, travel, freedom from worry, and a very rosy old age were all just around the corner.

However, it became increasingly evident by the end of 1928 that many of the smaller investment banking and brokerage businesses were largely dependent for profits on the maintaining of heavy, long positions in the then steadily rising market. The income of the strictly brokerage and merchandising departments of our business was not adequate to support our fixed overhead. Since it appeared that I was responsible for producing the impossible, I somewhat reluctantly resigned. Within a year events proved this to have been a much wiser step than I had imagined at the time.

Investment management, then a lusty infant industry in Boston, seemed to present the sanest and most effective approach to the problem which progressive investment bankers had been trying with varying success to solve for their customers. For about five years I "fumbled for facts" with the rest of the boys, alternating between the delights of self-congratulation when we guessed right and the remorse of hindsight when we guessed wrong. Someone has aptly remarked that the function of a trustee is to lose money scientifically and with great dignity.

At this stage of the game I was vice-president and director of William B. Nichols & Company and my work as it developed took me increasingly into the financial side of industrial management. Eventually, I became the New England manager of the Lawrence Warehouse Company, the largest firm of field warehouse operators in the country. Here my work is entirely concerned with developing lines of bank credit secured by our warehouse receipts on inventories.

During all this period Emily and I have had the joy and privilege of growing up with our three children. John, the eldest, graduated *cum laude* from Milton Academy last year and is now a Freshman at Harvard. At the present writing he is having fair success in holding down a seat in the Freshman crew and a place on the Dean's List. He seems definitely to be both bigger and smarter than his old man. Our daughters, Nancy, aged thirteen,

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and Emily, aged ten, are at Milton Academy, and are already a joy and comfort in their parents' old age.

Our hobbies have been very largely family affairs centering around long seasons on Cape Cod. We have sailed and cruised in our own boats when we could afford them, and with good and kind friends when we could not.

As for my views on politics, it seems to me that the human race has decided that it wants to live under a bureaucracy. This seems true not only in our country, but pretty much all over the world. That being so, it behooves us on the one hand to produce a bureaucracy that is content to live on peaceable terms with the rest of us, and on the other hand to learn to live on peaceable terms with the bureaucracy which we have created.

A good statement of a personal philosophy is either very long or very short. One of the best short statements I have seen is a quotation given me by an English naval officer. It runs as follows:

"God give me the serenity to endure those things I cannot change; the courage to attempt to change those things which I can change; and the wit to distinguish between the two."

ARNOLD STUART POTTER

HOME ADDRESS: 31 Estabrook Rd., Swampscott, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Equitable Investment Corp. of Mass., 82 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Feb. 28, 1896, Lynn, Mass. PARENTS: George Fenwick Potter, Kate Eliza Daniels.

PREPARED AT: Lynn Classical High School, Lynn, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917.

MARRIED: Marion Breed Proctor, Sept. 11, 1926, Lynn, Mass.

OCCUPATION: President and Director, Equitable Investment Corporation of Massachusetts, Equitable Management Corporation of Massachusetts, and Congress Co-operative Bank, Boston.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., Aug., 1917; commissioned 1st lieutenant Infantry Nov. 27; assigned to 153d Depot Brigade, Camp Dix, N. J., Dec. 15; transferred to Company L, 311th Infantry, 78th Division, Camp Dix, Jan. 28, 1918; to 303d Field Signal Battalion, 78th Division, Feb. 7; detailed to Camp Gordon, Ga., April 26; assigned to August Automatic Replacement Draft Aug. 25; sailed for France Aug. 31; assigned to 301st Supply Train, 3d Depot Division, Sept. 16; placed in command of Motor Transport

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Company No. 691 Jan. 16, 1919; designated officer in command; detailed to American Students' Detachment, University of Bordeaux, March 3; discharged Sept. 2, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: President, Harvard Club of Lynn (formerly).

MEMBER OF: Harvard Clubs of Lynn and Boston; Harvard Musical Association.

WE wish Arnold Potter had elaborated his story a little more as we are not sure whether he took up accounting on account of or in spite of his "Certificat d'Études Françaises." He writes:

AFTER two years in the Army, which included four months at the University of Bordeaux in the spring of 1919 resulting in a "Certificat d'Études Françaises," I practised public accounting as a certified public accountant until 1927. Since then I have been in the investment trust business.

I play tennis, squash, and badminton, but not golf. I have spent a good deal of time with music, which still makes the world go round.

GERALD SIBLEY PRATT

HOME ADDRESS: 1815 Palmer Ave., Larchmont, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: c/o J. S. Kemper & Co., 342 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

BORN: March 18, 1895, Washburn, Maine. PARENTS: Euba Clarence Pratt, Cora Maude Sibley.

PREPARED AT: Coburn Classical Institute, Waterville, Maine.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1915-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; LL.B., 1922.

MARRIED: Marie M. McCullough, Jan. 2, 1929, Brooklyn, N. Y.

OCCUPATION: Lawyer; Legal Department, Lumbermens Mutual Casualty Company.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; transferred to Coast Artillery Officers' Training Camp, Fort Monroe, Va., Aug. 27; commissioned 2d lieutenant Coast Artillery Corps Nov. 27; assigned to Coast Defense of Portland, Maine; transferred to Battery B, 33d Coast Artillery, Camp Abraham Eustis, Va., Oct. 1, 1918; promoted 1st lieutenant Oct. 10; transferred to Coast Defense of Portland Jan. 24, 1919; discharged Aug. 30, 1919.

MEMBER OF: Masonic Order.

GERALD PRATT evidently believes that he who goads last goads best. His "Life":

LIKE most of the Class I went into military service directly from College. They apparently didn't need me overseas, but used me for twenty-eight months on this side, with plenty

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of hard work, but lots of fun as well. After the war I went to Harvard Law School and got my LL.B. Since that time my life has been exceedingly prosaic, with no great excitement or adventure, and with no great sorrows.

The most fortunate circumstance was my marriage, which still continues to thrive. I like to fish, but am not a fisherman. I like to collect stamps, but am not a philatelist like Rog Tyler. I like to collect coins (also bills) but have never been accused of being a financier. My pet aversions are the complacency of many Americans in today's trying circumstances, and Clem Stodder, whose pitiful letter to my wife resulted in my having to write this "life."

RICHARD KAHLE PRENTICE

HOME ADDRESS: 69 Mills St., Morristown, N. J.

OFFICE ADDRESS: George Washington School and Lafayette School, Morristown, N. J.

BORN: Sept. 8, 1896, Norwich, Conn. PARENTS: Myron Baldwin Prentice, Alice Christiana Allen.

PREPARED AT: Norwich Free Academy, Norwich, Conn.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; A.M. (Columbia Univ.), 1934.

MARRIED: Mary Brook, Jan. 5, 1922, Princeton, N. J. CHILDREN: Mildred, Oct. 18, 1923; Ruth, Aug. 30, 1927.

OCCUPATION: Principal, George Washington School and Lafayette School.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private 1st class Aviation Section, Signal Corps Feb. 19, 1918; called to active duty June 15 and detailed to School of Military Aëronautics, Princeton University, N. J.; assigned to Detachment, 814th Depot Aëro Squadron, Aug. 17; discharged Jan. 8, 1919.

MEMBER OF: Local, county, state, and national education associations; Masonic lodge; state and national principals' association; Red Cross (first aid instructor); boys' work committee, Y. M. C. A.; American Legion.

MANY men often wish they could be in two different places at the same time. Here is a man, Richard Prentice, who manages to be the principal of two schools, a mile apart. His story:

SINCE graduation from Harvard the experiences of one Richard Prentice have been varied but in no sense spectacular. Events in keeping with the times followed one after another.

Nine or ten months' service (on the ground) in the United

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States School of Military Aëronautics was followed by three years as social and assistant secretary at the Y. M. C. A. in Cambridge. Romance, which resulted in my taking a "war bride" from Princeton, New Jersey, has guided my work and play since 1922. (My everlasting thanks to Uncle Sam for sending me to the United States School of Military Aëronautics at Princeton for my war service.)

Soon after marriage I entered the teaching profession. Through the years I have been very much educated through contact with pupils of every grade level from junior college and private academy down to the kindergarten and sub-primary. At present I exist under a dual personality, being principal of two Morristown, New Jersey, elementary schools located about one mile apart.

Our family hobbies are associated with outdoor life — camping out each summer, swimming, hiking, nature study, badminton, and picnics ranging in menu from the honorable hot dog fully dressed to southern fried chicken prepared by real Southerners. Much of my spare time is occupied as American Red Cross first-aid instructor for community groups and as director of simplified first aid for school safety patrols and such groups.

My wife and children (two young women eighteen and fourteen years of age) take splendid care of me. Mildred has entered Beaver College this fall and hopes in five or six years to be superintendent of nurses in some hospital to be endowed by worthy 1917 classmates. Ruthie hopes to follow in Mildred's footsteps and intends to prepare for nursing administration. With two daughters so medically-minded, and with a wife who is a graduate nurse, I expect to live to a grand and glorious ripe old age, telling my great-grandchildren tall tales of the Harvard Class of 1917 — the finest ever.

WILLIAM PAYNE THOMPSON PRESTON

HOME ADDRESS: 895 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

BORN: March 21, 1895, Colorado Springs, Colo. PARENTS: Ralph Julius Preston, Elizabeth Steenrod Thompson.

PREPARED AT: St. Mark's School, Southboro, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Fanny Baldwin, Sept. 25, 1920, Mt. Kisco, N. Y. (divorced 1930);

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Doris Alford, June 17, 1932, New York, N. Y. CHILDREN: Phyllis, May 31, 1922; William Payne Thompson, Jr., May 28, 1924; Betty, Nov. 5, 1935.

HARVARD BROTHERS: Jerome Preston, '19 (deceased); Lewis Thompson Preston, '24 (deceased).

OCCUPATION: Retired.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Field Artillery Aug. 15; sailed for France Sept. 8; detailed to French Artillery School, Fontainebleau, Sept. to Dec.; to École d'état-major, Senlis, Jan., 1918; instructor in English to French General Staff; assigned to Office of Chief of Staff, General Headquarters A. E. F., in March; promoted 1st lieutenant July 26 and assigned to 165th Infantry, 42d Division; appointed aide-de-camp to Brigadier General Frank P. McCoy commanding 63d Infantry Brigade, 32d Division, in Sept; discharged March 6, 1919. Engagements: Champagne-Marne defensive, Marne-Aisne, Aisne-Oise and Meuse-Argonne offensives.

OFFICES HELD: Partner, G. M.-P. Murphy & Company 1926-1939; member, Holland Lodge, A. F. & A. M.

MEMBER OF: Brook Club; Racquet & Tennis Club; Piping Rock Club; Harvard Club.

BILL PRESTON'S retiring disposition is shown by the emphasis he places on people and events in the following story of his last twenty-five years:

AFTER being allowed to take my final examinations at the April Hours with most of our classmates, I proceeded to Plattsburg where, after an arduous summer, I managed to be commissioned a second lieutenant in the Field Artillery. I was immediately ordered abroad and in September, 1917, sailed on the S. S. *Orduna*, together with Harry Cabot, '17, Alan Clark, '17, and George Haydock, '16. The last two were later killed in action. After three months of training at the French Artillery Schools of Fontainebleau and Saumur (enlivened by many weekends in Paris, where my family was in the Red Cross) orders came sending Norris Williams and me to the French General Staff College at Senlis. There for three months we taught English to the French Staff officers, who were to be assigned to the American Expeditionary Force. The German advance of March, 1918, forced the school to close and Williams and I proceeded to Chaumont, American Expeditionary Force Headquarters. For another three months I was attached as orderly officer in General

Harbord's office under Colonel Frank McCoy. When Colonel McCoy was ordered to the front in July, 1918, he took me with him and I remained as his aide-de-camp until after the Armistice. On arriving at the front I was greeted by Oliver Ames, '17, who was soon to lose his life in action. In fact, I had a long talk with him the night before we were to attack. He had a very strong premonition that he would not come out of the battle alive, and the next day he died. He was as fine an officer and man as I ever knew, and if he had lived he would undoubtedly have been one of our most distinguished classmates today.

The next five months, until after the Armistice, were ones of constant change and action. After Rheims, Château-Thierry, and the Ourcq with the Rainbow Division, we were assigned to the Michigan-Wisconsin Division and went through the Aisne-Oise and the Argonne (three times rested and sent in again). General McCoy was one of the ablest and bravest officers a man could serve under and his example of devotion to duty has been an inspiration to me ever since.

In 1919 I returned for one year at Harvard Law School, got married in 1920, and entered on seven years with the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. Never having really enjoyed hard work, I found the long hours and short vacations most tedious. So when Colonel Grayson Murphy offered me a partnership in his firm, I jumped at the chance, bought a seat on the Stock Exchange in 1926, and started the lunatic career of the 1920's. From then on my life resembles that of every other stock broker, rich as Croesus in the '20's and broke in the '30's.

I suffered a hemorrhage of the lungs in 1938 and from then on ceased active business. Two years in Bermuda have restored my health, but Wall Street will never see me again, except for lunch. I am now living the life of an aged retired business man.

My son graduates from St. Mark's this spring, but whether he goes to Harvard or not remains at this moment in the lap of the gods. He plans to enter the diplomatic service after he makes up his mind what university to attend.

My elder daughter is a student at Bennington College, and my younger, age six, helps keep her father from feeling too old.

And so I close a summary of the last twenty-five years which

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began with one war and ends with yet another and more dreadful one.

GEORGE ENDICOTT PUTNAM

HOME ADDRESS: Cedar Swamp Rd., Jericho, Long Island, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Staff of First Army, Governors Island, N. Y.

BORN: Sept. 9, 1894, Brookline, Mass. PARENTS: George Jacob Putnam, '87, Helen Huntington White.

PREPARED AT: Noble and Greenough School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916.

MARRIED: Sarah Sherburne, Nov. 1, 1919, Boston, Mass. CHILDREN: Charles Sherburne and George Endicott, Jr. (twins), April 22, 1921; John King, July 23, 1928.

HARVARD SONS: Charles Sherburne Putnam, '43; George Endicott Putnam, Jr., '43.

OCCUPATION: Major, United States Army; Cotton Textiles.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Private Battery A, 1st Mass. Field Artillery; promoted sergeant and transferred to Battery B, 101st Field Artillery, 26th Division; sailed for France; detailed to Artillery School, Saumur; commissioned 2d lieutenant; detailed as instructor at same school; attached to Headquarters, 8th French Army; wounded May 25, 1918 at Nomeny; assigned to 305th Field Artillery, 77th Division; discharged May 16, 1919. Engagements: Baccarat sector, Aisne-Oise and Meuse-Argonne offensives. Cited in general orders Headquarters 77th Division, A. E. F.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of New York; Cold Spring Harbor Beach Club.

ALWAYS neat and methodical, Put makes his report chronological and to the point. Since he enjoys sailing, and has twin sons in the Navy, it is paradoxical that he is now in the Army. His chronology:

Demobilized May, 1919.

Great Falls Manufacturing Company, Somersworth, New Hampshire, 1920

Minot, Hooper & Company, New York, 1922-1929

Sanderson and Porter, New York, 1922-1929

Vice-president, Oliver Ditson Company, New York, 1929

Minot, Hooper & Company, New York, 1930-1939

Commissioned Major, New York National Guard, 1940

Federalized February, 1941

Advanced course, Fort Sill, Oklahoma, March-May, 1941

Stationed 187th Field Artillery, Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont

[In February, 1942, Putnam added the following note:

"I graduated from the Command and General Staff School at Leavenworth in December. Was back at Ethan Allen, Vermont,

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with my regiment for six weeks and then I was transferred to the staff of the First Army at Governors Island." — *Secretary.*]

HYMEN WILLIAM RADOVSKY

HOME ADDRESS: 492 June St., Fall River, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Radovsky & Soforenko, 230 Granite Block, Fall River, Mass.

BORN: Feb. 15, 1895, Fall River, Mass. PARENTS: Banet David Radovsky, Bessie Judith Feinberg.

PREPARED AT: B. M. C. Durfee High School, Fall River, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913–1916. DEGREES: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917; LL.B., 1919.

MARRIED: Pauline Eleanor Green, March 11, 1924, Brookline, Mass. CHILDREN: Sally Ruth, June 10, 1926; Carol Judith, March 18, 1930; Lois Deborah, Feb. 9, 1935.

HARVARD BROTHER: David Reuben Radovsky, '02, A.M., '03, LL.B., '05 (deceased).

OCCUPATION: Lawyer, Practising in State and Federal Courts.

OFFICES HELD: Member, Fall River Board of Finance, 1937–1941.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of Fall River; Fall River Country Club; Knights of Pythias; Elks; Moose; Masonic Order (32d degree); Shriners; Law Society of Massachusetts; New Century Club of Boston; American Bar Association; Massachusetts Bar Association; Bristol County Bar Association; Fall River Bar Association.

PUBLICATIONS: Associate editor, *Harvard Law Review*, Vol. 32; contributions of verse to a Fall River weekly newspaper in column entitled "Love Thy Neighbor."

TOLERATION and understanding form the theme of Bill Radovsky's life. He writes:

THE story of my life would ordinarily be considered uneventful. It is filled with the normal amount of likes and dislikes, successes and failures, fortunes and adversities. It is the life of the average successful lawyer who mixed a little in politics. As a result I was rewarded on December 23, 1936, with an appointment by the Governor to the Fall River Board of Finance, which had complete control over the city's finances from 1931 to 1941. It was during my service on this board that I began a little private crusade to develop more brotherhood and neighborliness between Jew and non-Jew. If these seemingly distant groups could be brought closer together it would inevitably result in a rapprochement of nearly all other groups.

I tried to explain to my co-religionists that the Jews are no longer a race or a people, as any good anthropologist will agree. If this

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fact were acknowledged, fewer fellow-Americans would regard us as a foreign and unassimilable element. I urged that even as a religious group our approach should be different. Any religion to be successful must be flexible and adjustable to the times which influence the adherents of that religion. The ethical and moral philosophy of Judaism cannot be surpassed. I therefore urged them to adhere to their fundamental faith but to eliminate from the prayerbook the "Chosen People" legend and all nationalistic and Zionistic references. I was, of course, accused of being an iconoclast. I was not deterred. I kept plodding ahead.

To the Christian I argued that his religion and mine were no different except that I did not believe the Messiah had yet come. The Christian worshipped the same God that I did except that his was a Trinity. When Jesus lived he believed in Jehovah, the Father of Mankind. The Jew believes in this same God. The Father is just as important an element in the Trinity as the other Two.

I also argued that the story of the crucifixion should be taught differently. It will not help to say that Pilate killed Christ or that the Jew of today should not be blamed for what a small group of Jews did nineteen hundred years ago. Psychologically that explanation does not seem to solve the problem. It is nearer the truth to argue that since Christ was ordained to die to save mankind, the Jews and Romans merely carried out God's will. Furthermore, it would seem ridiculous for the Christian to be hostile to a group from whom sprang the Saviour he worships. In my newspaper column "Love Thy Neighbor" I published this pertinent poem:

The Saviour's passion on the cross,
Designed by God to demonstrate
The soul will gain through body's loss,
Instead of good incited hate.

The preachers of religious thought
Should teach that God His death ordained,
And those who then His ruin sought,
Obeyed God's will which them enchained.

I have given talks on the above before a number of religious groups and I think they are bearing fruit. I have on occasions

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used as the subject of my talk the title "Christianity and Judaism the Twin-Saviours of Mankind." We may not see any great change during our lifetime, but I am confident that if such teachings became widespread, really concrete benefits would result before many generations had passed. If my poor efforts have even a small measure of success, this "life" will have been justified.

EUGENE PEARSON RAMSAY

HOME ADDRESS: 1327 N. Sierra Bonita Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Chas. N. Mayne Co., 1709 W. Eighth St., Los Angeles, Calif.

BORN: Dec. 2, 1894, Sharon, Pa. PARENTS: Abram Pearson Ramsay, Harriet Breckenridge Bell.

PREPARED AT: Brookline High School, Brookline, Mass.; Stone School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Lois Whipple McCrea, Dec. 28, 1920, Los Angeles, Calif. (divorced September, 1937); Dorothea Vautier, Sept. 20, 1941, Sparks, Nev.

CHILD: Mary Patricia, Aug. 10, 1925.

HARVARD BROTHERS: William Bell Ramsay, '06 (deceased); Paul Ramsay, '16.

OCCUPATION: Vice-president and Production Manager, Charles H. Mayne Company, Advertising Agency.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Nov. 27; assigned to 151st Depot Brigade, Camp Devens, Mass.; discharged Dec. 11, 1918. Commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Officers' Reserve Corps March 7, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Various chairmanships, vice-chairmanships, executive board and committee memberships in connection with the activities of the Pacific Coast Gas Association, Pacific Coast Electrical Association, Co-operative Advertising Committee of Pacific Coast Gas Utilities, Advertising Club of Los Angeles, Electric Club of Los Angeles.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of Southern California.

GENE RAMSAY in his Sexennial Report said, "In April, 1919, I went to Los Angeles intending to remain a few months before returning East to start in business." He has been there ever since. He writes:

SOMEHOW, despite the concrete evidence of it (in the form of a framed sheepskin hung on the wall of my study), in some ways I have found it hard to feel that I really graduated from Harvard College. For when June, 1917, made its appear-

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ance, I had already been at Officers' Training Camp at Plattsburg for nearly two months. Thus, I was deprived of all the solemnity and hilarity which together go to impress one's graduation firmly in mind. However, after nearly two years in army service, most of it as a second lieutenant of Infantry, assigned to the 151st Depot Brigade at Camp Devens, I was under no illusions that I actually *had* completed my college course. December, 1918, saw me discharged from service and face to face with the problem of getting started in the business of life.

With the usual restlessness of those just out of service, I wandered about the country for a time, eventually ending up in Los Angeles, California, in the spring of 1919. Here I have been ever since. No, I was not a "victim" of Chamber of Commerce propaganda, but I can truthfully say, after nearly twenty-three years of residence, that most of the claims about Southern California's ideal climate are quite sound. It is a pretty good place to *live*, even if, as an Easterner born and bred, there are many things of the East I miss.

Shortly after my arrival in Los Angeles I entered the employ of a wholesale shoe firm, with opportunity to learn the business thoroughly, in every department. It seemed at the time just the sort of thing I was looking for. For about two years everything moved along nicely until a contact with advertising made me feel that that was the field in which I really belonged. In 1922 I "made the break" and entered the advertising department of Los Angeles Gas & Electric Corporation, one of the largest public utility organizations on the West Coast. Since then advertising has been my profession, pursued by me with a satisfactory measure of success and a large degree of personal satisfaction and enjoyment. I spent eleven years with the utility company, during the last five of which I was advertising manager. When an advertising agency took over the company's advertising activities I resigned my position and, after a brief interval of time, entered the advertising agency field myself, in association with an old friend in the same profession. It is this company — the Charles H. Mayne Company of Los Angeles — with which I have been associated as vice-president and production manager for the past seven years.

While my life since finishing Harvard has been a quiet one,

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on the whole it has been a pleasant one. It has brought the opportunity for considerable travel in my own country, particularly in the western states where, as everyone knows, there is much to see and enjoy. The warm and open climate of Southern California makes for delightful living conditions, enabling one to spend a great deal of time out of doors; and I have been able to keep up my favorite sport, tennis, the year 'round. Tennis, a considerable amount of reading, and the enjoyment of good music are my chief means of surcease from toil and the ills of a troubled world.

HOWARD MORRIS RAND

HOME ADDRESS: 5 Ridgeway Ave., West Orange, N. J.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 20 Exchange Pl., New York, N. Y.

BORN: April 28, 1895, New York, N. Y. PARENTS: Charles Frederic Rand, Mary Burnham.

PREPARED AT: Milton Academy, Milton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917.

MARRIED: Frances Atherton Brunson, May 20, 1922, Port Chester, N. Y.

CHILDREN: Charles Frederic, 2d, April 3, 1923; Douglas Lovell, March 30, 1925; Howard Morris, Jr., March 25, 1926.

OCCUPATION: New Business Man for Lionel D. Edie & Company, Investment Counsel.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled quartermaster 1st class U. S. Naval Reserve Force May 11, 1917; assigned to Naval Training Station, Newport, R. I.; inactive duty June 4, 1917, to April 1, 1918, on account of injury incurred in service; assigned to 2d Naval District, Newport, R. I., April 1, 1918; transferred to Submarine Chaser No. 320 May 25; appointed ensign Aug. 2; assigned to Submarine Chaser School, New London, Conn.; transferred to Hydrophone School, New London, Sept. 18; to Test Department, Experimental Station, New London, Nov. 14; to Industrial Department, Experimental Station, Jan. 11, 1919; released from active duty Jan. 18, 1919.

IN 1920 Howard Rand was in an importing and exporting concern in New York. We did not hear from him in 1923, but in 1927 he was with a New York bond house, and in 1937 he was with Loomis Sayles & Company. Since then he has remained in the investment counsel business but has changed companies.

WILLIAM RAND

HOME ADDRESS: Locust Valley, Long Island, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Burr, Gannett & Co., 111 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT

BORN: Dec. 1, 1895, New York, N. Y. PARENTS: William Rand, '88, Rosalie Crockett.

PREPARED AT: St. Mark's School, Southboro, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREES: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917 (16); LL.B. *cum laude*, 1921.

MARRIED: Barbara Burr, Oct. 11, 1925, Readville, Mass. CHILDREN: William, Jr., Oct. 17, 1926; Carleton B., June 18, 1928.

HARVARD BROTHER: Robert Crockett Rand, '19, LL.B., '21.

OCCUPATION: Member, Burr, Gannett & Company on the New York Stock Exchange.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled quartermaster 2d class, U. S. Naval Reserve Force May 3, 1917; assigned to Patrol boat, 2d Naval District, Newport, R. I.; appointed ensign Oct. 4; graduated Reserve Officers' Training Class, U. S. Naval Academy and commissioned ensign (temporary) U. S. Navy Feb. 1, 1918; assigned to Destroyer *Gregory*; sailed for overseas service June 20; promoted lieutenant (junior grade, temporary) July 20; resignation accepted Feb. 10, 1919.

MEMBER OF: Piping Rock Club; Harvard Club of New York.

IN College Rand was not only a brilliant student, but also a brilliant tennis player. He expressed himself well then, and he does so now:

I WAS born on West Tenth Street, New York City, on the memorable day, December 1, 1895. Six years later we moved to Rye, New York, where I attended Heathcote Hall. Thence in 1909 I went into the third form at St. Mark's, where I learned among other things to play fives, which I consider the best training for all bat and ball games. During my four years in Cambridge I specialized in government and played two years on the tennis team, making one delightful southern trip in the spring of 1915. We won every match except the one against the West Side Club. The fact that Dick Williams played Number 1 had something to do with it.

I got my degree in three years but hated to leave and lose the fun of Senior year, so I started out for an A.M. But the gathering war clouds cut that short at midyears and, after a few weeks of tramping over the Belmont hills with an old Krag rifle in the R. O. T. C., I joined the Navy in May, 1917, aboard H. S. Vanderbilt's S. P. 56. Between dances and other parties we helped guard Newport from the enemy subs.

In August I was stationed at Block Island just in time to see the U. S. S. *Texas* run head on to the beach on a hazy morning.

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917

In October I went to the second officers' training class at Annapolis and came out as an ensign (temporary) in the United States Navy, and was attached to the U. S. S. *Gregory*, a flush-deck destroyer building at Quincy, Massachusetts. We were commissioned in May and after one trial trip with the *Leviathan*, we went over in June and were based at Gibraltar whence we took convoys up the Spanish Coast to Marseilles (when they didn't go aground).

In December, 1918, I came home, resigned from the Navy, and entered a special session of the Harvard Law School. During my last year I was treasurer of the *Harvard Law Review*. After receiving my LL.B. in 1921, I practised in New York with my father's firm, Jerome & Rand, and in due course became a junior partner.

In October, 1925, I married Barbara Burr of Milton, daughter of I. Tucker Burr, '79. Our two sons attended the Buckley School in New York, and are now at St. Mark's. In 1925 I was fortunate enough to win the national squash tennis championship, but the next year I took up court tennis where speed of foot was not so essential. I was national court tennis doubles champion from 1934 through 1939, with Ogden Phipps.

In the spring of 1929 I succumbed to the lure of investment banking and went with Edward B. Smith & Company in their new business department. The next year, when new business had vanished, I joined F. M. Blagden, '09, to form an investment counsel firm, but finally ended up on the New York Stock Exchange in 1933 as partner in Burr, Gannett & Company, 53 State Street, Boston, where I still read the papers, watch backgammon, and wish for the old days. I am a specialist in five stocks with Philip Spalding, '25, including one war baby, Savage Arms.

I play golf and tennis and my likes are normal. My overpowering dislike [July 23, 1941] is the New Deal which has ruined the country morally and is very rapidly ruining it economically. I hope to live long enough to see it thrown out and the country started back on the long road of common sense.

HOWARD RIDGEWAY RANDALL

HOME ADDRESS: 49 Walnut Ave., Stoughton, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: High School, Stoughton, Mass.

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT

BORN: March 13, 1896, Brockton, Mass. PARENTS: Andrew Ellery Randall, Louie Hannah Ridgeway.

PREPARED AT: Brockton High School, Brockton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; ED.M., 1932.

MARRIED: Adelaide M. Conkel, July 2, 1925, Brockton, Mass. CHILDREN: Beryl Allison, Nov. 21, 1926; Philip Ridgeway, April 16, 1928.

OCCUPATION: High School Principal.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., Aug., 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Nov. 27; assigned to Company D, 59th Infantry, 4th Division, Jan. 2, 1918; sailed for France May 3; shell shocked July 17; with Army of Occupation, Germany; detailed to A. E. F. University, Beaune, March 3, 1919; discharged Aug. 15, 1919. Engagements: Marne-Aisne and Meuse-Argonne offensives.

OFFICES HELD: President, Brockton Teachers' Association; trustee, Stoughton Public Library; lecturer on public speaking, Massachusetts University Extension.

MEMBER OF: Masons; American Legion.

HOWARD RANDALL sees a very definite problem in the guidance of children and is determined to do his part in correcting it. He writes:

AFTER graduation I hustled up to Plattsburg, where, after ninety days of blood, sweat, and toil, a trusting country bestowed the commission of second lieutenant of Infantry upon me and then shoved me into the Regular Army at Camp Greene, North Carolina. A few months later found our division sailing from a certain port in the Northeast (Hoboken) and after seventeen days (note the number) we landed in Liverpool. The same day it was yoicks! and away to Dover and across to Calais where Fritz greeted us with a swell bombing display. The next few weeks were spent in seeing France on foot. As one of our southern soldiers said, "We marched all over hell and half of Georgia." The end of all this trekking was a wheat field near Château-Thierry, where Fritz gave me a souvenir from a six-inch shell. After convalescence I rejoined my outfit in time to go picnicking in the Argonne Woods. November 11, 1918, found us ready for the big push scheduled for the 15th, but we weren't exactly sorry to postpone it. Then followed the march to Rhineland, where we were a part of the Army of Occupation. Feeling a desire for further education (Moselle wine is too sour), I was transferred to the American Expeditionary Forces University at

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917

Beaune in the Côte d'Or section of France. When the University closed we were shipped to Brest, but no ships, so I employed a two-week leave in visiting the Riviera, Italy, and Algeria. Not until August, 1919, did I see the boat which brought me to the United States.

Shortly after discharge I joined the research department of the Firestone Company in Akron, Ohio, but when the depression of the early twenties struck I came home and spent a semester at Babson Institute with an idea of entering the business world. An offer to teach mathematics in the High School at Brockton changed all this, and from 1922 to 1929 I was thus employed. The teachers of the city were kind enough to elect me president of their association and during the last three years of this term I acted as principal of the Evening High School.

In 1925 I married one of the teachers, Adelaide M. Conkel. Two years later Beryl Randall appeared, and then two years more and Philip was with us.

In 1929 I was appointed principal of the Stoughton High School, where I am at present. The town has been kind enough to appoint me a trustee of the Public Library there. Lately I volunteered as warden for a precinct which I am now busy organizing.

As to clubs, etc., I belong to the Legion, the Masons, and the Y. M. C. A. The last few years I have given a course in public speaking for the Massachusetts University Extension; a course, as Münsterberg used to say, which is "semi-popoolar."

Recreation consists of fishing and playing volley ball. I am not so good at either, but they are a lot of fun.

In retrospect, I have been struck by the tremendous waste of time of our young folks through lack of guidance, both educational and vocational. Please pardon my talking shop, but it is necessary in order to explain my ambition to do some part no matter how small in correcting this situation. I shall inform you of my success at our Fiftieth Reunion.

THOMAS MIDDLETON RAYSOR

HOME ADDRESS: 2930 S. 24th St., Lincoln, Nebr.

OFFICE ADDRESS: University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Nebr.

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BORN: March 9, 1895, Chapel Hill, Texas. PARENTS: Paul Montgomery Raysor, Mary Elizabeth Matthews.

PREPARED AT: Allen Academy, Bryan, Texas.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1915-1917. DEGREES: A.B. *summa cum laude*, 1917; A.M., 1920; PH.D., 1922.

MARRIED: Ellen Devereux Koopman, July 5, 1923, Cohasset, Mass. CHILDREN: Cecily, Sept. 18, 1926; Joan, Oct. 11, 1928.

OCCUPATION: Professor of English.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Feb. 23, 1918; assigned to Battery B, 343d Field Artillery, 90th Division; sailed for France July 1; detailed to Artillery School, Saumur, September to December; graduated that school; detailed to Embarkation Camp, Bordeaux, January, 1919; to American Students' Detachment, University of Paris, in March; discharged May 15, 1919.

MEMBER OF: Phi Beta Kappa.

PUBLICATIONS: Editor, *Coleridge's Shakespearean Criticism*, 2 vols., Harvard University Press, 1930, and *Coleridge's Miscellaneous Criticism*, Harvard University Press, 1936; various articles in philological journals.

TOM RAYSOR of Texas roped his hobby, literature, in College and has ridden it ever since. His "Life":

I WAS born in Texas in 1895 and grew up at a time when Texas boys were still more acquainted with horses than automobiles. But I took up the sedentary life for good when I came to College, except for a brief military interlude in France in 1918-1919. In College I concluded that the most interesting occupation to which I had access was that of a university professor of English literature, and I have ever since felt satisfied with a life in which I am in contact with both people and ideas, in the past and in the present.

As I look back on undergraduate days at Harvard my most vivid recollection is the beginning of this way of living through prolonged, enthusiastic, and sometimes embittered argument with other undergraduates who felt no shame in talking about literature, chiefly Gordon King and Bernard De Voto. This sort of indoor sport is the permanent privilege of the university professor who happens to have a weakness for it. Graduate study meant groaning under the irrelevant medieval linguistics of the doctoral training, and the discovery of Irving Babbitt, not as the leader of the "new humanism," but as my means of introduction to Aristotle and the old humanism, my safeguard against scientific and economic positivism. Less abstractly, graduate study also

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meant acquaintances at Radcliffe College. I married Ellen Koopman, the daughter of an American artist, and we have two adolescent daughters, who are getting their education through reading novels of adventure, through summers in the Colorado mountains, and perhaps a little through the schools of Lincoln, Nebraska.

The study of literary theory with Babbitt at Harvard led me to historical research on the poet and critic Coleridge, and I spent two years in England pursuing Coleridge manuscripts and editing Coleridge's criticism with a satisfaction based chiefly on the fact that the work has an essential resemblance to the work of a detective. Until recently my chief interests have been divided among historical research in literary theory, trying to lecture on literature as an intellectual experience which involves a relation with philosophy and the fine arts, and trying to do the administrative work of a good-sized English department at the University of Nebraska. But I have abandoned this last as incompatible with the others, and even they have temporarily lost some of their fascination because of the obsession which has absorbed me since the outbreak of the war.

The school for artillery officers at Saumur gave me a technical interest in war, which I have continued by reading military history. At the present moment [October 1, 1941] I can think of little except the appalling tragedy of democratic pacifism and its origins in the decadence of western liberal thought.

TOBEY OLWIN REAVILL

ADDRESS: 408 B St., Rock Springs, Wyo.

BORN: Sept. 29, 1892, Robinson, Ill. PARENTS: David Allen Reavill, Claudia Elizabeth Olwin.

PREPARED AT: Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, N. H.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREE: A.B., 1917 (16).

MARRIED.

LAST year Ellsworth Johnson wrote, "Are there no children in the Tobey Reavill family? Ten years ago, going from Minneapolis to Boise, I missed my train and landed for a week with his parents in Denver where he was visiting, along with his wife. They are still living in Rock Springs. As he never writes letters nor Christmas cards, the only way to find out about him is to send a reporter to the bank in Rock Springs, Wyoming." We published

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this in Seventeen Men and added, "We don't know anything about Tobey as he has not written to the Class Secretary since he graduated." That record is still unbroken.

CLARENCE SEARLES REED

HOME ADDRESS: 489 Washington St., Whitman, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Bristol County Golf Club, Taunton, Mass.

BORN: May 25, 1894, Whitman, Mass. PARENTS: Clarence Derwood Reed, Hattie Davis.

PREPARED AT: Pawling School, Pawling, N. Y.; Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, N. H.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Helen Lenore Gaffney, Sept. 1, 1921, Whitman, Mass. CHILDREN: Mary, May 27, 1922; John Searles, Nov. 13, 1926.

OCCUPATION: Owner and Proprietor of the Bristol County Golf Club.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Quartermaster 3d class U. S. Naval Reserve Force when United States entered the war; assigned to Commonwealth Pier, Boston, Mass., April 21, 1917; transferred to Scout Patrol No. 610 May 24; promoted chief boatswain's mate Oct. 11; entered Officer Material School, Cambridge, Mass.; appointed ensign Feb., 1918; assigned to U.S.S. *New Jersey*; transferred to Officers' Torpedo School, Newport, R. I., May 1; to Destroyer *Fanning* Sept. 1; overseas Sept. 16, 1918, to Jan. 2, 1919; released from active duty Feb. 16, 1919.

MEMBER OF: American Legion, Post No. 22.

MICKEY REED, after service in the Navy, went to work for a shoe and leather company in Boston, and in 1923 he joined a rug manufacturer in Plymouth, Massachusetts. In 1927 he was the treasurer of a leather company in Whitman. Since then he has switched to managing a golf club.

✠ LLOYD GEARY EVANS REILLY

BORN: April 23, 1897, Memphis, Tenn. PARENTS: Dr. James Henry Reilly, Grace Elinor Williams.

PREPARED AT: University School, Memphis, Tenn.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREE: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Company I, 1st Tennessee Infantry, April 22, 1917 (later designated 115th Field Artillery, 30th Division); commissioned 2d lieutenant Aviation Section, Signal Corps Jan. 8, 1918; sailed for France Jan. 12; promoted 1st lieutenant March 12; assigned to 99th Aëro Squadron, A. E. F., June 26; killed in action Oct. 31, 1918, over Romagne-sous-Montfaucon, France. Engagements: Argonne front, Fère-en-Tardenois, Montmort, Toul sector, Saint-Dié

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sector, Saint-Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne offensives. Cited in general orders Headquarters Air Service, 1st Army, A. E. F.

DIED: Oct. 31, 1918, over Romagne-sous-Montfaucon, France.

MOTHER: Mrs. James Henry Reilly, 1670 E. Laurence Pl., Memphis, Tenn.

LLOYD GEARY EVANS REILLY entered Harvard with a Rumrill Scholarship, at the age of sixteen, and subsequently won an honorary John Harvard Scholarship. He played on the Freshman soccer and lacrosse teams, and also on the University soccer team during 1915-1916. He completed his college course in three years, taking his A.B. with honors in government and economics.

After leaving Cambridge Reilly went south to an Oklahoma ranch to learn farming and stockraising. He was also interested in cotton-raising in Mississippi. When war was declared he enlisted as a private in I Company of the 1st Tennessee Infantry, which later became the 115th Field Artillery, attached to the 30th Division. In September, 1917, he was sent to the Aërial Observers' School at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, and was commissioned a second lieutenant, Aviation Section, Signal Corps, on January 8, 1918. Four days later he sailed for France. For his subsequent military career we quote from *Memoirs of the Harvard Dead in the War Against Germany*:

"Immediately upon arrival in France, Reilly was detailed to the Observers' School at the 2d Aviation Instruction Centre at Tours, and on March 12, was promoted to a first lieutenancy, dating from February 2. On May 17 he was attached to the 63d Escadrille of the 4th French Army, and with it took part in protecting the French line about Fère-en-Tardenois and Montmort during the great German attacks of May and June, 1918. He worked also with the 226th and 238th French Escadrilles of the 5th Army. His recall to the American Expeditionary Forces came on June 26, when he was attached to the 99th Aëro Squadron, joining it at Amanty. The squadron remained at Luxeuil, Lorraine, for most of July and August, and in September went to Souilly, near Verdun, where it took a vigorous part in the Saint-Mihiel drive. Reilly took part in almost daily missions until his death. He was cited in general orders of the 1st Army Air Service Headquarters on October 11; the citation read:

"'For exceptional devotion to duty, on October 11, 1918, per-

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formed excellent infantry *liaison* mission in region of Romagne-Cunel. He established perfect contact with the divisions, and penetrated enemy lines at a very low altitude, gathering a great deal of detailed information, which was dropped immediately at the post of command.'

"Lloyd Reilly was killed in combat at about noon of October 31, 1918, while on a reconnaissance trip with one other plane over the American lines near Romagne-sous-Montfaucon, in the Argonne Forest. His pilot was wounded when, at about ten thousand feet, a swarm of German Fokkers swept down on the two American machines."

In a letter to the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, John Rothschild, '19, paid the following tribute to Lloyd Reilly:

"He was rather too young to be an outstanding figure in his generation at Harvard. Besides, he was rather one of those men who in college days are known to a few, and whose wider appreciation comes at decennials and succeeding reunions. I feel safe in saying this, as I do in pronouncing him one of Harvard's finest sons, because I knew him well.

"Lloyd Reilly had an excellent mind — and he had ideals. His social consciousness was developed to a degree rare in so young a man; he perceived injustice even where it was not openly apparent; and he was always ready to make the personal sacrifice.

"I never knew a man of readier sympathies or with a keener sense of moral responsibility than Lloyd Reilly. It was not enough for him to know that a thing was wrong; he must fight it, as well. With his mental equipment, attractive personality, and generous enthusiasms, he would have done things to make Harvard proud of him. As it is, he has not lived in vain."

HARRISON GARDNER REYNOLDS

HOME ADDRESS: 3330 Reservoir Rd., N. W., Washington, D. C.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 7264 New War Dept., Washington, D. C.

BORN: May 6, 1895, Milton, Mass. PARENTS: Philip Murray Reynolds, '89, Mary Blaisdell Gardner.

PREPARED AT: St. George's School, Newport, R. I.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Jean Fletcher, Sept. 30, 1922, Glen Cove, Long Island, N. Y. CHILDREN: Philip Murray, Oct. 23, 1923; Jean, April 6, 1926 (died March 7, 1928); Mary Gardner, Feb. 21, 1929.

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HARVARD BROTHER: James Robbins Reynolds, '23.

OCCUPATION: Banking and Textile Manufacturing — now in Military Service.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted man, Mexican Border 1916; entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Aug. 15; assigned to Company D, 9th Infantry, 2d Division; sailed for France Sept. 7; commissioned provisional 2d lieutenant Infantry, Regular Army, Oct. 26; promoted provisional 1st lieutenant Oct. 26; appointed aide-de-camp to general commanding 3d Infantry Brigade, 2d Division, Feb. 20, 1918; detailed as regimental intelligence and operations officer 9th Infantry Aug. 1 to Sept. 7; promoted temporary captain Sept. 17; returned to United States Sept. 17; detailed to Camp Shelby, Miss.; resignation accepted Jan. 14, 1919. Engagements: Aisne defensive (Château-Thierry), Marbache sector, Marne-Aisne and Saint-Mihiel offensives. Major, Ordnance Dept., Office of Under Secretary of War, since 1940.

OFFICES HELD: General superintendent, Scott & Williams, Inc., 1920 and 1921; president, Ipswich Mills, Inc., 1929-1931; vice-president, Webster & Atlas National Bank, 1932-1940; treasurer, Sunnyside Day Nursery; trustee, St. George's School.

MEMBER OF: Somerset Club; Tennis and Racquet Club; The Country Club, Brookline, Mass.; Harvard Club of Boston; Harvard Club of New York; Army and Navy Club of Washington.

HARRY REYNOLDS always liked the Army and the Army has liked him, so we were not surprised when he left his office in Boston to report to Washington for duty. He has done a lot for the Class, and although he is very happy in his Army job, he is sorry that his absence from Boston prevents his being more active in Class affairs. His "Life":

THIS brief résumé of a rather uneventful life was started on the morning of December 8 just before dawn. It was an excellent time to be retrospective. I was carried back twenty-five years to the time when I was in the uniform of a lieutenant of the 9th United States Infantry, 2d Division. As I recall it, we always got up before dawn then, and I can still remember how well the early morning coffee and first cigarette used to taste. And once more many of us are in uniform. I think that this is going to be a tougher war than the last one. Perhaps it is because I am older that I feel that way, for we of the Class of 1917 were pretty young in those days twenty-five years ago.

I resigned my commission in January, 1919, and went to Lowell, Massachusetts, and started work in a company building textile

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machinery. I stayed in this business in Lowell and Laconia, New Hampshire, for three years and then went to Boston where I worked as a bond salesman for two years. During this time I was married. On the death of my father and mother, I went into a lumber venture and from there back into textiles, which I enjoyed more than any business I have ever been in. My brother and I finally bought a hosiery mill. We could not get wages down as fast as the price of hosiery fell. We finally closed the doors of the mill in 1932, and eventually leased it to a large hosiery manufacturing company.

When I left that business I went into the Webster and Atlas National Bank of Boston as a vice-president, and I stayed there until October, 1940, when I was called to active duty and came down to Washington in the Office of the Under Secretary of War, where I am now.

I have had a happy life and I am very proud of my two children. My son enters Harvard as a freshman as soon as he finishes school this June, and I imagine that he will be rushed through college with all possible speed. He wants to be a doctor and I sincerely hope that his ambition may be realized.

The twenty-five years since we have been out of College have been unusual. We were all of us taken right out of a great war into the "Roaring Twenties" when many of us found that money was too easy, and we probably lost the true sense of what the dollar was worth. We were then thrown in 1930 into what was called at the time the most severe depression in modern history, and here we are again in another war! A great thing for us all to remember is that the United States can be beaten, that the softness of the last twenty-five years must turn into muscle, and that we must all work harder than we have ever worked in our lives. It is not a hardship to me to be in the Army again. I liked it during the three years that I was in it before, and I like it still. I almost stayed in it in 1919 and, of course, I now wish that I had.

I have always been greatly interested in Harvard and in our Class, and I have tried to do what I could for what is today the greatest university in the world.

My hobby has been sailing small boats, and it looks now as if I shall not enjoy that hobby for quite some time to come.

I am looking forward to seeing my classmates in June, and I

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hope that we can have a few days, at least, to renew old friendships.

THEODORE HOLTON RICE

HOME ADDRESS: 17 Rockland St., South Dartmouth, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Tucker, Anthony & Co., 20 Market St., New Bedford, Mass.

BORN: May 24, 1894, Dorchester, Mass. PARENTS: William Munroe Rice, Anna Holton.

PREPARED AT: Noble and Greenough School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Elizabeth Stanton, July 13, 1929, South Dartmouth, Mass. (died Nov. 13, 1936).

OCCUPATION: Investment Banking; Manager, New Bedford Office, Tucker, Anthony & Company.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Quartermaster 3d class U. S. Naval Reserve Force on duty on Scout Patrol *Scoter* when United States entered the war; transferred to Officer Material School, Cambridge, Mass., June 17, 1917; appointed ensign Sept. 18; assigned to U. S. S. *Chicago* Oct. 18; transferred to Officer Material School, Cambridge, June 11, 1917, as instructor; promoted lieutenant (junior grade) Sept. 21; released from active duty Jan. 9, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Trustee, Swain Free School, New Bedford, Mass.; treasurer, Old Dartmouth Historical Society, New Bedford; secretary, Dartmouth Finance Committee, Dartmouth, Mass.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of Boston; Wamsutta Club, New Bedford.

LIKE many another good conversationalist Ted Rice would rather talk than write. But he writes:

GRADUATING at midyears, I went on active duty, in April, 1917, in the United States Naval Reserve as a quartermaster second class. Assigned to the Patrol Boat *Scoter*, Ensign Charles Higginson commanding, I enjoyed a short period shepherding Portuguese lobstermen in and out of Boston Harbor and halting Gloucester fishermen by well-placed shots, not across their bows. A commission followed, an officers' training school, and the balance of the war was spent on ship or shore stations along the Atlantic Seaboard.

An urge to see the world followed my discharge from the Navy in January, 1919. So, after a few months' training in the mills and the New York sales office of the American Woolen Company, I left in the employ of their export department for Havana, Cuba, and Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. With the prospect of

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my visiting most of the company's offices throughout the world, my fondest hopes seemed about to be realized, but after three years in these interesting countries, the condition of the export market forced the company to close its foreign department, and 1922 found me back in this country to start a business career anew.

The United States then seemed to me the best place to live, in spite of prohibition, so I entered the employ of Tucker, Anthony & Company, investment bankers, and became manager of their New Bedford, Massachusetts, branch office in 1925. I married in New Bedford and settled down in South Dartmouth, my globe-trotting spirit dimmed.

In this changing world it often seems useless to entertain fixed ideals, but I believe that the spirit expressed in the old axioms, such as "pay as you go," and individual enterprise will soon supplant the laxity and extravagance of these last few years.

WYMAN RICHARDSON

HOME ADDRESS: 229 Dudley Rd., Newton Center, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 264 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Aug. 3, 1896, Marion, Mass. PARENTS: Maurice Howe Richardson, Margaret White Peirson.

PREPARED AT: Noble and Greenough School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; M.D. *cum laude*, 1923.

MARRIED: Charlotte Blake Richardson, Aug. 19, 1922, Cohasset, Mass. CHILDREN: Wyman, Jr., Feb. 27, 1924; Charlotte Blake, Feb. 27, 1925; Frederick Cabot, Aug. 9, 1926; Margaret Peirson, Nov. 26, 1928.

HARVARD BROTHERS: Edward Peirson Richardson, '02, M.D., '06; Maurice Howe Richardson, '09; Henry Barber Richardson, '10, M.D., '14.

OCCUPATION: Physician.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Aug. 15; assigned to 303d Infantry, 76th Division; sailed for France July 8, 1918; transferred to Company L, 47th Infantry, 4th Division, Aug. 15; wounded Sept. 27 near Montfaucon; invalided to United States Feb. 8, 1919; discharged Feb. 10, 1919. Engagements: Saint-Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne offensives. Chairman Medical Advisory Board No. 11 (Selective Service, 1941).

OFFICES HELD: Associate in Medicine, Harvard Medical School; physician, Massachusetts General Hospital.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of Boston; American College of Physicians.

PUBLICATIONS: Scientific articles in medical journals.

FOR our Sexennial Report Wy Richardson wrote, "I thought I could write. I wrote a thrilling melodrama (unpublished), several satirical essays (unpublished), and a few Cape Cod stories (unpublished)." He has written a very interesting biography (published) as follows:

IN August, 1918, I, a shavetail of the 303rd Infantry, found myself in Paris — and the fact is I really did lose my baggage. (Nobody will believe this.) For two weeks I saw a lot of Gardiner Thompson, and for the first time really appreciated him as a fine, upright, amusing, and steadfast companion. Two weeks later he was killed in action. I have since come to realize not only how many classmates I never got to know, but how little I appreciated many that I did know.

A German sniper shot a hole through my shoulder. I was thankful to get out of it, and could not imagine how I could find the courage to go back. I didn't have to, as the Armistice came before I had recovered. I came home convinced that another war would abolish civilization. International understanding, the League of Nations — preferably backed by force — seemed the only possible method of preventing another war, which even I predicted Germany would start in another twenty years. The isolationists such as Borah, Lodge, and Johnson, and those comfortable conservatives they represented, are responsible for the present holocaust.

Post-war confusion, which followed my long stay in the hospital, postponed my entering the Medical School. But a few months of literary endeavor resulted in a salmon-fishing trip. I graduated from the Harvard Medical School, trained at the Massachusetts General Hospital, and have practised medicine ever since.

In general people do not want, and do not get, honest medicine. In Massachusetts the people have seen fit, through their representatives, to allow graduates from the very worst medical schools to take a necessarily limited State Board examination and very likely to practise medicine. People with money often feel that they can buy better medicine by paying more for it. They often get stung — and the other fellow gets the money. Conversely, honest medicine frequently does not reap a just reward. (This may be sour grapes. I have a small practice, and a smaller income.)

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However, the system of medical compensation does not seem very satisfactory. It not infrequently happens that the worse the job a doctor does, the more he gets paid for it. Any system of contract service has many pitfalls but should be further investigated, especially insofar as it applies to general medicine, as opposed to surgery and some other specialities.

On the other hand, straight teaching and a willingness to admit ignorance pay great dividends with students. At some sacrifice, I have kept up a teaching appointment at the Medical School, and have recently been given a second-year course to run (Clinical Pathology). I get a tremendous amount of satisfaction from this teaching, and not a little humiliation. I also get much scared every time I start a lecture.

Hospital work — including many years of out-patient medicine and, more recently, the running of a medical service in the wards — though possibly altruistic, is great fun, and necessary if one is to come anywhere near keeping up with modern progress.

All in all, though I could use more income, I feel satisfied with what I have accomplished, and am accomplishing.

We are a happy family, able to enjoy simple pleasures together, and quite able to fend for ourselves, especially when together we fish, swim, sail, walk, or look at birds from the little Farm House at Eastham on Cape Cod. We can laugh, cry, sing, and swear. We can get soaked in a no'theaster, walking the beach, and like it. In town we like it too well at home — we have difficulty in seeing enough of our friends. We are fortunate in having enough to keep the wolf from the door, and not enough to get into trouble with.

I have had an unusually happy and full life. I wouldn't have it any different. There have been anxieties, inevitable losses of beloved friends and relatives, serious illnesses and operations, some bad moments; but it has been a good life, blessed with many of the very finest friends that a man could have. I have been very fortunate and certainly not deserving of it. At least I am thankful for it. I hope for more of it; but can hardly complain if I am denied it.

And finally a word concerning religion. I do not like collective worship. I believe in God as the essence of Goodness. I believe that immortality lies in the effect one has on one's environment, thus

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inevitably influencing future environments. I believe in the Golden Rule at all times — on the golf course, in the office, in the club, or at home. I think that humility leads to greater happiness than boldness. If one has succeeded in considerably enhancing the Goodness of things and people, that is Heaven. If one's influence has been largely evil, that is Hell. I have a feeling that the ministry has spent too much effort in trying to get people to church, and not enough in trying to bring religion to the home. I think that there must be a better approach, based on a more individual method of teaching, involving small groups, and not necessarily limited to the Sabbath. On the whole, I believe in a human religion, and have little interest in creed. Parenthetically, I believe the church could help medicine a great deal in the problem of maintaining a more satisfactory mental balance in the people as a whole.

I have written a great deal too much — and yet hardly enough. I have had a truly happy life which, in addition to my family, has been due in large measure to the trueness of my friends, many of whom I should never have known if I had not been in the Class of 1917.

CURT PAUL RICHTER

HOME ADDRESS: 211 W. Lafayette St., Baltimore, Md.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, Md.

BORN: Feb. 20, 1894, Denver, Colo. PARENTS: Paul Ernest Richter, Martha Dressler.

PREPARED AT: East Denver High School, Denver, Colo.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1915-1917. DEGREES: S.B., 1917; PH.D. (Johns Hopkins Univ.), 1921.

MARRIED: Phyllis Greenacre, Sept. 30, 1920, Baltimore, Md. (divorced 1930); Leslie Bidwell, April 11, 1936, Baltimore, Md. CHILDREN: Ann, Feb. 17, 1922; Peter, May 16, 1923; Martha, Feb. 21, 1940.

OCCUPATION: Research in Biology and Psychology; Associate Professor of Psychobiology, Johns Hopkins Medical School.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., Aug., 1917; transferred to Coast Artillery Officers' Training Camp, Fort Monroe, Va., Sept. 27; commissioned 1st lieutenant Coast Artillery Nov. 26; assigned to Coast Defenses of Boston; transferred to 71st Coast Artillery.

MEMBER OF: Maryland Club; Elkridge Club; 14 West Hamilton Street Club; Gibson Island Club, Baltimore; Cactus Club, Denver; American Physio-

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logical Society; American Psychological Association; American Neurological Association.

PUBLICATIONS: "Biology of Drives," *Psychosomatic Medicine*, 3: 105-110, 1941; "Graying of Hair produced by phenylthiocarbamide," *Proc. Soc. Exp. Biol. & Med.*, 48: 684-687, 1941; "Skin Changes produced by Sympathectomy," *Surgery*, 10: 957-970, 1941.

CURT RICHTER reported in 1923 that he was a psychologist at Johns Hopkins. He has evidently liked it and they have liked him, as he is still there.

HAROLD WILLIAM RICKETT

HOME ADDRESS: 1170 Mamaroneck Ave., White Plains, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: New York Botanical Garden, New York, N. Y.

BORN: July 30, 1896, Birmingham, England. PARENTS: Edmond William Rickett, Alys Maud Hastilow.

PREPARED AT: St. Paul's School, Kensington, London, England; Pawling School, Pawling, N. Y.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1915. DEGREES: A.B. (Univ. of Wisconsin), 1917; A.M. (ibid.), 1920; PH.D. (ibid.), 1922.

MARRIED: Theresa Cecil Baughman, Aug. 28, 1923, Madison, Wis. CHILD: Ann, March 6, 1937.

OCCUPATION: Botanist.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Second lieutenant, United States Reserve, 1917-1918.

MEMBER OF: Torrey Botanical Club; Botanical Society of America; American Association for the Advancement of Science; Phi Beta Kappa.

PUBLICATIONS: *Botany*, a textbook for colleges and universities (with W. J. Robbins); about twenty-five technical papers published in various scientific journals.

HAROLD RICKETT, although he was in College three years with the Class, did not send in his picture because, he said, "Since I did not graduate with 1917, know hardly any one in the Class, and no one knows me, I see no use in pictorial inclusion. Please count me out." When pressed for his "life," he wrote, "Sorry, my life — like my face — is mostly my own business. The connection with Harvard is extremely tenuous. I haven't time to develop my philosophies, nor am I ready to go on record publicly. I enclose biographical particulars for your record on the enclosed sheet." He is listed in Who's Who, which besides showing that he received his A.B. from the University of Wisconsin in 1917, also shows that he was naturalized that same year. He was con-

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nected with the botany department of the University of Wisconsin from 1919 to 1924 and with the University of Missouri from 1924 to 1939. Since 1939 he has been assistant bibliographer at the New York Botanical Garden.

FREDERICK CONVERSE RIEKER

ADDRESS: 1420 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

BORN: Oct. 18, 1893, Philadelphia, Pa. PARENTS: Leonard Frederick Rieker, Mary Sailer.

PREPARED AT: Central High School, Philadelphia, Pa.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Catherine Freas, Dec. 12, 1919, Philadelphia, Pa.

OCCUPATION: Finance.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled yeoman 1st class U. S. Naval Reserve Force June 30, 1917; assigned to Office of Cost Inspector, Cramp's Shipyard, Philadelphia, Pa.; appointed ensign Pay Corps May 23, 1918; served as assistant supervising cost inspector Cramp's Shipyard; transferred to Philadelphia as assistant cost inspector 4th Naval District, and assistant supervising cost inspector for aircraft hull contracts; released from active duty March 20, 1919.

FRED C. RIEKER left College in February, 1917, went to work with a banking concern in Philadelphia, and by the last of June of that year was enrolled in the United States Naval Reserve. After the war he entered the employ of the Guarantee Trust & Safe Deposit Company of Philadelphia as assistant to the trust officer. In 1923 he was assistant to the vice-president, and he was still with that bank in 1927. In 1937 he was assistant secretary and treasurer of the Cheltenham Corporation of Philadelphia. He was elected vice-president of the Harvard Club of Philadelphia in January, 1939. In January, 1941, a classmate reported that he had been confined to a hospital with a skull fracture received in an automobile accident.

CARROLL RIKERT

ADDRESS: Mount Hermon, Mass.

BORN: Aug. 2, 1889, Schultzs ville, N. Y. PARENTS: Irving Rikert, Caroline Hall.

PREPARED AT: Mount Hermon School, Mount Hermon, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Dorothy Babson, June 30, 1917, Rockport, Mass. CHILDREN:

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Carroll, Jr., March 31, 1918; Naomi Babson, Sept. 1, 1922; Camilla, Dec. 4, 1923; Catharine Dorothy, Jan. 11, 1929.

HARVARD SON: Carroll Rikert, Jr., '38, M.B.A., '40.

OCCUPATION: Superintendent of Property of the Northfield Schools (including both Mount Hermon School and Northfield Seminary).

CARROLL RIKERT looks at the increasing difficulty of his job as an "exciting challenge." His story:

SOON after graduation I came to Mount Hermon School, where I had prepared for college, to serve as superintendent of the school farm and to assist in the direction of student work. Since that time duties and departments have been added till now, as superintendent of property of the Northfield Schools, I have responsibility for the maintenance and improvement of the buildings and grounds, and the operation of the farms and service plants of both Mount Hermon School and the Northfield Seminary, along with the employment and direction of the working staff of both schools.

The Northfield Schools were founded by D. L. Moody, the evangelist, and are still following his program of education, including work with the hands and spiritual developments as factors of equal importance with intellectual training. The happiest experiences of my life have come when working closest with the students of the schools in the problems of their education.

The tuition paid by students in our schools covers only 60% of the costs. The remainder is made up by contributions from individuals interested in the education of boys and girls. The decrease in such gifts during the Depression has brought me both the strain and the exciting challenge of maintaining adequately a large property on a smaller and smaller income.

My hobby has been the study of architecture, which I began in College and which has been most helpful in my work here.

My all-consuming interest and pleasure has been my family, which consists of one boy and three girls, all born with sound bodies and normal minds—not a problem or a prodigy in the bunch. My boy took his Bachelor's degree at Harvard in 1938 and a Master of Business Administration at the Business School in 1940. He is now on his own. During his years at Cambridge I renewed my youth and had a better time at his graduation than

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I did at my own. My eldest daughter had one year in Oberlin College and is now at the Katharine Gibbs School in New York. The second daughter is a freshman at Duke University Women's College and gives promise of being content to take a full four-year course. The youngest is at the Northfield Seminary preparing for college.

One of the great pleasures of my work has been the association with the sons of several of my Harvard classmates who have come to our school. I want to speak of the family of the late Walter Tibbetts, since he is not here to tell the story. Walter left three sons: Walter, Jr., who dropped out of Harvard at his father's death to help with the family; Frederick, who graduated at Mount Hermon with notable achievement on the track team, a good scholastic record, and who is now doing well in college; and Paul, who has achieved such high distinction in high school that he won a fine Harvard scholarship and is now a freshman in college.

DANIEL CROSLY ROBINSON

HOME ADDRESS: 133 W. 11th St., New York, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 17 Battery Pl., New York, N. Y.

BORN: June 4, 1894, Seattle, Wash. PARENTS: George Henry Robinson, Susan Virginia McGinty.

PREPARED AT: St. Paul Academy, St. Paul, Minn.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Victoria Thora Andersen, June 30, 1933, New York, N. Y.

OCCUPATION: President, Daniel C. Robinson, Incorporated, Coast & Inland Navigation Corporation, Barge Carriers, Incorporated, and Atlantic Barge Carriers, Incorporated.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Commissioned provisional 2d lieutenant Cavalry, Regular Army, October 26, 1917; assigned to 1st Cavalry, Douglas, Ariz.; detailed to Army Service School, Fort Leavenworth, Kans., Nov. 26, 1917 to March 11, 1918; promoted temporary 1st lieutenant March 13; transferred to 48th Field Artillery, Camp Kearny, Calif., Aug. 11; detailed to School of Fire, Fort Sill, Okla., Oct. 15; resignation accepted Dec. 19, 1918.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of New York; Whitehall Club; Forest Lake Club; Harvard Downtown Lunch Club.

WE doubt that there was ever a more loyal Harvard man than Dan Robinson. His "Life":

IT is a little frightening to realize how little one has done with one's life during what should doubtless be the twenty-five finest years. Maybe that's why Clem has such a job getting these confessions written. Anyway, you asked for it.

Following my discharge from the Army I entered the foreign service of the National City Bank of New York, and early in 1920 I went to Brussels, Belgium, for a two-year stretch. The City Bank didn't bubble over with enthusiasm about my brand of international banking, so I joined the foreign service of the Guaranty Trust Company, whose restraint in commenting upon the value of my services was also quite admirable. In December, 1922, I left the banking world flat, and I think I've done much better than they have ever since.

I went to work for the private banking firm of S. M. Swenson & Sons, New York, and they happened to own some of the largest sulphur mines in the world. From that day to this I've had sulphur dust in my hair, but I have loved it. After eight years as traffic manager of the Freeport Sulphur Company, I left Wall Street to form my own transportation company, in the boom year of 1932.

If I've proved anything in my life, it's this: if you're doing what you like to do, you can make a go of it, whatever it is. The thing is not to stop rolling till you find it. It's a far cry from a Harvard education to the canal barge business, but I'm not sorry I ended there. Some of us were born bankers and some barge men. It's a blessing if you find out which you are in time to do something about it.

My family life is swell. We've built a home in the Pocono Mountains, way back in the woods, and we hope to go up there one of these days and pull the hole in after us. My social, political, and religious convictions are the commonplace ones, except that I've always thought that Franklin Delano Roosevelt was the greatest guy since Abraham Lincoln. The greatest single blessing in the world to me is Harvard, and some day it's going to get everything I own. My pet aversion? Well, it's pretty hard to beat Adolf and what he stands for on that, although some day I'm going to write a treatise on the depths which the advertising "profession" has reached in this country.

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FREDERICK ROBINSON, JR.

HOME ADDRESS: 43 Gregory St., Marblehead, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Houghton Mifflin Co., 2 Park St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: June 27, 1896, Marblehead, Mass. PARENTS: Frederick Robinson, Emeline Elizabeth Caswell.

PREPARED AT: Marblehead High School, Marblehead, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: S.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Miriam Elizabeth Illingworth, Dec. 27, 1919. CHILDREN: Priscilla, April 2, 1921; Frederick Illingworth, May 5, 1924; Caryl Emeline, July 14, 1926; William Irving, Nov. 5, 1928.

HARVARD BROTHERS: Joseph Stanley Robinson, '25; Charles Hidden Robinson, '25.

OCCUPATION: Employed in the Educational Department of Houghton Mifflin Company.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Medical Dept. May 7, 1917; assigned to Base Hospital No. 5; sailed for France May 11; promoted corporal September 11; promoted sergeant May 7, 1918; promoted sergeant 1st class Oct. 10; returned to United States March 24, 1919; discharged April 4, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Member, Marblehead School Committee, six years (chairman three years); chairman, Emergency Relief Committee; Town Moderator, six years.

MEMBER OF: Masons; Odd Fellows; Knights of Pythias.

FOR the last twenty-three years Fred Robinson's text and textbooks have been synonymous. He writes:

I RECEIVED my degree at midyears in 1917, after which I worked for the real estate firm of Chamberlin & Wheeler in Brookline, Massachusetts. It was while I was thus employed that war was declared on April 6, 1917. Shortly thereafter, Dr. Harvey Cushing, the great brain surgeon, organized Base Hospital No. 5. I joined this unit, and on the eleventh of May, 1917, sailed for England. We were brigaded with the British for the duration of the war. After a period of a few weeks' training in England, we were stationed at Dannes-Camiers in France. While in this location we were bombed by Germans on the date of September 4, 1917, which resulted in what I am told were the first American casualties of the United States Army in the war.

After several months at Dannes-Camiers we were moved to Boulogne-sur-Mer, where we remained until the end of the war. I returned to the United States and was discharged in May, 1919.

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On May 15, 1919, I entered the employ of Houghton Mifflin Company, publishers, in the educational department, where I am still located. The main duty of this department is to educate the educators of America to better methods of educating the children of America, and as one may judge, it is fascinating though uphill work.

During these twenty-odd years I also have served as a member and chairman of the school committee and as Town Moderator of Marblehead. I have also served as chairman of the temporary unemployment relief committee.

Our elder daughter, Priscilla, is a junior at Bates College.

LUCIAN LORING ROCKE

ADDRESS: Standard-Vacuum Oil Co., Manila, P. I.

BORN: April 16, 1896, Plattsburg, N. Y. PARENTS: Loring Ellis Rocke, Mysia Dandurand.

PREPARED AT: Plattsburg High School, Plattsburg, N. Y.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: S.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Ruth Marie Mason, Dec. 31, 1923, Troy, N. Y. (died Feb. 17, 1935); Anni Wolf, March 11, 1937, Manila, P. I. CHILDREN: Lucian Loring, Jr., Jan. 12, 1925; Robert Mason, June 5, 1926.

OCCUPATION: Attorney for the Standard-Vacuum Oil Company.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Madison Barracks, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Ordnance Dept., Aug. 15; assigned to Office of Chief of Ordnance, Washington, D. C., Aug. 27; transferred to Rock Island Arsenal, Ill., Dec. 20; to Headquarters 82d Division April 1, 1918, and detailed as division artillery inspector; sailed for France May 17; promoted 1st lieutenant May 1, 1919; returned to United States May 6; assigned to Raritan Arsenal, N. J., May 24 and detailed as chief Artillery Section; transferred to Fort Bliss, Texas, July 6, and designated officer in command 2d Light Mobile Repair Shop; transferred to Casual Camp, Fort Bliss, Sept. 3; discharged Oct. 5, 1919. Commissioned 1st lieutenant Ordnance Dept. Officers' Reserve Corps Feb. 11, 1920. Engagements: Lagny sector, Marbache sector, Saint-Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne offensives.

AFTER the first World War Lucian Rocke went with the Standard Oil Company of New York and has been one of their representatives in the Far East ever since. In 1937 he wrote, "I am marrying Anni Wolf of Vienna, Austria, at Manila on March 11, 1937, and sailing for Europe on March 30th en route to Cambridge for the Twentieth Reunion." In February, 1942, the Standard-

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Vacuum Oil Company reported that latest reports indicated that Rocke was still in Manila.

✦ ROBERT PERRY RODGERS

BORN: July 1, 1895, South Bethlehem, Pa. PARENTS: John A. Rodgers, Elizabeth Chambers.

PREPARED AT: St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled gunner's mate 2d class U. S. Naval Reserve Force Dec. 10, 1917; assigned to Naval Training Station, Pelham Bay, N. Y., Jan. 23, 1918; transferred to Scout Patrol *Owera* May 25; to Hydrophone School, New London, Conn., Sept. 10; appointed ensign Oct. 4; assigned to Naval District Base, New Bedford, Mass., Oct. 10; to U. S. S. *Agamemnon* on transport duty Dec. 9; to Receiving Ship, New York, N. Y., March 14, 1919; released from active duty April 14, 1919.

DIED: June 4, 1934, Washington, D. C.

FATHER: Rear Admiral John A. Rodgers, Sion Hill Farm, Havre de Grace, Md.

BOB RODGERS and I first met as ribbon-bearers at a navy wedding in Annapolis in 1901. He was my oldest friend in the Class. Bob came from one of America's most interesting and distinguished naval families, being a direct descendant of Oliver Hazard Perry, who commanded the victorious American fleet at the Battle of Lake Erie ("Don't give up the ship!"), and of Commodore John Rodgers who fired the first shot in the War of 1812, and afterwards, captured twenty-three prizes. Bob's brother, John Rodgers, was a famed pioneer navy flier. His father was an admiral.

Bob was rather quiet and self-effacing among strangers, but he had the happy gift of drawing to himself close friends who were devoted to him. Those of us who knew him well were attracted by his high intelligence, his matchless sense of humor, and his kindly, tolerant outlook on life. Bob, his roommate, Stuart Welch, and I had been friends at St. Paul's. We edited the *Lampoon* together, and at meetings of the board and on those nights when we were frantically assembling the "dummy" to meet the deadline, Bob's wit was invariably one of the bright features of the evening. After the war, in which Bob served as an ensign, he entered the School of Architecture of the Beaux

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Arts in Paris. Apparently, as the following story might indicate, his sense of humor did not suffer by reason of being transplanted to France. Bob was much interested in old prints, and brought back to his room in the Beaux Arts one day several etchings of old men. His French classmates crowded around to inquire what he had bought. Bob answered in his inimitable, slow drawl, "Oh, I've just been out, buying a few ancestors."

After his return to New York Bob became associated in architecture with Alfred Poor, '20, and with him designed the fascinating Wright Memorial, which now marks the spot where the Wright brothers first flew a heavier-than-air machine, at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina.

Bob died in 1934, and to those of us who knew him well he is irreplaceable, a kindly, gallant gentleman, whose memory we hold as a treasured heritage throughout the years. He is buried in the National Military Cemetery at Arlington, the last resting place of many of his ancestors.

J. M. G. JR.

JOHN MATHER ROGERS

ADDRESS: Port Dickinson, Broome Co., N. Y.

BORN: Dec. 12, 1894, Binghamton, N. Y. PARENTS: Hiram Mather Rogers, Emma Mather Phelps.

PREPARED AT: Central High School, Binghamton, N. Y.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914-1917. DEGREE: S.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Emily Petite Fernald, Nov. 26, 1923, Binghamton, N. Y. CHILDREN: Philip Mather, Sept. 9, 1924; John Phelps, Jan. 14, 1929; Richard Norman, July 29, 1934.

OCCUPATION: Farmer and Ornithologist.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered service private April 3, 1918; assigned to Company I, 310th Infantry, 78th Division; transferred to Machine Gun Company, 310th Infantry, May 3; sailed for France May 19; detailed to Signal Battalion, 3d Division, July 5 to July 30; wounded and gassed Oct. 20 at Saint-Juvin; detailed to American Students' Detachment, University of Aix-Marseille, March 1, 1919; discharged July 22, 1919. Engagements: Champagne-Marne defensive (Château-Thierry sector), Saint-Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne offensives.

MEMBER OF: American Ornithologists Union.

WE can add nothing to these statistics because this is the first time that John Rogers has been heard from since 1917. Possibly

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he will contribute a sparkling "Life" for our Fiftieth Anniversary Report.

SYDNEY JAMES ROGERS

HOME ADDRESS: 21 Orchard St., Portland, Maine.

OFFICE ADDRESS: S. D. Warren Co., Portland, Maine.

BORN: July 23, 1895, Worcester, Mass. PARENTS: Charles Merrill Rogers, Mary Ellen Pickup.

PREPARED AT: Cambridge Latin School, Cambridge, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917.

MARRIED: Lucy Earle Cushing Hough, April 5, 1921, Hingham, Mass. CHILDREN: Carol, June 30, 1928; Constance Hough, Sept. 28, 1931.

HARVARD BROTHERS: Robert Emmons Rogers, '09, A.M., '09 (deceased); Charles Merrill Rogers, '14.

OCCUPATION: Assistant to the Vice-president and Chief Accountant, S. D. Warren Company, Paper Manufacturers.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; discharged June 19, 1917, for physical disability. Enlisted private Aviation Section, Signal Corps April 6, 1918; assigned to Accounts Section, 814th Depot Aëro Squadron, Washington, D. C.; transferred to Coast Artillery and assigned to 17th Company Chesapeake Bay, Fort Monroe, Va.; discharged Nov. 22, 1918, and commissioned 2d lieutenant Coast Artillery Officers' Reserve Corps.

OFFICES HELD: President, State of Maine Chapter, National Association of Cost Accountants, 1939-1940; treasurer, Harvard Club in Maine, 1939-1940-1941.

ROGERS says, "Like the great majority, I am still working toward my first million but, in spite of this, I feel I have been very fortunate. I manage to live very comfortably and occasionally squeeze out enough for a cruise or vacation trip." We have heard that there is no accounting for tastes but Rogers' taste for accounting has been consistent since his graduation and has led him to his present position. He writes:

SINCE graduation my life, while not particularly startling or exciting, has been exceedingly pleasant and enjoyable. After discharge from service, I started in as an accountant with Lybrand, Ross Brothers & Montgomery in Boston, staying with them long enough to get a Massachusetts Certified Public Accountant's certificate. Then I switched to S. D. Warren Company, paper manufacturers in Maine, and have stayed with them ever since. Life

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in a moderate-sized city (Portland) definitely appeals to me, and I have no desire to move to any of the great and hectic cities.

As for family, I would not swap my wife and two daughters for any family in the country, even though, with the constant activities of modern life, it may at times resemble a three-ring circus. I suspect the older girl will be Phi Beta Kappa material about 1949, while the younger has already shown great promise as an acrobatic dancer. Not being a club man, a political aspirant, or a man of hobbies, you might say that my chief interest, outside of business, is my home. My good wife more than takes care of the church relations of the family and has held many prominent offices.

During the summer months a camp at Little Sebago Lake affords me my chief relaxation in the form of small boat sailing and swimming, and incidentally, my two girls will challenge any sister-team of the Class for all-around swimming and diving.

My contacts with the College and the Class since graduation have been all too few, and I am looking forward to the Reunion with great pleasure.

CHARLES ABRAHAM ROME

HOME ADDRESS: 65 Crosby Rd., Chestnut Hill, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Rome, Weinstein & Wolbarsht, 85 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Dec. 22, 1896, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Bernard Rome, Anna Herzberg.

PREPARED AT: East Boston High School, East Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; LL.B. (Boston Univ.), 1926.

MARRIED: Esther Edith Rome, June 19, 1923, Brookline, Mass. CHILDREN: Bernard, July 5, 1926; Joel, April 9, 1929.

OCCUPATION: Attorney; Trustee; Lecturer on Law.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Jan. 18, 1918; detailed to Ordnance Training School, Hanover, N. H., Jan. 22; to Ordnance Supply School, Camp Jackson, S. C., Feb. 26; to Ordnance Training Camp, Camp Hancock, Ga., April 23; to Office of Chief of Ordnance, Washington, D. C., May 13; promoted sergeant June 4; assigned to District Ordnance Office, Boston, Mass.; promoted ordnance sergeant Sept. 16; discharged March 11, 1919. Commissioned 2d lieutenant Ordnance Officers' Reserve Corps April 12, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Assistant United States attorney for District of Massachusetts, January, 1934 to September, 1937; former vice-president, Massachusetts Lawyers' Guild; former president, Boston University Law School

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Alumni Association, Boston University General Alumni Association; trustee, Boston University since 1938; member of the Administrative Council of the Zionist Organization of America since June, 1941; secretary, Selective Service, Local Draft Board No. 114, Newton, Massachusetts, since October, 1940; secretary, Frances Stern Nursery School, Brookline, Massachusetts, since 1928; former vice-president, Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society of Massachusetts.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of Boston; Harvard Club of New York; University Club of Boston; American Legion; Masons; Temple Israel, Boston, Massachusetts; Woolsack.

CHARLIE ROME, six years after graduation, decided to become a lawyer. Since his graduation, cum laude, from the Boston University Law School, honors have been showered on him. He writes:

WHEN I was graduated with our Class of 1917 I was slightly over twenty years of age. I felt keenly my obligation to help Uncle Sam in the war activities. You may recall that just about that time the government was seeking young college men to go to France to assist in the care and management of ordnance ammunition dumps and depots. I enlisted for this service. Along with several hundred other college men, I was sent to Dartmouth College for a training course.

It seems that but one or two of the entire group had ever had any previous military training. I was one of these. We were immediately singled out and made acting sergeants, though our rank was in fact that of the commonplace private. We "puffed and we huffed" and we pushed the boys around, trying to teach them the manual of arms and military formations. Apparently, we were considered pretty good at it, for we were eventually detached from this contingent and sent to Camp Jackson, South Carolina, to do the same sort of thing for a lot of other raw recruits there assembled as members of the Ordnance Corps. Shortly thereafter, the boys I had been with at Dartmouth were sent abroad and saw much and exciting active service. I was not to be that fortunate.

The man power of the nation was fast being absorbed by the draft. All able-bodied men were wanted in the military arm of the service. A shortage was developing. It was therefore deemed advisable to give thought to the possibility of removing enlisted,

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able-bodied men then working for the government in factories, of whom there were considerable, and replacing them with the physically disabled. Anticipating this move, the powers that be divided the country into twelve ordnance districts. These were to be staffed with a commissioned officer, assisted by two sergeants. I received orders to report to Washington for a short, intensive course, following which I was to go into one of these districts and drill the men from the factories before and after their factory hours. I soon found myself back in Boston, marching groups up and down the Boston Common. To prove that I knew what I was teaching, I entered a manual of arms competition with some other "experts" and walked off with the first prize — a pretty silver medal.

But this was too good. I got restless. I asked my captain for leave to transfer to the Infantry Officers' Training Camp at Plattsburg. He consented. My transfer eventually came through, but simultaneously came the Armistice. Instead of being transferred, I received an honorable discharge, but to my great pride and satisfaction, with it I received a commission as a second lieutenant in the United States Army Reserve Corps for a five-year period.

I looked around for something to do. I first tried my hand at real estate and insurance; then the leather business kept me amused and well-provided for a while, but not satisfied. I married and settled down. I discussed with my wife a long-standing ambition to study law. It was now 1923, six years after our graduation. She was a good sport and said she could take it. I therefore enrolled as a member of the Class of 1926 at Boston University Law School. It was what I wanted, so I did well. I was first in my class scholastically, was appointed to the Student Council by the dean, being its president during my senior year, founded a loan library to buy and lend expensive law books to needy students, was elected to Woolsack, the Honorary Society, the *Law Review*, and was graduated *cum laude*. Immediately following graduation the dean appointed me to the Law School faculty, where I have remained ever since.

I started my practice of law as an apprentice with Tyler, Eames, Wright & Hooper, an old-line, fine firm at 1 Court Street, Boston. For a year I received a very practical training which supplemented well my theoretical training. Then I plunged out

for myself — on my own! Eventually I began to get interested in the Governor of New York, who was then beginning to loom big over the horizon. I was one of the first F. D. R.'s in Massachusetts. My reward was chairmanship of the Official Roosevelt Campaign Committee in 1932. How I thrilled with pride at this!

I resisted some attractive titles that it became possible for me to attain in Washington. I preferred, even if at a sacrifice, to remain in Boston. I wanted to practise law here and not elsewhere. I was offered an opportunity to be assistant to the United States attorney for Massachusetts. This I accepted. Four more very happy, interesting, exciting years.

Meanwhile, more honors were to come to me from my new alma mater, Boston University. In 1928 I was to be president simultaneously of Boston University's Law School Alumni (about four thousand such alumni), president of Boston University's General Alumni (about eighty thousand such alumni), trustee of the University, and a member of the Law School Faculty. I was reelected for two additional terms as president of the General Alumni, my last term expiring in June, 1941. My term as trustee will expire in October, 1943.

A group of us decided in 1928 to experiment with a non-profit nursery school. We built a plant with all equipment designed especially for the two-to-four-year-old child. We engaged only college graduate teachers. We developed a nursery school that now enjoys a national reputation — the Frances Stern Nursery School, 180 Mason Terrace, Brookline, Massachusetts. I have served as secretary of this school since its inception.

I have travelled over most of the United States and Europe. My wife and I both love to travel. I belong to all kinds of clubs, including the Harvard Club of Boston and the Harvard Club of New York City. I belong to most of the bar associations and try to be active in them. I have also attempted to do my share community-wise. Governor Saltonstall honored me with an appointment to one of the Massachusetts draft boards.

I am now associated in the practice of law with Lewis H. Weinstein, assistant corporation counsel for the City of Boston and counsel to the Boston Housing Authority, and Joseph B. Wolbarsht, formerly one of the counsel for the Reconstruction Finance Corporation at Boston. We are practising law under the firm

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name of Rome, Weinstein & Wolbarsht. We are a very young firm, but we feel that we are beginning to make an impression about town.

I believe in the Deity and am grateful for all He has bestowed upon me. I have a charming wife and two fine sons, Bernard, fifteen, and Joel, twelve, of whom I am very proud. I hope to see my sons follow my footsteps, first to Harvard, then to Boston University.

I believe intensely in Democracy and the various freedoms. I love America and all it offers.

Need I say more?

JOHN JOSEPH ROONEY

HOME ADDRESS: 23 Eliot St., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Travelite Rubber Co., Inc., 10 High St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: April 20, 1895, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: William Rooney, Katharine Josephine Finneran.

PREPARED AT: Roxbury Latin School, Roxbury, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B. † 1917 (19).

MARRIED: Dora Edwina Clexton, Oct. 20, 1926, Roxbury, Mass. CHILDREN: Clexton, Jan. 12, 1928; Theodora Catherine, Aug. 2, 1930; John Joseph, Jr., May 2, 1932; Barbara Mary, Oct. 12, 1935.

OCCUPATION: President and Treasurer of the Travelite Rubber Company, Incorporated.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Medical Corps July 7, 1917; assigned to Base Hospital No. 44; promoted sergeant March 3, 1918; sailed for France in May; transferred to Headquarters Company, Mesves, in August; discharged May 2, 1919.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of Boston; Clover Club of Boston; Charles River Country Club; Hatherly Country Club; American Legion; 101st Infantry Associates; Rubber Heel and Sole Manufacturers' Association.

STEADY application to one subject, rubber, enabled John Rooney to rise from a position of research chemist to the head of his own manufacturing concern. He writes:

I LEFT College in April, 1917, and joined the United States Army, coming back in 1919 to get my degree. My service in the Army brought me to England and France while the war was going on and afforded me an opportunity after the Armistice in 1918 to travel a bit through France and into Italy.

My first real job was that of assistant to Dr. Allan Winter

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Rowe, an eminent research chemist and probably the most interesting personality and colorful character it has been my good fortune to meet. My association with him led me into more or less technical work and from this position I went into the rubber business. For approximately four years I worked for the Boston Woven Hose and Rubber Company in Cambridge, at the end of which period I held the position of chemist in charge of the analytical laboratory.

From 1924 to 1926 I was technical superintendent of the Quabaug Rubber Company in North Brookfield, Massachusetts. In 1927 I formed and started the Travelite Rubber Company, Incorporated, of Boston and have been its president and treasurer ever since. This is a company which manufactures rubber heels, soles, and other items, probably the most notable of which is the rubber heel base, which we introduced to the shoe trade. At present, along with our regular business, we are making products for the United States Army and Navy footwear.

These seem to be the high spots of my business career, which, as can be seen, has centered around Boston.

As for my hobbies, I still would rather see a good baseball game than anything else. Maybe if I could ever get a seat to a Yale game less than half a mile away from the field, I should again be interested in football, but this seems hopeless. I belong to a couple of golf clubs, but it will probably be another ten years before I can hit a ball straight, so I guess golf is out.

My two older children are now attending schools preparatory to college and, with two others to follow them, I guess a little review of Latin, French, algebra, etc., would make a pretty good hobby for the next few years.

As far as any observations are concerned, it looks as though our Class can be depended upon to render as good service in this present war as in the past one, and after being away from it for all these years, I still am glad that I can call Harvard College my Alma Mater.

ARCHIBALD BULLOCH ROOSEVELT

ADDRESS: Turkey Lane, Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, N. Y.

BORN: April 9, 1894, Washington, D. C. PARENTS: Theodore Roosevelt, Edith Kermit Carow.

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PREPARED AT: Groton School, Groton, Mass.; Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, N. H.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Grace S. Lockwood, April 14, 1917, Boston, Mass. CHILDREN: Archibald Bullock, Jr., Feb. 18, 1918; Theodore, July 30, 1919; Nancy Dabney, July 26, 1923; Edith.

HARVARD SON: Archibald Bullock Roosevelt, '40.

OCCUPATION: Finance.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Second lieutenant Infantry Officers' Reserve Corps when United States entered the war; detailed to Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; promoted 1st lieutenant Aug. 15; assigned to 16th Infantry, 1st Division; sailed for France; promoted captain; transferred to 26th Infantry, 1st Division; wounded March 11, 1918; invalided to United States Sept. 2; discharged Feb., 1919. Engagement: Ansauville sector. Awarded Croix de Guerre.

AFTER the last war Archie Roosevelt began work with the Bigelow Hartford Carpet Company of Thompsonville, Connecticut. In 1923 he was with the Sinclair Oil Company of New York; in 1927 he was a partner in Roosevelt & Son, investment bankers, New York; and in 1937 with Roosevelt & Weigold, dealers in tax exempt bonds. He enjoys yachting.

RICHARD DUPREE ROQUEMORE

HOME ADDRESS: 29 Fern St., Auburndale, Mass.

PRESENT ADDRESS: 101st Field Artillery, 26th Division, Camp Edwards, Falmouth, Mass.

BORN: Sept. 25, 1894, Montgomery, Ala. PARENTS: John Dupree Roquemore, Henrietta Louise Brown.

PREPARED AT: Newton High School, Newton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Bertha Copeland, Sept. 5, 1925, Cooperstown, N. Y. CHILDREN: Richard Dupree, Jr., Dec. 15, 1927; Jeanne D., Feb. 12, 1929.

OCCUPATION: Stock Broker (now on active duty as lieutenant colonel with 101st Field Artillery).

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Field Artillery Aug. 15; stationed at Fort Ethan Allen, Vt.; assigned to 8th Field Artillery, 7th Division; promoted 1st lieutenant Feb., 1918; sailed for France in August. Captain, major, lieutenant colonel, Mass. National Guard, 1920-1941. Now on active duty, 101st Field Artillery.

DICK ROQUEMORE wrote his "Life" in uniform in an army camp. It seems sort of symbolic of 1917. His story:

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TWENTY-FIVE years ago many of us left Cambridge for Plattsburg. Today I am writing this in another army school at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. Hobbies and Hitler certainly can change our lives.

After graduation and Plattsburg I was commissioned second lieutenant, Field Artillery, and finally landed in France as first lieutenant, 8th Field Artillery. In September, 1919, I resigned from the Army and returned home to Newton, Massachusetts.

To work, and what to do? The cotton business needed bright (?) young men, so I went to work for George H. McFadden & Brothers in Boston. I carried samples, and advanced from office boy to assistant on the books (where the head bookkeeper dubbed me the transposition king), thence to salesman.

In 1920 I entered the Massachusetts National Guard for a hobby. I formed C Battery of the 101st Field Artillery and became its captain.

The next few years were uneventful, but in 1925 I married Bertha Copeland, a Utica, New York, girl. We moved to Wellesley, built a house, and became the proud parents of Dick, Jr., and Jeanne. Life was pleasant until 1929, when I left the cotton business and entered the stock brokerage game — woe is me!

Two years later we moved to Auburndale, Massachusetts, and struggled with the problems of the stock market. Still interested in the National Guard, I was promoted to major and in 1939 became lieutenant colonel and executive officer of the 101st Field Artillery.

Then came the fun in Europe, and so in January, 1941, the 26th Division was inducted into federal service and my hobby became a vocation. How long? We all have our ideas, but probably years before we can lick the "Dutch" again.

HARRY WYMAN ROSE

HOME ADDRESS: 616 E. Lincoln Ave., Mount Vernon, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: American Cyanamid & Chemical Corp., 30 Rockefeller Plaza,
New York, N. Y.

BORN: Feb. 28, 1896, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Joseph Rose, Gertrude Ostrov.

PREPARED AT: Public Latin School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917; LL.B. (Suffolk Law School), 1927.

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MARRIED: Edith Norma Brenner, Aug. 18, 1921, Revere, Mass. CHILDREN: Gregory Newton, May 21, 1924; Phyllis Barbara, March 31, 1929.

OCCUPATION: Department Sales Manager and Technical Adviser, American Cyanamid & Chemical Corporation.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Sept. 10, 1918; assigned to 152d Depot Brigade, Camp Upton, N. Y.; transferred to Chemical Warfare Service Oct. 4; assigned to Gas Defense Department, Development Division, Cleveland, Ohio; detailed to Zanesville, Ohio, November 19 to Dec. 14; promoted private 1st class Dec. 18; detailed to Zanesville Jan. 27 to Feb. 27, 1919; promoted sergeant Feb. 8; discharged March 5, 1919.

MEMBER OF: American Chemical Society; American Association of Textile Chemists and Colorists; American Society for Testing Materials; American Legion; Masons.

PUBLICATIONS: Various technical articles in scientific publications in the field of textile chemistry.

HARRY ROSE — from chemist to departmental sales manager:

IT is strange how history repeats itself as the Class approaches another important milestone in its official life. Again, as in 1917, our country is at war. The present is vividly reminiscent to me, as no doubt with all of the Class, of the latter part of our Senior year. The world, then too, was in a turmoil; there was a tenseness in the atmosphere about the University as we tried to simulate a "business as usual" attitude towards our studies. However, in reality we were only counting off the days until we should be free to leave Cambridge to go on to something more real and important than studying. With but little imagination, a similar setting can again be pictured in the Yard, with another generation of seniors playing the leading rôle.

Stepping back briefly into those days of 1917, I well recall the impatience with which we awaited Commencement; how, for most of us, its arrival could not be awaited. Shortly after war was declared on April 6, I took, by special dispensation, a set of hastily drawn up final examinations, and then left Cambridge. Just how my diploma finally got to me, I cannot recall to this day.

Having majored very heavily in chemistry, I was advised that my services were most valuable in helping to expand our then infant chemical industry. I therefore hastened to Buffalo and entered the newly-established research department of the National Aniline & Chemical Company. Here a frantic search was taking

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place for much-needed intermediates and other organic compounds for both explosives and dyestuffs. Luckily I was able to be of assistance in the laboratory development and plant production of a few much-needed chemicals vital to the war effort.

Shortly thereafter I enlisted in the Army, where I was quickly transferred to the Chemical Warfare Service. My entire army career was spent on this side of the water doing research work in gas warfare.

Early 1919 found me back in civilian life trying to become readjusted. After a period of experimentation I became associated with the Cotton Research Company, Incorporated, in Boston. Here I remained until 1927, when the company's functions were absorbed into the Pacific Mills. From that date until 1934 my activities were centered around the various plants of that great New England textile organization with headquarters at Lawrence, Massachusetts. During these fifteen years I was engaged in textile chemical research covering bleaching, dyeing, printing, and finishing.

In 1934 I became associated with the American Cyanamid & Chemical Corporation and have been with that company ever since. Here I have abandoned the laboratory and plant and have gone into sales work. Because of my training and experience in textiles, I am now departmental sales manager of chemicals for the textile industry. Other developments of my company have led me into the handling of products for the paper-mill industry and for oil-well drilling. As a result my job takes me over the length and breadth of the land.

Until 1934 we made our home in Boston (Brookline to be exact). Since then we have become New York City suburbanites and have settled in Mount Vernon. In this Westchester community, as in all suburban communities, life rambled along pleasantly with its round of golf, bridge, etc. The war has brought all this to a jarring halt; now our community activities are all in connection with auxiliary war efforts. Mrs. Rose is wrapped up in her Red Cross activities, while I am assisting the long arm of the law as a member of our local Civilian Police Force.

And so as we approach our Twenty-fifth, it seems to me that our Class has achieved a distinction probably never previously reached by a Harvard Class, that of spanning two world wars

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between graduation and its Twenty-fifth Anniversary. Let us hope that no future class shares such a questionable distinction with the Class of 1917.

✦ MAX ROTH

BORN: May 11, 1895, Scranton, Pa. PARENTS: William Roth, Celia Feuerman.

PREPARED AT: Central High School, Scranton, Pa.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

DIED: Jan. 19, 1929, Scranton, Pa.

FATHER: William Roth, 329 Emmett St., Scranton, Pa.

WHILE he was in College Roth took an active part in debating, having been manager of the Freshman Debating Team and manager of the University Debating Team for two years, Junior and Senior years. He was also a member of the Debating Council, the Deutscher Verein, the Menorah Society (treasurer, 1915-1916), and the Zeta Beta Tau Fraternity.

Roth's death of heart disease followed an illness of more than ten years.

Our classmate, Harry Morris Feinberg, writes of Roth:

"He was an extremely likeable chap, with a remarkably finished and debonair personality. His manner was always that of the mature, well-groomed gentleman, far beyond the rest of us in general behavior and deportment. Even though his build was small and slight, his presence was most attractive and magnetic.

"He was always ready to mix it up in a rough and tumble and he would invariably pick on the toughest of us for a scramble. He would never back down, and he accomplished all this in the most amiable manner. He was a credit to his school, and it is a very great loss to his community to lose one of such endearing personality coupled with so much fighting spirit."

SYLVESTER EDWARD ROTHCHILD

HOME ADDRESS: 1075 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 80 Broad St., New York, N. Y.

BORN: March 25, 1896, Louisville, Ky. PARENTS: Sylve Rothchild, Flora Grauman.

PREPARED AT: Louisville Male High School, Louisville, Ky.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREE: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917.

MARRIED: Alice Lee, July 12, 1926, New York, N. Y. CHILDREN: Donald S., Aug. 11, 1928; Eric S., Dec. 30, 1930; Linda, May 1, 1936.

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OCCUPATION: President, Blidberg Rothchild Company, Incorporated, Steamship Agents and Brokers.

OFFICES HELD: American vice-consul, Gothenburg, Sweden, 1917-1919; director, Association of Shipbrokers and Agents, New York, 1934, 1935, 1936, 1942.

MEMBER OF: New York Produce Exchange, New York; New York Produce Exchange Luncheon Club; Milton Point Beach Club, Rye, N. Y.; Association of Shipbrokers and Agents.

SYLVESTER ROTHCHILD, in writing about the last twenty-five years, might have quoted Longfellow:

*Ships went to sea, and ships came home from sea
And the slow years sailed by and ceased to be.*

SHORTLY after graduation in 1917, the State Department appointed me American vice-consul to Gothenburg, Sweden. As a neutral state bordering on Germany and Russia, Sweden's position had become increasingly important. In peace time the work of a consul is largely commercial, but in Sweden in 1917-1918 we were busy with added duties, among them the supervision of imports and shipping, collaboration with army and navy services, and liaison with allied representatives of other countries. I was placed in charge of the department for shipping; and thus formed an extensive acquaintance with Swedish shipping interests.

In 1919 I resigned from the consular service and returned to America. Like many another youth of that time, I had no definite plans for the future. I gave some thought to returning to Harvard Law School, but my father had suffered reverses and could not afford to support me away from home. Mr. Allan Blidberg, son of a prominent Swedish steamship agent and broker, was in New York to open an office, and he offered me a job, which I accepted. In 1924 the firm was renamed Blidberg, Rothchild Company, Incorporated, and I became a partner.

In 1926 Blidberg returned to Sweden, and I became president of the company, an office I have held continuously from then to the present. The company has, in the course of years, become wholly American-owned, but retains its friendly agency relations with Blidbergs and others in Sweden. World-wide connections have been developed. In order to cement these connections, I have made trips of two to three months' duration every second or third year since 1924. My wife and I have visited the important sea-

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ports of England, Scotland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Finland, Germany, France, Belgium, Holland, and Italy. We have combined business with pleasure, and have always found our travels and social contacts most enjoyable.

As a result of the present war, commercial trade routes have been temporarily disrupted. Steamship companies, ours included, are largely occupied with the governments of various maritime nations, which now control shipping through requisition or charter, and these we find are directing operations of ships and cargoes. The United States Maritime Commission has recently obtained wide powers. With the United States at war, I am sure all experienced shipping men will be available to our government whenever their services are wanted.

HERBERT FRANKLIN ROYAL

HOME ADDRESS: 8925 E. Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Champion Spark Plug Co., 8525 Butler Ave., Detroit, Mich.

BORN: March 12, 1894, Nantucket, Mass. PARENTS: Leon Andrew Royal, Anne Frances Dunham.

PREPARED AT: Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, N. H.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917.

MARRIED: Helen Josephine Matthews, Feb. 9, 1918, Cambridge, Mass. CHILD: Herbert Franklin, Jr., Jan. 5, 1919.

OCCUPATION: Chief Chemist.

MEMBER OF: American Ceramic Society; Detroit Engineering Society.

PUBLICATIONS: Several articles in technical journals.

HERB ROYAL explains that the field of ceramics has greatly changed since the day of the prehistoric potter. He writes:

AFTER graduation my first employment was as a research engineer with the General Electric Company. In March, 1918, I accepted an appointment as chemist with the United States Bureau of Standards to assist in the development of optical glass so badly needed for the Army and Navy. At the Bureau I laid the foundation for all my future work in the field of ceramics — one of very broad scope.

In October, 1920, after a brief interlude as chief of the chemistry division of the New Jersey State Highway Commission testing laboratories, I came to Detroit and was employed by the Ceramic Division of the Champion Spark Plug Company. I have remained

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with this company ever since as chief chemist and research engineer. At present, of course, our activities are closely identified with defense work, in particular, the manufacture of spark plug insulators for aviation use, and most of my time and effort is devoted to the manifold problems which have come up in connection with the manufacture of an item so vital to our defense program.

I have spent vacations in New England and travelling in many other parts of the United States. As an avocation I have always preferred good reading and translations of Latin texts. Lately I have developed an active interest in music. As special hobbies I have engaged in stamp collecting and, to some degree, in the collection of first editions. For recreation I especially enjoy bowling and cribbage.

My son, Herbert Franklin, Jr., graduated from Phillips Exeter Academy in 1938, and is now a senior at Yale University.

If I have developed any particular philosophy of life, such development has occurred through natural observations incident to my profession, plus opportunities afforded by close personal contact with thousands of people in all walks of life, but principally in the industrial and scientific field. A very long span extends from the crude clay jug of the prehistoric potter and the work of the primitive glass artisan to the sillimanite insulator which makes possible the extended flight of the modern four-motored bomber, or the refined glass lens systems of the bomb-sight and range-finder — made possible only through the coördinated efforts of labor, science, industry, and management through the years.

Without elaboration, if I have any philosophy it would include as prime the elements of persistence, honesty of purpose, exactness of observation, willingness to coöperate, and true tolerance of the efforts of others.

LOUIS RUDNER

HOME ADDRESS: 832 W. State St., Trenton, N. J.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Katzenbach, Gildea & Rudner, 1112 Trenton Trust Bldg., Trenton, N. J.

BORN: Jan. 22, 1895, Newark, N. J. PARENTS: Morris Rudner, Gussie Schlenger.

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PREPARED AT: Trenton High School, Trenton, N. J.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914-1917. DEGREES: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917; LL.B., 1920.
UNMARRIED.

HARVARD BROTHERS: Otto Rudner, '19; Samuel Rudner, LL.B., '29.

OCCUPATION: Lawyer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled yeoman 2d class U. S. Naval Reserve Force May 8, 1918; assigned to Office of Cost Inspector, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa.; transferred to Office of Cost Inspector, Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N. J., June 27; promoted yeoman 1st class Sept. 1; released from active duty Dec. 30, 1918.

OFFICES HELD: Member Board of Education of Trenton, 1932-1936; president, Jewish Federation of Trenton, 1931-1936, Family Service Association, 1937-1939; treasurer, Trenton Community Chest, 1936-1938; chairman, Local Assistance Board (Public Relief Administration), 1938-1939; vice-president, Council of Social Agencies, 1937-1938; past master, True Craftsman Lodge, No. 202, A. F. & A. M.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of New Jersey.

LIKE Cassio, Louis Rudner might well say, "I have done the state some service, and they know't." His "Life":

THE law profession was what I planned for from early youth. That is where I landed. I am practising law in Trenton as a member of the firm of Katzenbach, Gildea & Rudner.

June, 1917, found me weighed down with the usual problems arising out of the war. I entered Harvard Law School the following fall to think things over, and at the same time to commence my law training. I remained at Law School until the spring recess of 1918, when I enlisted in the Navy. I was assigned to the League Island Navy Yard at Philadelphia. The signing of the Armistice afforded me the opportunity of an early discharge from the Navy. By the special concessions of the Law School faculty to men situated as I then was, I was allowed to enter the second-year law class in December, 1918. I received my law degree in June, 1920. I was admitted to the New Jersey Bar as an attorney in December, 1920, and as a counsellor in December, 1923. New Jersey follows a modified form of the English solicitor and barrister practice; hence the original admission as an attorney and the subsequent admission as counsellor. I practised independently until March, 1924, when I became associated with the then law firm of Katzenbach & Hunt, out of which the present law firm derives.

As a young practitioner, and pending the development of a

law practice, I became actively interested in group work of a religious and social nature among young people. I became conscious of that vast group of boys and girls who possessed noble characters and qualities, but needed some help to break through the tough crust of their environment.

In due course, I drifted into communal work on a broader scale. I became president of the Jewish Federation of Trenton in the fall of 1930 after serving over a short period of time on its board of directors. There was then no Community Chest organization in the city of Trenton. The Federation represented the first organized effort in our city to integrate and coördinate subventions of an essentially sectarian nature supported by private subscriptions. One of the organizations which promptly commanded my interest was the Family Relief Bureau. There I learned of the problems of the poor, the aged, the infirm, and the young, and how casually and in how matter of fact a manner they were handled by the public generally. Public agencies appeared to be inadequate to meet the situation in all its phases. I served as president of the Jewish Federation for over five terms of one year each. Each year presented enlarged problems which in due course developed a broader community consciousness and responsiveness. I was able to observe people of all groups and interests, and came to the realization that no one is absolutely immune from distress and hardships.

The Jewish Federation of Trenton had done its work reasonably well. It proved that private charities can survive and prosper under a system of integration and coördination. The Community Chest of Trenton was organized in 1935. I am proud to have been its first treasurer. My experience with family relief under the Federation attracted me to similar work in the Community Chest. I became a member and officer of the Council of Social Agencies and chairman of the division of Family Welfare. In short order I assisted in the organization of the Family Service Association — an organization dealing with family life from the constructive point of view of keeping it together, with financial assistance only a temporary phase of the assistance offered.

In 1938 the New Jersey Legislature set up a new form of organization to administer public relief in all cities. A local assistance board was required to be set up in each city as a con-

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dition to any city receiving state assistance. I became the Community Chest representative on the first Local Assistance Board of Trenton, and its chairman. I served for only about nine months. The problems arising from the administration of public relief became so complex and burdensome that I found it necessary to withdraw. I had sufficient time, however, to observe public relief in its full inadequacy.

In June, 1932, I was appointed a member of the Board of Education of Trenton. I served the unexpired term of my predecessor for nearly seven months and a full term of three years until January, 1936. I enjoyed my experiences immensely. Here I had found opportunity for enlarged service of an educational and social nature. Public school education held a strong interest for me. My associates on the Board were sincere public officials who were interested in furnishing a public school education on a liberal and adequate basis within the limits prescribed by the financial authorities.

I have noted some highlights of my experiences over the past twenty-five years. They do not add up to any great figure, but have afforded me much personal satisfaction. Politically, I am an independent Republican.

✦ ALBERT KENDRICK RUMSEY

BORN: June 12, 1894, Webster Groves, Mo. PARENTS: William Claude Rumsey, Mary Louise Kendrick.

PREPARED AT: Smith Academy, St. Louis, Mo.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled yeoman 3d class U. S. Naval Reserve Force June 14, 1917; assigned to U. S. S. *Montana* in July; commissioned ensign U. S. Navy in September; assigned to Patrol Boat *Aramis* Jan., 1919; in service Dec., 1920.

DIED: May 9, 1932, Sonora, Calif.

FATHER: William C. Rumsey, 134 Park Rd., Webster Groves, Mo.

IN 1923 and again in 1927 Rumsey reported that he was engaged in government service in the Orient. In 1924 his mother informed the Harvard Alumni Directory that her son was on a secret mission for the United States government and that his address was unknown even to his parents. From that time until news of his death reached the Secretary he had not been heard from.

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His roommate, William Fleming Savale, writes:

"Ken was a transfer from Yale and I first met him at Ridgely Hall, where he was sitting on his bags waiting for a roommate to show up from Phillips Brooks House. I was that roommate and we were destined to stick together the three years I was in College. He was a great fellow beneath a veneer of reserve, with a keen sense of humor and the outlook on life of a man ten years his senior. At all times he was most considerate and kind to me and I was very sincerely attached to him. During most of my Cambridge years my finances were in a precarious condition with the sheriff about to move in any minute. Ken was one of the fortunate ones who received munificent largesse from home at frequent intervals — his checks seemed to be for fabulous sums at times. However, he was so generous that his opulence rarely lasted longer than the next weekend and we would be broke together until his next check arrived!

"He had a great aversion to early rising (due mainly to the late hours he kept) and used to try to arrange his classes so that he would start at eleven or later. The boldest thing he ever did was to take English 1 with Professor Kittredge in spite of all warnings of how tough this course was reputed to be. He not only stuck it out but learned all the lines of Bill Shakespeare that were required and passed with flying colors. He loved practical jokes in spite of his practised austere exterior and I can remember well the winter night that I returned late from Wellesley and found the foot of my bed removed, making it necessary for me to sleep all night at a forty-five-degree angle! Ken wisely did not show up at all that night!

"Ken was never much at writing letters and since a reunion we had about twenty years ago on board the S. S. *Aramis* (Mme. Tetrazzini's private yacht prior to the war, I believe), I never had a line from him, or news of any sort."

JOHN RUSSELL

HOME ADDRESS: 8 Hillside Ave., Summit, N. J.

OFFICE ADDRESS: United Engineers & Constructors, Inc., 80 Park Pl., Newark, N. J.

BORN: April 17, 1895, Plymouth, Mass. PARENTS: John Russell, Caroline Elliott Coombs.

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PREPARED AT: Milton Academy, Milton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1915.

MARRIED: Louise Collier Grant, May 6, 1924, Summit, N. J. CHILDREN: John, 3d, Aug. 15, 1926; Barbara, 1930.

HARVARD BROTHER: Allen Danforth Russell, '20.

OCCUPATION: Safety Engineer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private, U. S. Army Ambulance Service Aug. 31, 1917; assigned to 33d Ambulance Company, 4th Division; sailed for France May 18, 1918; transferred to Statistical Section, Headquarters 4th Sanitary Train, 4th Division; with Army of Occupation, Germany; detailed to American Students' Detachment, University of Lyon; discharged July 27, 1919. Engagements: Marne-Aisne, Saint-Mihiel, and Meuse-Argonne offensives.

OFFICES HELD: Director and member executive committee, National Safety Council; general chairman, Construction Section, National Safety Council; chairman, Statistics Committee, 1931, Industrial Committee, Newark, N. J., Safety Council.

MEMBER OF: Veterans of Foreign Wars; National Electric Light Association; American Society of Safety Engineers.

PUBLICATIONS: Editor *News Letter*, 1929; articles on various professional and economic topics to the engineering trade and general press.

JOHN RUSSELL once was president of the University Debating Team so perhaps he dislikes a written statement. At any rate, in lieu of a written "life" he submitted a printed résumé of his life and work entitled "Unusual Times — Unusual Methods. Read the Bare Facts." We did, and some of the facts we gleaned were that after Harvard he attended the University of Lyon, France, and since then has done promotional work, assisted in the production of industrial motion pictures, and has had experience in sales, shipping, accounting, statistics, and engineering. His whole attention now seems to be devoted to safety engineering. Among the many articles he has written are, "The Hole in the Doughnut," "Taking the Freak out of Frequency," and "How Does Your Plant Housekeeping Rate?"

RICHARD WATSON SADLER

HOME ADDRESS: 46 Oriole Ave., Bronxville, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Old Nepperhan Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

BORN: Nov. 27, 1890, Adam County, Pa. PARENTS: Watson Richard Sadler, Myra Rippey.

PREPARED AT: Conway Hall, Carlisle, Pa.; Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917, 1924-1925.

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MARRIED: Ellida Julia Breidablik, Nov. 27, 1924, New York, N. Y. CHILDREN: Ellida Rippey, Sept. 12, 1925; Annabel, Nov. 20, 1926; Nancy, Feb. 15, 1928.

OCCUPATION: Manufacturer of Metal Products.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Cavalry Aug. 15; assigned to Company K, 304th Infantry, 76th Division; sailed for France July 8, 1918; detailed to Replacement Battalion, 4th Army Corps, Aug. 3; to 2d Cavalry Training Troop Oct. 26; transferred to Headquarters Troop, 8th Army Corps, Nov. 28; detailed to A. E. F. University, Beaune, March 6, 1919, as instructor; discharged Aug. 15, 1919. Commissioned 1st lieutenant Cavalry Officers' Reserve Corps Dec. 8, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: R. W. Sadler & Company, investment securities; president, United Trade and Transport Corporation, Westchester County Federation of Men's Bible Classes; president and director, Columbia Machine Works, Incorporated, Sadler Cast Metals, Incorporated; chairman, Layman's Christian Council.

MEMBER OF: Bankers Club of America.

DICK SADLER shows that he is in thorough accord with the old proverb which states that "Religion is the rule of life." He writes:

IN undertaking to review the bewildering mass of events, scenes, people, plans, programs, thoughts and feelings, hopes and disappointments that have surged past my consciousness or have through solicitation or force of circumstances become a fixed part of my life, I should feel both wise and fortunate were it possible for me to select just a few characteristic features that might at once interest others and reflect in some tangible way what really is my life. Unfortunately I possess no such genius, and the material from which I have to draw is not woven in any well-ordered pattern.

There was the war which came just as I had learned how to work, which knowledge, though it may have been "on order" from the date of my birth, was not delivered until my Senior year at College. I had just begun to enjoy its benefits when I donned a military uniform and began to live my life according to the Drill Book and Army orders. Since the habit of working had been but a recent graft, it soon withered and for many years remained but a small twig on my tree of life.

I sailed for France in July, 1918, as a second lieutenant of Cavalry, Officers' Reserve Corps, assigned to Company K, 304th

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Infantry, 76th Division, which I helped to train at Camp Devens, Massachusetts. This commission had come as the result of much fear and more trembling at the first Plattsburg Training Camp in 1917. Upon arrival in France our division was split up and made a replacement division. I was sent to the headquarters of the Fourth Army Corps Replacement Battalion. During the following months I participated in four major offensives. Just prior to November 11, 1918, all the American Expeditionary Forces officers who held Cavalry commissions were called to Chissay, near Tours, to be mounted for action in the anticipated drive on Metz. From our brief experience there we learned that you cannot turn cart horses into cavalry mounts or bakers' boys into troopers in three weeks' time. It was the conviction of many officers that the signing of the Armistice just prevented more tragic proof of this truth.

My first venture into business when I returned from France was in the field of foreign trade. Result — brief and negative. I then turned to investment banking. I successively became a member of the sales staffs of Colgate, Parker & Company, the Guardian Detroit Company, Brown Brothers & Company, and then formed a small investment firm of my own known as R. W. Sadler & Company, which I carried on from 1928 until the middle of 1931, when I began to work on a wide variety of industrial problems. This activity finally resulted in my becoming president and general manager of the Columbia Machine Works, Incorporated, an old and well-established manufacturing company, which had long been engaged in making railway and public utility equipment. This was my first experience in the direct supervision of a large enterprise. After rehabilitation, the company was sold. Recently I organized the Sadler Cast Metals, Incorporated. This, I hope, may prove to be a more or less permanent channel through which I may contribute my share to the work of the world.

On November 27, 1924, I married Ellida Breidablik, the daughter of a Norwegian Lutheran minister. She was born in Chicago, but spent most of her early life in Minnesota and Wisconsin. She was graduated from the University of Wisconsin in the Class of 1916 and then did postgraduate work at Bryn Mawr College and at Columbia University. We lived one year in Montclair,

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New Jersey, and have spent the past fourteen years in and near Bronxville, New York.

Some years ago I became interested in the work of men's Bible classes, and served successively as vice-president and president of the Westchester County Federation of Men's Bible Classes. And I also served as vice-president of the New York State Federation and for one year as chairman of the Committee for Religious Education of the National Federation. For two years I was vice-chairman of the Layman's Christian Council in New York City and am now serving my second term as chairman. In fact, I have found in the Bible the most dependable and helpful guide to life. Truly it seems to me that the Cross of Christ accurately marks the borderline between the three dimensional world where knowledge governs and the incomprehensible world of the spirit, where faith governs. The paths of reason and pure logic sooner or later turn out to be "dead end" streets, limited by time and space. Christ alone is "the way" that leads through that strait and narrow door out into the limitless reaches of eternity. In this realm we can navigate by faith alone, and through faith we can become citizens of His eternal kingdom of righteousness. In this I have found a sense of security and completeness that no other knowledge or experience in life has afforded.

MICHAEL SAFRAN

HOME ADDRESS: 26 Harwood St., Lynn, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Safran-Sundel Shoe Co., 150 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Oct. 5, 1893, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Jacob Safran, Fannie Fierston.

PREPARED AT: Classical High School, Lynn, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1915. DEGREE: B.B.A. (Boston Univ.), 1918.

MARRIED: May Greenbaum, Nov. 3, 1921, Savannah, Ga.

OCCUPATION: Partner, Safran-Sundel Shoe Company, Wholesalers.

MICHAEL SAFRAN says that twenty years ago he ventured into the shoe business and that he is "still venturing." He writes:

I WAS employed in the United States Ordnance Department as an accountant in 1918 and 1919. I worked for a firm of accountants in Savannah, Georgia, and then became a revenue agent with the United States Internal Revenue Department. I ventured into the shoe jobbing business in 1922.

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In 1921 I met, courted, and married May Greenbaum of Savannah, Georgia.

I am a member of Temple Beth El in Lynn, Massachusetts. As for hobbies, I am just a Sunday morning golfer.

HARRY RAPHAEL SAFTEL

HOME ADDRESS: 239 Wolcott Rd., Brookline, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 209 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: July 14, 1890, Rovno, Russia. PARENTS: David Saftel, Eva Rome.

PREPARED AT: Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, N. H.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: S.B. *cum laude*, 1917.

MARRIED: Helen Liberman, Sept. 9, 1919, Utica, N. Y. CHILDREN: Alan, Aug. 16, 1920; Rosanne, Aug. 23, 1924; Susan, July 9, 1927.

OCCUPATION: Real Estate.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., Aug., 1917; commissioned 1st lieutenant Infantry Nov. 21; sailed for France Jan. 14, 1918, as casual; assigned to Company M, 102d Infantry, 26th Division, March 31; transferred to Company I, 102d Infantry, July 6; to Company D, 102d Infantry, Aug. 2; wounded Sept. 26; returned to United States Jan. 1, 1919; discharged March 31, 1919. Engagements: La Reine sector, Château-Thierry, Saint-Mihiel offensive, Troyon sector (Marchéville).

HARRY SAFTEL selected real estate as the groundwork for his business career. He writes:

AS one looks back over the last quarter-century, one views two major and one minor peak dominating the historical as well as our personal landscape. The major peaks, of course, are the two world wars with which this period both opened and closed; the minor peak, the Depression.

In the face of such vast historical events one's personal fortune seems utterly to lack significance. Yet I suppose a class life has value if only because it stresses personal dignity and individual worth — cardinal tenets of democracy.

My personal record has little of interest to offer. I emerged from the war a bit battered physically and badly in need of a job. I took what offered itself. It was a job in real estate, a business not spiritually uplifting, not intellectually challenging, but offering to painstaking effort and a modicum of aptitude a reasonable return. And so I've been at it over the years, part of the time associated with Arthur Wyzanski of our Class, more

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or less prosperous during the fat twenties, a step ahead of disaster during the lean thirties, as satisfied as one can be with one's insecure grasp upon security.

GEORGE ALFRED SAGAR

HOME ADDRESS: John St., Greenwich, Conn.

OFFICE ADDRESS: General Foods Sales Co., Inc., 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

BORN: July 25, 1893, Methuen, Mass. PARENTS: Alfred Sagar, Margaret Shaw.
PREPARED AT: Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Aileen S. Parker, Dec. 10, 1921, Detroit, Mich. CHILDREN: Charles Parker, Nov. 29, 1926; Ann, Jan. '9, 1930.

HARVARD BROTHER: William Sutcliffe Sagar, '14.

OCCUPATION: Employed in Merchandising Department, General Foods Sales Company, Incorporated.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Nov. 27; sailed for France Jan. 7, 1918; detailed to 2d Corps Schools, Châtillon-sur-Seine, Feb. 4 to April 18; assigned to Headquarters Company, 325th Infantry, 82d Division, May 20; transferred to 309th Infantry, 78th Division, June 9; to Headquarters 74th Infantry Brigade, 37th Division, July 27; promoted 1st lieutenant Feb. 21, 1919; discharged April 4, 1919. Engagements: Meuse-Argonne offensive, Ypres-Lys offensive 1918. Awarded Croix de Guerre (Belgian).

WHEN George Sagar left the Army, he went to work for the Bolton Worsted Mills. In 1923 he was with the Walworth Sales Corporation of New York, a woolen selling concern. Since 1937, at least, he has been with the General Foods Sales Corporation of New York.

BLODGETT SAGE

HOME ADDRESS: Fort Washington, Md.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Office of Production Management, Washington, D. C.

BORN: Dec. 10, 1893, Brooklyn, N. Y. PARENTS: Nathan Burrell Sage, Adda Jane Blodgett.

PREPARED AT: Brooklyn Manual Training High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: S.B. *cum laude*, 1917.

MARRIED: Mary Whittier Ives, June 23, 1921, New York, N. Y. CHILD: Lawrence Haskell, Jan. 5, 1923.

OCCUPATION: Liaison Officer and Priorities Specialist, Office of Production Management, as Special Representative to the Economic Defense Board.

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MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Sept. 29, 1917; assigned to 2d Company, 302d Headquarters Trains and Military Police, 77th Division, Camp Upton, N. Y.; promoted corporal Nov. 1; transferred to Ordnance Dept., Dec. 22; assigned to Office of Chief of Ordnance, Washington, D. C., Dec. 28; promoted sergeant Jan. 4, 1918; attached to staff of U. S. Inspector of Ordnance, Toronto, Can., April 25; detailed to Officers' Training School, Erie Proving Ground, Ohio, Oct. 2; promoted ordnance sergeant Jan. 28, 1919; transferred to 152d Depot Brigade, Camp Upton, Jan. 31; commissioned 2d lieutenant Ordnance Officers' Reserve Corps Feb. 24; released from active duty March 21, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Vice-president and executive director, Paper Manufacturers' Educational Association; vice-president, S. W. Dow Corporation, New York City; trustee, the Church in Radburn, New Jersey; president, Radburn Arts & Crafts; "Keeper of the Royal Birdseed," Fort Washington Community Organization.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of New York; Society of the Sons of the American Revolution.

BLODGETT SAGE has been allocated to "Allocations" and finds his job another interesting one. "Who knows what the next one will be?" he asks. He writes:

THE text might be "a rolling stone gathers no moss" or "a fool and his money are soon parted," but probably it adds up only to "he gets around!"

In 1917 I didn't have to start out to set the world on fire, it was already aflame, and now it's afire again. So here I am, running with the hose again, right back where I started from. Never did lead a normal life — from the Army right into the country's biggest boom, and by the time I had found out how to hit the jackpot, somebody pulled the plug and then the swellest depression, right at a time when I should have been well settled and looking forward to Associated Harvard Club meetings for excitement. Anyway, I did get around; I had to! If I didn't change things, they changed me. From a philosophy of long-distance planning, I had to change to a day-to-day viewpoint. It's exciting if it doesn't get too close. Right now (December, 1941) Washington is more exciting than Wall Street; nobody knows whether it is busy or just confused. I know I am both busy and confused! Confused because the era begun in 1776, along with what it stood for, has ended; and busy trying to re-adapt my old-fashioned ideas and ethics to a time in which we are told that

everything we ever learned is just the other way. Sure need a liberal education to know what league you are playing in nowadays.

In 1919 when the Army closed for that season, I found a job in a bank in New York City. After mastering the technique of putting a white slip here, a pink one there, and a green one somewhere else, I found myself inside a bank spending all my time trying to get out. Then I joined up with a company selling bank supplies and there I was again, spending all my time on the outside figuring how to get inside of banks. Life seems to be like that.

Then came the amazing years in which a whole new set of values had to be evolved. In retrospect, the economic uncertainties were offset by the gain in friendships and the opportunities afforded for community activities; values which had heretofore been overlooked. A personnel and public relations job not only proved interesting and rich in experience, but gave an inner satisfaction that had been unknown in previous occupations. There was even ample time for development of a hobby — designing and constructing fine mahogany furniture, and a painting or two. Our times were in transition, but nevertheless there were compensations in the leisure time that was available to do some of the things that heretofore had always been just ahead.

The summer of 1935 brought a request to assist in the formation of a government agency in Washington. The six weeks devoted to this work were soon over, and I returned to New York. Out of this casual experience, which had long since been stored away as something merely interesting, came the opportunity to return to Washington in June, 1941, where I was inducted into a new game called "priorities." I am still at it. Just when I think I know what it is all about, the rules are changed, and I have to start all over again. I don't seem to be the only one in that fix, though. I have met so many people visiting in Washington that I knew once upon a time, that I am wondering if there is anybody left back in New York. They are all tracing down "priorities," and by the time they catch up with priorities the rules will all be changed to "allocations." I know, because this time I am one jump ahead of them, since I am helping in the preparation of "allocations."

Two weeks after arriving in Washington, I became an "expert."

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This merely means someone who is a long way from home! Anyway, I was assigned to the task of working out the plans and procedures for priority assistance to the country's housing industry, working in conjunction with other government agencies having housing programs. This being whipped into shape and turned over to an administrator, I was then assigned as an O. P. M. representative to the Economic Defense Board, Policy Committee. After two weeks with the Economic Defense Board, I became a priorities "specialist." This means someone who is a longer distance from home! Work on the Policy Committee in dealing with economic warfare, and as a member of the Clearance Committee for the Office of Export Control all raised new and interesting problems involving the disposition of materials controlled by the Office of Production Management.

Even here life insists on playing the joker. I never was much interested in export or foreign business, and learning a foreign language is agony; yet here I am, dealing with things South American, African, and Icelandic, all having names that I can't even pronounce. However, realization that the decisions made would be far-reaching in their effects makes one pray for the wisdom of the ages in dealing with complicated affairs of worldwide import. It also has its more awesome moments when I realize that at the Economic Defense Board I am supposed to answer for the policies and procedures of the Office of Production Management as I work with the representatives of the State Department, Coördinator of Inter-American Affairs, Office of Price Administration, and Lend-Lease Administration.

How does it all add up? Well, I have never held public office, nor have I inspired public opinion, but insofar as opportunity offered, I have taken part in, and helped influence, the affairs of my time — sometimes from the driver's seat and at other times from the tailboard of the wagon, so violent have been the changes. Success has come at times, in other instances the result has been futility, but always around the next corner fate turns up another interesting job worth doing. Since I pass this way but once, I hope it will continue to be as interesting as that which has gone before, and that I may take my full share in what goes on.

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HENRY WOOD SALISBURY

HOME ADDRESS: 7101 Shore Rd., Brooklyn, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: British Air Commission, 43 Exchange Pl., New York, N. Y.

BORN: Dec. 20, 1894, Nice, France. PARENTS: Henry Edward Salisbury, '86, Mary Josephine Wood.

PREPARED AT: Pomfret School, Pomfret, Conn.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917.

MARRIED: Edith Mary Frost, Nov. 11, 1922, New York, N. Y. CHILD: Henry Wood, Jr., Sept. 12, 1923.

OCCUPATION: Chief Accountant, British Air Commission.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private 1st class Aviation Section, Signal Corps Dec. 15, 1917; detailed to School of Military Aëronautics, Cornell University, N. Y., March 1, 1918; to Mitchell Field, N. Y., in May; commissioned 2d lieutenant Air Service, Military Aëronautics, June 20; detailed to Ellington Field, Texas, in September; discharged Jan. 15, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Chairman Board, Helvetia Society; treasurer, Balisea, Inc., Nypex, Inc.; secretary, International Club.

MEMBER OF: Helvetia Society; Collectors Club; All Boro Club; International Club; Bay Ridge Club; Brooklyn Club.

PUBLICATIONS: Articles in philatelic journals and magazines.

HENRY SALISBURY'S business career is like a river; it has a bank on either side. He says:

I LEFT Harvard in January, 1917, and sailed on a South American pleasure trip which took in Cuba, Jamaica, Panama, Ecuador, Peru, Chile, Argentina, and Brazil. When the first world war was declared I found myself in Valparaiso, Chile, at Viña del Mar, and immediately booked passage back to the United States, where I enlisted in the Air Service. I attended ground school in the armory at Cornell in Ithaca, probably the coldest place I was ever in. I was in the same class as Alden Foss, '17. I had my primary flying instruction at Mineola, Long Island, where I was commissioned second lieutenant. I went to many fields to finish my course as bombing pilot.

After my discharge in January, 1919, I entered the National City Bank of New York, where I remained until 1929. I was elected an officer of the bank and opened and managed several West Side branches. I attended our Tenth Reunion, all expenses being paid by Mr. Seven-Eleven. I took three months off to recuperate. In October, 1929, I resigned from the bank to go into

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Wall Street. *O Tempora! O Mores!* Hastily I lost all my material savings and haberdashery, including my shirt. I stuck it out until 1932 when I joined the Brooklyn Trust Company and started all over again.

In February, 1935, I had progressed fairly well and made a report to the bank that this might be an opportune time to liquidate all our foreign holdings under the Standstill Agreement, as it looked to me as if Europe was heading for another war within three years. I was sent abroad (incidentally my 36th and 37th crossing of the Atlantic) and visited eight countries — France, England, Belgium, Holland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Austria, Germany — making my headquarters in Berlin. I was there during the occupation of the Rhineland, and was confidentially advised by a German officer, after several bottles of Liebfraumilch, that they had orders to retreat immediately should France and England put up a show of strength. I liquidated all bank commitments, several million dollars of Standstill Bills, and met all the important industrialists and bankers of Europe, including Mr. Schacht. I returned in July, 1936, and resigned from the bank in 1939. I joined the French Air Commission as chief accountant handling all United States contracts. When France collapsed I joined the British Air Commission as chief accountant. Here I am now working like hell so that my son will not have to go through two wars like his Dad.

In November, 1922, I acquired a wonderful wife, who has put up with me to this day, and in September, 1923, a son who, God willing, will enter Harvard this fall. My hobbies consist of fishing and philately. I belong to most stamp clubs, have written and given extensive talks on the subject, and am supposed to be a so-called expert on the early stamps of Switzerland. My pet aversions are Isolationists, "Filth Columnists," and rumor mongers, who do not know what they are talking about.

We have a job to do. Let's do it with everything that we've got so that at our 26th or 27th Reunion we can look back and at least say we helped to do it.

WILLIAM WEBB SANDERS

HOME ADDRESS: 322 W. 71st St., New York, N. Y.

SUMMER ADDRESS: "Five Gables," Laurens, Otsego Co., N. Y.

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BORN: July 14, 1895, Haverhill, Mass. PARENTS: Nathaniel Saltonstall Howe Sanders, '92, Mary Kemble Webb.

PREPARED AT: Milton Academy, Milton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Hélène Dewey Augustin, May 5, 1917, Laurens, Otsego Co., N. Y.

CHILDREN: Hope Naomi (Mrs. Will Turner), Aug. 27, 1918; Bertram Webb, Oct. 16, 1924; Thomas Nathaniel Bradley, Sept. 24, 1926.

HARVARD BROTHERS: John Bertram Sanders, '27; Nathaniel Sanders, '37.

OCCUPATION: Actor.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned provisional 1st lieutenant Infantry, Regular Army; assigned to 3d Infantry; transferred to Company D, 14th Machine Gun Battalion; sailed for France April 12, 1918; promoted temporary captain June 9; transferred to Office of Adjutant General, Paris, Nov. 27; returned to United States as aide-de-camp to Major General C. C. Ballou of 6th Army Corps; resignation accepted March 29, 1919. Engagements: Anould sector, Saint-Mihiel offensive.

MEMBER OF: Society of the Fifth Division (New York Camp); American Legion, N. V. A. Post 690; Actors Equity Association (senior member); former member, Harvard Club of New York; American Club of Paris; Paris Post No. 1 of the American Legion.

THERE are not many of us who have had as full a life as Bill Sanders. "Varied but never dull" might describe it. His story:

PLUNGING from the smooth tranquillity of Harvard's cloistered halls simultaneously into matrimony and the Army was a pleasurable experience that I shared with many of my classmates. Some of them delayed the abandonment of their individual freedom as bachelors until a later date, but with a charming married daughter now twenty-two years old I feel that we who counted not the cost but gave ourselves at the same time to our sweethearts and our country have a definite edge on the others today. Now that we are again standing on a diving-board — which I sincerely hope is more solid than the one that Harry Dadmun smashed at our 20th Reunion — and hesitating as we look down into the hideous maelstrom of another involvement in a world war, it's a good time to look back over the last quarter of a century and reflect upon the joys and pleasures, the disappointments and setbacks that have been our portion of life.

I was lucky enough to get out of the last war without a scratch, in spite of the fact that my height made me a tempting target. The night before the Saint-Mihiel attack, I wrote a long letter

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to my wife. I knew that she was about to become a mother. She told me later that my letter was a definite source of amusement to her, because all through it ran the mournful plaint that the Boches might succeed in shooting me the next day and that in that case I'd die without knowing whether it was a boy or a girl! I didn't learn until several weeks later that I was already the father of a lovely daughter when that letter was written. Since that time I've had two sons, both of whom were exposed during the extremely malleable years of their infancy to the educational influence of Lord Bertrand Russell (known to his friends as a benign old scientist of delightful personality and unusual erudition, and to his enemies as a Communist advocate of free love and appeasement). One of the boys entered Lord Russell's school at the tender age of two, the other in the ripe maturity of three years, greatly to the scandalized indignation of most of my New England relatives. I was an "unnatural parent" and something ought to be done about it. But nothing was. The older boy spent six years at the Beacon Hill School, near Petersfield in England, under the daily supervision of Lord Russell and his then wife, Dora, and an expert staff of progressively-minded teachers. The younger boy was there four years. The school was co-educational, and all the children were allowed a large degree of freedom. The false sense of shame associated with nudity in most children was entirely absent, because every day, during good weather, they spent a certain amount of time playing in the sun with no clothes on at all. This attitude toward modesty in its connection with the influence of prudishness on sex maturity I consider extremely beneficial, and I would strongly recommend that all parents read carefully those books written by Lord Russell which deal with the problems of matrimony and the training of children. When the boys came back to America, they both attended the Little Red School House here in New York City for several years. Now they are both in high school, where their scholastic standing is eminently satisfactory. Bertram graduates next year from a vocational training high school, where he is learning to be a master baker — an experience that will be valuable to him when he inherits, at the age of twenty-one, a provincial hotel in France bequeathed to him (and his sister) by his great-grandmother. It is now in "occupied France." I trust that long

before my son comes of age France will again be free as we knew it of yore, no longer a helpless slave of that infamous scoundrel who now holds in a savage grip all the free peoples of Europe. Bradley was captain of his freshman basketball team and will be a sophomore next year. His average marks last year were 90%.

The ten years between 1919 and 1929 were my years of delightful ease, comfort, and prosperity. I lived in the lap of luxury, my every want (almost) catered to by an efficient staff of servants in a French country house, except for three years spent as a hotel manager, during which I worked very hard in promoting the business of the Hostellerie du Château in Châteaudun, and about six months as factory representative in the south of France for the Ford Motor Company, during the first half of which time I took a factory training course (and lost about twenty pounds). I was living the life of Riley, eating lotus flowers and drinking nectar. It was all perfectly swell. The lotus flowers were lobster, pheasant, and wild boar. The nectar was wine, champagne, cocktails, liqueurs — Haig & Haig Five-Star and old Napoleon brandy. Rich, delicious meals each and every day. I put on about fifty pounds avoirdupois — most of which I have today, as an unwelcome reminder of past glories.

But finally retribution came, as it must to every man, and with it a fond farewell to all these extravagant and totally delightful creature comforts. Life in a French château, with a butler, cook, maid, chauffeur, and gardener, disappeared into the misty past of vanished magnificence. I returned to America in the fall of 1929. Between that fateful time and 1936 I made several attempts to become a star salesman, on commission. I tried waterless aluminum ware, oil burners, vacuum cleaners, — but my efforts were in large measure balked by “consumer indifference.” I bought all the products myself, but the number of other sales failed to compensate satisfactorily for the investment of time and enthusiasm. After the repeal of Prohibition I devoted about a year to the wine and liquor business, but abandoned it when one firm I was working for went bankrupt and another dispensed with my services because of my un-Hebraic ancestry. In 1936 I adopted the theatrical profession and have been doing my best to get into a hit show ever since. I’m still plugging, sustained in my hopes of Thespian achievement by the knowledge that many

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famous actors and actresses in the past have failed to obtain any real recognition until they were nearly sixty years old. I appeared on Broadway in support of Chrystal Herne and Leslie Adams in *A Room in Red and White*, in the spring of 1936; in support of Eva Le Gallienne in *Madame Capet*, in November, 1939; I went on the road with the Mercury Theatre productions of *Julius Caesar* in the spring of 1939; and with the Taylor Holmes company of *The Man Who Came to Dinner*, in the fall of 1940.

Despite many unfortunate experiences, I continue to have a childlike and naive trust in my fellow-man. In 1927, for instance, I was taken "for a ride" in Paris, to the tune of about three thousand dollars, by an American there. For several years thereafter, I sucked my wound in solitude. The episode had destroyed a large hunk of my habitual confidence in the honesty of strangers. I am today a little more wary.

The extreme patience with which my wife has suffered my comparatively futile existence during the past quarter of a century should entitle her to a gold Carnegie medal and a substantial pension for the rest of her life. Bearing me three splendid children and establishing herself as one of the leading photographers of America certainly represents a far more worthy career than anything I have done. She is today recognized as an exceptionally fine teacher of photography. She has exhibited her work all over the world, has conducted her own school, and is now the head of the Portrait Department of the New York Institute of Photography. She was one of the organizers of the Utica Camera Club, is a member of the Oval Table Society, and a director of the Photographic Society of America. The Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain has honored her with a fellowship, but I feel certain that she is more proud of our daughter's attainments in color photography than she is of that diploma from across the Atlantic. Hope has followed in her mother's footsteps, first working (as her mother did) with crayons, oils, and water-colors, before taking up the study of cameras and lenses. Today she has established herself in an enviable position in the field of color photography, and gives private lessons in that medium.

My colorful but financially unprofitable past is an indication of my love of travel. Ever since childhood I have loved seeing

new places, new faces. During the summers of 1926 and 1928 I conducted student travel tours for the since-defunct Franco-Belgique Tours, all over Europe — travelling by motor, train, boat, and even airplane — and had a marvelous time. We visited England, Holland, Belgium, France, Switzerland, Germany, and Italy. When I realize the terrible things that are happening today in every one of those countries (except tiny Switzerland), it makes me quite sick. But being a congenitally optimistic son-of-a-gun, I feel confident that all this horror will pass, and I look forward to further explorations when the world is again at peace. I'd like to go to Hawaii, to the Philippines, to Japan and China, to India. Moving pictures — even in technicolor — are no adequate substitute for the real thing. Both my wife and I treasure these travel dreams, and some day, if we can save enough money and live that long, we'll photograph the Taj Mahal and the great Zambesi waterfall.

My pet hates are somewhat unusual — beer, rhubarb, fennel, and tapioca. The dislike of beer is one of the most distressing characteristics I have, because a plentiful supply of it is usually on hand at reunions, stag parties, American Legion meetings, and picnics, and I just stand around with my tongue hanging out, hoping that somebody has a hip-flask and that he'll be generous with its contents.

What price Civilization? Many men, fearsome of the future, feel today [July 20, 1941] that Democracy is now on its death-bed, that Hitler's "wave-of-the-future" totalitarian régime is bound to conquer in the end. I don't. Wheeler and Lindbergh do not represent the aspirations of America. The Gallup Poll and other similar canvasses notwithstanding, we are not today a nation of cowards or appeasers. When the inevitable trumpet-call sounds, calling men forth for the protection of all that men hold dear — for the perpetuation of the Bill of Rights and Roosevelt's "four freedoms" — the truth will become apparent. On that day all loyal sons of John Harvard will again rally round the Stars and Stripes, and join their freedom-loving fellow-citizens in the final struggle to rid the world of Hitler and all men of his stripe. When that job has been thoroughly done, we'll all put our shoulders to the wheel to secure for mankind the destiny it has so gallantly won.

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JOHN ALBERT SARGENT

HOME ADDRESS: 18 Pine Rd., Chestnut Hill, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Roosevelt & Sargent, Inc., 108 Water St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Jan. 15, 1895, Cambridge, Mass. PARENTS: John William Charles Sargent, Martha Louise Newhall.

PREPARED AT: Gardner High School, Gardner, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREE: S.B. *cum laude*, 1917.

MARRIED: Katherine Foster, June 24, 1920, Westminster, Mass. CHILD: Ann, May 19, 1926.

OCCUPATION: Insurance. President, Roosevelt & Sargent, Incorporated.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Ensign Pay Corps, U. S. Naval Reserve Force; served as assistant paymaster; promoted lieutenant (junior grade); transferred to Naval Overseas Transportation Service, Sydney, Cape Breton, as supply officer; to Naval Base, Rockland, Maine; to 1st Naval District, Boston, as assistant chief of supply; released from active duty July 31, 1919.

JOHN SARGENT started in the insurance business after the last war and has been a success in it.

WILLIAM FLEMING SAVALE

HOME ADDRESS: 633 Kenwyn Rd., Oakland, Calif.

OFFICE ADDRESS: California-Western States Life Insurance Co., 995 Market St., San Francisco, Calif.

BORN: Dec. 22, 1894, Orange, N. J. PARENTS: Emile Nicholas Charles Savale, Mary Anne Fleming.

PREPARED AT: Orange High School, Orange, N. J.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914-1917. DEGREE: S.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Elisabeth Lee Shepard, July 26, 1936, Manila, P. I. CHILDREN: Barbara Louise, March 13, 1937; William Fleming, Jr., and Meredith (twins), Sept. 22, 1938.

OCCUPATION: Life Insurance Executive.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private 1st class Aviation Section, Signal Corps May 23, 1917; detailed to School of Military Aëronautics, Mass. Inst. Tech.; to Aviation School, Mineola, N. Y., June 30; discharged Aug. 2, 1917, for physical disability incident to service.

OFFICES HELD: Former civilian vice-president, Army and Navy Club in Manila; vice-president, Harvard Club of Philippines; vice-president and secretary, American International Underwriters of the Philippines.

MEMBER OF: Cercle Sportif Français de Changhai; Shanghai Race Club (life member); Manila Polo Club; Harvard Club of the Philippines; Los Tamaraos Polo Club, Manila; American Club of Cuba; Los Rancheros Polo Club, Havana; Army and Navy Club of Manila (life member); Wack Wack Country Club of Manila.

PUBLICATIONS: Short articles for trade magazines.

BILL SAVALE has had an interesting life and does not hesitate to express his views frankly and make a prediction. The Secretary prints both but disclaims any implied endorsement of either. Bill's "Life":

I LEFT Cambridge in May, 1917, to join Gus Kissell, Rod Kennedy, Doug Campbell, and twenty other benighted spirits, most of whom gave up their lives (many of us now wonder for what), for the first regular United States Army Air Corps ground school ever established in the United States, at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. A month later I came back to the Yard for the Class photo. Since then I have never returned. There must be many changes. No doubt the trees that were planted in the Yard during our residence there must be towering in height by now. It will be quite thrilling to see it all again after all these years, even though most of the men I knew in those days are now dead. Wallie Webber of ukulele fame passed on almost a decade ago. My roommate of Ridgely, Westmorly, and Hollis Hall days will never return to his Reunion. Ken Rumsey, I'm thinking of.

In the intervening years I have spent more time outside the United States than within. Indeed, I think I may have covered as many miles in foreign lands as any classmate — I might even go so far as to say any two classmates. Since arriving in Shanghai in 1919 I have lived abroad continuously except for a few years just before the stock market crash of 1929, when I, like so many others, rode high, wide, and handsome in the marts of New York City, as a sales executive in the broad silk business.

I have made my home in Shanghai, Peking, Yokohama, Manila, and at the time that this article is being written, I am just returning from Cuba, where I have been living for several years. I have twice circumnavigated the globe, crossed the Pacific about sixteen times, and travelled to the remotest sections of the Philippines. I have spent the night on Mt. Mayon and seen the sun rise over the Bicol mountains. From Darjeeling I have seen the moonbeams reflected from Kinchenjunga's snows — the grandest sight I have ever laid eyes upon. I have climbed Mt. Fuji from Gotemba, and spent a glorious fortnight at the Perrinhof in Zermatt facing the ever-changing façade of the Matterhorn. I have flown from

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Panama to Bogotá and back across the Caribbean to Cienfuegos.

Of all the people I have met and have lived among I like the Chinese the best — and incidentally, this includes Americans. Don't misunderstand me, I mean the "old style" Chinese, not the returned-student type who has absorbed everything undesirable we have to offer and few of our better qualities.

No doubt my years of residence abroad have exposed me to many ways of thought foreign to what we are accustomed to believing to be *au fait*. For example, I do not subscribe to the general idea that most Orientals are treacherous and all Chinese are marvels of integrity, or that the British are the loveliest people on earth and the Germans impossible. The present furore of enthusiasm for England leaves me cold. I know the British too well, perhaps.

As regards hobbies, which heading comes next on your list, these have changed with the passage of time. At one time I played the oboe in a symphony orchestra. I've had more than a casual acquaintanceship with the works of Beethoven, Brahms, and Tschaikovsky. I had to give this up when I went to the Philippines in 1930 — at the request of the Army and Navy Club authorities to whose crass military minds oboe practice in the evening hours brought little or no appreciation — too many open windows in the Tropics!

I then switched to horses and until recent months have played quite some polo, with an international rating. You get tough competition in Manila from the United States Army cavalry units. With the coming of matrimony and a couple of crack-ups, I decided that middle age and polo just didn't jibe. So today I would say that my three small children constitute my main hobby with a side interest in collecting rare air-mail stamps. However, with the apparent indefinite perpetuation of the New Deal and its leveling influence and steady increase in taxes and restrictions, I think I shall shortly be compelled to drop this hobby and take up something cheaper, like flower cultivation, or, provided it costs less, even flower arrangement in the Japanese style where two blossoms constitute a "show."

One of the points usually brought out in an anniversary report is the debt to his university that the graduate of twenty-five years feels is due. I, for one, cannot see that my Harvard degree

has brought me much that I couldn't have gained without it. Harvard influence has never gained me a nickel in a business way — although I *almost* got a job once through a Harvard man. From the cultural side, undoubtedly yes. None of my college friends have entered in any way in my life since, due to deaths and my residence abroad, no doubt. At one time I was vice-president of the Harvard Club of the Philippines, but most of the members were not bona fide Harvard College men, being mainly holders of graduate degrees, or former special students.

I cannot say anything about my religious convictions because I haven't any, nor have I any prejudices, either. My visits to Lama Temples, to Benares, to Cairo, and various cathedral towns in continental Europe have all conveyed to me the impression that here has been the world's greatest "racket," with the prize given to the religiosos of the northern provinces in India, where they are so lazy and indolent that the priests use prayer-wheels — little waterwheels in the streams to turn their prayers over and over, thereby sparing even the effort of saying them. I still think that if I were really and sincerely religious I should prefer to be either a Catholic or High Episcopalian because they maintain the atmosphere of mysticism, in form at least. To my way of thinking, the European cathedrals are *not* the world's most beautiful church edifices. The Mohammedan mosques I have seen outdo them in splendor — and beauty, with plenty to spare.

Under the heading of "pet aversions" I can place two, both based on my long years of residence abroad and close contact with nationals of other lands. Perhaps I may be considered a bit forthright in my opinions, particularly in times like these, but here they are anyway, with the present mess we are in as some evidence that I may not be so far off in my judgment. Only the future years can disprove that.

The first of these is our State Department since the advent of Messrs. Hull and Welles. My distaste for the two amateurs in diplomacy has been built up over a long period of observation and irritation. Abroad an American has few friends despite our desire to build up foreign good will. Our naiveté in foreign affairs is often cause for no little amusement. In Lausanne in 1938 a prominent Swiss exporter told me that our policy abroad is termed the "Hallelujah Complex." They cannot understand, as realists, a

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Good Neighbor Policy where the good neighborliness is all on one side and the other fellow uses it as an excuse to get out of paying his just obligations or to expropriate the property of our citizens, who rarely seem able to get any consideration from our own government.

During my residence in Manila the income taxes were so arranged that about 99% of the Filipinos were exempt and the Americans paid most of the balance. American school teachers were sent home after forty years of service without the benefits of the pension plan to which they subscribed for years because the fund was exhausted through Filipino mismanagement — yet nothing was done about it to help them even though at the same time representatives from Washington were handing out checks to Filipino planters *not* to plant sugar!

During the winter of 1939 I had occasion to visit in Bogotá, Colombia, and was quite amazed to find that their domestic bonds were selling at a 15% discount even though they had never passed the 8% interest payment. When the American representative of the States' bondholders of the exterior bonds, long defaulted, came to Bogotá and didn't mince words about such niceties as fulfilling obligations conveniently overlooked for years, he was summarily called back out of there in ignominy. We must never do or say anything abroad about our rights — it just "isn't done."

Whether or not he truly deserves it, in Cuba Sumner Welles is laughingly referred to as "Sumner Huéles" (i.e. "Sumner Smells") due to his sour record at the time the Machado régime was overthrown. His vacillation at that time is supposedly the cause of the machine-gunning by their own men of the officers of the old régime, mostly men of the old Cuban families, after they had surrendered under a white flag to Sergeant Batista, the half-caste non-com who became *presidente* with the backing of Washington and some well-placed machine guns. All this, it is maintained, could have been prevented by a little straight talking on the part of Mr. Welles who, they say, was too busy trying to save his skin at the time to stick around.

Our present unenviable position as regards preparedness against the Japs and their excellent stocks of bomb materials and airplane gasoline can be traced to some extent to the desire of the State Department not to offend them. The freeing of Japs caught in

the act of spying on our Pacific Coast perhaps takes first prize.

While it is generally considered bad form to mention distaste for our allies the British, I cannot refrain from expressing my fears for the future in any hook-up with these people, unless they are tied in with us in a union so binding that they cannot squirm out of it — an alliance, incidentally, that does not leave us holding the sack.

My aversion to them is based on so many experiences over twenty years that I could fill reams in citing instances. I think back to London in 1921 and the insults an American had to bear because we were insisting on payment of their just debts — most of them having nothing to do with the war, incidentally, although they tried to convey the impression that they did.

And the "Buy British" campaign of a decade ago was nothing less than a boycott of American goods in their colonies.

For years I have been in competition with them abroad and know from bitter experience what it means to stack up against them in business in foreign lands, for there we have had to buck not only their business men, but their consular and diplomatic services as well. Their national solidarity is magnificent. If Americans had only a tenth of it! I cannot recall a single instance of an American ever being given a job in a British company in all the years I have spent abroad, but I can tell of many a Britisher employed by American corporations handing out business to his own nationals which rightfully belonged to us.

I can definitely cite the case of Lloyd's of London operating clandestinely for years in Cuba avoiding payment of premium taxes and thereby underquoting American insurance concerns on our own back doorstep. Has anyone ever heard of our State Department protesting this? It is still going on, incidentally. This is the British spirit of "fair play" we hear so much about.

To any American with foreign experience the Lease-Lend Act is an anathema of the first order. I have heard many a returned American business man ask, "If the situation were reversed would we get Lend-Lease protection from the British? Ha! Ha! Fat chance!" It is to be noted that their purchases from their own colonies is on a cash basis.

All of which leads up to my prophecy that if as a development of this war the United States does not make some sort of close

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alliance with Britain and her colonies — *and* one that gives us an even break — we shall ultimately see the British and Germans tied up in secret trade agreements that will keep us out of foreign markets just as effectively as any plans the Nazis may ever have originated. I do not fear post-war competition from any European power as much as I do that of the British.

One of these days we shall find, as so many other countries have discovered, that friendship with Albion is a very expensive luxury.

Incidentally, the foregoing may make very interesting reading at our Fiftieth Anniversary.

ARTHUR ALAN SAYRE

HOME ADDRESS: 2756 Landon Rd., Shaker Square Station, Cleveland, Ohio.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Sayre, Vail & Dorn, 767 Union Commerce Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

BORN: Sept. 21, 1895, Athens, Ohio. PARENTS: Edwin Daniel Sayre, Edith Woodruff.

PREPARED AT: Athens High School, Athens, Ohio.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1915-1917. DEGREES: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917; LL.B., 1921.

MARRIED: Marguerite Tafel, Dec. 9, 1933, New York, N. Y. CHILD: Richard W., Oct. 21, 1935.

OCCUPATION: Lawyer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled seaman 2d class U. S. Naval Reserve Force Dec. 10, 1917; assigned to Naval Training Camp, Hingham, Mass., Jan. 10, 1918; attended Officer Material School, Cambridge, Mass.; appointed ensign June 6; assigned to U. S. S. *Wilhelmina* on transport duty June 8; transferred to Naval Training Station, Great Lakes, Ill., Oct. 28; released from active duty Jan. 20, 1919. Rank, lieutenant (junior grade).

MEMBER OF: Union Club, Cleveland; Rowfant Club, Cleveland.

ARTHUR SAYRE has devoted his time to the practice of law and has remained in Cleveland.

JOSEPH HALLE SCHAFFNER

HOME ADDRESS: P. O. Box 262, Bedford Hills, N. Y. (permanent); 3622 Prospect Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C. (temporary).

OFFICE ADDRESS: 993 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. (permanent); British Admiralty Delegation, Washington, D. C. (temporary).

BORN: Jan. 6, 1897, Chicago, Ill. PARENTS: Joseph Schaffner, Sara Hale.

PREPARED AT: University High School, Chicago, Ill.

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Eliot Boke, Aug., 1927, San Francisco, Calif (died Dec., 1934);
Frances Porter Adler, Nov., 1937, Mt. Kisco, N. Y. CHILDREN: Eliot,
Oct. 18, 1932; Perugina Adler (stepdaughter), July 10, 1920.

OCCUPATION: Member of British Admiralty Delegation.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private 1st class Aviation Section, Signal
Corps June 14, 1917; detailed to School of Military Aëronautics, Uni-
versity of Illinois; honorably discharged Aug. 13, 1917. Enlisted private
Aug. 26, 1918; detailed to Infantry Central Officers' Training School,
Camp Lee, Va.; discharged Nov. 23, 1918.

OFFICES HELD: Member, Committee for Research on Medical Economics (for
several years).

MEMBER OF: Cliff Dwellers; Tavern Club (both in Chicago); Council on
Foreign Relations; Harvard Club of New York; Downtown Harvard
Lunch Club; City Midday Club (in New York).

*JOE SCHAFFNER writes an interesting saga which is a tribute
to his art:*

IT has always been my own belief that the autobiographical
urge was one in which, in common decency, only the fewest
in each generation should indulge. For the rest of us, even mem-
bers of the Class of 1917, obscurity is becoming and anonymity
suitable. It has the added advantages of conserving paper, which
is needed for more important things, and of making it unnecessary
to cast a balance between the purposes of graduation and the
achievements of twenty-five years later.

However, your persistent screaming and a rashly-made promise
of my own have worn me down, and here I am Henry Adams-ing
without being any Henry Adams. I give you the bald facts. If
you can make anything out of them that anyone wants to read,
it is a tribute to your art.

I volunteered for aviation the day war was declared, I was ex-
amined and passed during May, was called on June 25th, and
reported to ground school at Champaign, Illinois. Ten days later
my father became fatally ill, and I was given a furlough. He
hovered almost from day to day between life and death for
months. Being still under age, I was given an honorable discharge,
subject to the draft.

I returned with him to Chicago in the middle of December
and went in temporarily to the Federal Fuel Administration for
Illinois as a volunteer helper. By a fluke the three men directly

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over me were almost immediately promoted or transferred and a couple of days before my twenty-first birthday I became director of state requirements in charge of the distribution of domestic coal. I remained until June.

In the middle of June, 1918, Dean Gay, who was then Chief of the Division of Planning and Statistics of the Shipping Board, War Industries Board, War Trade Board, War Labor Policies Board, and Chief of the Central Bureau of Planning and Statistics, being a man of rare discernment, felt that I had the ideal qualifications for a confidential office boy, and I came to Washington.

Towards the latter part of August I was drafted and fought the battles of Camp Wadsworth at Spartanburg, South Carolina, Camp Stuart at Newport News, Camp Meigs at Washington, and Camp Lee at Petersburg, Virginia.

As it happened I was transferred to an officers' training camp early on the morning of Armistice Day, which resulted in my being discharged two weeks later.

I went to work for Hart, Schaffner & Marx as an apprentice tailor on January 9, 1919. I spent a year and a quarter learning to sew and can qualify as a pretty good seamstress. I spent the next two years, just after the 1920 crash, learning about making credits and collecting bad debts. I became a director in 1921. The following two years were spent in organizing and running the company's first sales-promotion department. Then I tried to learn something about merchandising and sold goods for two years.

Thereafter I was a sort of general futility man and trouble-shooter, dealing with all sorts of things from selecting locations for customers and reorganizing their operations to choosing locations, making leases, planning and remodeling buildings, and organizing and supervising our own retail stores. I took on the salesmanship and reorganized the sales force in 1931 and took over the supervision of our retail stores when they were sick in 1932.

I had some responsibility during those years for the advertising, financial, and promotion sides of the business as well, and during the last few years was vice-president and treasurer.

In 1933 my obligations as trustee came in conflict with my rôle as an employee and officer, and I resigned as an officer but re-

mained as a director. Since then I have acted as a trustee of several trust funds and as a business consultant, investigating sick businesses and new ideas, and advising people not to risk their money in them.

During these years my two primary outside-of-business activities have been organizing and helping to raise the money for the Behavior Research Fund in Chicago, of which I became trustee. This was the first research institute in the field of behavior problems and mental diseases and the only institute of which I happen to know whose funds were raised by popular subscription in a community-wide appeal.

I moved to New York in 1935 and have lived in or near there ever since. Shortly afterwards I became a trustee of the Graduate Faculty of Political and Social Science of the New School for Social Research (the University in Exile) and then chairman of its finance committee (a polite name for beggar). That job I resigned in November, 1940, although I remain a member of the Board of Overseers of the New School.

In November, 1940, the British Purchasing Commission asked me in to help solve a particular problem for which I had some qualifications and training. Having myself declared war on Hitler several years before the British Empire did, I, of course, accepted.

Since then, as is the way in wars — in democracies at least — I have been lending a hand at doing many things for which I have not thought of myself as having any special training or qualifications. In July, 1941, I was transferred to Washington.

Since January 6, 1942, I have been a member of the British Admiralty Delegation and am at times almost appalled to find myself in charge of procuring all ammunition under Lend-Lease for the British Navy.

I was first married in 1927 to Eliot Boke, who died in 1934. We had one daughter, Eliot, who is now nine. In 1937 I remarried — Frances Porter Adler — and acquired a stepdaughter, Perugina Adler, who graduates from Radcliffe this June. Her father, Dr. Herman M. Adler (at one time assistant professor of psychopathology at the Harvard Medical School), had been my closest friend until his death in 1935.

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HERBERT HENRY SCHEIER

HOME ADDRESS: 720 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 7 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

BORN: Oct. 28, 1895, Henderson, Texas. PARENTS: Julius Scheier, Celia Pokrass.

PREPARED AT: Lewis and Clark High School, Spokane, Wash.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1914, 1915-1917. DEGREES: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917; LL.B., 1921.

MARRIED: Hortense R. Heneberg, Nov. 18, 1928, New York, N. Y. (divorced 1932).

OCCUPATION: Lawyer.

OFFICES HELD: Associate member, Registrants Advisory Board under the Selective Service Law, Chicago; chairman of Committee on Current Trust Literature, American Bar Association, 1937-1940.

MEMBER: American, Illinois, and Chicago Bar Associations; Law Institute of Chicago; Harvard Club of Chicago; Harvard Law School Society of Chicago.

PUBLICATIONS: Contributions to Bogert, *Trusts and Trustees*, and to Carey and Schuyler, *Illinois Law of Future Interests*.

HERB SCHEIER decided a few months ago to learn to play the piano, and now he is able to play the classics. He says that Harvard taught him "not to expect too much of life." He writes:

THERE is no cure for birth or death," said one of our Harvard philosophers, "save to enjoy the interval." Have I enjoyed it? I have. On balance, it's been very good. I haven't expected too much — I am inclined to believe that Harvard had something to do with that — and I haven't been disappointed. At times, in fact, I have been amazed that this incurable interval could be so pleasant.

If Harvard perhaps taught me not to expect too much of life, it also taught me much else — and for all it taught me I shall be ever grateful. I am not thinking particularly of lectures, laboratories, and assigned reading. These are gone. The information I needed for final examinations can no longer be recalled. I am thinking rather of the unrecorded part of my education, the part that can't be found in my notebooks and that is not on file in the Dean's office. I am thinking of the tradition of learning with which Harvard acquainted me, of the "aroma of high feeling" with which it surrounded me. I am thinking of the mental vistas it opened before me, of the points of view it revealed to me, of

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the intellectual desires it created within me. With the unparalleled destruction of material things going on everywhere in the world, it is now, it seems to me, more important than ever to cherish these intangible assets and what they have brought through the years. Between a "scorched earth" abroad and ever higher surtaxes at home, the resources one has within himself have become, and are bound to become, increasingly valuable. For what Harvard contributed to those resources, I wish to record my gratitude.

If I had my early education to pursue over again, there would be two important changes. I should study medicine instead of law, and I should find time to study music. It is too late now to realize the former, but I am realizing the latter. I have long wanted to study the piano. In January of last year I decided that it was time I got started. My friends remarked, "At your age!" I began, and I've continued since. In a very few months I discovered that learning to play the piano, like learning anything else, was more a matter of will than of age. Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, and Chopin have now become a happy complement to the Revised Statutes and the Supreme Court reports.

What of the future? The world is at war. The aggressor nations are full of plans and programs for a new order. "Behind every scheme to make the world over," said Justice Holmes, "lies the question, what kind of world do you want?" We want a world of free men. We believe that if we have that, we can manage the rest. We are being put to the test of whether we shall hang together and fight for what we want. More than ships and tanks and planes, we need fighting souls and fighting hearts. We shall win this war — and win it we will — not by arms, but by the fighting faith of fighting men.

HUGO RUDOLF SCHMITT

HOME ADDRESS: Bassett House, Larchmont Acres, Larchmont, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Penn Mutual Life Ins. Co., 60 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

BORN: Jan. 28, 1890, Washington, D. C. PARENTS: Ewald Schmitt, Fannie Hesselbach.

PREPARED AT: Technical High School, Washington, D. C.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914-1917. DEGREE: S.B. *magna cum laude*, 1917.

MARRIED: Florence Jane Ketler, April 14, 1928, Westwood, N. J. CHILD: Sandra, March 23, 1934.

OCCUPATION: Agent, Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company.

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MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Volunteered in World War I; rejected by Army and Navy because of poor eyesight.

OFFICES HELD: President, Springfield, Mass., Chapter of Chartered Life Underwriters; vice-president, Springfield General Agents and Managers Association; treasurer, Springfield Life Underwriters Association.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club; Explorers Club; Phi Beta Kappa.

HUGO SCHMITT attributes his freedom of political bias to the fact that he was born in Washington, D. C. He has a hobby but no "pet" aversion. He writes:

UPON graduation the Bell Telephone Laboratories in New York City employed me as a radio research engineer. Rejected by Army and Navy because of poor eyesight in World War I, I engaged in submarine signalling research for the Navy at the Bell Laboratories and in ship-to-shore and transatlantic secret radio transmission.

To get less confining work and avoid severe eyestrain, I went into life underwriting in June, 1922, with the Equitable Life of New York as agent and supervisor, later transferring to the Penn Mutual Life of Philadelphia for which I was supervisor and educational director for the Chicago territory from 1928 to 1937. In 1937 I was appointed general agent for the Penn Mutual at Springfield, Massachusetts. In January, 1942, I transferred to a newly-opened agency of the Penn Mutual in the Lincoln Building in New York City.

My hobby is exploration and explorers. Between my first two college years at George Washington University and my last two at Harvard I spent three years making magnetic surveys of South America and on board the non-magnetic yacht *Carnegie* in the Atlantic for the Department of Terrestrial Magnetism of the Carnegie Institution of Washington. Politically, I like to think I'm an independent voter, though I have apparently been a consistent voter. Having been born in Washington, D. C., I grew up without any political bias. My religious conviction or philosophy of life is that to justify our existence we should be able to say when we leave it that the world is a better place because we have lived in it. That is why I am happy in useful life insurance service to my fellow-men. I don't believe I have any "pet" aversions though we all have general ones. I believe that for those of us who can't help our Uncle Sam in the services the best thing

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to do to help make this a better United States of America for the future and our children is for each one of us to do his present job better than he's ever done it before.

LOUIS SCHNEIDER

HOME ADDRESS: 67 S. Munn Ave., East Orange, N. J.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Schneider & Schneider, 11 Commerce St., Newark, N. J.

BORN: Aug. 2, 1895, Newark, N. J. PARENTS: Abraham Schneider, Dorothy Rapport.

PREPARED AT: Barringer High School, Newark, N. J.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Manya Roberti, March 6, 1933, New York, N. Y.

OCCUPATION: Lawyer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Ambulance driver, American Field Service, Section 31, July 10 to Nov. 1, 1917, with French Army on Verdun front. Enrolled U. S. Naval Reserve Force Nov. 7, 1917, in France; assigned to U. S. Naval Air Station, Moutchic; discharged Dec. 4, 1917, for physical disability. Enlisted private Foreign Legion, French Army, Feb. 12, 1918; detailed to Artillery School, Fontainebleau; appointed aspirant June 15; assigned to 1st Field Artillery; commissioned sous-lieutenant March, 1919; discharged May 15, 1919. Engagements: Verdun, Champagne (Main de Massiges), Vesle, Aisne. Awarded Croix de Guerre.

LAWYER LOUIS SCHNEIDER states his case briefly for the record:

AFTER two years of soldiering in France, I went to the Columbia Law School and then passed the Bar in New Jersey. Since that time I have been practising law in Newark.

ARTHUR LEON SCHUR

HOME ADDRESS: 475 Crown St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: World Food Markets, 158-07 Northern Blvd., Flushing, N. Y.

BORN: Feb. 2, 1897, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Isaac Harry Schur, Martha Reinherz.

PREPARED AT: English High School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914-1917. DEGREE: S.B. *cum laude*, 1917.

MARRIED: Rebecca Kamaiky, April 5, 1921, New York, N. Y. CHILDREN: Robert, May 30, 1922; Naomi, Oct. 4, 1924; Leona, Jan. 11, 1930.

HARVARD BROTHER: Norman Warren Schur, '27.

OCCUPATION: Partner, World Food Markets, chain of supermarkets in Long Island and the Bronx.

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MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Ordnance Department July 19, 1917; called to active duty Sept. 12 and assigned to Ordnance Detachment, Watertown Arsenal, Mass.; promoted ordnance sergeant in November and transferred to Ordnance Depot Company, Camp Zachary Taylor, Ky.; detailed to Coast Artillery Officers' Training School, Fort Monroe, Va., Oct., 1918; discharged Nov., 1918.

OFFICES HELD: Chairman Finance Committee and member Board of Trustees, Center Academy, Brooklyn, N. Y., for past eight years.

MEMBER OF: Phi Beta Kappa.

ALTHOUGH the world's food situation may be serious, Arthur Schur is in a preferred position. He writes:

AFTER Commencement I entered an army training school at Watertown, Massachusetts, for a course in ordnance work. I received the rank of ordnance sergeant and then went to the 109th Ordnance Depot Company at Camp Taylor, Louisville, Kentucky, as chief clerk. In September, 1918, I went to Fort Monroe, Virginia, for a course at the Coast Artillery Officers' Training School, which was cut short by the Armistice.

My first commercial position was with the Eastern Metal Refining Company in Boston in 1918, where I was employed in the capacity of cost accountant. I then went to New York as cost accountant and credit manager for a clothing manufacturing company. In 1922 I took a similar position in Brooklyn with I. Rokeach & Sons, manufacturers and distributors of grocery specialties. I remained there until 1938, when I entered the retail food business as a partner of the World Food Markets, operating ten supermarkets in Long Island and the Bronx.

My son Robert is a senior at Columbia, Naomi is a freshman at the University of Michigan, and Leona attends the Brooklyn Center Academy.

JAMES FRANK SCHWARTZ

HOME ADDRESS: Dock Lane, Kings Point, Great Neck, Long Island, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Marshall Geer & Co., 60 Beaver St., New York, N. Y.

BORN: Feb. 15, 1897, Tewksbury, Mass. PARENTS: Barnet Schwartz, Jennie Schwartz.

PREPARED AT: Howe School, Billerica, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Marion B. Webber, Sept. 8, 1927, Dorchester, Mass.

OCCUPATION: Broker.

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MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled machinist's mate 1st class U. S. Naval Reserve Force May 7, 1918; assigned to Naval Training Camp, Hingham, Mass., May 14; transferred to Navy Yard, Boston, Mass., June 14; to Office of Inspector of Hull Material, Boston, Mass., Aug. 15; released from active duty Jan. 15, 1919.

JIM SCHWARTZ entered the leather business and worked in several tanneries and Boston offices of leather manufacturers. Then he went into the Navy, and when he came out, he went back into the leather business. In 1927 and 1937 he reported that he was a stock broker in New York with E. A. Pierce & Company. He is still a broker but associated with another company.

RALPH ATHERTON SCOTT

HOME ADDRESS: 107 Townsend Ave., Boothbay Harbor, Maine.

OFFICE ADDRESS: R. A. Scott Co., 60 Commercial St., Boothbay Harbor, Maine.

BORN: July 14, 1895, Melrose Highlands, Mass. **PARENTS:** Carl Atherton Scott, Alice Springer Todd.

PREPARED AT: Melrose High School, Melrose, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917.

MARRIED: Rosa M. Smith, Nov. 1, 1941, Boothbay Harbor, Maine.

OCCUPATION: Owner, R. A. Scott Company, Boats, Sales, Service, Storage.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private 1st class Aviation Section, Signal Corps Feb. 13, 1918; called to active duty June 15 and detailed to School of Military Aëronautics, Mass. Inst. Tech.; to School for Radio Officers, Columbia University, N. Y., Aug. 11; to Advanced School for Radio Officers, Post Field, Okla., Nov. 5; to Advanced School for Radio Telephone Officers, Gerstner Field, La., Dec. 5; discharged Dec. 21, 1918, and commissioned 2d lieutenant Air Service Officers' Reserve Corps.

OFFICES HELD: Secretary and president, Northeastern Amateur Radio Club.

MEMBER OF: Rotary; Northeastern Amateur Radio Club.

RALPH SCOTT claims that he is the champion endurance suitor. He writes:

SINCE 1918 I have spent two years in a teachers' agency, two more in wholesale typewriter parts business, and five years in a railroad signal department, all in Boston. Since 1928 I have been in the pleasure boat business in Boothbay Harbor, Maine, a grand place to live and a swell way to make a living, if only one could. I was married last November after a whirlwind courtship of fifteen years, which should easily make me Class endurance

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champ, or something. I'm very happy, too, except for a swelling urge to scuttle a few Spaj and Snuh. Time will cure that, too. May all Seventeen Men long cling to the right side of that chest — the outside.

RALPH EDWARD SCRIBNER

HOME ADDRESS: 66 Hancock St., Lexington, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: R. E. Scribner, Inc., 1770 Massachusetts Ave., Lexington, Mass.

BORN: Nov. 19, 1891, Worcester, Mass. PARENTS: Dr. Ernest Varian Scribner, Mary Ellen Prince.

PREPARED AT: Worcester Academy, Worcester, Mass.; Browne and Nichols School, Cambridge, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Frances Louise White, Oct. 28, 1933, Newton, Mass. CHILDREN: Ernest Edwin, April 18, 1935; Ralph Otis, Dec. 21, 1937.

HARVARD BROTHER: Paul Worthley Scribner, '14.

OCCUPATION: President, R. E. Scribner, Incorporated, Market.

RALPH E. SCRIBNER had not been heard from until 1937, so we are unable to add anything to the above.

JOHN FREDERICK SEAL

HOME ADDRESS: 159 Park Ave., Leonia, N. J.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Socony-Vacuum Oil Co., Inc., 26 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

BORN: May 18, 1894, Milton, Pa. PARENTS: Abraham Blausser Seal, Lovedy Nicholas.

PREPARED AT: Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, N. H.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Marion Hardy, Feb. 20, 1923, New York, N. Y. CHILDREN: Ruth and Jane (twins), March 27, 1924 (Jane died Nov. 23, 1924); Marjorie, Sept. 21, 1925.

OCCUPATION: Assistant Treasurer, Socony-Vacuum Oil Company, Incorporated.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., Aug., 1917; transferred to Coast Artillery Officers' Training Camp, Fort Monroe, Va., in September; commissioned 2d lieutenant Coast Artillery Nov. 27; assigned to Coast Defenses of Long Island Sound, Fort H. G. Wright, N. Y.; assigned to 68th Coast Artillery June 1, 1918; sailed for France Aug. 7; discharged March 3, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Mayor, Borough of Leonia, New Jersey, 1938, 1939; president, Leonia Republican Association, 1941.

MEMBER OF: Englewood Golf Club, Englewood, New Jersey.

JOHN SEAL says that after taking a course in effective speaking he ran for mayor of his home town and was elected. Incidentally, the course was given by a Mr. Dale Carnegie who, we remember, wrote a book about influencing people. Seal writes:

THE period from graduation to 1919 was spent in the Harvard Reserve Officers' Training Corps, the Second Officers' Training Camp from which I emerged a second lieutenant, and in service in the American Expeditionary Forces. I haven't taken on any weight since, and I can still wear my old army uniform, which is a distinction quite a number of my classmates can't claim.

After the war, I worked for a time for the investment banking firm of George M. Bechtel & Company, Davenport, Iowa. Then I spent several interesting years with the National Bank Examiners, and later became treasurer of the Farmers Trust Company, Mt. Holly, New Jersey.

In 1924 I was appointed an assistant treasurer of the Vacuum Oil Company, New York, and when this company merged in 1931 with the Standard Oil Company of New York, I became an assistant treasurer of the merged company, Socony-Vacuum Oil Company, Incorporated. My duties with Socony-Vacuum used to take me to Europe every year or two, but these very interesting trips have been interrupted by World War II.

Several years ago I decided to take Dale Carnegie's course in effective speaking. After completing this course, it may be that I practised too much on my fellow-townsmen. Anyway, it wasn't long before I was running for mayor of my home town of Leonia, New Jersey, on the Republican ticket. I was elected and served as mayor from 1938 to 1940. I have continued my interest in local politics and at the present time I am serving as president of our local Republican association. I am amazed to find that most people are interested in politics only conversationally. When anything turns up which requires time and thought and energy, the great majority don't want to be bothered, and they seem quite willing to leave the work to someone else. It must be easy to be a professional politician.

My latest extra-curricular activity is a directorship in our local bank, the Leonia Bank and Trust Company.

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SAMUEL POWERS SEARS

HOME ADDRESS: Old Post Rd., Sharon, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Brickley, Sears & Cole, 1 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: July 3, 1895, Quincy, Mass. PARENTS: Russell Adams Sears, Jennie Crocker.

PREPARED AT: Milton Academy, Milton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B. † 1917 (21); LL.B., 1921.

MARRIED: Helen Nickerson, Oct. 9, 1917, Brewster, Mass. (deceased); Kathryn Hayes, 1937. CHILDREN: Roland Nickerson, Aug. 7, 1918; Ann, April 21, 1926; Heidi, Oct. 10, 1938; Wendy, March 23, 1941.

HARVARD BROTHER: Winslow Sears, '16.

OCCUPATION: Lawyer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled seaman 2d class U. S. Naval Reserve Force April 6, 1917; assigned to Patrol Boat *Talofa*; rating changed to fireman, to machinist's mate 2d class; promoted chief yeoman May 25; transferred to Accounting School, Harvard University, in June; to Fore River Shipbuilding Corporation, Quincy, Mass., in August as cost inspector; appointed ensign Sept. 20; transferred to Navy Yard, Boston, Mass., Oct. 15; to Division No. 1, Cruiser Force, Dec. 5 as aide to commander; to Cruiser and Transport Force, Newport News, Va., April, 1918, as aide to commander, communication officer and liaison officer; promoted lieutenant (junior grade) Sept. 11; released from active duty Jan. 1, 1919.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of Boston; Union Club; Tennis & Racquet Club.

EVERY Class has its outstanding pianist. Nineteen-seventeen's was Sam Sears. He writes:

I ENLISTED in the United States Navy as seaman in the spring of 1917, was appointed ensign, United States Naval Reserve Force, in the fall, and was assigned as flag lieutenant on the staff of the late Admiral Hilary P. Jones, who was commander of the southern cruiser and transport force. After duty on several cruisers I finally became entrenched in the staff headquarters at Newport News, Virginia.

I entered the special Law School class beginning in February, 1919, and received my degree in 1921. I entered active legal practice with Judge Hugh D. McLellan in Boston. Upon his appointment to the Federal Bench, the firm became Brickley, Sears & Cole, with which I have been associated at 1 Federal Street, Boston, for the past sixteen years. My personal practice is devoted largely to the trial of causes.

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During my first marriage I wintered in Boston and summered on Cape Cod. Since the death of my first wife, I have lived in Sharon and during my spare hours I have taken on the pleasant but expensive business of operating a quasi-live-stock farm.

HENRY SEAVER

ADDRESS: 31 Elm St., Huntington, Long Island, N. Y.

BORN: June 4, 1890, Philadelphia, Pa. PARENTS: Barnet Seaver, Pauline Levinson.

PREPARED AT: Central High School, Philadelphia, Pa.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREE: A.B., 1916 (17).

UNMARRIED.

HENRY SEAVER was for many years missing from our active mailing list. Indeed, the Secretary succeeded in discovering his present address only as this Report was already at the press. After leaving College at the end of our Junior year, Seaver was for a short time connected with the New England Waste Company. During the years, 1917-1919, he was a salesman of cotton products for the Campbell and Jefferson Company, of Utica, New York. After the war he entered the field of finance with Seaver, Strauss Company in Boston. Later he was customers' man and statistician for S. S. Ruskey and Company, also in Boston. From 1922-1924 he was general manager and partner in the Massachusetts Bond and Mortgage Company. In the latter year, however, he transferred to the Pittsburgh office of Eastman, Dillon and Company. From 1925 to 1931 he was with Blair and Company in New York. In 1932 he accepted a position with Standard Statistics. The Secretary hopes that subsequent information about this classmate's career will be available before our 30th.

NELSON HATHAWAY SEAVER

HOME ADDRESS: 35 Vine St., Braintree, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: J. E. Wolf Co., 31 Bedford St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: April 27, 1895, Roxbury, Mass. PARENTS: Llewellyn Davenport Seaver, Mary Louise Cole.

PREPARED AT: Roxbury Latin School, Roxbury, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Edith York Jones, June 15, 1918, Somerville, Mass. CHILDREN: Nelson Hathaway, Jr., March 25, 1919; Priscilla, May 19, 1922; Norman Johnson, May 14, 1928.

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HARVARD BROTHER: William Seaver, '27, S.M., '29.

OCCUPATION: Salesman.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry; assigned to Company L, 304th Infantry, 76th Division; promoted 1st lieutenant; sailed for France July 8, 1918; transferred to Company G, 163d Infantry, 41st Division, Nov. 6; discharged Feb. 19, 1919; Mass. State Guard, 1941.

MEMBER OF: U. C. T.; American Legion; Boy Scouts of America.

NELLY SEAVER hopes that "maybe by the Fiftieth Anniversary Report everything will be brighter." He writes:

WHILE I was a student in Roxbury Latin and Harvard, sports seemed to come more easily than study. Football, baseball, track, hockey, and tennis always seemed to edge out economics, physics, calculus, and English. The specialization group chosen for me by my senior and faculty advisers consisted of economics and government, two subjects which to me were very interesting, and still are, but unsuitable as far as obtaining passing marks for a degree. So, by the end of my Sophomore year my specialization group was changed to Romance languages, which to me were not very interesting, but were suitable for a degree. My advisers should not be blamed, for they probably knew less about what was wanted and what might be finally achieved than the students they were trying to advise.

After the war was over, and military work and play done, the duty of trying to make money for one of the largest packers in existence (Swift & Company) took up most of my time for over sixteen years. Then as my efforts, with some help from the Depression and other economic events, did not appear to make enough money for either of us, we agreed to disagree and parted. My advice to all young men working for a BIG business concern is not to wait sixteen years before parting, if part you must.

Still intent on selling at a profit something someone needs, I entered my present business — selling tags, labels, and envelopes to those who appreciate a service rendered, a good product, and a good salesman.

Travel has always intrigued me, but this old world of ours has been going through so many gyrations and eerie spasms that

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from home to work and back again has been the extent of my travels.

My political convictions would not look well in print. As long as some of the people of our United States prefer to muddle along and think of nothing but their own comfort and pleasures and are apparently willing to try to live their own lives under any heel or any ism, my mouth and pen must try to remain quiet, for at times my vocabulary gets very prolific. No team, and likewise no nation, can hope to win unless it uncorks an offense as well as a defense.

SAUL LEO SEINIGER

ADDRESS: 1190 Golden Gate Ave., San Francisco, Calif.

BORN: May 28, 1895, Sidik, Russia. PARENTS: Daniel Eliezer Seiniger, Amelia Hurvitz.

PREPARED AT: English High School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREE: A.B. *magna cum laude*, 1917.

HARVARD BROTHER: Samuel Seiniger, '13.

SEINIGER, no doubt, agrees with Seneca who said, "Vectatio iterque et mutata regio vigorem dant." His story:

ON my completion of an academic course I had planned to be a teacher of German in a secondary school, but needless to say, the World War made the study of German so unpopular as to rule out such a career.

The vicissitudes appertaining to a career under such unfavorable circumstances threw me at the mercy of the Boston school system, to fit into which amounted to substituting at nearly every subject for which I had had very little preparation, and to minimize and to view without malice the politics connected with job placement. One of the rewards was a complete nervous breakdown that practically ended my jobs there as well as my stay in Boston.

In New York City, where I taught both in the public schools from 1923 to 1927, and privately, including instruction to Soviet engineers at the Russian Amtorg, I fared considerably better, both financially, and to a certain degree in health, though to completely recover from the buffets of fortune in Boston was a task that the hurried life of the metropolis, especially Lower Manhattan, rendered nigh insuperable. During the summers here I

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resorted to travelling, first in the direction south toward Virginia, and then toward Chicago and the West.

Having lived at home or with relatives practically all my years prior to this, I little knew the solid truths that leaded the pages of Homer's *Odyssey*. I had never so much as suspected that life in the United States was replete, particularly in the large centers of population, with every kind of temptation, ranging from over-eating, contact with what sociologists call the "slum proletariat," vagrant tendencies that newness in the field of travel engender; in short, unhomelike habits of living. The ideals that I had read about faded before the reality in my own particular odyssey.

Everything that convention decreed failed to carry me where I had planned to arrive. I therefore started anew in that epochal year of 1929, and by dint of the most unconventional methods, in short, by the ways employed only by the hoboes, I arrived in short order on the shores of the Pacific, and with but one or two visits East I have remained here ever since.

Now, almost twenty-five years after graduation, I find that I am in better health as a result of travelling, far better than the school teaching years in Boston permitted. The fact that for a time I could hold down a job in a military school near the desert is sufficient proof. The extreme heat in summer was too much for one used to the winters of Massachusetts and Maine. In San Francisco I have worked in an industrial establishment, and have played piano in orchestras. I was on the music project and have been in and out of working-class movements.

I should like to add many more details. Briefly, the greatest difficulty I have found has been the effort to overcome what Jack London terms "the Call of the Wild," in my case the acquired habit of always yearning for the opposite coast. Never have I been completely reconciled to "our way of life," but let me conclude by wishing that nothing worse shall befall Harvard men or schoolboy friends and relatives in Boston than to live in the West.

HENRY SETON

HOME ADDRESS: Fairhaven Hill, Concord, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, Oxford St., Cambridge, Mass.

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BORN: July 4, 1894, Tuxedo Park, N. Y. PARENTS: Alfred Seton, Mary Louise Barbey.

PREPARED AT: St. Mark's School, Southboro, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B. † 1917 (22); A.M. (Columbia Univ.), 1925.

MARRIED: Louise Brimmer Inches, Sept. 9, 1936, Cambridge, Mass. CHILDREN: Mary Louise, Feb. 14, 1938; David, Jan. 2, 1940.

OCCUPATION: Associate in Vertebrate Paleontology, Harvard University.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Ambulance driver, American Field Service, Sections 3 and 8, June 17 to Dec. 19, 1916, with French Army on Lorraine and Somme fronts. Commissioned provisional 2d lieutenant Infantry, Regular Army, Oct. 6, 1917; assigned to 22d Infantry; promoted temporary 1st lieutenant June 11, 1918; resignation accepted Dec. 27, 1918.

MEMBER OF: Somerset Club; Harvard Club of Boston; Harvard Club of New York; Club of Odd Volumes, Boston; Holland Lodge No. 8, A. F. & A. M., New York.

PUBLICATIONS: Papers on paleontology.

HENRY SETON reports that several months in British Guiana with William Beebe's organization saved him from a drab existence. He writes:

AFTER the war, my contact with the business world was brief — a year in a New York importing and exporting holding company, which had already begun to disintegrate, and a year and a half in an ancient and honorable Wall Street trust company, where longhand bookkeeping was still in use, and telephones and female employees a recent innovation.

Early in 1922 I was saved from this drab existence by getting a chance to spend six months at William Beebe's Tropical Research Station in British Guiana. This experience opened my eyes to the fascinations of natural history and eventually led to graduate work at Columbia and Harvard, and research on vertebrate fossils at the Agassiz Museum.

From time to time there have been summer trips — collecting in the badlands of South Dakota and Wyoming; three weeks of mountain climbing in the Swiss Alps with Professor Kirtley Mather; a month-long sail from Cowes to Boston on the schooner *Atlantis*; and vacations spent with the family on Valcour Island in Lake Champlain.

Whatever confinements the future may bring, there will be solace in the memory of these pleasant days.

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JAMES WILLIAM DAVENPORT SEYMOUR

ADDRESS: U. S. Embassy, London, England.

BORN: April 23, 1895, Roxbury, Mass. PARENTS: William Seymour, May Davenport.

PREPARED AT: De Witt Clinton High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917 (19).

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Sous-chef, American Field Service, Ambulance Section 17, May 19 to Oct. 8, 1917, with French Army on Meuse-Argonne front. Enlisted private U. S. Army Ambulance Service Oct. 8, 1917; assigned to Section 635; promoted sergeant Oct. 15; detailed to French Army Automobile Instruction Center, Meaux, March, 1918; commissioned 1st lieutenant U. S. Army Ambulance Service July 18; transferred to Section 580; discharged May 23, 1919. Engagements: Champagne front (Mourmelon, Suippes, Reims, Somme-Suippes), Aisne front (Soissons), Oise front (Compiègne, Villers-Cotterets), Meuse and Ardennes fronts. Awarded Croix de Guerre with citations.

JIMMIE SEYMOUR is at present something of an enigma as he never answers letters, a habit which is very discouraging to his many friends with whom he at one time was most intimate. In the Triennial Report he lists his occupation as "literature and editorial work" and his address as the New York Harvard Club. Shortly thereafter he had several jobs at Harvard, ranging from resident proctor in Freshman Halls to Secretary for Alumni Affairs and Information.

He was most interested in the development of the Film Foundation. We understand that through this connection he met Joseph Kennedy and in 1927 was assistant to the president of F. B. O. Pictures Corporation in New York. He then moved out to California where he was active in the production of motion pictures. In March, 1939, when Kennedy was United States Ambassador to Great Britain, Jimmie moved to London and became a member of the staff of the American Embassy. Recently we have heard rumors that he is back in Hollywood, but have had no confirmation of that fact.

ALPHEUS EDWARD SHAW

HOME ADDRESS: Castleton-on-Hudson, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 33 Orange St., Albany, N. Y.

BORN: Jan. 19, 1893, Windsor, Mass. PARENTS: Jesse Anderson Shaw, Harriet Horton.

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917

PREPARED AT: Dalton High School, Dalton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1915-1917. DEGREE: S.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Amrah Dinwiddie Smith, June 30, 1920, Springfield, Mass. CHILDREN: Russell Edward, Oct. 25, 1922; Robert Wilcott, Sept. 26, 1924.

OCCUPATION: Wholesale Florist.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Ambulance driver, American Field Service, Section 16, May 26 to Sept. 25, 1917, with French Army on Argonne and Verdun fronts. Enlisted private U. S. Army Ambulance Service Sept. 25, 1917; assigned to Section 634; promoted corporal Oct. 15; promoted sergeant 1st class Feb. 18, 1919; with French Army of Occupation; discharged April 26, 1919. Engagements: Somme defensive 1918, Somme offensive, 1918, Meuse-Argonne offensive.

ALPHEUS SHAW had visions of becoming a lawyer, but he is now a successful florist. He writes:

AFTER graduation, instead of studying law as I originally planned, I established myself in business. The World War was the cause of this change in plans, as two years in France in the American Ambulance Service made it necessary for me to earn money at once and not wait until the end of three years in law school.

I have been fairly successful in the wholesale florist business in Albany. I have travelled some in South America and the West Indies, but have devoted most of my time to my family and business.

One of my sons is a freshman at Brown, and the other is considering Harvard next fall.

CHARLES LAWTON SHERMAN

HOME ADDRESS: 155 Woodside Ave., Amherst, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Amherst College, Amherst, Mass.

BORN: Feb. 16, 1894, Newport, R. I. PARENTS: Benjamin Baker Howland Sherman, Charlotte Amelia Lawton.

PREPARED AT: Rogers High School, Newport, R. I.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B. *summa cum laude*, 1917; Lic.-ès-Lettres (Univ. of Grenoble), 1920; PH.D. (Harvard Univ.), 1928; A.M. (hon.) (Amherst Coll.), 1940.

MARRIED: Dorothy Anthony Arnold, July 13, 1918, Petersburg, Va. CHILDREN: Charlotte Alethea, Sept. 15, 1922; Fred Arnold, March 26, 1925.

OCCUPATION: Professor of History and Political Science.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Engineers Sept. 18, 1917; assigned to 301st Engineers, 76th Division, Camp Devens, Mass.; promoted sergeant 1st class Dec. 10; detailed to Engineer Officers' Training

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Camp, Camp Lee, Va., Jan. 1, 1918; commissioned 1st lieutenant Engineers March 13; attached to 62d Engineers, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind., April 16; detailed to Engineer Training Camp, Camp Lee, May 5 as instructor; assigned to 535th Engineer Service Battalion May 16; sailed for France Aug. 5; detailed to American Students' Detachment, University of Grenoble, March 8, 1919; discharged Aug. 11, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: President, Amherst Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa; first vice-president, Lions Club of Amherst.

MEMBER OF: American Philological Association; New England Classical Association; Mediaeval Academy of America; American Political Science Association; Phi Beta Kappa; Harvard Club of Boston; Harvard Club of Springfield; Lions.

PUBLICATIONS: Articles and edition of *John Locke: Of Civil Government*.

CHARLES SHERMAN might well say, like Addison in his Letter from Italy, "And still I seem to tread on classic ground." His "Life":

I HAD hoped to get by unnoticed. But I hadn't reckoned with Clem. He must have a way with the women. His last appeal to the distaff side has turned the trick.

In College, according to one of the upper classmen of the day, I followed "the line of least resistance" and read the classics. It has made me take the hard road ever since. I have stayed in the halls of teaching, but what I have taught in the later years of the twenty-five has not been pure Greek and Latin. I should probably have been more useful to my country had I specialized in accounting. My colleagues in economics seem to be much in demand in Washington.

I started diverging from the classics in the Army during the first world war. Drafted into the Engineers, I put my Harvard education to such good use that I got a commission because I taught French to the company in the third Engineers' Training Camp. By August of 1918 I took a company of Virginia negroes overseas and stayed with them until after the Armistice. The one consolation was marriage in July to the conscientious wife to whom Clem has now addressed his successful appeal.

In the year after the war Dorothy and I were in Grenoble, where I had been stationed the previous spring, and I was using a Sheldon Travelling Fellowship to study for a license in classical languages and literature. We travelled incidentally — the most

interesting bit being spring in Sicily. Though I have been abroad since, I have never been to Mussolini's Italy.

The rest of my twenty-five years is divided into three parts. I have taught every year since 1920 with one exception, and that was a year off for further study. If a world is left after this war, I hope for a sabbatical. I stayed two years at Ohio Wesleyan, where I taught Greek mainly. Ohio is a place where you have hosts of acquaintances and a few good friends. One of the latter was Harvard '08's Dwight Nelson Robinson, whose death this last fall came all too early.

Still obsessed with the idea that I should teach classics for the rest of my life, I came back to Harvard for the ritualistic Ph.D. The next seven years were spent working for the degree, teaching Harvard and Radcliffe undergraduates, and raising a family of two. Relaxations were tennis, bridge, theatre-going (which was still possible in the Boston of those days), and weekends in the summer at the family camp at Yawgoo Pond near Kingston, Rhode Island.

Then the third period begins, in which I still am, and that has been with the exception of this last year the happiest of the three. I have become more of an expert in tennis and bridge. I was not meant for the high-pressure atmosphere of the Harvard faculty. From twenty or twenty-five hours of teaching, I have dropped to nine or ten and learned to be more effective, I hope. At least I have had the leisure to enjoy my colleagues in the profession in a way that was impossible in the tenser atmosphere of Cambridge. Perhaps it is one of the perquisites of time and widening experience, but life in the Connecticut Valley has not only a slower rhythm but also a greater richness of companionship and hence of meaning. Also it's a better place for bringing up children. In fact, it is so appealing to my son that I cannot lure him away from Amherst now that he is ready for college.

Then, too, at a small liberal college you do not have to stay so compartmented, but can branch out and even teach in fields that you shunned in college days. In the year 1933-1934 the whole Sherman family moved to London, and there I studied political theory with Harold Laski at the London School of Economics. Since returning to Amherst, I have been giving courses in that subject and have left the translating and writing of Greek and Latin for courses in ancient history and classical civilization.

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It is undeniably more rewarding, now that the removal of requirements in the classics has cut down the numbers in Greek and Latin, and the work is varied and stimulating. This summer, for instance, I am looking forward to participating in a new course with two colleagues (both Harvard men, Larry Packard and Ev Gleason) on the intellectual history of Europe. It is a fine thing to have the chance to be making excursions every now and then into some new and intriguing field to study and teach. At the small college you can be more of an amateur and get a lot more fun out of it.

Clem says to put in a word about your philosophy of life. All I can say is that I was too much of a Stoic in the Harvard days. Now I take life less seriously, which is the only thing one can do in war times, and I am ready to prove my conversion from the Porch to the Garden in these Reunion days, if, when, and as forthcoming.

✠ EDWARD ALLEN LOW SHORTT

BORN: April 17, 1896, Staten Island, N. Y. PARENTS: Hon. William Allaire Shortt, Lucy Elizabeth Low.

PREPARED AT: Staten Island Academy, Staten Island, N. Y.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1915. DEGREE: A.B. † 1917 (20).

MARRIED: Marie Crevolin Clark, 1916, Kingston, Ontario, Canada.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Provisional School of Infantry, Barriefield Camp, Kingston, Ontario, Sept. 7, 1915; commissioned 1st lieutenant Nov. 1 and attached to 59th Battalion, 4th Division, Canadian Expeditionary Force; detailed to recruiting duty; appointed supernumerary 59th Battalion March 1, 1916; resigned commission and enlisted private 59th Battalion, 4th Division, March 28; promoted sergeant Infantry April 12; commissioned 1st lieutenant Canadian Infantry May 17; attached to 38th Battalion Sept. 7 to Sept. 21 for course in bombing; sailed for France Sept. 21; assigned to 58th Battalion, 3d Division; detailed to command raiding party at Vimy Ridge Dec. 10; reported missing Dec. 10, 1916. Engagements: Somme, Vimy Ridge. Awarded Military Cross (British).

DIED: Dec. 10, 1916, in Germany.

SHORTT was recorded as "missing" on December 10, 1916, and nothing further was heard of him. He was leading a raid of forty men against the German trenches near Vimy Ridge when he was attacked by a German whom he followed into an adjoining trench. It is believed that he was taken prisoner and

that since he was sent in, by orders, without his identification disc, he would not have given his name or other information.

As a boy Shortt was taught to speak French before he learned his native tongue, and retained a proficiency in the language which stood him in good stead when he became a soldier. While he was in College he was a councillor of the Cercle Français, vice-president of the Circolo Italiano, and a member of the Deutsche Verein. He had been a member of the New York Fencers' Club from the time that he was thirteen years of age, and while he was at Harvard he was a member of the Fencing Team.

In *Memoirs of the Harvard Dead in the War Against Germany* by M. A. DeWolfe Howe we find the following account of Shortt's war service:

"When war broke out in 1914, Shortt's family was in Canada. He wished to join the army at once, but his father, judging him too young at eighteen, held him back. On his return to Harvard he enlisted in the Machine Gun Company, 8th Infantry, Massachusetts National Guard, from which he resigned in the following spring. Before his father's death in 1915 Shortt offered his services to Canada, but they were refused, for he was then in a neutral country.

"In the summer of 1915 he again offered his services, claiming his grandfather's Irish birth as a qualification to fight for the Allies. He received a provisional lieutenancy, was sent to an Officers' School, and attached to the 59th Battalion, 4th Division, Canadian Expeditionary Force. Because he spoke French with fluency he was detailed to Quebec on recruiting duty. At the end of this duty he returned to his battalion at Brockville, Ontario. Not long afterwards he received his appointment as a supernumerary, having previously only been "attached." When the Canadian War Ministry, a week later, cut off supernumeraries he requested permission to give up his rank of first lieutenant and enlist as a private in the Machine Gun Corps, so that he might go overseas with his own men. This permission was granted, and around April 1, 1916, he sailed for England with his organization.

"In fifteen days he was made a sergeant. In less than two months from the time he left Canada he received his commission as first lieutenant again, his colonel remarking upon the magnificent spirit

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he had shown. For gallantry in action on the Somme, October 8, 1916, he was awarded the Military Cross and made Intelligence Officer of the 58th Battalion, Third Division, Canadians."

In an obituary written for our Triennial Report our classmate, Walter Llewellyn Bullock, wrote of Shortt:

"What use he would have made of his uncommon qualities, had his life been spared, we can, of course, no more than guess. We have lost many friends in the various armies in the past six years; but the death of Allen Shortt leaves us with a sense of loss — not keener, it may be, yet somehow more irreparable than almost any other."

SOLOMON GLANE SHUMAN

HOME ADDRESS: 95 Richmond Ave., Worcester, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: National Paper Co., 140 Millbury St., Worcester, Mass.

BORN: Aug. 15, 1893, Vilna, Lithuania. PARENTS: Jacob Shuman, Minnie Mzilah.

PREPARED AT: Newton High School, Newton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917.

DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Dorothy Ethel Cohen, May 30, 1925, Hartford, Conn. CHILD: Leonard Jay, May 18, 1938.

OCCUPATION: Manager, National Paper Company.

OFFICES HELD: Production engineer, Ludlow Manufacturing Associates, 1918-1930; manager, National Paper Company, since 1930.

SOLOMON SHUMAN attended the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration from 1917 to 1918. In June, 1918, he entered the employ of the Ludlow Manufacturing Associates of Ludlow, Massachusetts, where in 1923 he was production engineer and in 1927 he was in charge of their planning department. Since 1930 he has been manager of the National Paper Company of Worcester.

WALTER SILZ

HOME ADDRESS: Wallingford, Pa.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, Pa.

BORN: Sept. 27, 1894, Cleveland, Ohio. PARENTS: Max Alexander Silz, Frederica Caroline Lieb.

PREPARED AT: Lincoln High School, Cleveland, Ohio.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B. *summa cum laude*, 1917; A.M., 1918; PH.D., 1922.

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MARRIED: Frieda Osgood, June 23, 1922, Cambridge, Mass. (died April 13, 1937); Priscilla Kramer, June 24, 1939, Roslindale, Mass.

OCCUPATION: Professor of German and Head of the German Department, Swarthmore College.

MEMBER OF: Goethe-Gesellschaft; Kleist-Gesellschaft; Modern Language Association of America; American Association of University Professors; German Society of Pennsylvania; Phi Beta Kappa.

PUBLICATIONS: *Heinrich von Kleist's Conception of the Tragic*, Baltimore (Johns Hopkins Press), 1923; *Early German Romanticism*, Cambridge (Harvard University Press), 1929; *German Romantic Lyrics* (Harvard University Press), 1934; articles in *German Quarterly*, *Germanic Review*, *Modern Language Notes*, and *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*.

WE admire Walter Silz's persistence in sticking to, as he terms it, "one of the most dangerous occupations" and we are glad that he is making a living out of it. His "Life":

AFTER graduation, being in a deferred classification for the draft, I studied on for a year for an A.M., and then took my first teaching position as master in German and French at the Hotchkiss School, Lakeville, Connecticut. It was an excellent school (even though it prepared mostly for Yale) and a lovely spot, and at the end of two years I weighed seriously the prospect of settling there. But in 1920 I was awarded a Harvard travelling fellowship and went abroad for a year, studying principally at the Universities of Heidelberg and Munich. Then I spent an additional year in the Harvard Graduate School, leading to the Ph.D. in 1922. That same June I was married.

I continued on in the Harvard German Department, first as annual instructor, then as faculty instructor and assistant professor, from 1922 to 1936, with interruptions in 1926-1927, when I held a Guggenheim Fellowship and pursued research in Germany, and again in 1930, when I served as Harvard Exchange Professor to Grinnell, Carleton, and Pomona Colleges. At the end of that pleasant but exacting trip I became seriously ill and was out for the better part of a year recuperating. In 1935 I had a sabbatical half-year's leave, and we made another trip abroad.

My wife and I considered ourselves fixed at Harvard and in a house we had built on a hilltop in Belmont in 1932. But in 1936 I accepted a call to the headship of the German Department of Washington University in St. Louis. Because of my wife's

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health, which had been failing for several years, we took a year off and lived in a little house in the country, west of Lexington. In the spring of 1937 she died, and I went on alone to the new post.

After two years in St. Louis, President Aydelotte persuaded me that Swarthmore was a better place for me, and in the fall of 1939, having been married again, I entered upon my duties as head of the German Department in this small but distinguished Quaker college. Last summer we built ourselves a house on a pretty western slope just outside Swarthmore, and here with my wife's help, and in my classroom, I minister to the few but able students who can discern the value of German literature in a war-torn world. In the summers, when my engrossing college concerns cease, I manage to get some of my own scholarly work done. I have published three books, and a number of articles in professional journals.

The teaching of German (and I believe I am the only one in the Class who has lived entirely by it) might almost be classified as one of the dangerous occupations. Anyone who has engaged in it during the period since our graduation has had an uphill fight. Time and again, when the subject seemed to have re-established itself, political developments which have nothing to do with its intrinsic worth snowed it under once more. Yet there is, as Shakespeare remarked, some sweetness in adversity; it keeps one from growing negligent and proud in one's prosperity, and it keeps one's eye upon the essential values of one's profession. And thus I continue gladly to learn as I teach.

ALBERT REGINALD SIMMS

ADDRESS: Elm St., Stockbridge, Mass.

BORN: Oct. 1, 1893, Somerville, Mass. PARENTS: Charles Edward Simms, Jane Watkins.

PREPARED AT: Watertown High School, Watertown, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917.

MARRIED: Evelyn Mary Buckley, June 1, 1921, Newton, Mass. (divorced 1935).

OCCUPATION: Owner, Elm Street Inn and Restaurant, Stockbridge.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Two years' service in World War I; ensign, Naval Aviation.

OFFICES HELD: Chairman, Stockbridge Rationing Board.

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917

MEMBER OF: Occidental Lodge (Masonic); Chamber of Commerce; Occidental Club; Laurel Hill Association (all of Stockbridge).

ALBERT SIMMS has had a lot of hotel experience, and now he has his own hostelry. He writes:

IN 1919, after discharge from war service, I entered the Victoria Shoe Company in Boston as production man, salesman, and finally credit manager. In 1922 I was established in the real estate business in Watertown. From 1923 to 1926 I was out of action on account of illness. In the year 1927-1928 I managed a local automobile concern. In 1929 I entered the hotel business with Congressman Treadway at the Red Lion Inn in Stockbridge, alternating in the South during the winter season as steward and manager of hotels in the Carolinas and Florida.

In 1939 I purchased the property of the Elm Street Inn and Restaurant here in Stockbridge, and I operate it the year 'round.

I am fond of golf, tennis, swimming, hunting, fishing, and travel. At present I am raising registered Boston Terriers as a hobby.

FRANK JOSEPH SIMON

HOME ADDRESS: 54 S. Lenox St., Worcester, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 327 Main St., Worcester, Mass.

BORN: Jan. 8, 1895, Bristol, Va. PARENTS: Joseph Simon, Annie Golden.

PREPARED AT: English High School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914-1917. DEGREE: S.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Charlotte L. Aronovitz, June 12, 1928, Brookline, Mass. CHILD: Richard Howard, May 18, 1932.

OCCUPATION: Mercantile Business - Boys' and Men's Clothing.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Graduated from Officer Material School at Harvard, First Naval District, with commission of ensign in the United States Naval Reserve Force, Feb., 1919.

MEMBER OF: B'nai B'rith, Worcester, Massachusetts.

FRANK SIMON'S biography reveals that he has made steady progress in his business and that he is a devoted father. His biography:

AFTER graduation I found myself without any definite plans for the future. The world was at war, and on June 19, 1918, I enlisted in the United States Navy. Eventually I reached the Officer Material School of the First Naval District. I graduated with the commission of ensign in February, 1919.

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As the war was over, I soon got my discharge. Again I found myself with nothing definite to do. Finally, I took a job as a salesman of boys' clothing with the R. H. White Company in Boston. After three years with White's I went to the Gilchrist Company, also in Boston, as assistant buyer of boys' apparel. Three years later I became buyer.

I was with Gilchrist's about seven years. Then I went back to White's as buyer of boys' apparel, where I had originally started as a salesman. Finally, I was given the buyership of the men's clothing department as well. In 1933 an opportunity arose which enabled me to go into my own business in Worcester. There I have been ever since.

I have been married for thirteen years and have a son, Richard, nine years old. Richard is looking forward to the time when he can go to Harvard just as his Dad did. He seems to have the makings of a good student and track man. Incidentally, he won the track medal for freshmen at his camp this summer.

I haven't had a chance to do any extensive travelling, but I did take a trip to my old home town of Bristol, Virginia. It was interesting to note the changes that time had made.

LESTER OTIS SIMONDS

HOME ADDRESS: 49 Walker St., Cambridge, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: c/o Perrin, West & Winslow, Inc., 24 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: March 20, 1896, Belmont, Mass. PARENTS: James Otis Simonds, Mary Louise Laurence.

PREPARED AT: Browne and Nichols School, Cambridge, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Margaret S. Gass, June 9, 1928, Wellesley, Mass. CHILDREN: Jonathan Otis, April 13, 1930; Mary Kaspara, April 8, 1933; Margaret Mitchell, July 22, 1941.

HARVARD BROTHER: Sidney Laurence Simonds, '14.

OCCUPATION: Manager, Municipal Bond Department, Perrin, West & Winslow, Incorporated.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled seaman 2d class U. S. Naval Reserve Force June 19, 1917; assigned to Navy Yard, Boston, Mass.; rating changed to yeoman 3d class July 1; transferred to Supply Office, Navy Yard, Boston; promoted yeoman 2d class Nov. 1; promoted yeoman 1st class Feb. 1, 1918; appointed ensign Pay Corps June 11; assigned to Pay School, U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md., June 17; transferred to

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Navy Yard, New York, N. Y., Aug. 1; released from active duty July 1, 1919.

MEMBER OF: Municipal Bond Club of Boston; Boston Security Traders' Association; National Security Traders' Association.

LESTER SIMONDS believes that our economic life must be adjusted, but that there are other things that have "fixed standards." His "Life":

THE Navy took over where Harvard left off in June, 1917, and I remained on active duty in Boston until I was commissioned and sent to the Naval Academy for instruction in June, 1918. Leaving the Academy two months later, I spent a year of hard and rather dull work at the Navy Yard, Brooklyn, New York.

After the sale in 1927 of a mercantile business that I had conducted in Boston since 1919, I entered the bond business. For the next eleven years I was in Wall Street witnessing the heights of 1928, the depths of 1932-1933, and the lean years that have followed. Since my return to Boston late in 1938 I have continued in the bond business and plan to remain in it unless the dislocations of war make necessary some other course.

My business activities have included institutional selling of all types of bonds, the management of investment and trading accounts in state and municipal bonds, and research work in state and municipal credit. The selling phases of the business have been the most pleasant. They have brought me in touch with countless numbers of men of all types and descriptions. And the relationships so developed have been a source of great satisfaction.

In the controversy over the validity of private versus public debt I have attained no particular adherence to either side. At the same time I am convinced that our system of private property must be adjusted to function more nearly on a cash basis than it has heretofore. Our intermittent periods of prosperity have all rested on a foundation of ever-increasing debt. Our economy cannot perpetually endure that process. Unless the remedy is applied, our system will give way to something far less productive of a high standard of living.

In private life my wife and I have sought to instill in our three

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young children the idea that there are certain absolute values and fixed standards of right and wrong. Even in these times the effort has proved worth while.

My particular hobby is to make a sale to an especially difficult prospective customer. I have no aversions, except to pompous ignorance in high places.

WILLARD SEARS SIMPKINS

HOME ADDRESS: Broad Brook Rd., Bedford Hills, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: G. M.-P. Murphy & Co., 111 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

BORN: June 26, 1895, Biarritz, France. PARENTS: Nathaniel Stone Simpkins, Mabel Jenks.

PREPARED AT: Fay School, Southboro, Mass.; St. Mark's School, Southboro, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Augusta Peabody Prescott, Aug. 30, 1917, Boston, Mass. (died Oct. 7, 1930); Jane Grenville Lapsley, Jan. 4, 1932, Bedford, N. Y. CHILDREN: Nathalie, May 8, 1920; Anne, Nov. 21, 1923; Willard Ritchie, March 7, 1927; Jane Willard, Feb. 23, 1933; Leslie Emmet, March 23, 1934.

HARVARD BROTHERS: Nathaniel Stone Simpkins, Jr., '08; John Simpkins, '12.

OCCUPATION: Investment Banker; Partner, G. M.-P. Murphy & Company.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Regimental sergeant-major Headquarters Company, 2d Mass. Field Artillery; commissioned 2d lieutenant Field Artillery July 25, 1917; organization federalized and designated 102d Field Artillery, 26th Division; promoted 1st lieutenant Sept. 13; sailed for France Sept. 23; commissioned provisional 2d lieutenant Oct. 24; detailed to Headquarters 51st Field Artillery Brigade, 26th Division, Dec. 20, 1917, to May 17, 1918; appointed aide-de-camp to Brigadier General G. H. Shelton, commanding 51st Infantry Brigade, July 18; sick in hospital in December; invalided to U. S. Jan. 26, 1919; appointed aide-de-camp to Major General C. R. Edwards March 1; resignation accepted Aug. 8, 1919. Engagements: La Reine sector (Seicheprey, Xivray-Marvoisin), Château-Thierry (Torcy, Belleau), Marne-Aisne offensive (Épieds, Trugny), Saint-Mihiel offensive, Troyon sector (Marchéville), Meuse-Argonne offensive, Neptune sector (Hill 360). Provisional Emergency Officer, Regular Army.

OFFICES HELD: Director, Distilled Liquors Corporation, Northern Westchester Hospital, National Economy League; trustee and assistant treasurer, Big Brother Movement; vestryman and assistant treasurer, St. Matthew's Church, Bedford, N. Y.

MEMBER OF: Visiting Committee, Harvard University Observatory; Harvard Club; The Brook; Racquet & Tennis Club; The Rookery, New York; Cummaquid Golf Club, Yarmouthport, Mass.; Barnstable Yacht Club, Barnstable, Mass.

WILLIE SIMPKINS submits his "life" in the best editorial manner:

WITH what avidity should even the partially educated man respond to the request, nay, demand, that he write about himself! In many moments of our history the achievements of a humble individual have been worthy of their proper record. Even not long before the outbreak of this second world war in 1939, it would have been possible to prepare with pardonable pride a history beginning with, "Enlisted in the battle to defend democracy, 1917-1918." Today even that bit of cosmic effort seems to have lost some virtue.

Consider the generals of the past who were knighted for laying successful siege to a single city. Today whole countries fall in fortnights.

Consider the case of a famous flyer of our generation whose record might well once have rested on the statement, "I was the first to fly the Atlantic Ocean in a heavier-than-air machine on the eastward crossing." Still a great achievement, but somehow crowded of late by companion flights!

Consider the salty presidential figure who in this last quarter-century proudly announced he had balanced the national budget. The national budget has leaped from that last balance as from a springboard to figures astronomical in their unbalance. Yet once a truly great achievement.

Consider, if you please, the life of Captain Pastor Niemoller, late German U-boat commander, holder of the Iron Cross. Well might he have said only a few short years ago, "I was a captain in the navy of my country and decorated for my dangerous service." A few years later still, with greater claim to lasting fame, he might have simply written, "I have become the pastor of the largest church in Berlin to help show my people the way of Truth." In recent months what more glorious history than the sentence, "I was imprisoned by my fatherland because I refused to betray the work of Christ."

Consider then the dilemma of a member of the Class of 1917. Graduated in uniform, and preparing to refresh himself after twenty-five years with a visit to the scenes of his college days, as yet another war thunders in his dulling ears. What has he

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done? What has he accomplished that is of interest, let alone of achievement!

This member of 1917 has been an investment banker since 1919. He has held various posts on church, school, and hospital boards, and still holds office in many, if not most, of those institutions where he has once been active! Of late it has been his fortune to write a weekly editorial column for his local paper on Cape Cod, and this is his one hobby. Other than this there is nothing to report except his abiding faith in his fellow-men, and a pleasure in being still able to look forward to each new experience with a lively interest.

EDWARD LEO SINCLAIR

HOME ADDRESS: 4512 Yuma St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

OFFICE ADDRESS: U. S. Maritime Commission, Washington, D. C.

BORN: July 2, 1892, Cambridge, Mass. PARENTS: William James Sinclair, Mary Frances Burnham.

PREPARED AT: Somerville High School, Somerville, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREE: S.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Margaret Louise McLoughlin, Sept. 27, 1927, Boston, Mass. CHILD: Margaret Marie, Aug. 13, 1928.

OCCUPATION: Senior Materials Engineer; Chief of the Research and Specification Branch of Materials Section, United States Maritime Commission.

MEMBER OF: American Society for Metals; American Society for Testing Materials; Harvard Club of Washington.

ED SINCLAIR returned to Harvard in 1919 to study metallurgy and since then has made good use of his training. He writes:

TWENTY-FIVE years later in Washington, D. C., reviewing the past:

With requirements for my degree completed in June, 1916, I went forth a year ahead of schedule to seek my fortune. The first position was that of an analytical chemist with the Bridgeport Brass Company. After about one year in the brass industry, I returned to Cambridge in June, 1917, for Commencement and my degree. Returning to Bridgeport, I was next employed by the Locomobile Company in the chemical laboratory, testing materials that went into the construction of that quality American automobile of that day.

There was nothing exciting to write about, this year and a half

in commercial laboratories. World War I was in progress. As I was turned down by the Army for being underweight, my next move was to the Army in a civilian capacity, as an inspector in the Raw Materials Section of the Bureau of Aircraft Production. Later, while stationed at Pottstown, Pennsylvania, I again weighed in for an appointment to the Officers' Training School of the Field Artillery, but the verdict was: "Physique slight but healthy — but also underweight." So I remained a civilian engineer to assist in the production and shipment of more crank cases to the various aviation training fields.

The Armistice came, but I stayed with the Aircraft Service until September, 1919, and gained a wealth of experience and knowledge working on plant inventories of materials, equipment and machine tools in conjunction with the adjustment and settlement of cancelled airplane contracts.

In September, 1919, I returned to Harvard for a year of special study in metallurgy under that Dean of American Metallurgists, the late Professor Albert Sauveur.

In June, 1920, I settled in Pittsburgh as metallurgist of the Automotive Department of the Standard Steel Car Company, the products being the Standard eight- and four-cylinder Vim motor. The salary was good and I was going places, but the depression of 1921 placed those cars in the list of orphan automobiles.

Back home to Boston in the fall of 1921, in the Metallurgical Laboratory of the Boston Navy Yard, for a short period, as I believed, before returning to private industry. This short period with the Navy turned out to be about eighteen years. The Navy being a mobile service, I was transferred from the Boston Yard to safety engineer in the Secretary of Navy Office at Washington, next as metallurgist at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and then to the Office of the Inspection of Naval Materials, Pittsburgh District, as materials engineer.

My industrial history now ends with my present position, held since April, 1939.

I turn now to the domestic side of my life. Margaret McLoughlin and I were married in Boston in 1927. We have one daughter, Margaret Marie, aged thirteen years, known as "Peppy," to form the happy family group of "Peppy, Peggy, and Ed." Bruce, the family pup, should also be mentioned. He is a black

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cocker spaniel and has been with us for nine years. During our home life, we have resided in New York, Pittsburgh, and Washington, D. C., with summers in New England.

No outstanding hobbies are indulged in to the extent that they disturb my business and domestic life, but my golf and bowling could stand more attention to improve the scores.

The fortune was not made that I went forward to seek twenty-five years ago, but I have made a good living for myself and family, with our share of happiness, contentment, and the good things of life.

As it was twenty-five years ago, my physique is still slight but healthy, to start off on the next cycle of twenty-five years.

EUGENE NATHANIEL SISKIND

HOME ADDRESS: 16 Parkman St., Brookline, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 19 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Sept. 10, 1895, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Samuel Siskind, Bertha Segall.

PREPARED AT: Public Latin School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

UNMARRIED.

OCCUPATION: Real Estate Operator.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled bugler U. S. Naval Reserve Force June 4, 1917; assigned to Navy Yard, Boston, Mass.; rating changed to yeoman 1st class in October; transferred to Destroyer Plant, Squantum, Mass.; promoted chief yeoman March 1, 1918; transferred to School for Pay Corps, Princeton, N. J., Sept. 1; appointed ensign Pay Corps Nov. 16; assigned to Naval Training Station, Pelham Bay, N. Y.; transferred to Receiving Ship, Commonwealth Pier, Boston, Mass., in November as division officer; released from active duty March 1, 1919.

EUGENE SISKIND'S belief in "the simple things" makes it appropriate to borrow this introduction from James Russell Lowell:

*The wisest man could ask no more of Fate
Than to be simple, manly, true,
Safe from the Many — honored by the Few;
To count as naught in World or Church or State;
But inwardly in secret to be great.*

FOLLOWING graduation, I enlisted in the Naval Reserve, eventually receiving a commission at Princeton. After the war I entered the real estate business in association with my

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father, where I have been ever since. The passing years have naturally brought many changes. Yet from all the ups and downs of everyday life there emerges the conviction that the simple things are the only realities worth while; and I live in the hope that when the present critical days are over our rights to enjoy them will remain unimpaired.

GEORGE PAUL SLADE

HOME ADDRESS: 48 Grotto Ave., Providence, R. I.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Greenough, Lyman & Cross, 1130 Hospital Trust Bldg., Providence, R. I.

BORN: June 28, 1893, Providence, R. I. PARENTS: George Henry Slade, Ruthven Tucker.

PREPARED AT: Noble and Greenough School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B. *magna cum laude*, 1917; LL.B., 1921 (22).

MARRIED: Frances Peckham Smith, Jan. 10, 1931, Providence, R. I. CHILDREN: Celia Peckham, Oct. 18, 1932; Ruth Tucker, Aug. 31, 1934.

OCCUPATION: Attorney.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Ordnance Dept., Jan. 8, 1918; assigned to Engineering Detachment, Watertown Arsenal, Mass.; to Headquarters Watertown Arsenal; promoted sergeant 1st class June 26; appointed post sergeant major in October; discharged Jan. 31, 1919. Commissioned 2d lieutenant Ordnance Officers' Reserve Corps.

OFFICES HELD: Governor, Society of Mayflower Descendants; chairman, Board of Deacons, Central Congregational Church.

MEMBER OF: University Club of Providence; Sons of the American Revolution; Order of Founders and Patriots; Rhode Island Bar Association; American Bar Association; Army Ordnance Association.

GEORGE SLADE is exceedingly modest in his biography. He has always been interested in social service, music, and tennis. His modest biography:

DURING the boom twenties I was fortunate enough to travel extensively — Mediterranean, around the world, etc. — which strengthened my conviction that there is no place like home. With the coming of the Depression, I married and started raising a family. I am busy practising law to earn the wherewithal to support the family.

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PHILIP SLEPIAN

HOME ADDRESS: 54 Westmore Rd., Mattapan, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Jewish Big Brother Association, 6 N. Russell St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: June 7, 1896, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Louis Slepian, Ida Bantick.

PREPARED AT: Medway High School, Medway, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Ida Beatrice Kaufman, June 28, 1922, Boston, Mass. CHILDREN: Dorothy, April 2, 1923; Judith, Dec. 22, 1930.

OCCUPATION: Social Worker.

OFFICES HELD: Executive secretary, Jewish Big Brother Association of Boston; head worker, Benoth Israel Sheltering Home.

PHILIP SLEPIAN has devoted his life to helping youth. He writes:

IT has been my good fortune to find myself fortified by my four years at Harvard for the work to which I have devoted my life. The field of social work offers me the opportunity of being of service to the community.

The beginning of my career found me as an agent for the Department of Minor Wards of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, representing the Commonwealth in several juvenile courts and having under my jurisdiction approximately one hundred young boys who were in foster homes.

In November, 1919, I became executive secretary of the Jewish Big Brother Association of Boston, a constituent society of the Associated Jewish Philanthropies. Ably assisted by a corps of volunteer Big Brothers, I have been interested in being of service to hundreds of boys and young men, who possess behavior problems and who have been in need of vocational, educational, and moral guidance.

Many of the volunteers who have served the Big Brother Association over a course of years have been Harvard graduates. The Association has also been of assistance, at times, to young men who have graduated from Harvard. It gives me pleasure to recall a young chap from one of the recent classes, whom we placed with a large concern, and who, subsequently, married the boss's daughter. There was another Harvard graduate, whom we placed at the "bottom of the ladder" in one of the leading

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department stores in Boston, and who is now an important executive of the store.

The work I do gives me great satisfaction, because the Big Brother Association and the volunteer Big Brothers are engaged in the important task of preventing juvenile delinquency, developing sound character, and building worth while "citizens of tomorrow."

I obtain my relaxation by collecting those elusive bits of paper known as postage stamps, and when I tire of this, I get a great deal of enjoyment out of augmenting the button collection of my wife and two daughters, by prowling through the antique shops which abound in Boston and its environs.

For my lack of Harvard sons, I am compensated by the progress my daughter, Dorothy, is making at the College of Music of Boston University, and looking forward to seeing my younger daughter, Judith, follow in her sister's footsteps.

SAMUEL LOUIS SLOSBERG

HOME ADDRESS: 60 Clinton Rd., Brookline, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Green Shoe Mfg. Co., Boston, Mass.

BORN: March 30, 1897, Chelsea, Mass. PARENTS: Jacob Arthur Slosberg, Bessie Abramovitz.

PREPARED AT: English High School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917.

MARRIED: Helen Sagoff, May 30, 1922, Boston, Mass. CHILDREN: Florence, Nov. 27, 1925; Edna, April 4, 1931.

OCCUPATION: Manufacturer of Children's Shoes.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted United States Navy; Harvard Cadet School; commissioned ensign.

OFFICES HELD: Vice-president, Green Shoe Manufacturing Company.

MEMBER OF: Masons.

SAMUEL SLOSBERG believes that the profit motive is essential to progress, and he thinks that the government should protect it. He writes:

AFTER discharge from the Navy in 1918, I worked at a wholesale crockery house for a year, then joined my father, who in 1919 started in the manufacture of children's shoes. We've been at it since, starting with small capital and steadily building the business through two depressions to a point where

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we think, in modesty, it is solid. My work has been on the merchandising end, and the first ten years were surely hard. The terrible thirties meant a bad grind, too, but here we are, making good children's shoes. I daresay a good many Seventeeners have shod their offspring in our product (no name mentioned, so no plug).

I haven't had much time for outside activities. I was married nineteen years ago and am raising two nice kids, both girls, and racing with a wife with the energy of three people. I'm still running second.

No doubt my business life has shaped some convictions. Here are a couple:

The profit motive in private enterprise is still the greatest driving force for material progress. Private industry must be social-minded enough to give the worker a greater share of the proceeds, raising the standard of the less fortunate. And that brings me to a political conviction which is broadly that government should protect the system of private enterprise, yet control it just enough to eliminate abuses and help raise the lower third from poverty and insecurity. I guess I'm a modified New Dealer, socially speaking.

My hobbies are listening to good music and staying under one hundred at golf. My pet aversions are people who talk too much and noisy gum chewers.

My work being merchandising, I must travel over this great country of ours. I've visited a good part of North America and feel sure it's something worth keeping. President Conant wants us to keep it free and tolerant of the other fellow. More power to him for saying so. Those sentiments have been Harvard's for a long time. Let's hope that they stay with us for a longer time. Thanks for listening.

EDWARD FORBES SMILEY

ADDRESS: Windham, Conn.

BORN: Nov. 9, 1894, South Britain, Conn. PARENTS: James Dixon Smiley, Eliza Boardman Coombs.

PREPARED AT: Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, N. H.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; A.M. (Columbia Univ.), 1917; ED.M. (Harvard Univ.), 1927.

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MARRIED: Marion Eunice Norton, Sept. 22, 1920, North Westchester, Conn.

CHILDREN: Marjorie Norton, Dec. 29, 1921; Edward Forbes, March 26, 1925.

OCCUPATION: Ministry.

EDWARD SMILEY, having been a director of a California Chamber of Commerce, now boosts the section of Connecticut where he lives. He writes:

AFTER graduation from Harvard College, I spent three years in graduate study. Then, for reasons of health, I went to Los Gatos, California. Shortly after establishing myself and family in that delightful region, the opportunity came of directing the activities of the Los Gatos Chamber of Commerce. My time was very much consumed in working on projects—the securing of better roads for the county, planting of trees, helping in the annual pageant. For five years this work continued, until my mind thought of the need of decision in regard to educational work and the ministry. The decision came to return to Connecticut with my family, my wife and two children, Forbes and Marjorie.

Therefore, following a period of adjustment in which I carried on educational work, I accepted an opportunity in the churches of Windham and South Windham, Connecticut. Now, in my fourteenth continuous year of service in these churches, I feel very much a part of this section of Connecticut. This is a textile section but farming is carried on by more families than one sometimes realizes. Although, as I said above, this is a textile region, and Willimantic a thread city, yet in my parish is the Smith and Winchester Company, one of the oldest firms to manufacture paper machinery.

LAWRENCE WELD SMITH

HOME ADDRESS: Mason Rd., Huntingdon Valley, Pa.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Temple University School of Medicine, Philadelphia, Pa.

BORN: June 20, 1895, Newton, Mass. PARENTS: William Garbett Smith, Marion Reynolds.

PREPARED AT: Newton High School, Newton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913–1916. DEGREES: A.B., 1917 (16); M.D. *cum laude*, 1920.

MARRIED: Katharene Lawrence, April 8, 1918, New York, N. Y. (divorced 1931); Dorothy Matthews (Harrington), 1935, Conn. CHILD: Shirley, Feb. 2, 1919.

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OCCUPATION: Pathologist-Physician; Professor of Pathology, Temple University School of Medicine; Director of Laboratories, Temple University Hospital.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered service private Medical Enlisted Reserve Corps Sept., 1918; not called to active duty; discharged Dec. 28, 1918.

MEMBER OF: American Medical Association; American Association of Pathologists and Bacteriologists; American Society for Experimental Pathology; American Society of Tropical Medicine; American Society for Cancer Research; American Society of Bacteriologists; Society for Experimental Biology and Medicine; Pennsylvania State Medical Society; College of Physicians, Philadelphia; Philadelphia Pathological Society; Philadelphia Physiological Society; Philadelphia County Medical Society.

PUBLICATIONS: Essentials of Pathology (with E. S. Gault) textbook, Appleton, 1938; "Cardiovascula-renal Disease" (with Weiss, Lillie, Konzelmann & Gault) monograph, Appleton, 1940; "Poliomyelitis" (with J. E. Landon) monograph, Macmillan, 1935; over one hundred articles in various medical journals, dealing principally with cancer and infectious diseases.

LAWRENCE SMITH'S twenty-five years have been years in the service of Aesculapius and of mankind. He believes that socialized medicine would destroy initiative and would delay medical advance. He writes:

TWENTY-FIVE years! For me, twenty-six years, as I was one of those stepchildren of '17 who rushed through the happy days of college in three years, only to find myself viewed somewhat askance by '16 men, and almost forgotten by my own erstwhile classmates (until time for contributions to the 25th Reunion came around). I suppose it is only proper that one should strike a trial balance once in awhile, and the quarter-century mark seems a logical interval for such self-scrutiny. I am not sure that it might not be better to try to forecast the next twenty-five years than to find how spendthrift one has been of the past. Should not one's motto be to look ahead always, rather than probe into the not-altogether-glorious past?

What shall I say? Who is there among my many stepbrothers who really cares what I say? A mere chronological listing of my activities since I left the sheltered precincts of Cambridge might answer perhaps the question of whither bound, but it would convey scant information as to the how and why. It would not picture the tragic mistakes, the struggles towards fulfillment of one's ambitions, the ludicrous efforts, the grim satisfactions of a spirit

in the making. And why *should* one probe open those wounds of yesteryear?

Suffice it to say that the real driving force behind my quarter-century, curiously enough, I believe, has been one of service to my fellow-men, through research, teaching, and the practice of medicine. There have been digressions, yes, even transgressions, time has been "awasted" on many occasions, yet, withal, I seem to feel that a certain progress somehow has been made in the direction of those ambitions.

Medical school, hospital internship, medical work in Labrador, in the Philippines, and in Europe all led to a somewhat migratory life. An instructorship and an assistant professorship at Harvard, an associate chair at Cornell Medical College, and more recently the chair of pathology at Temple University School of Medicine represent the various stepping stones in my professional career.

At heart I am a Marxian, in the rather Utopian sense of the word, but in this practical and realistic world I recognize the impracticability of such a theory. I have in general favored the relatively secure capitalistic system of the Republican party, and have progressed to the stage of being an ardent anti-New Dealer. Perhaps this state of mind has been colored by the fact that the New Deal hits too close to home in its efforts to socialize medicine. For no sane man can fail to admit that state or federal regulated or regimented medicine, except in the field of public health perhaps, would nullify the constructive, progressive, competitive, idealistic, individualistic advances which America has made in the past half-century towards the control and treatment of the ailments of mankind. Such regimentation, while it might give a modicum of individual security, would destroy initiative except for rare souls, would see the end of the personal patient-physician relationship, and delay immeasurably further advance in the conquest of disease. It is too great a price to pay for mediocrity. You ask for information regarding hobbies. Perhaps battling the socialization of medicine should be classified as an obsession rather than a hobby.

In other respects my life and interests are most innocuous — almost bucolic in their simplicity — an amateur gardener, a radio turner-offer, and a spirit imbued with a tremendous urge to be

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a raiser of dogs and horses — but alas and alack, far too improvident ever to seriously attain that ambition.

And thus closes the chapter on the first quarter-century of the rather uneventful, unimportant, and probably uninteresting existence of one of Seventeen's stepchildren. May the next quarter-century prove to be more significant!

✦ MILTON FLICK SMITH

BORN: July 25, 1894, Sioux Falls, S. Dak. PARENTS: Daniel Flick Smith, Angele le Plant.

PREPARED AT: Green Bay High School, Green Bay, Wis.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1915-1917, 1919-1920. DEGREE: A.B. † 1917 (20).

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Seaman U. S. Naval Reserve Force when United States entered the war; called to active duty April 8, 1917, and assigned to Naval Training Station, Marblehead, Mass.; transferred to U.S.S. *McCall* on convoy duty July 6; entered Officer Material School, Norfolk, Va., Dec. 3; appointed ensign Feb. 5, 1918; entered Reserve Officers' Training Class, U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.; graduated and commissioned ensign (temporary) U. S. Navy May 29; assigned to U.S.S. *Georgia*, Atlantic Fleet; promoted lieutenant (junior grade, temporary); transferred to U.S.S. *Wenonah* on patrol duty overseas Sept. 8; to U.S.S. *Maine* on convoy duty in Mediterranean Sea; resignation accepted Sept. 2, 1919.

DIED: Oct. 10, 1936, Green Bay, Wis.

AFTER his service in the war, Smith became secretary of the Northern Bond & Mortgage Company in Green Bay, later being made manager. In 1929 he was still associated with that company. He also served as president of the Northern Trust Company of Green Bay and president of the Green Bay Community Chest for two years.

Smith spent two years at the University of Wisconsin before entering Harvard, where he was at first a member of the Class of 1918.

RUSSELL BIXBY SMITH

HOME ADDRESS: 2425 14th St., N. E., Apt. 362 B, Washington, D. C.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Internal Revenue Bureau, Training Division, Washington, D. C.

BORN: June 25, 1889, Weymouth, Mass. PARENTS: Wesley Lorenzo Smith, Hattie I. Swan.

PREPARED AT: Bridgewater High School, Bridgewater, Mass.; Huntington School, Boston, Mass.

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YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1914.

MARRIED: Miss Doyle, Feb. 14, 1932, Richmond, Va.

OCCUPATION: Government Service.

RUSSELL SMITH was in College one year as an undergraduate and then became a reporter for the Boston Evening Record. He took an eight months' course in shorthand and then held various office positions as a stenographer, including nine months with the Boston & Albany Railroad. In December, 1917, he went to Washington as a member of the Income Tax Unit in the Training Division, where he still was up to our last word from him in 1937, and we assume he is still there as his present address is Washington.

THOMAS BRYANT SMITH

ADDRESS: 74 Washington St., Long Branch, N. J.

BORN: Dec. 29, 1895, Long Branch, N. J. PARENTS: William Russell Smith, Mary Elizabeth Warner.

PREPARED AT: Chattle High School, Long Branch, N. J.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1914. DEGREE: A.B. (Brown Univ.), 1917 (18).

MARRIED: H. Miriam Chapman, July 4, 1930, New York, N. Y. CHILD: Joan Elizabeth, June 7, 1933.

OCCUPATION: Professor of Law, Newark University Law School.

OUR first and last report from Thomas Smith was in 1937 when we learned that he was professor of law at the Newark University Law School in Newark, New Jersey.

DAVID ELLINGTON SNODGRASS

HOME ADDRESS: 620 W. Santa Inez Ave., Hillsborough, Calif.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 515 Van Ness Ave., San Francisco, Calif.

BORN: Sept. 11, 1894, Selma, Calif. PARENTS: David S. Snodgrass, Emma Livinia Cottrell.

PREPARED AT: Selma Union High School, Selma, Calif.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1915-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; LL.B., 1921.

MARRIED: Ellen Machenhauer, July 16, 1923, Frankfort am Main, Germany.

CHILD: Mary Ellen Ethel, June 23, 1924.

OCCUPATION: Professor of Law and Dean, Hastings College of Law (University of California).

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled seaman 2d class U. S. Naval Reserve Force April 5, 1918; assigned to Naval Training Camp, Hingham, Mass., April 16; transferred to Naval Training Camp, Bumkin Island, Mass., May 20; to Commonwealth Pier, Boston, Mass., June 13; promoted chief boatswain's mate June 18; entered Officer Material School, Cam-

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bridge, Mass.; appointed ensign Oct. 14; assigned to Headquarters 1st Naval District, Boston, Mass.; released from active duty Dec. 22, 1918.

OFFICES HELD: Commander, Blackstone Post, No. 143, American Legion, 1932-33; secretary, San Francisco Chapter, Sons of the American Revolution, 1929 and 1941, treasurer, 1938; member Board of Managers, 1929; director, Legal Aid Society of San Francisco since 1940; chairman, Conference of California Law School Instructors, 1941 and 1942; chairman Legal Advisory Committee, Pacific Coast Area, N. R. A. Petroleum Code of Fair Competition, 1934-35.

MEMBER OF: Bohemian Club; Harvard Law School Association; American Law Institute; American Bar Association; San Francisco Bar Association; State Bar of California; Rotary Club of San Francisco; Bethlehem Lodge of Masons; California Society; Sons of the American Revolution.

DAVID SNODGRASS started teaching law in 1926 and steadily progressed until in 1941 he became dean of the Law School of the University of California. He writes:

ENROLLED in Harvard Law School in September, 1917. Enlisted in United States Naval Reserve Force at Boston Navy Yard early in 1918. Served as seaman (2d class), chief boatswain's mate, and ensign, before returning to Harvard Law on February 1, 1919. Graduated in June, 1921.

Sailed from New York for Southampton on July 5, 1921, intending to make a trip around the world. After two months in Great Britain, went to the Continent and remained there until January, 1924, visiting Holland, Belgium, Germany, Austria, Yugoslavia, Hungary, Poland, Rumania, Lithuania, Latvia, Estonia, Finland, Sweden, Denmark, France, Italy, Switzerland, and Lichtenstein.

Married Ellen Machenhauer, daughter of Colonel Herman Machenhauer of Frankfort. Returned to United States, arriving at New York on January 31, 1924, and reaching San Francisco on February 15, 1924, after an absence of eight and a half years.

Daughter, Mary Ellen Ethel, born June 23, 1924. Took and passed California Bar examination during next week. Obtained first job on July 8, 1924, after almost four months of searching for it.

Employed by McClanahan & Derby, admiralty attorneys, for two months; by Miller & Lux (land and cattle company) as attorney, for seven months; by United States District Judge Frank H. Kerrigan, as secretary, in 1925 and 1926; by Charles E. Town-

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send (patent attorney) in 1927; and for nine years thereafter as a member of the Legal Department of Associated Oil Company.

Served as a member of San Francisco Evening Law School faculty for four years, ending in 1929. Became instructor of law at Hastings College (legal department of the University of California) on July 1, 1928, assistant professor in 1933, professor in 1926, acting dean in 1940, and dean in 1941.

I have been appointed appeal agent of Selective Service Board No. 92 at San Francisco.

Principal regret: that second vote for F. D. R. in 1936. Sole conviction: that the sooner the White House and the Supreme Court Building are emptied of Harvard graduates, the better it will be for future Seventeen Men reunions.

BERNARD JOSEPH SNYDER

BORN: Sept. 22, 1897, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Abner Joseph Synder, Anna Hoffman.

PREPARED AT: English High School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916.

OUR first word of Bernard Snyder came in 1937 when his father informed the Secretary that Bernard was travelling all over Europe and therefore had no permanent address. Later we learned that he was living with his father in Allston, Massachusetts, but mail has been returned from that address, and attempts to locate him have been unsuccessful. We therefore have added him to our list of "lost" men.

ABRAHAM MARTIN SONNABEND

HOME ADDRESS: 10 Fayette St., Boston, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 347 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Nov. 18, 1896, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Louis Sonnabend, Hannah Isenberg.

PREPARED AT: Public Latin School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; LL.B., 1922.

MARRIED: Lauretta C. Bowles, Jan. 6, 1924, Providence, R. I. CHILD: Lois, Oct. 8, 1924.

OCCUPATION: Jewelry Business.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y.

OFFICES HELD: Prior, Sigma Alpha Mu Fraternity.

MEMBER OF: Sigma Alpha Mu; Cayuga Club; Massachusetts and New York Bars.

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ABRAHAM SONNABEND'S early disillusionment reminds us that the famous Dr. Johnson once said, "The young man who intends no ill, believes that none is intended, and therefore acts with openness and candour; but his father, having suffered the injuries of fraud, is impelled to suspect, and too often allured to practise it." Sonnabend writes:

ON my graduation from Harvard Law School in 1922, I entered the practice of law and until 1929 continued in legal practice both in Boston and New York City as a member of the Massachusetts and New York Bars. From that time until recently I was legal counsel and credit manager for several New England firms, leaving this field to go into the jewelry business in my own store in Boston.

Early in my professional and business activity I found to my surprise much bigotry, prejudice, and intolerance prevalent among the people with whom I came in contact, instead of the enlightened, liberal and progressive attitude I had expected to encounter in the fast-moving era we were living in. People had been uprooted from their old faiths and beliefs and divergent forces were engaged in a struggle to gain control.

In my many and varied professional and business contacts I endeavored to combat intolerance and bigotry whenever it appeared in my presence. I hope that I have been instrumental at least in causing many people to question their narrower outlook on life and to see the possibilities of a better world, which, at the present time, has gone beyond the realm of discussion but has become a definite goal which many people are now fighting for all over the world.

FRANCIS TROW SPAULDING

HOME ADDRESS: 34 Bates St., Cambridge, Mass.; 1 Carvel Rd., Westmoreland Hills, Washington, D. C. (at present).

OFFICE ADDRESS: Lawrence Hall, Kirkland St., Cambridge, Mass.; Special Services Branch, War Dept., Washington, D. C. (at present).

BORN: Nov. 23, 1896, Ware, Mass. PARENTS: Frank Ellsworth Spaulding, Mary Elizabeth Trow.

PREPARED AT: Newton High School, Newton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREES: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917 (16); ED.M., 1921; ED.D., 1926; A.M. (Columbia Univ.), 1926.

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MARRIED: Susan Chambers Thompson, June 19, 1922, New Haven, Conn.

CHILDREN: Margaret Montague, July 9, 1926; Joan Stewart, Oct. 14, 1927.

HARVARD BROTHER: William Ellsworth Spaulding, '19.

OCCUPATION: Professor of Education and Dean of the Graduate School of Education, Harvard University; Lieutenant Colonel, Special Services Branch, United States Army.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Medical Department March 29, 1918; assigned to Walter Reed General Hospital, Washington, D. C.; promoted sergeant June 19; transferred to General Hospital No. 30, Plattsburg, N. Y., Sept. 16; attached to Reconstruction Service; detailed to Columbia University, New York, N. Y., Oct. 24 for duty in connection with Reconstruction Service; transferred to Post Hospital, Fort Jay, N. Y., Dec. 12; to General Hospital No. 10, Boston, Mass., Dec. 20; promoted hospital sergeant March 28, 1919; discharged June 25, 1919. Commissioned lieutenant colonel, Special Services Branch, U. S. Army, March, 1942.

OFFICES HELD: Chairman, National Committee on Coördination in Secondary Education, 1937-1940; member Education Committee, Massachusetts Civic League, since 1938; member, Massachusetts Advisory Board of Education, since 1940.

MEMBER OF: Phi Beta Kappa; Phi Delta Kappa; Kappa Delta Pi; National Education Association; American Association of School Administrators; National Association of Secondary-School Principals; National Society for the Study of Education; American Educational Research Association; National Society of College Teachers of Education; American Academy of Arts and Sciences; Harvard Club of New York.

PUBLICATIONS: *The Small Junior High School*, 1927; *The Reorganized Secondary School*, 1932 (with I. O. Frederick and L. V. Koos); *High School and Life*, 1939; numerous articles in educational periodicals.

THE Class of 1917 is proud that one of its members, Francis Spaulding, is dean of the Harvard Graduate School of Education. Lord Halifax wrote, "The Government of the World is a great thing, but it is a very coarse one, compared to the Fineness of Speculative Knowledge." Spaulding "speculates" as follows:

IF I write first and at greatest length about the work I have been doing, it is not because the work has given me greater pleasure or satisfaction than other things that have happened to me, but because it has helped to make some of the other things possible.

When I left College, I had it in mind to go eventually into school administration, as a superintendent of schools. Consequently, I set out to get as wide a variety of teaching experience as I could. The jobs I actually did get in the first eight years after

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graduation ranged from teaching in an industrial school for boys to teaching and administration in a highly "progressive" country day school. Even the army interlude in 1918 and 1919 provided educational experience. With bad eyes keeping me out of the regular services, the best I could manage was an enlistment in the Education Reconstruction Service of the Medical Department.

In 1924 I was offered an instructorship in the School of Education at Harvard—a graduate school newly organized out of the earlier Division of Education in the Faculty of Arts and Sciences. By that time I had become less interested in being a superintendent of schools and more interested in various secondary-school problems. The instructorship gave me a chance to work on such problems.

Except for occasional absences to carry out special projects, I have been at Harvard ever since. The special projects have been stimulating quite apart from their connection with my work in Cambridge. Beginning with a study of small public secondary schools in Massachusetts, they have included an investigation of the organization of junior and senior high schools throughout the United States for the United States Office of Education, service on a committee which undertook to chart educational policies in the 1930's for the National Association of Secondary School Principals, and (to me the most stimulating outside job of all) an appraisal of the secondary-school program in New York State for the State Board of Regents.

The work at Harvard has been no less interesting than the expeditions away from Harvard. In the beginning much of my time went into a course in methods of teaching. More recently I have been chiefly concerned (apart from the administrative duties that go with a deanship) with the educational program as a whole—not classroom methods primarily, but what shall be taught, to whom, and in what kinds of schools. We are, I believe, in a period in which social and economic pressures are forcing on our system of public and private schools changes no less radical than the changes which once brought about the substitution of private academies for the Latin grammar schools, or which later supplanted most of the academies with public high schools. The situation produced by the defense emergency will ultimately intensify these pressures; it is, in fact, already intensifying some of

them. What new kinds of schools will result cannot be clearly foreseen. Whether the new schools will be good ones for this country will depend in principal measure on the ability of universities to send out into the present schools teachers and school officers who are aware of what is happening, who have the courage to see their jobs changing under them, and who are wise enough to guide the changes instead of blindly resisting them on the one hand, or of doing the merely expedient thing on the other hand.

Being dean of a university school of education under such circumstances is much more than an administrative job. It means trying to see ahead; trying to pool the foresights of a faculty whose members are themselves looking ahead to the changes that must be made in their own fields of school administration, educational finance and legislation, curriculum planning, guidance, and methods of teaching; and working out plans for the improvement of established programs and the setting up of new ones, to enable the school as a whole to provide the leadership that ought to come from a professional school in a university. Such a job at Harvard is especially challenging because of the kind of faculty and students whom the University attracts. It is challenging also because of President Conant's active interest in the problems which must be faced. Mr. Conant's frequently expressed view that Harvard should make itself an integral part of the national educational system not only implies that the School of Education at Harvard ought to be a good one, but gives it a first-rate chance to be good.

As for my non-vocational interests, I have a wife and two daughters, whose company I like. Before the two daughters were born, my wife and I spent part of a summer in England (living on a restricted diet the next winter to make up for our extravagance), and planned to go back again to the Continent when we had more time and more money. We never have been back, but we have been able instead to see a good deal of this continent. In summer trips by automobile through the Northeast, the South, the North Central states, and once to California and back, we have taken in a lot through our own eyes and even more through our children's.

Apart from the travelling, we have spent what free time we have had in our summers for nearly twenty years making a small cabin

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and a garage, and then a larger cabin, and finally a woodshed and workshop on some land I bought years ago in the woods in New Hampshire. The long idle summers which teachers are supposed to enjoy are a myth, but the summers have nevertheless given us our best chance to get together as a family, and they have let me do at least some reading that I wanted to do and didn't have to do, and see friends whom I could not see at any other time.

I don't know that all this adds up to anything, or that I have any business even to try to make it add up. I feel the urge, nevertheless, to put down a concluding sentence or two. "Teaching teachers how to teach" isn't popularly supposed to be a particularly exhilarating job. If that were all there was to it, it wouldn't be. But there is a lot more to education, and the study of education, than methods of handling youngsters in a classroom. Education as an important national business is worth looking into, and looking into it promises to be increasingly interesting as time goes on. . . .

The foregoing was written in the fall of 1941. In January, 1942, I was asked by Brigadier General Osborn, Chief of the Special Services Branch of the War Department, to serve as civilian consultant on the planning of the educational program in the Army, for which the Special Services Branch is responsible. The Corporation granted me full-time leave from the University during February and March for this purpose. At the end of March, with the approval of the Corporation, I accepted a commission as lieutenant colonel in the Army, and I was assigned responsibility for putting into effect an educational program which will enable men in the service to continue in their off-duty hours the education that for many of them was interrupted when they went into the Army, and which at the same time will add to their ability to fight an all-out war, and which will leave them, when the war is over, as fully prepared as possible to meet the inevitable problems of civilian life.

✦ JULIAN HENRY SPITZ

BORN: June 3, 1895, Brookline, Mass. PARENTS: Isaac David Spitz, Bertha Minnie Cohen.

PREPARED AT: Brookline High School, Brookline, Mass.

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YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., Aug., 1917; commissioned 1st lieutenant Infantry Nov. 27; assigned to 153d Depot Brigade, Camp Dix, N. J., Dec. 15; detailed to Rich Field, Texas, Feb. 2, 1918; commissioned 1st lieutenant Aviation Section, Signal Corps Feb. 22; attached to Regimental Staff, 1st Provisional Air Brigade, Camp Greene, N. C., May 19; assigned to 882d Aëro Squadron, Aviation Repair Depot No. 3, Montgomery, Ala., July 16 and appointed officer in command; commissioned 1st lieutenant Infantry Aug. 25; detailed to Headquarters Camp Stuart, Va., Aug. 26; assigned to Office of Personnel Adjutant, Port of Embarkation, Newport News, Va., Dec. 7; discharged Sept. 18, 1919. Commissioned captain Infantry Officers' Reserve Corps Dec. 18, 1919.

DIED: July 1, 1922, Brookline, Mass.

FATHER: Isaac David Spitz, 50 Thorndike St., Brookline, Mass.

JULIAN HENRY SPITZ attended the Law School for one year, 1919-1920, and then went into the tobacco business in Boston with B. A. Kaiser, Incorporated.

While he was in high school he was captain of the track squad, a member of the football and baseball teams, editor-in-chief of the school paper and a member of the Debating Club. When he came to Harvard he carried on his interest in track and debating, being a member of the University Track Squad and the University Debating Team. He was secretary of the University Debating Council during Senior year.

"Julian Spitz's activities in school and College were dominated by a sense of the seriousness of work to be done," writes our classmate, Robert Turner Young, "and well done it was, as his lamentably brief career attests. The bare record of his accomplishments fails, however, to disclose the infectious good humor and fellowship that leavened all his personal relations.

"Equally evident was his high courage. Of average athletic ability, his gameness carried him to front rank of schoolboy runners. His physique did not permit equal success in college athletics but such was not from unwillingness to punish himself to the last ounce of strength. When stricken in the service with an incurable disease, he gamely tried to fight on in study and work and met death still refusing to admit defeat."

Stuart Berwin Kaiser of the Class of 1918 writes:

"Julian Spitz was a rare soul, a firm friend, and a confidant to whom many turned in times of trouble. His fine scholarship

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record gave promise of a brilliant future. His greatest characteristic was an unquenchable fighting spirit which never permitted him to admit failure, however huge the odds. Stricken by an incurable disease in the service of his country, he fought the battle to the end with uncompromising bravery."

HARRY NEWELL SQUIRES, JR.

HOME ADDRESS: 4 Sheffield W., Winchester, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 77 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Oct. 15, 1895, Jamaica Plain, Mass. PARENTS: Harry Newell Squires, Adelaide Klous.

PREPARED AT: DeMerrit School, Boston, Mass.; Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, N. H.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B. † 1917 (19).

MARRIED: Elbra Madeline Dean, Nov. 14, 1917, Winchester, Mass. CHILDREN: Harriet Dean, Jan. 29, 1922; Newell Dean, Feb. 27, 1925.

OCCUPATION: Real Estate and Insurance.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Ordnance Dept. Dec. 14, 1918; assigned to American Ordnance Base Depot in France, Watervliet Arsenal, N. Y.; transferred to 2d Heavy Mobile Ordnance Repair Shop, Camp Jackson, S. C., Feb. 24, 1918; promoted ordnance sergeant June 7; sailed for France in July; discharged Feb. 6, 1919. Engagement: Toul sector.

OFFICES HELD: Past master, William Parkman Lodge, A. F. & A. M.; past high priest, Winchester Royal Arch Chapter; past master, Medford Council, R & S Masters.

MEMBER OF: Masons.

HARRY SQUIRES specialized in management and maintenance. Those are two important things these days. He writes:

LIKE many others of our Class, I left College early to devote full time to the Harvard Reserve Officers' Training Corps. In July of 1917 I entered employment with the Construction Quartermaster at Camp Upton, Yaphank, Long Island, where I worked as a civilian employee until November. At that time I decided that I might better serve my country by enlisting in the Army. After a very uneventful service, both in this country and France, I was discharged in February, 1919.

Having been married shortly before I enlisted, I found it very necessary to earn a living. Not having had any previous employment that would be of use in civilian life, I entered the real estate brokerage business with one of Boston's larger and better known

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companies. In 1922 I changed over to the mortgage end of real estate. Everyone knows what happened to the mortgage business during the Depression and this necessitated another change, this time to management and maintenance, in which branch I have remained.

FREDERICK LOUIS STAGG

ADDRESS: La Isla, Quito, Ecuador.

BORN: April 21, 1895, Quayaquil, Ecuador. PARENTS: Leonard Charles Stagg, Francisca Antonia Caamaño.

PREPARED AT: Cutler School, New York, N. Y.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Helen Hermione Hagen, Dec. 16, 1922 (deceased); Cordelia Gurnee, May 4, 1937, New York, N. Y.

OCCUPATION: Agriculture.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private British Army April 19, 1918; assigned to Inns of Court Rifle Volunteers; transferred to Devil's Own Squadron June 22; detailed to Cavalry Officers' Cadet School, Kildare, Ireland, Oct. 6; commissioned 2d lieutenant April 16, 1919; assigned to 6th Reserve Regiment of Dragoons; demobilized Feb. 15, 1919.

FREDDIE STAGG went to Ecuador, after leaving College, to settle some business affairs. In November, 1917, he returned to this country, and in April, 1918, he went to England and enlisted as a private in the British Army. He was demobilized in 1919 and was sent to India and Ceylon to inspect plantations. He returned to England in September, and was later appointed estate manager of Caamaño Tenguel Estate, Limited, in Ecuador, the second largest cocoa plantation in the world. In 1937 he was living in Quito, Ecuador, and was president of Suco, S. A. Nothing further has been heard from him.

RAYMOND WALKER STANLEY

HOME ADDRESS: 15 Cedar Rd., Chestnut Hill, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: First National Bank of Boston, 67 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: April 1, 1894, Newton, Mass. PARENTS: Francis Edgar Stanley, Augusta May Walker.

PREPARED AT: Newton High School, Newton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: S.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Constance Odette Hughes, June 29, 1918, Newton Center, Mass.

CHILDREN: Francis Edgar, Feb. 10, 1920; Joan, July 25, 1929.

HARVARD SON: Francis Edgar Stanley, '43.

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OCCUPATION: Advertising Manager, First National Bank of Boston and Old Colony Trust Company.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled quartermaster 1st class U. S. Naval Reserve Force May 8, 1917; assigned to U.S.S. *Empress*; transferred to Navy Yard, Boston, Mass., Aug. 1; promoted chief quartermaster Jan. 21, 1918; transferred to Naval Aviation Detachment, Mass. Inst. Tech.; to Technical Section, Navy Dept., Washington, D. C., April 4; to McCook Flying Field, Dayton, Ohio, Aug. 19; released from active duty Jan. 21, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Member Board of Overseers, Squirrel Island Association, Squirrel Island, Maine; director, Boothbay Harbor Yacht Club, Boothbay Harbor, Maine; member Board of Governors, Veteran Motor Car Club of America.

MEMBER OF: Colonial Society; Advertising Club of Boston; The Country Club, Brookline, Mass.; Veteran Motor Car Club of America; Boothbay Harbor Yacht Club; New England Museum of Natural History.

RAY STANLEY holds some kind of record, as he says, "In twenty-three years of married life we have moved fifteen times and have been burned out once. Lest anyone should attribute an ulterior motive to his house-hopping, he adds, "I owe no one back rent." His story follows:

I LEFT College on May 7, 1917, to join the Navy and by June, 1918, had fought my way into the Army, from which I emerged on January 21, 1919. The longer I was in the service the farther away from Europe I got, and I did my last hitch in olive drab in Dayton, Ohio. Once when I was stationed in Washington, D. C., and seemed fairly well set for the duration, I returned home just long enough to be married. My wife and I returned immediately to the Capital City and the 104 degrees in the top apartment I had rented next to the National Zoo. After five weeks we said farewell to Washington and proceeded west, according to orders, to McCook Field, Dayton, Ohio. We celebrated the Armistice there and two and a half months later my uniform was put away in moth balls, where it has remained ever since.

My first two years out of College as a civilian were spent in part as a graduate student in the School of Architecture, Harvard University, as a student in a Boston Art School, an employee in a wool-top mill at Providence, Rhode Island, and a draftsman for a railroad equipment manufacturer. In August, 1921, my secret ambition to become a salesman for the Locomobile Company of

America was about to be realized when I gave it up at the eleventh hour to enter the Boston bank with which I am now associated. I have devoted seventeen of my twenty-one years of service with the bank exclusively to advertising and public relations work.

My family consists of four — my wife, two children, and myself. My son is a member of Harvard's Class of 1943. On New Year's Day he left College to be sworn in as ensign, United States Coast Guard Reserve.

Such hobbies as I have, have to do mostly with making things, or collecting things of no very great value, such as books, pictures, autographs (no movie stars), antiques, stamps, etc. Many of the things I collect pertain to Maine, American history, or old-time automobiles. Also among my hobbies are photography, hunting in New Hampshire and Maine, and fishing and sailing on Maine waters. Many of our friends are convinced that moving house is one of my chief hobbies. Although Brookline, Massachusetts, is our real home, for the last three years we have been running a farm in Stratham, New Hampshire. I am a very poor farmer but my wife, son, and daughter are excellent ones. We have had on the farm, at various times, sheep, horses, pigs, hens, cats, dogs, rabbits, and ducks. Why we have never acquired at least one cow I have never been able to figure out. My chief contribution to our farming project is a restraining influence, both as to work and expenditures.

I have a few pet aversions. Those of the moment include certain radio serials, Hollywood, and all super-jazz bands. I do my hating in silence. In the interests of national unity my political convictions are in storage for the duration. I have had to be content with seeing the social and economic problems of the country, state, and community settled by more people who did not get my vote than did. My religious convictions have seldom interfered with my going fishing or shooting on Sunday.

Having spent only eight per cent of my life at Harvard, I consider it remarkable that so many of the opinions I formed while there, on matters both important and trivial, have stuck with me through twenty-five years without getting me into too much trouble. I am still glad I went to Harvard.

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OTIS COOK STANTON

HOME ADDRESS: 160 Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 377 Broadway, New York, N. Y., and Hathaway Mfg. Co.,
New Bedford, Mass.

OTIS STANTON worked in cotton mills in New Bedford, Massachusetts, from 1916 to 1917. After he left the Navy in 1919 he became a mill superintendent in New Bedford and is now the assistant treasurer and director of that mill with his office in New York.

WILLARD QUINCY STANTON

HOME ADDRESS: Great Falls, Mont.

OFFICE ADDRESS: American Consulate, Nairobi, British East Africa.

BORN: July 30, 1896, Great Falls, Mont. PARENTS: John Walker Stanton,
Lulu Burghardt.

PREPARED AT: Great Falls High School, Great Falls, Mont.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: S.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Madeleine Frances O'Brien, July 3, 1916, Bellows Falls, Vt. CHILD:
John Walker, May 2, 1937.

OCCUPATION: United States Foreign Service Officer.

MEMBER OF: Masonic Order; various local clubs from time to time in career
in foreign service.

FOR the past fifteen years Bill Stanton has lived in interesting places and has the Class record of having the only four-year-old son who can speak Arabic, the Taroudant Shleuh dialect of Berber, French, and English. Bill has written us that he has used him as household interpreter and reporter of native gossip. He writes:

IN reviewing my life during the past quarter of a century, a few high spots stand out. First, the period of relative disorganization from the beginning of the first World War up to my entrance into the Foreign Service. Our Commencement was distinctly irregular and I, like many of my classmates, hardly knew what I really wanted to do for some years. Uncle Sam did not find me physically qualified for combat service, while I lacked any special professional qualifications that might have overcome extreme nearsightedness. I did potter about in volunteer drill squads, but I never was actually in the Army. However, I ended up as a so-called production assistant at the Navy

Department at Washington and was listed as a temporary civilian employee of some sort. All I can now recall is the fact that my job dealt with blocks and tackles for war vessels and merchant ships and that the language of the seagoing high-hats was quite vivid because destroyers had been held up for days—in fact, once for a month—before the establishment of the new production unit due to the lack of one or two blocks of some pet design dear to a naval constructor. Before I started there, I did not know that so many kinds of blocks and tackles could exist, but the outfit did succeed in reducing the number of styles and sizes considerably.

After the war I went into the retail department store merchandizing game, especially for statistical jobs, and worked chiefly in Cleveland. Reasonably well paid, but not to my taste. I never could avoid interpreting raw silk in terms of political movements in the Far East rather than in the number of square inches per shapely leg, so I decided to revert to my first love and go in for the Foreign Service, where history, government, economics, geography, and what not might be the desiderata. I passed the examination in 1926, but the appointments of my group were held up for many months because Coolidge economy could not permit burdening the government with the expense of twelve additional fledgling vice-consuls at \$2,500.

My posts for the past fifteen years have been South Africa, Mozambique, Central America, and Morocco, and I am now proceeding to my new post at Nairobi in East Africa. Each has had its interest, but it would take a volume to describe its curiosities. A bit of wild life in East Africa; some revolutionary shows in Central America; a hurricane down there that stirred up things a bit; the backwash in North Africa of the present World War; our peculiar system of consular (extraterritorial) jurisdiction over American citizens in the Sherifian Moroccan Empire . . . well, such affairs might provide matter for anecdotes and exaggerations to recount to my grandchildren or to include in our Fiftieth Anniversary Report.

My family life naturally has been somewhat unsettled from the viewpoint of not having had a fixed place of abode for the past score of years, but it has been stable in other respects. My wife and I celebrated our twenty-fifth wedding anniversary this year

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(1941) and now have the pleasure of our four-year-old son — Moroccan born, but wholly American even though he does speak Arabic and Shleuh.

Perhaps my existence has been somewhat too variable to permit an accurate recital of "social, political, or religious convictions." Under the circumstances my viewpoints have changed considerably from time to time, but the basis of my belief in American democracy and the general good will of most of my fellow-voyagers has not been altered. Occasionally it has been difficult not to shake my pet aversions — particularly against political pests and commercial fly-by-nights — but their activities do not bulk much in the cosmos even though their impact upon consulates abroad occasionally makes me recall the pitfall of the Pharisees. Then I realize the necessity — if exigencies permit — of a vacation with golf, swimming, dancing, bridge, or a few other distractions.

Lastly, I still retain my early impression that John Harvard fathered a splendid institution.

ELDON GUILD STANWOOD

HOME ADDRESS: 193 Brighton Ave., Allston, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 24 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: June 1, 1895, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Francis Owen Stanwood, Caroline Edith Guild.

PREPARED AT: Public Latin School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

OCCUPATION: Investments.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: U. S. Naval Reserve Force, June, 1918, to Jan., 1919.

AFTER leaving the Navy in 1919 Eldon Stanwood was with a bank in New York. He then moved back to Boston, where he became active in the investment banking business in which he is still interested.

✦ LOWELL STARR

(formerly Lowell Starr Schwartz)

BORN: Nov. 16, 1893, Danbury, Conn. PARENTS: William Starr, Iolia Day.

PREPARED AT: Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, N. H.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled seaman U. S. Naval Reserve Force June 11, 1918; assigned to Naval Training Station, Pelham Bay, N. Y.; pro-

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moted chief quartermaster Oct. 18; transferred to Naval Aviation Detachment, Massachusetts Institute of Technology; released from active duty Nov. 14, 1918.

DIED: Aug. 7, 1921, Cambridge, Mass.

FATHER: William Starr, 152 Deer Hill Ave., Danbury, Conn.

IN 1920 Starr reported that he was in the real estate division of the Winchester Arms Company in New Haven, Connecticut. He was a member of the Harvard Engineering Society of New York.

NATHAN COMFORT STARR

HOME ADDRESS: 1362 Richmond Rd., Winter Park, Fla.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Rollins College, Winter Park, Fla.

BORN: March 29, 1896, Eau Claire, Wis. PARENTS: William J. Starr, Ida May Hill.

PREPARED AT: Easton High School, Easton, Md.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917; B.A. (Univ. of Oxford), 1922; A.M. (Harvard Univ.), 1923; M.A. (Univ. of Oxford), 1925; PH.D. (Harvard Univ.), 1928.

MARRIED: Cornelia Margaret Howell, July 14, 1926, Newark, N. J. CHILDREN: Margot Sandra, Sept. 11, 1927; William John, Dec. 5, 1929; Elisa Howell, Aug. 11, 1933; Penelope Comfort, Nov. 18, 1935.

OCCUPATION: Associate Professor of English.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Fort Myer, Va., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Aug. 15; detailed to School of Trench Warfare, Cambridge, Mass.; attached to Company C, 311th Infantry, 78th Division, Sept. 25; detailed to School of Liaison, Camp Dix, N. J., Feb. 1 to April 20, 1918; assigned to Company C, 311th Infantry, March 15; transferred to Headquarters Company, 311th Infantry, in May; sailed for France May 19; transferred to Company C in August; promoted 1st lieutenant Jan. 13, 1919; discharged June 7, 1919. Engagements: Saint-Mihiel offensive, Limey sector.

OFFICES HELD: Assistant to president, dean of juniors and seniors, St. John's College, Annapolis, Maryland; assistant dean, acting dean, Williams College; member Board of Annapolis City Library; member Advisory Council of New England Section of College English Association; vice-president, Parent-Teacher Association, Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

MEMBER OF: National Council of Teachers of English; College English Association; Society of Colonial Wars.

PUBLICATIONS: Articles, reviews, etc., in American and English magazines; a little poetry in magazines and newspapers.

NAT STARR comes to the defense of literature. J. W. Mackail said, "Language put to its best purpose, used at its utmost power

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and with the greatest skill, and recorded that it may not pass away, evaporate and be forgotten, is what we call, for want of a better word, literature." Nat writes:

LIKE the rest of the Class, I found the war making a decision for me in 1917. Democracy was (and still is) more than a word. So, after the First Officers' Training Camp at Fort Myer, I found myself an Infantry shavetail (later first lieutenant) assigned to the 311th Infantry of the 78th Division at Camp Dix. We had twelve months overseas, and I daresay that my experiences were not much different from those of thousands of others — the slow realization that the rumbling heard, or perhaps almost felt, on a calm spring evening in England was artillery fire in France, centuries of night-marching to camp in a dripping wood, the sharp intake of breath at the first dead German, not to mention schools here, there, and everywhere, cafés, bars, estaminets, and the street lights of Paris showing ghostly blue.

But war can't make your decisions forever (unless you're six feet underground), and there *was* a decision I had to make in the summer of 1919. I made it by following my father's advice to study law, and I went to Oxford to do it. Perhaps I was mesmerized by the place; perhaps the pull of history and literature was stronger than I thought. At any rate, after I'd been there a while I discovered that I had no liking for the law, and though I finished the work for the B.A. in jurisprudence (with an M.A. granted a few years later) I spent a good deal of my time at Oxford getting clear in my mind that I wanted to teach English.

So I came back to Cambridge in 1921 and started through the Ph.D. mill, assisting and tutoring in the department while taking courses. The mill finally turned me out completed, though I hope not stamped, in 1928. Meantime I had married, a step which set me on my feet then and has kept me there ever since.

In the year 1929–1930 I taught at Colgate, leaving there to go to St. John's College in Annapolis. There I had four years of good teaching, feeling a part of a real movement to put the college back on the map, and comfortably at home in my old stamping-ground, Maryland. There I first tried my hand at administration, serving as a class dean and as assistant to the president.

From 1934 to 1940 I taught at Williams, serving also as assistant

dean and acting dean. After leaving there, I went to Chapel Hill, North Carolina, for a good year of research and writing at the University, producing a book on certain basic concepts in literature (which any of my classmates in the publishing game are invited to publish), as well as articles and a certain amount of poetry. In the fall of 1941 I joined the English Department at Rollins College in Florida.

This is the skeleton of a life, and I can only hope to suggest flesh and sinews by what follows. For example, there is the strong anchoring force of children, of watching my four, so different each, develop in their own ways, of trying to see behind the swift years into the time when I myself was a child, of knowing the constant centralizing power of hope and pride and anxiety and love.

These have been twenty-five full years. During that time I have made several trips to Europe and one to Mexico, where I met my wife. Since our wedding trip to South America, however, our travelling has been confined to safaris up and down the eastern seaboard. This June we shall take off from Florida for our farm in Grafton, Vermont, taking in the Reunion en route. I've heard a lot of music and seen plenty of plays, good, bad, and indifferent (though I've always felt that the high point in my play-going was the period when Summerfield Baldwin and I used to go to the old Copley Repertory in 1916-1917). Book-collecting was a passion in the days when I could afford it; even now I go through catalogues, and occasionally buy. Music has stayed with me. I would go a long way to hear Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony play Bach. In the last few years I've had a good deal of pleasure from singing in choruses.

I am still an Episcopalian, and have done a little in parish management. In politics I've been Democratic (with one spell of Socialism), and have had the usual wrangles with friends who accuse Roosevelt of everything from plowing our boys under to grand larceny. I came home from France hating war, so that for some time I was an ardent pacifist. The events of the last eight years, however, have convinced me that I was wrong. There is something worse than war, as the reports from Poland, France, and all the rest on the melancholy list make inescapably clear day by day. I should be delighted to see Lindbergh depart for Ger-

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many, where his scrupulous "impartiality" (toward everyone save the Nazis) and his infantile confusion concerning the bases of Democracy would doubtless be highly prized.

As a teacher I have always believed that my first job was to teach. I like research, but I have little use for the abuses of "productive scholarship." By now I hope I have learned where real research ends and antiquarianism begins. I have tried to get clear the essential quality of literature itself. In doing this I have hoped to show that literature is not something to be dug up like a richly-cased mummy, but rather something that lives through its recurring power to say what we have always known to be true. I wished also to combat the notion that studying literature is nothing more than a pleasant day off in the country. I have, therefore, gone as far as I could into the nature of literary expression, analyzing the ways in which the author gives form and force to his work. At the bottom of it all I have tried to discover and evaluate for what they are worth the assumptions upon which the author's world rests. All other teaching seems to me a journey never completed.

✦ WILLIAM ST. AGNAN STEARNS

BORN: Sept. 8, 1895, Eastbourne, England. PARENTS: Richard Sprague Stearns, Carrie Gill.

PREPARED AT: Noble and Greenough School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private 1st class Aviation Section Signal Corps May, 1917; qualified as Reserve Military Aviator Aug. 11 and detailed to Ground School, Kelly Field, Texas; sailed for France November 1; detailed to 3d Aviation Instruction Center, Clermont-Ferrand; commissioned 1st lieutenant Aviation Section, Signal Corps Jan., 1918, and appointed instructor 7th Aviation Instruction Center; killed in airplane accident May 25, 1918, at Clermont-Ferrand, France.

HARVARD BROTHERS: George Gill Stearns, '09 (deceased); Richard Sprague Stearns, Jr., '20 (lost).

DIED: May 25, 1918, Clermont-Ferrand, France.

UPON the entrance of the United States into the first World War Stearns enlisted as a private, first class, in the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps, and in May, 1917, began his training at the ground school at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. In July he was transferred to Mineola, New York, and in August

became a Reserve Military Aviator, and was detailed to the ground school at Kelly Field, Texas. He sailed for France in November and was detailed first to the Third Aviation Instruction Center at Issoudun, and later to the Bombing School, Seventh Aviation Instruction Center, at Clermont-Ferrand. After receiving his commission as first lieutenant, Aviation Section, Signal Corps, he was appointed instructor at the school at Clermont-Ferrand. It was there that he met his death in an airplane accident while testing a machine.

From a letter written by a fellow-aviator, Captain Walker M. Ellis, of the Princeton Class of 1915, we learn more of Stearns's proficiency in flying and the details of his death.

"I knew him first at Ground School," wrote Ellis, "where we were both in the first Squadron at Boston Tech, and was immediately attracted to him by his quiet reserve, his evident breeding, and the fact, which his every action indicated, of his being an altogether charming gentleman. . . .

"December found me in Clermont as officer in charge of training, and I believe it was about the end of February that Bill arrived to take the bombing course. He went through the course in about six weeks, and did exceptionally well. Everyone liked him — how could they help it? . . . Coming home from a cross-country trip one day, his motor stopped just a short distance from the field, and he made a most difficult and most beautiful forced landing in a tiny field. The ship was entirely unhurt, and after the wrecking crew had rolled it into another field whence it was possible to take off, he insisted on flying it back to the home aërodrome himself, which he did. The whole episode showed such ability, judgment, and spirit that I determined to hold him at Clermont as an instructor, though much against his personal wishes. . . . Though he didn't like it, he accepted his assignment cheerfully and did splendidly as an instructor. . . . We soon grew to have absolute confidence in him. He was above all things reliable. He never did any spectacular flying, but every movement in the air was perfect, and he knew what he was doing every instant of the time. . . .

"He had taken up one of the Fiats for testing, and had flown much as he did the day before in a Renault. I think he overjudged its power to pull itself out of awkward positions. The immediate cause of the trouble was a vertical bank at about 2,000 feet, during

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which the nose of the machine fell, which resulted in a tail-spin. No one had ever spun one of these ships, and the only conclusion we could arrive at was that once in a tail-spin, it was impossible to get them out, for he had plenty of altitude and from an inspection of the plane it was evident that he had not lost his head for an instant. . . . It struck the ground head on and at terrific speed.

"No other accident ever did or will affect me as that one did — and I have seen a great many. . . . He represented the very best in young American manhood."

THEODORE ELLIS STEBBINS

HOME ADDRESS: Syosset, Long Island, N. Y.

BORN: July 19, 1894, Schenectady, N. Y. PARENTS: Theodore Stebbins, Gertrude L. Ellis.

PREPARED AT: Pomfret School, Pomfret, Conn.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Mary Emma Flood, Oct. 18, 1930, New York, N. Y. CHILDREN: James Flood, July 26, 1931; Jane Ellis, Sept. 28, 1936; Theodore Ellis, Jr., Aug. 11, 1938.

HARVARD BROTHER: Richard Rowland Stebbins, '31.

OCCUPATION: Real Estate Management.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Madison Barracks, N. Y., May, 1917; transferred to Coast Artillery Officers' Training Camp, Fort Monroe, Va., in June; commissioned 2d lieutenant Coast Artillery Aug. 14; sailed for France Sept. 14 as casual; detailed to Heavy Artillery School, Mailly; assigned to Battery B, 51st Coast Artillery, Dec. 26; returned to United States Sept. 1, 1918; detailed to Coast Artillery School, Fort Monroe, Va., as instructor; discharged Dec. 3, 1918. Engagement: Saint-Mihiel front. Member, United States Coast Guard Auxiliary, Flotilla 1206.

OFFICES HELD: Trustee, Incorporated Village of Muttontown, New York; director, Flood Realty Company, Rancho Santa Margarita; president, Pacific Company, San Francisco, California.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of New York; Racquet & Tennis Club, New York; The Lunch Club, New York; Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club, Oyster Bay, New York; Sons of Revolution, New York; Cold Spring Harbor Beach Club, New York; Burlingame Country Club, Burlingame, California; Pacific-Union Club, San Francisco, California; Beaver Dam Winter Sports Club, New York.

TED STEBBINS specialized in chemistry and later became a banker and then a realtor. He writes:

BY taking an extra course each year and going on a geology trip in Colorado with Professor Atwood one summer, I was able to complete the necessary work for my degree in three years.

As I had specialized in chemistry, I went to work for the Boston Woven Hose and Rubber Company in Cambridge in the winter of 1916-1917. My first job was in the moulding room and after that I was in the laboratory.

In May, 1917, I went to the First Officers' Training Camp at Madison Barracks, New York, and then to Fortress Monroe, Virginia, where I received a commission as second lieutenant in the Coast Artillery Reserve in August, 1917. I sailed for France in September on the S. S. *Kroonland* with a large number of other reserve officers. On arrival in France I went to Saumur and then to Mailly for further training. In February we were sent to the front on the Saint-Mihiel salient with a battery of 240's, or heavy Howitzers, where I remained until I returned to this country in October, 1918, to become an instructor at the Officers' Training School, Fortress Monroe.

In December, 1918, I obtained a position with Lee, Higginson & Company at their old office on Exchange Place in New York City in the bond selling department. In 1920 I joined the foreign banking department with headquarters in Boston, where I remained until 1927. During this period I made three extensive trips to Europe for the firm as well as a trip to the Far East, visiting many different countries and calling on a great many banks and bankers.

In 1927 I was offered a job in New York as assistant vice-president of the J. Henry Schroder Banking Corporation, where I remained until 1931. I also travelled in Europe for this concern.

In 1930 I was married and in 1932 moved out to San Francisco to devote my time to the ranching and real estate interests of my wife's family in California, becoming a director and officer of the Rancho Santa Margarita and of the Flood Realty Company, and more recently president of the Pacific Company. During this period a good deal of the real estate was sold.

In 1938 my family and I moved back to Syosset, Long Island, although I still continue to make frequent trips to California in connection with the business there.

We now have three children. We live in the country on Long Island and do a lot of sailing in the summer, with a little tennis on

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the side. During the rest of the year our main recreation is riding, as the neighboring country is ideally suited for this sport.

CHARLES PRESCOTT STEWART

HOME ADDRESS: 1896 Albany Ave., West Hartford, Conn.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Loomis, Sayles & Co., Inc., 36 Pearl St., Hartford, Conn.

BORN: July 10, 1895, Worcester, Mass. PARENTS: Charles M. Stewart, Minette Prescott.

PREPARED AT: Milton Academy, Milton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917, 1918-1919. DEGREE: A.B., 1917 (19).

MARRIED: Margaret McDonald, June 3, 1922, New York, N. Y. CHILDREN: Charles Prescott, Jr., May 25, 1923; Donald McDonald, April 5, 1927; Richard Ramsdell, Aug. 29, 1930.

HARVARD SON: Charles Prescott Stewart, Jr., '45.

OCCUPATION: Investment Counsel.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled quartermaster 3d class U. S. Naval Reserve Force April 30, 1917; assigned to Scout Patrol No. 124; promoted chief quartermaster Oct. 15; transferred to Naval Aviation Detachment, Mass. Inst. Tech.; to Naval Air Station, Miami, Fla.; to Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Fla.; qualified as Naval Aviator; appointed ensign Sept. 14, 1918; sailed for overseas service Oct. 16; assigned to U. S. Naval Air Station, Moutchic, France; released from active duty Jan. 13, 1919.

MEMBER OF: Hartford Golf Club.

CHICK STEWART, completely silent about his past, offers cryptic advice for the future: "Hold your hats, boys, here we go again! This time, let's play for keeps."

THEODORE FELT STEWART

HOME ADDRESS: 4 Summit Ave., Brookline, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: United Metal Seal Co., 259 A St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Sept. 13, 1894, Millis, Mass. PARENTS: Edward Jessup Stewart, Helena Martha Felt.

PREPARED AT: Browne and Nichols School, Cambridge, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916.

UNMARRIED.

OCCUPATION: Clerk of Corporation.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Ambulance driver, American Field Service, Section 18, April 14 to Oct. 14, 1917, with French Army on Verdun and Champagne fronts. Enlisted private June 3, 1918; assigned to Company D, 2d Corps Artillery Park; promoted wagoner Field Artillery June 15; sailed for France July 10; discharged April 17, 1919. Engage-

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ments: Marne-Aisne offensive, Vesle sector, Aisne-Oise, Saint-Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne offensives.

CONTRARY to Theodore Stewart's assertion, we believe that many classmates will miss the delineation of his "physical and philosophical movements." He writes:

THERE being no one in the Class of 1917 who is even remotely interested in my life for the last twenty-five years, I see no reason for burdening the pages of the Anniversary Report with a history of my movements, either physical or philosophical.

CLEMENT KIMBALL STODDER

HOME ADDRESS: 21 Penniman Rd., Brookline, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: The Savogran Co., 28 India Wharf, Boston, Mass.

BORN: May 25, 1895, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Charles Frederick Stodder, Helen DeForest Carpenter.

PREPARED AT: Country Day School, Newton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Ann Frances Matthews, Feb. 25, 1922, Dallas, Texas. CHILDREN: Nancy, Feb. 17, 1923; C. Paxton, Oct. 24, 1925.

OCCUPATION: President and treasurer, The Savogran Company; vice-president Woodley Supply Company, Roxbury, Massachusetts.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Aug. 15, 1917; assigned to Company I, 304th Infantry, 76th Division, Camp Devens, Mass., Sept. 1 as instructor; transferred to Company E, 102d Infantry, 26th Division, Sept. 12; sailed for France Sept. 27; promoted corporal Oct. 20; transferred to Special Training Battalion, 1st Army Corps, May 1, 1918; promoted sergeant Aug. 1; discharged Feb. 21, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Vice-president, Paint and Oil Club of New England, 1930-1931; president, Paint and Oil Club of New England, 1932-1934; regional vice-president, National Paint, Varnish, and Lacquer Association, 1937; trustee and first vice-president, Iroquois Club, Cambridge, Mass.; vestryman, All Saints Church, Brookline, Mass.

MEMBER OF: Boston Rotary Club; Brookline Lodge, A. F. & A. M.; Harvard Club of Boston; Harvard Club of New York; The Country Club, Brookline, Mass.

CLEM STODDER'S "Life" isn't very interesting, but out of courtesy to the Class Secretary, it has been included. Here it is:

IT has been my privilege to read the "lives" of my classmates before they were published. It has also been my duty to exhort my classmates to write them. Therefore, before I'm called a hypocrite I've got to write my own.

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Twenty-five years have rolled by very quickly, but they have left me richer in experience than I was the day I graduated. Life then looked like some strange country full of adventure and romance. I may look at it now with a more cynical eye, but at least I view it with more assurance.

Eighteen months in the Army — about seventeen overseas — as an enlisted man gave me an opportunity to rub shoulders with a lot of United States citizens whom I never would have met socially. I am grateful for this experience.

Back home again, I entered a small manufacturing business owned by my father. Two years later, due to the “key” men in that business leaving to form a competitive concern, I found myself responsible for building a new organization. Having tasted responsibility, I decided to take more, so I got married — one of the nicest responsibilities I have ever undertaken. Two years later, in 1924, my father died and I sorely missed his guiding hand. Since then I have made many mistakes and considerable progress in business. The fact that I’m my own boss seems to many of my friends the epitome of freedom, but they fail to realize that while they may be able to slip something over on their bosses, I can’t on mine.

I have always been intensively interested in selling and I firmly believe that every boy should have some sales training. I realize that not everyone can be a good salesman, especially the introverts, but it does seem to me that everyone has to sell something, tangible or intangible. If more people could even sell themselves there would be less unemployment. Furthermore, a really good salesman can sell any product and will always find concerns which, even in a depression, will hire him. My son says he is going to be a doctor, and I tell him that even in that profession salesmanship is recognized by the term “a good bedside manner.” I even think that personality is a form of salesmanship.

My hobby used to be etymology. This is one of the few hobbies which has not been commercialized. (A wide open field for some salesman.) However, since the time five years ago when I was honored with the job of Class Secretary, the Class of Harvard 1917 has become my chief hobby. There isn’t a finer group of men anywhere, and it is my fervent hope that the members of our Class will get to know each other better in the years to come as I

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know that by doing so many firm and fine friendships will be made.

I have had a happy life. I work hard and worry little. I like my family, my home, my business, and my Class — and don't think I'm easy to please.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG

ADDRESS: 222 W. 23rd St., New York, N. Y. •

BORN: NOV. 30, 1891, Munich, Germany. PARENTS: Michael Stolberg, Rada Stolberg.

PREPARED AT: Rëal Gymnasium, Munich, Germany.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914-1918.

MARRIED: Mary Fox, 1925, New York, N. Y. (divorced 1929). CHILD: David, Oct. 10, 1927.

OCCUPATION: Journalist and Author.

MEMBER OF: Authors' League of America; Committee to Defend America; German-American Council for the Liberation of Germany from Nazism (American Sponsor).

PUBLICATIONS: *The Economic Consequences of the New Deal*, 1935; *The Story of the C. I. O.*, 1938; *The Collapse of American Communism*, 1939; contributions over many years to the leading New York newspapers as well as to newspaper syndicates, such as the Scripps-Howard newspapers and the *Herald-Tribune* syndicate, but mostly for the magazines, from the *Atlantic Monthly* to the *Saturday Evening Post*.

AN article in the December 9, 1939, issue of the Saturday Evening Post stated, "Benjamin Stolberg won his title as a 'bandit of the pen' by taking part in Professor Dewey's inquiry into the Moscow trials. That, however, paled by contrast when he dared, in articles and a book, to expose the rule-or-ruin tactics of Communists in the C. I. O." In the August, 1940, issue of The Reader's Digest Stolberg wrote, "I came to this country in 1908. I have no feeling of ever having been an alien here. I feel about America as I feel about my son: it's mine, and that's all there is to it. Since the rise of totalitarianism, I feel that our democracy — with all its faults — is the hope of civilization. We must preserve it, not merely as Americans, but as human beings." His report:

AFTER leaving Cambridge in February, 1918, I put in three quarters in the Graduate School at the University of Chicago in the social sciences. Then for a short time I taught at the Universities of Oklahoma and Kansas. But in 1921 I decided to go into journalism and I've been in it ever since.

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Now and then I have held down an editorial job. In 1922 I was the acting editor of the *Brotherhood of Firemen's Journal*, the official organ of one of the Big Four railway brotherhoods. In 1928 I was the associate editor of *The Bookman*. In 1932 and 1933 I ran a weekly literary column in the *New York Evening Post*. Otherwise all my work has been as a free-lance. I have been contributing to the leading newspapers throughout the country, directly and through syndicates, and I have written for most of the magazines, from the *American Mercury* and *Atlantic Monthly* to the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Vanity Fair*. Occasionally I do a book. My little book on *The Economic Consequences of the New Deal* (1935, Harcourt, Brace & Company) was a best seller, but since it sold for only one dollar, it didn't make me rich. In 1938 I published *The Story of the CIO* (Viking Press). Now I am slowly doing a book for Harpers between journalistic jobs. My field is politics and public life in general, especially labor, and on the latter subject I have written as much as any other American of my generation.

In course of time I have belonged to all sorts of committees and commissions. During the late 1920's I was the chairman of the New York League for Industrial Democracy, of which the director was Norman Thomas. In those days I was more or less a socialist though I never belonged to any political party. In 1937 I was one of the five American members of the International Commission of Inquiry into the charges made against Leon Trotsky and other defendants in the Moscow Trials. (The other American members were Professor John Dewey, chairman, John Chamberlain, Miss Suzanne La Follette, and Professor Edward Alsworth Ross.)

We went to Mexico City, took Trotsky's testimony and the testimony of dozens of people throughout the world, and published our findings in two volumes (Harpers). This experience has persuaded me that Lenin and Trotsky were the two architects of modern totalitarianism in all its forms, though the Commission found that the defendants were not proved guilty in the Moscow trials. Of course, the Communist Party called us "social gangsters," "fascist agents," and every other name in the elegant Bolshevik vocabulary, for our efforts to determine the truth.

In 1939 I was one of the founding members of the Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies, which finally merged with the Fight for Freedom Committee.

A generation ago, when we graduated, I was, as I said, some sort of socialist. I believed that industrial democracy and the abolition of poverty could be achieved by a benevolent and somehow omniscient state, which would habituate men to freedom and fair-dealing and then "whither away" from sheer lack of function. I daresay that many of us, with differing degrees of skepticism, had some similar Utopian notions. It now seems incredible how naive we were.

Well, it has been the tragic and fascinating fortune of our generation to live through what is probably the most revolutionary epoch in modern history. And here are some of the rather simple social views one member of our Class has arrived at after this quarter of a century. Socialism, no matter how idealistically intentioned and under whatever name it may parade, is bound to lead to the bureaucratic state, which in turn is bound to lead to a totalitarian dictatorship. In Russia this National Socialism is part Marxist and part Byzantine; in Germany it is imbued with the characteristic lunacy of German romanticism and philosophical idealism; in Italy and Japan, it shows its own specific cultural backgrounds. In our own country the more intransigent forces in the New Deal seem to me but a pseudo-liberal version of the same historic tendency.

Clearly the answer is not the abolition of our free economy. The answer is not the omnipotent state. The answer, I have come to believe, is an enlightened and very gradualist capitalism, which denies the "class struggle" and relies for the necessary changes on an alert and intelligent electorate. That's some job! But that, in essence, is the traditional way of our American democracy. And that, I believe, is what the American people mean to fight for in this second world war.

You ask for some personal remarks about myself. I have no hobbies except sitting around and talking. My work keeps me travelling all over the country and asking endless questions of everybody, from Cabinet members to sharecroppers. I have been married and divorced. I have one son, David, who is fourteen and a close friend of mine. If he wants to go to Harvard, as he

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thinks he might, I'll be pleased. If he wants to go elsewhere, he can please himself. If he shouldn't want to go to college at all, that will be all right with me too — as long as he grows up to be a decent, intelligent, and happy person.

For myself, at fifty, my ambitions are naturally even more modest than they are for David. I want to make a living, keep my friendships up and my weight down. In these critical days of our national history, I hope to be able to participate in some way towards our victory over the Axis and towards the strengthening of our democratic forces at home. Finally, I want to live another forty years or so just to see how it all comes out.

CLIFFORD JOHN STRAEHLEY

HOME ADDRESS: 3850 Clifton Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 617 Provident Bank Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

BORN: Dec. 18, 1896, Cincinnati, Ohio. PARENTS: Dr. Erwin Straehley, Carrie Miller.

PREPARED AT: Franklin Preparatory School, Cincinnati, Ohio.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREES: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917; M.D. (Univ. of Cincinnati), 1920.

MARRIED: Oriel Camacho, Sept. 9, 1921, Patchogue, Long Island, N. Y. CHILDREN: Clifford John, Jr., Aug. 5, 1922; Oriel Eaton, March 10, 1924; Carol, Aug. 1, 1926.

HARVARD BROTHER: Erwin Straehley, Jr., '16.

OCCUPATION: Physician.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Medical Enlisted Reserve Corps June 21, 1918; called to active duty Oct. 9 and detailed to University of Cincinnati Unit, Students' Army Training Corps; discharged Dec. 20, 1918.

MEMBER OF: American College of Physicians; Cincinnati Country Club; Cincinnati Academy of Medicine; Ohio State Medical Association; American Medical Association.

PUBLICATIONS: Various medical papers, including those on angina pectoris, mitral stenosis, diagnosis and treatment of common cardiac diseases, emboli of cardiac origin, tachycardia.

CLIFFORD STRAEHLEY has a heart in his work and vice versa. He writes:

AFTER leaving Harvard in the fall of 1916, I entered the medical school of the University of Cincinnati, where I spent the next four years, graduating in 1920 with the degree of M.D.

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(with highest honors). I spent the next year as intern in the Good Samaritan Hospital.

I was married in October, 1921. In the next five years we had three children, a boy and two girls. They have continued to be a source of never-ending joy.

For seven years I settled down to the practice of internal medicine in association with my father, who has now been practising fifty-three years. In 1927 I went to Europe for five months for the purpose of doing postgraduate work in diseases of the heart. I returned during the summer months of 1928, 1929, 1930, 1932, and 1934 for further study in the hospitals and graduate schools of England, France, and Austria.

Outside the practice of medicine, I found some time for my hobbies — bridge, hunting, and horsemanship. I spent three years trying to learn the game of golf, but never became very proficient at that sport. For the last five years I have spent two months of the summer with my wife and three children at dude ranches and have again taken up riding in a rather serious fashion.

My work is now limited to heart diseases, and consequently I have more time to myself than when in the practice of general medicine. Most of my evenings are spent in reading; my choices of subject matter are economics and religion.

✦ BENJAMIN STRAUCH

BORN: July 14, 1896, Memphis, Tenn. PARENTS: Isadore Strauch, Sophie Plesafsky.

PREPARED AT: Central High School, Memphis, Tenn.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917 (18); LL.B., 1921.

DIED: Aug. 25, 1922, Memphis, Tenn.

FATHER: Isadore Strauch, 255 N. Main St., Memphis, Tenn.

STRAUCH died one year after graduation from the Law School, and nothing had been heard from him since he left College. He was a member of Phi Beta Kappa.

Our classmate, John J. Moriarty, writes of him:

"We shall remember Ben as a tall, straight lad, with luxuriant brown hair containing just a touch of fire in its coloring, with clear-cut features usually in repose but mobile upon occasion, an excellent and serious student whose mind and tongue made full contribution to any discussion among his intimates. His constant

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courtesy in small matters, his slowly breaking smile, and his swift, clean humor appearing unexpectedly will endear his memory to us."

WILLIAM STURGIS

HOME ADDRESS: 3666 Grandin Rd., Cincinnati, Ohio.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 605 Atlas Bank Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

BORN: March 14, 1893, Cheyenne, Wyo. PARENTS: William Sturgis, Anna Louisa Sprague.

PREPARED AT: Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B. † 1917 (20).

MARRIED: Margaret Cantwell, Nov. 28, 1918, Utica, N. Y. CHILDREN: John Cantwell, Nov. 22, 1919; Suzanne, Dec. 18, 1920; Fanny Torrey, Feb. 6, 1926; Willa Marie, Sept. 6, 1927.

HARVARD BROTHER: Henry Sprague Sturgis, '15.

OCCUPATION: Executive of Sales Department, West Virginia Coal & Coke Corporation.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Quartermaster 3d class U. S. Naval Reserve Force, stationed in 2d Naval District, Newport, R. I., when United States entered the war; transferred to Scout Patrol No. 143 July 15, 1917, as commanding officer; promoted chief quartermaster in August; appointed ensign Sept. 18; entered Reserve Officers' Training Class, U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.; transferred to 2d Naval District, Newport, May 29, 1918; to Receiving Barracks, Newport, Oct. 1 as executive officer; to Naval Training Station, Newport, May 1, 1919, as assistant seamanship division officer; to General Detail Regiment, Newport, June 1 as commanding officer; released from active duty July 25, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Treasurer, Village of Hewlett Neck, Long Island (one term); president, Business Promotion, New York (two terms); chairman Board of Trustees, Hartley Music School, New York (three years).

MEMBER OF: Queen City Club, Cincinnati; Cincinnati Country Club; Harvard Club of Cincinnati. Former member, Knickerbocker Club, New York; Harvard Club of New York; Rockaway Hunting Club; Laurence Beach Club, Cedarhurst, Long Island.

BILL STURGIS is one business man who is not complaining about any lack of business nor is he complaining that he recently became a grandfather. He writes:

JUST prior to April hour examinations in 1917 I heard from friends in New Haven and Princeton that quite a group had gone to Newport, Rhode Island, and joined the Navy. So, following the hunch that we should soon be in the war, I left

College and enlisted at Newport about the middle of March, being given the rank of quartermaster 3rd class. We were not given quarters at the training station, so most of us found rooms at the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. and reported for drills and instruction via trolley each morning and were dismissed every afternoon. Most of us heard of President Wilson's declaration of war while attending a movie in Newport.

Almost immediately crews were formed for duty in the Mosquito Fleet which was made up mostly of privately-owned cruisers donated to the Navy, but before getting on one of these boats, I was assigned to duty on a navy steam launch and we were put on patrol duty at the entrance of Newport harbor. Orders went out to let no ships out of the harbor until sunrise and I had the thrill of stopping the Fall River boat with an empty rifle when the captain refused to obey the order. Later we were given a cruiser owned by Harold Vanderbilt, and after repainting and mounting a gun on the bow, we were sent to New London along with several other boats. Needless to say, we all had a grand summer there when off duty and the Griswold did a grand business as well as the Mohican in town.

That fall I passed the examinations for ensign and was sent to Annapolis to attend the Second Reserve Officers' Class. This course took four months, but I had the misfortune of breaking my leg and spending many months in the hospital. However, I finished with the third class. I had hoped for destroyer duty and was practically signed up for a brand new one, but the medical department refused to let me go because of the accident. I was shipped back to Newport and became second in command of the Reserve Training Camp there. The only consolation was that I fought the Battle of Newport, including two summers, to the end of the war, and I was discharged late in July, 1919, a jobless and much-married man.

I returned to my home in New York and landed a job selling Packard trucks. Later I drifted into Wall Street, first as a credit investigator, then selling commercial paper. Later I went the way of all flesh and became a bond salesman. The year 1929 finished that, so I decided to try some commodity and went into the retail coal business with Burns Brothers. I worked there for about ten years, went through three reorganizations, and finally resigned to

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take a position with the West Virginia Coal & Coke Corporation. I opened up a new territory for them, emanating from Albany, New York, and covering northern New York, Vermont, part of Massachusetts, and New Hampshire. This started in September, 1940, and in June, 1941, I was asked to join the main office in Cincinnati, where I am now located and am working on new business development under the president. Our mines are working double-shift and we are over-sold on a year's production and probably will continue to be until Hitler is beaten.

My political views can be summed up by saying that I still want Willkie.

As far as my family is concerned, my son is in General Drum's First Army. He went with Squadron A of New York and is a corporal in the mechanized 101st Cavalry. My oldest daughter was married June 1, 1940, and made me the grandfather of a swell boy last April. The other two girls are with me and are attending school in Cincinnati. Mrs. Sturgis and I are enjoying the life here.

HERBERT FRANCIS SULLIVAN

ADDRESS: Red Cross Veterans Club, 323 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

BORN: Feb. 19, 1895, Fall River, Mass. PARENTS: Patrick Francis Sullivan, Mary Elizabeth Delahanty.

PREPARED AT: Durfee High School, Fall River, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled seaman 2d class U. S. Naval Reserve Force Aug. 14, 1917; assigned to Naval Aviation Detachment, Mass. Inst. Tech. Oct. 1; transferred to Naval Air Station, Hampton Roads, Va., in November; to Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Fla., Jan. 9, 1918; qualified as Naval Aviator; appointed ensign March 14; transferred to Naval Air Station, Hampton Roads; promoted lieutenant Oct. 1; released from active duty Jan. 22, 1919.

HERB SULLIVAN, after his discharge from the Navy, became a bond salesman in New York. In 1923 and in 1937 he was the New York manager of a St. Louis investment concern. Then we heard nothing from him until Bill Radovsky wrote us that he had seen Herb's older brother and learned that Herb was in a veterans' hospital in New York. We wrote Herb and received a letter dated February 9, 1941, in which he said he had been in the hospital since the preceding November, but was getting along very well and hoped to be discharged in several weeks. "My next worry,"

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he wrote, "is to get a job and it will be a welcome change after the inertia of the last six months." That is the last we have heard from Herb.

JOSEPH CHARLES SULLIVAN

HOME ADDRESS: 23 Ridge Rd., Lawrence, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 524 Bay State Bldg., Lawrence, Mass.

BORN: April 24, 1894, Lawrence, Mass. PARENTS: Michael Sullivan, Catherine Herlihy.

PREPARED AT: Lawrence High School, Lawrence, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Ruth McCormack, June 11, 1928, Lawrence, Mass. CHILDREN: Mary Ellen, June 5, 1931; Joan Catherine, April 6, 1933; Ruth, Dec. 29, 1935; Joseph Charles, Jr., Oct. 5, 1939; Cynthia Ann, Oct. 9, 1940.

HARVARD BROTHERS: Michael Augustine Sullivan, '01, LL.B., '03 (deceased); Cornelius Francis Sullivan, '07 (deceased).

OCCUPATION: Lawyer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Student, Officers' Military Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y.; private, White Stevedore Regiment, Newport News, Va.; sergeant, 5th Pioneer Infantry, Spartanburg, S. C.

OFFICES HELD: Secretary, Local Selective Service Board No. 79, Lawrence, Mass.

MEMBER OF: Lawrence Bar Association, Lawrence Post, American Legion.

JOSEPH SULLIVAN found that he became a lawyer by absorption. He writes:

FOR two years after graduation from high school I worked as a reporter for two local newspapers. In 1913 I enrolled at Harvard College and graduated with my Class in 1917. My college course was completed in three years so that I had a leave of absence for the academic year 1916-1917.

In 1916 I set out to learn the wool business, but that venture was interrupted when I went to the Officers' Training Camp at Plattsburg in 1917. I had been at the Student Officers' Training Camp in 1916. Later in 1917 I became chief clerk for Local Selective Service Board No. 2 at Lawrence, Massachusetts. I remained in the latter position until 1918, when I sought induction into the armed forces. I served as a private in a Stevedore Regiment at Newport News, Virginia, and later as a sergeant in the 5th Pioneer Infantry at Spartanburg, South Carolina. When the Armistice came I had been selected to train for a commission at an Officers' Training School in Georgia.

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In 1919 I took up the wool business again and was connected with firms in Boston and Lowell. In 1920 and 1921 I was employed in the law office of my brother, Michael A. Sullivan, the late Chief Justice of the Massachusetts Land Court.

I became an adjuster in 1921 for the London Guarantee and Accident Company in New York City, and transferred to Boston in 1922 in the same capacity. In 1925 I was engaged as an adjuster by the Massachusetts Bonding and Insurance Company in Boston, and I am still employed by that company.

Because of the training I had in my brother's law office in 1921 and 1922 and the tutoring I had the privilege to obtain from him in later years, I decided to become a lawyer. In my spare time I read law, and in December, 1936, I took the Massachusetts Bar examinations and passed successfully. I was sworn in as a lawyer in April, 1937. I did not go to law school. I have been practising since in the courts of the Commonwealth, maintaining a law office in Lawrence. I am a trial lawyer in addition to my position as adjuster for the Massachusetts Bonding and Insurance Company.

I am a member of the American Legion and the Lawrence Bar Association. In October, 1940 I was named a member of Local Selective Board No. 79 of Lawrence, and am secretary of that board. For a number of years I taught in the Lawrence Evening High School.

I am the third member of my family who attended Harvard. My brother, Michael A. Sullivan, received an A.B. in 1901 and an LL.B. in 1903. He was a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society. At the time of his death on June 7, 1937, he was judge of the Land Court. Cornelius F. Sullivan, another brother, earned his A.B. in 1907 and was headmaster of the Central Grammar School in Lawrence at the time of his death on February 7, 1932.

WILLIAM DONNISON SWAN

HOME ADDRESS: 1 Channing Pl., Cambridge, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: c/o Jackson & Curtis, P. O. Box 73, Boston, Mass.

BORN: Oct. 9, 1894, Cambridge, Mass. PARENTS: William Donnison Swan, '81, Mary Hubbard.

PREPARED AT: Middlesex School, Concord, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916.

MARRIED: Ellamae McKee, Sept. 20, 1921, Cambridge, Mass. CHILDREN:

William Donnison, Jr., June 18, 1922; Richard Hyde, April 12, 1926.

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HARVARD SON: William Donnison Swan, Jr., '45.

OCCUPATION: Securities Salesman.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Ambulance driver, American Field Service, Section 10, Nov. 11, 1916, to Aug. 11, 1917, with French Armée d'Orient on Albanian front. Enlisted private Oct. 11, 1917, in France; assigned to Battery E, 7th Field Artillery, 1st Division, Oct. 13; promoted corporal Dec. 1; detailed to Artillery School, Saumur, May 1, 1918; commissioned 2d lieutenant Field Artillery Aug. 1 and assigned to Headquarters 151st Field Artillery Brigade, 76th Division; detailed to School of Motorized Artillery Aug. 4 to Sept. 15; transferred to 302d Field Artillery, 76th Division, Oct. 1; 302d Field Artillery attached to 9th Army Corps at the front; discharged May 1, 1919. Engagements: Ansauville sector, Noyon-Montdidier defensive, Aisne defensive, Meuse-Argonne offensive. Awarded Croix de Guerre, divisional citation.

OFFICES HELD: Treasurer, Cambridge Tuberculosis and Health Association, The Cambridge Club, Ministerial Fund of First Parish in Cambridge.

MEMBER OF: Society of the First Division, A. E. F.; Harvard Faculty Club; Harvard Club of Boston; The Country Club, Brookline, Mass.; The Cambridge Club; Annisquam Yacht Club.

ONE of Don Swan's desires was "to shoot ducks in Currytuck." Not being a hunter, one of our desires is to know where Currytuck is and why one wants to shoot ducks there. Swan's "Life":

EARLY in November, 1916, I sailed for France with a small group of American ambulance drivers for six months' duty with the American Field Service. I took advantage of an opportunity to go to the Near Eastern front via Salonika and was in Albania with S. S. U. 10 when America declared war in 1917. I came back to Paris in August and, instead of returning home, enlisted in the American Expeditionary Forces. I served with the Seventh Field Artillery, 1st Division, Officers' School, Saumur, 301st and 302d Field Artillery, and was discharged in May, 1919.

Upon my return to Boston, I was one of the first clerks hired by the Shawmut Corporation, in June, 1919. I went to the New York office in February, 1920, and came back to Boston in November of the same year. I started in the bond business with Pearson, Erhard & Company in 1921 and have been in the security business ever since. For the last ten years I have been associated with Jackson & Curtis.

I married Ellamae McKee in September, 1921. My family life has always been a happy one with my wife, two sons, now nineteen

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and fifteen, my father, Class of 1881, who died in June, 1937, and my sister Marian, who died in February, 1938.

I inherited my father's love for hunting and fishing, and after the last war we spent many happy weeks in the Laurentian Club in Canada and at a small camp on Monomoy Point, Cape Cod. I used to say that I had two desires: one, to shoot ducks in Currytuck; and two, to catch a sea-run Atlantic salmon. I have been fortunate enough to gratify both of them.

I have always been fond of golf and tennis, and a good four-ball, or a few sets of doubles was, for me, an ideal way to pass a summer's day. For more than twenty years we have spent our summers at Annisquam, and for most of my family time spent in Cambridge is just an interlude until they can get back to the seashore again.

In 1936 I started curling at The Country Club in Brookline. This sport has brought me many new friends and a new interest that makes the winter pass more pleasantly.

I have taken an interest in community affairs in Cambridge, both civic and social, and have been active in raising money for causes in which I believed.

HOMER LORING SWEETSER

HOME ADDRESS: 120 E. 85th St., New York, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Kidder Peabody & Co., 17 Wall St., New York, N. Y.

BORN: June 7, 1894, Lynn, Mass. PARENTS: Frank Eliot Sweetser, Susan Jameson Anderson.

PREPARED AT: Noble and Greenough School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917 (18).

MARRIED: Mary Shepley Nagel, April 6, 1917, St. Louis, Mo. CHILDREN: Mary Hope, Jan. 29, 1918; Anne Nagel, Nov. 15, 1919; Elizabeth Loring, Dec. 18, 1921; Anne Shepley Putnam (ward).

HARVARD BROTHERS: Frank Eliot Sweetser, '02 (deceased); John Anderson Sweetser, '11.

OCCUPATION: Broker.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled quartermaster 3d class U. S. Naval Reserve Force Aug., 1917; assigned to Naval Training Camp, Bumkin Island, Mass.; transferred to Scout Patrol *Lynx II*; to Officer Material School, Cambridge, Mass., in October; appointed ensign Feb. 11, 1918, and assigned to Communication Office, Navy Dept., Washington, D. C.; transferred to U. S. S. *Wilhelmina* on transport duty in August; released from active duty Dec., 1918.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of New York.

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ALL who knew Homer Sweetser knew that he was a man of physical power, but few realized his power of expression, which he herewith reveals:

WERE not those twenty-five years divided into three parts: first War; then Depression; and again War? Under these influences our happiness has been case-hardened.

Therefore, I adjure young men to approach life the hardest way and seek no other outlet for their self-expression. But if they see danger of life becoming easier, they need not be dismayed for, verily, the vision of the future mocks them and makes our experiences seem Facility itself.

Nothing I can say should discourage our modern young people because the tribulations which lie ahead of them can have but that same effect upon their souls as they did upon ours. Such trials are a guarantee of the most effective and pleasant lubricant to ease them victoriously into the life beyond.

WILLIAM JAMES ROMEYN TAYLOR

ADDRESS: Middlesex School, Concord, Mass.

BORN: May 21, 1894, Rochester, N. Y. PARENTS: William Rivers Taylor, Annie Brown Spear.

PREPARED AT: The Hill School, Pottstown, Pa.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Hortense Sauveur, June 4, 1920, Cambridge, Mass. CHILDREN: Mary Isabella, Nov. 18, 1921; Anne, Dec. 15, 1922; Romeyn, Jan. 9, 1926.

HARVARD BROTHER: James Spear Taylor, '18.

OCCUPATION: Teacher.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Madison Barracks, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 1st lieutenant Aviation Section, Signal Corps, Nov. 13; sailed for France Dec. 2 as casual; attached to 26th Balloon Company, French Army, Jan. 1, 1918, for training; detailed to School for Balloon Observers, Valdahon, in March; to Army Balloon School, Camp de Souge, in May; assigned to 6th Balloon Company June 1; discharged Jan. 8, 1919. Engagements: Toul front, Saint-Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne offensives. Awarded Distinguished Service Cross.

OFFICES HELD: General Manager, treasurer, director, James Spear Stove & Heating Company, Philadelphia, Pa.; member Board of Governors, Harvard Club of Philadelphia; elder, Presbyterian Church of Chestnut Hill, Pa.; member Science Committee, Secondary Education Board.

MEMBER OF: Massachusetts Archaeological Society; American Science Teach-

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ers' Association; New England Biological Association; Harvard Club of Philadelphia.

RUMMY TAYLOR is happy in teaching many of the things which he has learned from years of practical experience. He writes:

VARIETY is the spice of life, and there has been plenty of spice in mine. Here is a synopsis:

The Army	20 months
Cub reporter	4 months
Rest, recovering from war	4 months
Theological Seminary	4 months
Breakdown	2 months
Machine shop	13 months
Watertown Arsenal (laboratory) ...	9 months
Special courses in business	3 months
Heating and refrigeration	108 months
Looking around	4 months
Insurance broker's office	40 months
Trade association management	30 months
Teaching	51 months
Total, May 15, 1917, to September 15, 1941, 292 months, of which I spent married, without looking around, the past 255 months.	

As I sit in my study, glancing backward over these many occupations and forward to my fifth year as a teacher, I am trying to assess my career. Up to 1931, when I sold the family business and what I had thought was to be my life job, I would change nothing. I wish I had started teaching then, instead of four years ago.

Everything I did up to 1931 has contributed heavily to my kit for the teaching of general science and biology. The air service, the machine shop, the heating and refrigeration business, and the vacations in the woods gave me a practical knowledge of what I now dispense. Besides, to have lived the kind of life that most of my students will later enter themselves helps, out of class, to steer some of them.

The years from 1931 to 1937 were pleasant enough. The return in earnings was decent and in personal associations abundant, but the output seemed lacking in fundamental values. However, these

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experiences did lead me to make a big change, and do more for less.

Do more? With those long vacations? I think so. The term-time hours are generally a minimum of from eight in the morning to six at night. Often, from seven to ten, eleven, or midnight. Frequently, seven days a week, and a large part of each vacation, are devoted to preparation for the next year or term.

For less? Well, for less cash, it is true. But throw in, just for example, the rental value of a house, and janitor service, and you obviously don't need so much cash. Then, throwing in the satisfactions from helping, even if only a little, the development of your charges, and the fun of the life, though you subtract all the headaches, you have full measure — if you like it.

There are many reminders here at Middlesex of our Class in College. Among them are suitable memorials to Liz Brown and Alan Clark. On the tablet giving the names of our school's graduates who served in the first World War are W. T. Barker, W. M. Bliss, A. A. Cameron, C. F. Eaton, W. Fleming, C. M. Herrington, J. S. Melcher, J. M. Mellen, J. E. P. Morgan, P. R. Morss, W. D. Swan, J. P. Warburg, C. P. Winsor, and C. A. Wood. I sometimes wonder whether the new crops are as good as the old. I think so; as good, but no better.

EDWARD AUGUSTUS TESCHNER

HOME ADDRESS: 37 Thaxter Rd., Newtonville, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: August Osterlund, Inc., 724 Beacon St., Newton Center, Mass.

BORN: July 20, 1894, Lawrence, Mass. PARENTS: August Edward Teschner, Ernestine Arlitt.

PREPARED AT: Lawrence High School, Lawrence, Mass.; Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, N. H.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Pauline Carver, Sept. 20, 1921, Lawrence, Mass. CHILDREN: Edward Augustus, Jr., Aug. 29, 1922; Philip Eugene, Feb. 15, 1924; Douglass Paul, Dec. 25, 1925; Arvin C., Jan. 5, 1929; Allan R., June 11, 1937.

OCCUPATION: Automobile Business.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Aug. 15; assigned to 302d Infantry, 76th Division, Aug. 28; sailed for France July 12, 1918; transferred to 303d Infantry, 76th Division, Sept. 1; to 163d Infantry, 41st Division, Nov. 9; to Headquarters 2d Army Jan. 1, 1919;

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to 1st Replacement Depot, A. E. F., March 28; to General Headquarters A. E. F., Training Section, Chaumont, May 18; discharged Sept. 15, 1919.

EDDIE TESCHNER, our Third Marshal and former track captain, has enough sons to form his own basketball team. He believes that his youngest is going to go places fast. He writes:

I SPENT two years in the Army after graduation. Upon my discharge I went into the food business, remaining thus employed for three and a half years. Then I spent a year as assistant track coach at Harvard. In 1924 I went into the automobile business, where I have since remained. This was a great business and a great industry while it lasted, with its ups and downs — mostly downs — and at the present moment it looks very much as though it's "all out" or will be shortly.

At the present time I am busily engaged in trying to build up a service business in a "100-car contract" dealer, so that it will pay the overhead of a former business that had the income from the sale of one hundred or more new cars per year. While it looks kind of bad right now, if Uncle Sam isn't too tough on us, I feel that we are on the road towards making this a possibility, even if we have to get bicycles or books or what have you to sell. No, we haven't any tires — to spare!

I had four sons come along in a row from 1922 to 1929 — not bad. I must have forgotten the other one — he came along as an afterthought in 1937. Needless to say, he rules the roost. We have had lots of fun with all of them. They have been a great comfort at times. Edward is a sophomore at Brown and is in the naval science course of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps. It looks as if history might repeat itself. He plays golf and basketball. Phil is a freshman at Brown. He played on the freshman football team and is currently playing on the freshman basketball team. Doug is a junior in Newton High School and plays basketball and golf on the high school teams. Arvin says that he will be the track man of the family. I'll believe it when I see it. The little fellow, from his actions, ought to be the world's fastest sprinter some day.

The family generally has been well — no serious accidents, etc. In that I know we have been fortunate. A few years ago, in 1935 to be exact, I thought that I ought to do something about my

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own health, so I took up golf. I should hate to tell you what I thought of golf during my preparatory and college days.

It's strange what the passing of a little time can do to one. Once in a while I shoot in the low 80's or even better. I enjoy it very much. It certainly is a grand sport to keep one in shape. I often go thirty-six holes. I don't suppose that I should complain because all the boys enjoy it too, but I sure would like to see one track man in that bunch.

These are the highlights and lowlights. Any more can be told verbally at our Twenty-fifth.

HARVEY LOWELL THOMAS

HOME ADDRESS: 139 Oxford St., Cambridge, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: c/o William H. Dolben, 161 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Oct. 11, 1894, Cambridge, Mass. PARENTS: Frank Henry Thomas, Alice Stearns.

PREPARED AT: Cambridge Latin School, Cambridge, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916.

MARRIED: Barbara Shaw, Aug. 16, 1918 (died Feb. 19, 1922). CHILD: Harvey Lowell, Jr., Jan. 29, 1922.

HARVARD SON: Harvey Lowell Thomas, Jr., '44.

HARVARD BROTHER: Errold Banks Thomas, '16.

OCCUPATION: Real Estate Broker.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., Aug., 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Field Artillery Nov. 27; stationed at Camp Stanley, Texas; transferred to Field Artillery Replacement Depot, Camp Jackson, S. C., May 1, 1918; detailed to School for Aërial Observers, Fort Sill, Okla., May 17; to School of Aërial Gunnery, Selfridge Field, Mich., Aug. 1; sailed for France Sept. 13; detailed to 2d Corps Artillery School, Châtillon-sur-Seine, Oct. 31; assigned to 104th Aëro Squadron Nov. 10; transferred to Headquarters 3d Army, Coblenz, Germany, Jan. 13, 1919; discharged June 4, 1919.

HARVEY THOMAS was first heard from in 1927 when he reported that he was president of the Thomas Products, Incorporated, paper converters of Boston. In 1937 he was a real estate broker in Boston, as he is now.

✠ GARDINER THOMPSON

BORN: Oct. 28, 1892, Newburyport, Mass. PARENTS: Milton Strong Thompson, Abigail Adams Johnson.

PREPARED AT: Noble and Greenough School, Boston, Mass.

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YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1914. DEGREE: A.B. † 1917 (19).

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., Aug., 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Nov. 8 and assigned to Company I, 303d Infantry, 76th Division; sailed for France July 8, 1918; killed in action Oct. 16, 1918, at Bois d'Haumont, France. Engagements: Saint-Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne offensives, Neptune sector (Bois d'Haumont). Cited in general orders Headquarters 26th Division, A. E. F.

HARVARD BROTHER: Milton Strong Thompson, '24.

DIED: Oct. 16, 1918, Bois d'Haumont, France.

MOTHER: Mrs. Milton S. Thompson, Newbury, Mass.

AT the end of his Freshman year Thompson decided to give up college and went to work for his father in the chemical firm of Howe & French in Boston. In the summer of 1916 he attended the Plattsburg Officers' Training Camp. Again in August, 1917, he entered the Plattsburg Camp, receiving his commission as second lieutenant of Infantry in November. He was then stationed at Camp Devens, and on July 8, 1918, he sailed for France as a member of I Company of the 303rd Infantry, 76th Division. In August, at his own request, he was transferred to B Company, 104th Infantry, in the 26th Division, with which he served up to the time of his death. He went immediately to the front and took part in the successful Saint-Mihiel offensive.

Shortly thereafter his regiment went back into the lines to take part in the fierce fighting of the Meuse-Argonne offensive in the region of Verdun. The circumstances of his death are related as follows in the *Memoirs of the Harvard Dead in the War Against Germany*:

"In the Bois d'Haumont, about ten kilometres north of Verdun, Thompson with his platoon had driven forward to his objective, a point in advance of the other detachments. For two days and nights they held on, until the enemy was driven back. On the afternoon of October 16, 1918, while leading his men against some machine-gun nests, Thompson was killed by a machine-gun bullet through the forehead. The fighting on that day was particularly severe, and the casualties were many. Thompson's company suffered heavily; of its original two hundred and fifty members only thirty-eight men returned to America with the regiment.

"Thompson had been only about two months at the front, but his modesty, his courage, and fearlessness had won the admiration

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of his brother officers. The men of his platoon were devoted to him, and would go anywhere he led them; he had wonderfully good control over them. His colonel ascribed to him all the qualities that go to make a good officer."

Thompson was cited in general orders of the 26th Division, "for gallant conduct in the field on October 16, 1918, while leading his platoon under galling machine-gun and artillery fire in the Bois d'Haumont."

Our classmate Charles Gray Little, who was killed in the accident to the U. S. Dirigible R-38 in England, wrote the following tribute to Thompson:

"Gardiner was the sort of man that you can always count on. He was large and broad, not only in stature, but in mind as well. He had a wonderful disposition, and was a thorough sportsman, in every sense of the word. If he was once your friend, he was your friend for all time. When I learned of his glorious death, I knew that I had lost the best friend that I ever would have, but I knew at the same time that he was happy in going as he did; fighting for the cause that he believed to be right, as was always his wont during his life."

JAMES PERRY THURBER

HOME ADDRESS: 228 Hinckley Rd., Milton, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: New England Tel. & Tel. Co., 50 Oliver St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: June 7, 1895, Burlington, Vt. PARENTS: William Bartlett Thurber, Julia Bourne Perry.

PREPARED AT: Milton Academy, Milton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Ruth Burnett, Dec. 27, 1924, Providence, R. I. CHILDREN: Ethel Raymond, May 5, 1926; James Perry, Jr., June 3, 1928; William Bartlett, May 20, 1930.

HARVARD BROTHERS: William Schuyler Thurber, '19; Richard Bourne Thurber, '29.

OCCUPATION: Toll Transmission Engineer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., Aug., 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Field Artillery Nov. 27; sailed for France Jan. 15, 1918, as casual; detailed to Artillery School, Saumur, Feb. 5; assigned to 15th Field Artillery, 2d Division, April 2; wounded July 21; with Army of Occupation, Germany; detailed to American Students' Detachment, Univ. of Paris, March 1, 1919; promoted 1st lieutenant May 2; returned to United States July 13; discharged July 16, 1919. Engagements: Aisne defensive (Château-Thierry),

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Marne-Aisne offensive (Vierzy), Saint-Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne offensives. Cited by General Pershing. Awarded Croix de Guerre.

OFFICES HELD: Member, Milton Warrant Committee, 1934-1936; member, Milton Republican Committee, 1936-1938; Town Meeting member, since 1931; member, District Committee Boy Scouts, since 1931 (chairman since 1939); commissioner, Milton District, 1932-1934; member Executive Committee, Milton Club Players, 1936-1938, chairman, 1940-1941; member, Milton Club Governors, since 1941; member, Milton Public Safety Committee, since 1940; director, Town Club of Milton, 1933, vice-president, 1934; vestryman, St. Michael's Episcopal Church, 1936-1940; trustee, Boston Home for Incurables, since 1937.

MEMBER OF: Milton Club; Town Club of Milton; Milton Club Players; Milton Historical Society; Engineering Societies of New England (A. I. E. E. Sect.).

PERRY THURBER, in a note, says, "This was written by my wife, approved by my daughter, and forcefully condemned by my sons." The result:

AFTER graduation the start of everything was, of course, the First World War — a record of that is contained elsewhere. Soon after demobilization we were asked to help during the Boston police strike, so I enlisted in the First Corps of Cadets for that purpose. While on that work, I became very familiar with the corner of Tremont Street and Temple Place, where the tide of fashion flows in and out of R. H. Stearns. It is good training in diplomacy to be a traffic policeman, and this probably helped me in local political affairs later.

The next pressing business was to find a life work. My father's successful career was worth copying, so in 1920 I made a start where he did — the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company — and have been in telephone work ever since. For six years — from 1923 to 1929 — I was with the American Telephone and Telegraph Company in New York, then I came back to Boston and the New England Company. I have risen as far as toll transmission engineer, which keeps me hopping around the New England states and sends me down to New York often enough to get an idea of what's going on there.

For home life, I married and acquired three children, who present, I am sure, more than the usual problem, though they insist they are no worse than their friends. They have about as much respect for me as for most adults, but my wife and I hope they

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will acquire some in time. We know we could raise three children beautifully if we could start over again.

In 1929 we built a house that is too much for us on a piece of ground that is *far too much* for us to take care of but, never mind, we are still struggling.

Like most of my friends I occupy my evenings. The Legion and Boy Scouts kept me very busy in Milton before I went to New York, and always the Scouts have been a great interest, wherever I have been. After my marriage, local politics — though not as a candidate for office — have been absorbing; and I have done a good deal of work with church, club dramatics (back stage), Red Cross, and now, of course, civilian defense.

I look forward to retirement age with a wistful eye on the many things I want to do but haven't had time to yet.

✦ WALTER IRVING TIBBETTS

BORN: June 21, 1888, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Lewis Cass Tibbetts, Elsie Reed Gaskell.

PREPARED AT: Worcester Academy, Worcester, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Ethel Rogers, Nov. 30, 1917, Cambridge, Mass. CHILDREN: Walter Irving, Jr., April 24, 1919; Frederick Rogers, Feb. 23, 1922; Paul Drewes, April 2, 1925.

HARVARD SONS: Walter Irving Tibbetts, Jr., '41; Paul Drewes Tibbetts, '45.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Coast Artillery Dec. 18, 1917; assigned to 24th Company, Coast Defenses of Boston, Fort Banks, Mass.; transferred to Aviation Section, Signal Corps March 12, 1918, and assigned to 225th Aëro Squadron, Hazelhurst Field, N. Y.; transferred to 357th Aëro Squadron, Hazelhurst Field, July 15; detailed to Field Artillery Central Officers' Training School, Camp Zachary Taylor, Ky., Sept. 15; discharged Dec. 21, 1918, and commissioned 2d lieutenant Field Artillery Officers' Reserve Corps.

DIED: May 7, 1938, Winchendon, Mass.

WIDOW: Mrs. Walter I. Tibbetts, Winchendon, Mass.

DURING his undergraduate days Tibbetts took part in many and varied activities. He was a member of the Junior Class Crew, the D. U. Club, the Hasty Pudding Club, the Speakers' Club, the Union, the Worcester Academy Club — vice-president for three years and president Senior year — the Memorial Society, the Harvard Regiment, the Class Day Committee, and Phillips Brooks House. He was social service secretary of Phillips Brooks

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House from 1915 to 1917 and later became graduate secretary. In 1937 he reported that he was in the insurance business in Boston as representative of the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States. He was also for three years a member of the Committee of the Board of Overseers to visit the Memorial Church and the Phillips Brooks House.

Tibbetts' death followed an illness of less than a month.

GEORGE WILLIAM TOBIN

HOME ADDRESS: 2911 Fillmore Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: James Madison High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.

BORN: Jan. 4, 1893, Brooklyn, N. Y. PARENTS: Samuel Joseph Tobin, Sophie Elise Walther.

PREPARED AT: Manual Training High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: S.B., 1917.

UNMARRIED.

OCCUPATION: Teacher of Economics.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled yeoman 3d class U. S. Naval Reserve Force Dec. 14, 1917; called to active duty Feb. 27, 1918, and assigned to Office of Commandant, 3d Naval District, New York, N. Y.; promoted yeoman 2d class Jan. 1, 1919; released from active duty March 27, 1919. C. M. T. C. graduate in Aug., 1924, with commission as 2d lieutenant Engineer Reserves, 1924-1934.

OFFICES HELD: Member, Arista Senate, for selection of Arista Students in James Madison High School; member, College Advisory Committee, for aiding students in college selection and application.

If more people had George Tobin's spirit the world would be a better place. He writes:

I CAN see the worth of these accounts, and yet I cannot see the worth of mine. I knew hardly a dozen of our classmates by name and I believe that no more knew me by name. My contacts with my classmates have narrowed down to an exchange of Christmas greetings with one classmate. However, I am looking forward to receiving my copy of the Report and would like to have it a complete volume. So, I'll write a bit about myself.

As man consists of body, mind, and soul, I shall tell of my life in terms of these three.

There has been no change in height, but frequent and marked changes in weight and consequent appearance. My extreme weights have been 122 when graduating from Harvard and 212

in the early twenties. My present weight is 171. To date the body has been strong and well, permitting me to lift my mother when invalided.

While I have not studied for, nor received, any higher degrees, I have taken at least fifteen individual courses as and when I felt that they would aid me. They were in commerce at New York University while I was in the business world, in educational psychology and methods at Columbia University when I first began teaching, in vocational guidance at City College and New York University when I became a member of our College Advisory Committee in James Madison High School, in advanced courses in economics at Columbia University, interspersed, and in current events under our own inspiring Harvard man, H. V. Kaltenborn.

As for my spiritual life, it may sound unscientific, but I am convinced that there is a God and that He does personalize His attentions. When my prayers repetitious have been denied or delayed in their answer, my life experiences have always shown His Wisdom.

My own weaknesses have made me very understanding of the weaknesses of others, and at the same time militant against wrong conduct, which is wrong choice of conduct, in my pupils. I tell my high school seniors (I have taught only high school seniors for the past fifteen years) that the biggest sinners make the most fervent preachers.

As for my family life, I am single and live with my sister and our cocker spaniel. I lost Mother in April, 1938, and Dad in January, 1940. May I say one word about Mother's illness — arthritis — for whatever benefit it may be to our classmates whose parents may be invalided? Mother loved auto rides. When she could no longer walk we rolled her in an invalid chair to the car and lifted her into the car seat. When the doctor forbade even that, we purchased a seven-passenger Dodge and altered the interior so that we could roll Mother into the car in a chair constructed to look like a car seat. This she enjoyed for two full years of daily trips. The car and the special equipment cost only \$1375.

A word about Wars I and II and the intervening years. While serving as a yeoman in World War I, I put in an application for Naval Aviation — dirigible training. The Armistice came before

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I was called for the physical. In the summers of 1922, 1923, and 1924 I attended the Civilian Military Training Camp — Engineers — and received and held a 2d lieutenant's commission through 1934. So far in this war, i.e. since Hitler started stalking, I have contributed blood to the blood bank three times and have just signed up at Brooklyn College, where my sister teaches, to give my blood a fourth time. A mobile unit is to come to the college as soon as seventy-five people have offered to give their blood. Mayor La Guardia has refused to permit teachers to take any civilian defense positions that would necessitate their absence from their pupils. I am torn within! I should like a more directly active part and yet my most important use might be right in our terribly congested school which is less than three miles from Floyd Bennett Air Field. We have 7,500 students in a school built for 3,800. In an air raid each student is supposed to have six feet of space. Our students almost touch each other, they are so close. We teachers shudder at the possibilities.

Well, I see I have my profession's outstanding weakness — get us talking about ourselves and we never stop. And can we say the things that bore!

BASCOM HURT TORRANCE

HOME ADDRESS: 230 E. 73rd St., New York, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: City Bank Farmers Trust Co., 22 William St., New York, N. Y.

BORN: Sept. 9, 1894, Tuskegee, Ala. PARENTS: Bascom Wilde Torrance, Fannie Lucia Hurt.

PREPARED AT: Boys High School, Atlanta, Ga.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B. *magna cum laude*, 1917.

UNMARRIED.

OCCUPATION: Vice-president, City Bank Farmers Trust Company.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., Aug., 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Field Artillery Nov. 27; assigned to 319th Field Artillery, 82d Division, Camp Gordon, Ga.

MEMBER OF: University Club; Harvard Club of New York; Downtown Harvard Lunch Club.

BASCOM TORRANCE is encouraged by the spirit of our generation in this, our second war. He writes:

FOR more years than I like to think about I have been engaged, not in the most important or most exciting, but certainly in one of the most presumptuous of all occupations. For all a trustee has to do is provide for the present and circumvent the future. That occupational predicament, in this best of all possible worlds, has kept me fairly busy.

I have no achievements or distinctions to report, not even matrimony or paternity. I have held no public office, honorary or otherwise. I have committed no heroisms; I have authored no books. In meditative and repentant moments I have sometimes toyed, not too seriously, with the thought that I might some day atone for all this indolence by setting down what a more impressive person would call his memoirs, not that I shall have done anything exciting myself, but I may have some accumulated reflections about those who have.

Meanwhile, in the absence of spouse, progeny, and other tangible accomplishments, there is little to talk about, unless I take the Secretary at his word and venture into the field of opinion. The difficulty here is that there is so much to say one hardly knows how to say it, especially one who has been for twenty-five years an obscure and inarticulate member of the Class. Yet, I suppose that is small excuse, in times like these, for evading altogether any further comment of any kind.

These Class Lives will inevitably be full of reference to the war. Certainly it has occurred to all of us that ours is the first Harvard generation to graduate into one world war, and to hold its twenty-fifth reunion during another one, infinitely worse. As we contemplate this state of affairs it is hard not to feel that ours has been in many ways a wasted generation. And insofar as blame must attach to this country, perhaps each of us must accept some share. For each in his own way has made his own small contribution to the great body of national opinion that has governed this country's course in international relationships over the last twenty-five years.

However that may be, it has been heartening, after the controversies of recent years, to see the spirit of the country once our immediate course was clear. But it is even more heartening to see the growing recognition that this time we must not only win the war, but accept our full responsibility in the peace. More

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and more it becomes abundantly clear how terribly much depends upon this country, not only now, but for many years to come, if we are to walk, as Winston Churchill says we shall, in "majesty, in justice, and in peace." And if these are times to try the souls of men, it may be well to recall a fragment from the words of another man, and another Englishman, whose life fell in troubled times. The words are Cromwell's, although I do not know now just where or when he said them: "What freedom and what prosperity depend upon are the souls of men and the spirits that are the man."

✦ FLETCHER JOHNSON TOWLERTON

BORN: July 30, 1895, Lyons, N. Y. PARENTS: Dr. Charles Howland Towlerton, Nellie Emmons Johnson.

PREPARED AT: Lyons Union School, Lyons, N. Y.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B. *summa cum laude*, 1917; M.D. *cum laude*, 1921.

MARRIED: Dorothy E. Wilson, Nov. 17, 1922, Cambridge, Mass. CHILDREN: Charles Adam, May 16, 1925; Joan, Feb. 26, 1927.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted in Medical Enlisted Reserve Corps; discharged Dec., 1918.

DIED: Oct. 8, 1933, Cleveland, Ohio.

WIDOW: Mrs. H. D. Ungerer, William St., Lyons, N. Y.

EARLY in life Fletcher Johnson Towlerton showed rare aptitude as a student. He won many honors in his preparatory school and at Harvard was a member of Phi Beta Kappa in the College and Alpha Omega Alpha in the Medical School. He served a year as intern in the Collis P. Huntington Hospital in Boston, and two years in the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital at Boston. He then returned to Lyons, New York, to assist his father in the practice of medicine.

In 1923 Towlerton, with a colleague, reopened the Lyons Hospital under their management, and continued in its operation up to the time of his death. The hospital was rebuilt and enlarged in 1930. He became one of the most useful citizens of Lyons, a man whose interest in the village and its people was such as is peculiar to the native who holds it the dearest spot on earth and who chooses it as his abiding place for life. It does not always happen that a young man, after becoming equipped for success in any of

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the wider and more prosperous fields, returns to the village of his birth to serve the needs of his townspeople.

Besides attaining prominence in the practice of medicine, Towlerton became eminent in banking and a leader in educational work. As president of the Lyons National Bank, he underwent a severe endurance test that entailed great sacrifice during the banking moratorium and during the tedious process of effecting reorganization. He was obliged practically to abandon his professional work so that he might give to his bank's depositors his undivided attention. It being impossible for him to do justice to both his practice and his bank, he chose to devote all his energy to the latter until all problems had been solved and the way ahead made clear.

He became a leader in education work through his membership on the Lyons Board of Education. He was deeply interested in the Lyons Union School and in the welfare of all its pupils. He lived to see the school surpass all former records, an accomplishment to which he was a great contributor.

JACKSON EDMUND TOWNE

HOME ADDRESS: 525 Butterfield Drive, East Lansing, Mich.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Michigan State College Library, East Lansing, Mich.

BORN: June 21, 1894, Milwaukee, Wis. PARENTS: Carroll Milton Edmund Towne, Annie Lovica Burnham.

PREPARED AT: East Division High School, Milwaukee, Wis.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREES: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917; A.M., 1917; B.L.S. (Univ. of Illinois), 1922.

MARRIED: Katherine Adele Doyle, May 5, 1934, New York, N. Y.

OCCUPATION: Librarian.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private July 21, 1917; assigned to Battery C, 120th Field Artillery, 32d Division; sailed for France March 3, 1918; detailed as interpreter Remount Detachment, 32d Division, June 20 to Aug. 10; discharged April 28, 1919. Engagements: Aisne-Oise offensive (Juvigny), Meuse-Argonne offensive.

OFFICES HELD: Secretary, College and Reference Section, American Library Association, 1929-1935, Lansing Civic Players Guild since 1939; consultant in library service, Rosenwald Fund, 1929-1930; president, Tennessee Library Association, 1930-1931; second vice-president, Michigan Library Association, 1937-1938; chairman, Library Committee, State College Club, since 1938; historian, Michigan Society, Sons of the American Revolution since 1940; associate adviser, Selective Service Board No. 4, Ingham County, Michigan, since 1941.

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MEMBER OF: American Library Association; Michigan Library Association; Bible Society of America; American Institute of Graphic Arts; Harvard Club of Western Michigan; Lansing Rotary Club; Sons of the American Revolution; American Legion; Lansing Civic Players Guild; State College Club (Faculty).

PUBLICATIONS: *Oedipus and Melpomene* (reprints; with extended bibliography), Ann Arbor, Edwards, 1941; . . . *Victory Parade in Vichy* (revised manuscript for Milwaukee County Historical Society), 79 pp., 1919; *The Library of Swarthmore College (A Survey)*, 50 pp., 1927; *Curtains Rose on These* (Five one-act play adaptations), 52 pp., 1935; *Michigan State College*, 1938; *The Library* (Phi Beta Kappa survey), 37 pp., 1938; more than twenty-five articles since 1920; "Separately Shelved College Library Collections," *Library Quarterly*, July, 1935; "The Association of College and Reference Libraries," *School and Society*, January, 1941.

JOHN TOWNE will be envied by most classmates when they read that his biography was written for him by a "special staff of writers." He writes:

THE following account of my life is quoted from Volume Four of the *Michigan Centennial History*, published in 1939 (pages 532-533). While transcribed from a printed version, nevertheless I offer it as an informal account in view of the fact that there was a certain quaint, antique slant in the details selected for emphasis by the "special staff of writers" who authored the biography volumes of our *Centennial History*. Some of my club affiliations have altered since 1939.

I enjoy a full share of hobbies; social, political, and religious convictions; one of my pet aversions is isolationism — but there are not so many adherents of this any more.

To quote from the *Michigan Centennial History*:

"Jackson Edmund Towne, librarian of Michigan State College at East Lansing, was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, June 21, 1894. He is a direct descendant in the eleventh generation of Rebecca Towne, who was hanged for witchcraft in Salem, Massachusetts, and whose martyrdom was celebrated in verse by the poet Whittier. His parents were Carroll Milton Edmund and Annie Lovica (Burnham) Towne. The father, who died in April, 1938, served at one time as president of the Greater Milwaukee Association and his wife was formerly president of the Milwaukee Chapter of

the Daughters of 1812. Their family numbered four sons, of whom Burnham, Byron, and John died in infancy.

"Jackson Edmund Towne, the only survivor of the family, pursued his college course at Harvard University, where he received the degree Bachelor of Arts *cum laude* in 1917. The same year he gained his Master of Arts degree there and in 1922 he was graduated from the University of Illinois Library School. In the meantime, in 1919-20, he had devoted a year to assisting his father in the real estate business in Milwaukee and after qualifying for librarian duty, acted as superintendent of evening service in the Yale University Library from 1922 until 1924; as supervisor of departmental libraries of the State University of Iowa from 1924 until 1926; as chief of the readers' department of New York University from 1926 until 1928; as librarian and director of the Library School of George Peabody College from 1928 until 1932; and then took up his duties as librarian of Michigan State College at East Lansing, where he has since remained. In 1929-30 he was consultant in library service to the Julius Rosenwald Fund, supervising eleven demonstration county libraries in seven states. A member of the American Library Association, he served as secretary and treasurer of its college and reference section from 1929 until 1935, when he became chairman of that section for the years 1935 and 1936. During the two succeeding years he was a member of its board of directors. He belongs to the Bibliographical Society of America and has held memberships in the Connecticut, Iowa, New York, Tennessee, and Michigan State Library Associations. He served as president of the Tennessee organization in 1930-31 and as second vice-president of the Michigan State Library Association in 1937-38. He has membership in the Michigan Academy of Science and the American Association for the Advancement of Science and is a well-known contributor to library journals. His personal bibliography includes more than twenty-five published articles since 1920.

"On the 5th of May, 1934, in New York City, Mr. Towne was united in marriage to Katherine Adele Doyle, daughter of Martin and Annie Doyle of Clinton, Illinois. Mr. Doyle is a retired division superintendent of the Illinois Central Railroad. Irene Doyle, sister of Mrs. Towne, is professor of library science at George Peabody College for Teachers and head cataloger in the joint

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University Libraries centered at Vanderbilt University of Nashville, Tennessee.

"Mr. Towne served as interpreter for the Thirty-second Divisional Remount Detachment near Troyes, France, from June until August, 1918, and his service medal includes bars for the Oise-Aisne and Meuse-Argonne offensives. Politically, he has always maintained an independent course, nor has he ever sought public office. He belongs to the Chi Psi national fraternity, the State College Club of East Lansing, the Inter-City Wranglers, the Lansing Rotary Club, and the Lansing Civic Players Guild, of which he was secretary from 1934 until 1937. He also has membership in the Michigan Association of Non-Professional Theatres, of which he was elected president in the spring of 1937, but resigned before completing his term, owing to the pressure of other duties. His membership connections also extend to the Episcopal church."

GREENOUGH TOWNSEND

HOME ADDRESS: 1 Beekman Pl., New York, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: United States Lines, 1 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

BORN: March 4, 1895, New York, N. Y. PARENTS: Edward Mitchell Townsend, Alice Greenough.

PREPARED AT: St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917.

MARRIED: Rachel Maxtone Graham, April 29, 1926, Midlothian, Scotland.

CHILDREN: Anthony Maxtone, Nov. 12, 1927; David Graeme, July 23, 1930.

HARVARD BROTHER: Edward Mitchell Townsend, Jr., '16.

OCCUPATION: General Passenger Agent, United States Lines.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private U. S. Marine Corps May 30, 1917; stationed at Marine Barracks, Paris Island, S. C.; commissioned 2d lieutenant Oct. 8; transferred to Marine Officers' Training School, Quantico, Va., Oct. 25; to U. S. S. *Frederick* on escort duty overseas March 3, 1918; attached to 2d Separate Machine Gun Battalion; discharged Jan. 31, 1920.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of New York; Piping Rock Club, Locust Valley, Long Island (former member); St. Nicholas Hockey Club, New York, N. Y. (former member).

GREENOUGH TOWNSEND graduated from College to the Marine Corps and from that to the International Mercantile Marine Company. Ever since, he has been interested in the sea and travel. When he is unable to jump on a ship for a trip he jumps into his car. He writes:

WHEN I left the service in June, 1919, I took the summer off and then joined the International Mercantile Marine Company in October. The company then consisted of the American Line, the White Star Line, the Red Star Line, the Atlantic Transport Line, the Leyland Line, etc., all British except the first. I worked in various departments ending up in the passenger end, where I still am, although at the present writing we have no passenger ships, all having been taken over by the government for transports.

After the company took over the United States Lines in 1931, we gradually got rid of all our British companies and we now operate only American tonnage, except a few Panama ships (for obvious reasons).

In the winters of 1921 to 1926 I played hockey with the St. Nicholas Hockey Club of New York and got a lot of fun out of it. In September, 1923, I made a short trip abroad visiting Belgium, France, England, and Scotland. The following winter I made two trips of a month each to the West Indies, covering all the important islands and countries on the Caribbean.

In April, 1926, I was married in Scotland to a native of that country, and we spent our honeymoon motoring in the Highlands during the general strike which tied up everything for about two weeks. I can't imagine a more romantic spot for a honeymoon and I never miss an opportunity to travel there, having done so many times since 1926. However, it was a hectic honeymoon, as I had to be exhibited to all the relatives all over the country, and it was tough getting petrol on account of the strike.

Since my two sons were born, they have spent every summer in Scotland, and I have taken my vacations there about every other year.

When the war started in 1939, I left New York on the Clipper the day war was declared and arrived in Foynes, Eire, the next morning. It then took me another twenty-four hours to get to Scotland by motor, steamer, train, and bus. After a short trip to the north I went to Glasgow to arrange passage for the survivors of the *Athenia* on the *Orizaba*, which we sent over to bring them back. When that was done, I went to London to help out with the rush there and then went over to Eire to fill up some more ships. Unfortunately, there were no air raids while I was in Eng-

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land, so I can't say I was ever in one. However, coming home on the *Acadia* we ran into an A-1 hurricane, and I should have greatly preferred an air raid to that experience.

My chief interests are music and travel. My wife says I favor Brahms, Bach, and Mozart over her and the children, and would let them go hungry in order to buy more records. I never miss an opportunity to get on a ship and go places or jump in a car and get as far away as possible. I think that I hung up a record in 1934 spending a weekend in London and a week at Lake Winnepesaukee, all in three weeks. Last year I drove out to Arkansas and covered the whole state, driving 4000 miles in less than three weeks.

My present job consists of batting in wherever any help is needed, soliciting proxies from stockholders, trying to put over a bond issue refinancing, signing crews on ships — anything to keep out of trouble.

JAMES HARVEY TOWNSEND

HOME ADDRESS: 195 Marsh St., Belmont, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 319 Longwood Ave., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Nov. 5, 1897, Washington, D. C. PARENTS: Irving Upson Townsend, Hattie Lucretia Whitaker.

PREPARED AT: Newton High School, Newton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B. *summa cum laude*, 1917; M.D. *cum laude*, 1921.

MARRIED: Amy Sawyer Browne, June 12, 1920, Cambridge, Mass. CHILDREN: Emily Browne, May 9, 1922; Bettina, Nov. 12, 1923; James Harvey, Jr., Feb. 10, 1926.

HARVARD BROTHER: Irving Upson Townsend, Jr., '15.

OCCUPATION: Physician.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Medical Enlisted Reserve Corps Dec. 17, 1917; not called to active duty; discharged Dec. 11, 1918. Major Medical Reserve attached to General Hospital No. 6 since 1940.

OFFICES HELD: Chief of Medical Services, Cambridge Hospital; associate physician and chief of Diabetes Service, Massachusetts General Hospital; instructor in medicine, Harvard Medical School; treasurer, Middlesex South District Society of Massachusetts Medical Society; chairman, Medical Advisory Board No. 6, Selective Service.

MEMBER OF: American College of Physicians, American Medical Association; Harvard Club of Boston; Harvard Faculty Club.

PUBLICATIONS: Various minor medical articles and pamphlets.

JIMMIE TOWNSEND writes very interestingly of present trends in the medical profession. His story:

THE reasons that led me to choose medicine as a profession are still hidden in the mass of forgotten experiences and day dreams in which lie the motives behind most of our important life decisions. However, I have never had reason to regret the choice which I unconsciously made for myself, and can honestly say that I think I have been happier in this field than I should have been in any other I might have entered.

Being refused admission to any officers' training camp in the summer of 1917, I entered the Medical School in the fall, where I was enlisted in the Medical Reserve Corps until the end of the war. Life as a student in Boston in 1917 was not an altogether happy one because of the constant regret at not being able to share the active part in our national emergency which my college classmates were playing. I might comment right here that I should never want a boy of mine to enter college at fifteen as I did, even though he could achieve a good scholastic record. The insecurity incident to the difference in age, physical development, and emotional maturity is apt to prove a handicap not only in college, but for many years afterward.

After four years of medical school, a two-year internship at the Massachusetts General Hospital completed my formal training. By this time I already had a growing family, having married after my third year in medical school, and our first child having been born during my internship. Two summer trips to Labrador during my school course, on one of which my wife accompanied me, provided a valuable experience which, among other things, brought me into contact with one of the great romantic figures of our time, Sir Wilfred Grenfell. Those who served under him will not easily forget the influence of that modern apostle of practical Christianity. I made many interesting acquaintances among the people, and I have often wondered what has happened to the babies that I delivered into that rugged world.

To have a certain amount of steady income had a great appeal at this time, and I took a salaried position at Yale in the Department of University Health, which watched over the health of the students. My year in New Haven proved to be a most delightful

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one with many pleasant recollections. Among other things I acquired quite a different opinion of Yale men from that which I had absorbed in my undergraduate days when athletic rivalry created an atmosphere of "to hell with Yale," which I took very seriously. One of the pleasant things which turned up was an opportunity for a more responsible position as health director of St. Paul's School in Concord, New Hampshire, where I remained for the next three years. I found the work there rather stimulating at first, for full-time health work among boarding school boys was a new thing at that time, similar ventures having been started at the Hill School, Lawrenceville, and Exeter, which I visited many times; but after three years it proved to be a rather limited field and, although the associations formed there were most valuable, I decided to return to Boston in 1927 to enter the independent practice of medicine.

I often wonder if I should have had the courage to leave the security of that well-endowed institution after the Depression started in 1929. Fortunately, by this time I was pretty well established in the city where I had my training and which seems to be almost unique in the spirit of friendship existing among its doctors, instead of the bitter rivalry which seems to prevail in so many places.

It was natural for me to seek an affiliation with the Massachusetts General Hospital, where I have continued to spend an increasing amount of time. Although in my private practice I spend most of my time serving as "family medical adviser" to a group of families among whom I am proud to count a number of my close friends and classmates, my chief responsibility at the hospital has been with patients suffering from diabetes.

I have made a point of trying to maintain at least a minor teaching position with the Harvard Medical School, for in medicine the body of knowledge is increasing so rapidly that one falls behind easily, and there is nothing so calculated to keep one on one's toes as contact with a group of brilliant, ambitious, and highly critical students.

A large number of my patients have lived in Cambridge, and I have found it useful to maintain a connection with the Cambridge Hospital, which two years ago gave me the responsibility of chief of the medical services. This has in no way interfered with, but

rather has supplemented, my work at the Massachusetts General. The administrative problems involved here have been a stimulating and instructive experience. Among other things local hospitals of this type have a strong influence in setting standards for the practice of medicine in the community through this power of approving of physicians allowed to practise within their walls. Although the fact seems little appreciated, it is the executive committee of local hospitals of this sort who are the chief protectors of the public against poorly qualified practitioners, especially in states like Massachusetts, where standards of state licensing are low.

Medicine, like other fields, has in recent years been subjected to heavy pressure to change its habits of thought, and to adopt some form of what has been termed "socialized medicine." While I am aware of plenty of faults in our present set-up, I have remained among those who have urged an orderly evolution of new ideas, rather than a violent upheaval, especially if it is going to lead to a system subject to political manipulation. Many new ideas are already in operation. The Baker Memorial Division of the Massachusetts General, for "people of moderate means," where doctors have agreed to limit their fees, and the Hospital Prepayment Plan, known locally as the "Blue Cross," are examples of this. I have had the pleasure of serving on an advisory board of this latter which decides on the eligibility for benefits of certain types of cases. In Boston this organization, which has a very large membership, has operated very successfully as a non-profit organization which is financially sound but at the same time more liberal in its interpretation of contractual obligations than some of our purely commercial companies.

Along somewhat the same lines a new medical service prepayment plan sponsored by the Massachusetts Medical Society is now nearing the final stages of its organization and may be in operation within a few months. This is being drawn up with the greatest of care — in contrast to some schemes which have been rather hastily set up under the direction of a group of private individuals — and will provide for all sorts of medical service by private physicians at annual rates.

A considerable amount of my time in the last year has been spent in helping to administer the Selective Service Law, as chair-

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man of Medical Advisory Board No. 6 in Massachusetts. This has presented a number of interesting problems in the line of trying to prevent a repetition of the experience of the last war, when many apparently healthy young men were inducted into the Army, only to break down under the strain of army life and occupy hospitals at government expense ever since. It would look as if a better job of weeding out the potentially unfit is being done this time, but the result has been the accumulation of a tremendous list of those who have been turned down. Some of the conditions can be corrected, and the government has just appropriated a large sum to carry this out, but a large proportion of those rejected were turned down not for physical disability, but for nervous or emotional disorders, which are apt to unfit them for the responsibilities and stresses of military life. This group includes all the social misfits and ne'er-do-wells who are unable to face a serious or potentially dangerous task because of their immature or distorted emotional development. The need for competent psychiatric service in the treatment or prevention of this sort of thing is becoming one of the most pressing problems as well as one of the greatest opportunities for progress of our day.

In the present military crisis facing our country my own failure to get into active service in the last war has made me especially eager to be in the military forces this time. The best opportunity for this as far as I was concerned seemed to be in one of the affiliated units set up in certain civilian hospitals, which in war time forms the office staff of certain army "general hospitals," and which can be quickly mobilized in case of need. At present I hold a commission as major in the Medical Reserve, attached to General Hospital No. 6.

As to hobbies, music has remained my chief diversion. This interest I acquired early in childhood as a choirboy under a very inspiring choirmaster who now, nearly ninety, is still training new generations of boys. The taste for good music which my Glee Club experience under Dr. Davison gave me, and the associations formed there (including meeting my wife who was president of the Radcliffe Choral Society), have led me to keep an active interest in both the performance and enjoyment of music. We have many musical friends, so that our house has always been

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full of it. I might almost say that my life has been a happy mixture of music and medicine.

As a family man I probably have the worst habits in the world. I am very seldom home on time for dinner, and after I get there I am constantly interrupted by the telephone. One of my early teachers told me that it was a doctor's job to be on the "other end of the telephone," and I took him quite literally — too much so, my family think. In spite of this, the girl I met at the Christmas Carols in Appleton Chapel has so far been willing to share my bed and board, for which I can thank only her tolerant nature. We have two daughters in Smith College, and one son who goes to the Browne and Nichols School, which was founded by his maternal grandfather. They all, I hope, will be coming to the Reunion.

[Townsend, now Major Townsend, was serving a twenty-eight-day tour of active-duty training at the Army Medical Center in Washington when war was declared. Following this period, he entered on extended active duty on January 9, 1942, at the Lovell General Hospital, Fort Devens. He will join General Hospital No. 6 (Massachusetts General Hospital) when this unit is activated. — *Secretary*.]

ABBOT TREADWELL, JR.

HOME ADDRESS: 45 E. Ninth St., New York, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: American Viscose Corp., 350 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

BORN: Nov. 29, 1894, New York, N. Y. PARENTS: Abbot Treadwell, Ellen Marion Abbot.

PREPARED AT: St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREE: A.B., 1917 (16).

MARRIED: Mrs. Grace Ansley (Holden) Badger, May 29, 1926, Franconia, N. H. STEPCHILDREN: Richard C. Holden, Oct. 7, 1918; Elizabeth A. Holden (Mrs. Scudder Parker), Sept. 10, 1920.

HARVARD STEPSON: Richard C. Holden, '41.

OCCUPATION: Cashier of New York Sales Office, American Viscose Corporation.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Aug. 15; assigned to Company I, 301st Infantry, 76th Division; sailed for France July 5, 1918; transferred to Company H, 23d Infantry, 2d Division, in August; wounded Oct. 6; with Army of Occupation, Germany; discharged Aug. 28, 1919. Engagements: Saint-Mihiel offensive, Champagne

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offensive 1918 (Somme-Py, Blanc-Mont Ridge, Saint-Étienne-à-Arnes).
Cited in general orders Headquarters 2d Division, A. E. F. Awarded
Croix de Guerre.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of New York.

BUD TREADWELL tosses a quotation at us and says that his life has not been eventful but has been happy. We shall toss a quotation right back at him — "Happy is the man who hath never known what it is to taste of fame." Treadwell's story:

THEY say that "the happiest countries have no histories," and my life, since the last war, has not been a very eventful one, but it has been in many respects very happy.

After graduating in 1916, I tried my talents in a candy factory which was a short and sweet experience, fortunately terminated by our entry into the first World War. Commissioned as a second lieutenant of Infantry from the First Plattsburg Training Camp, I spent a happy year at Camp Devens, Massachusetts, in company with a number of our classmates, notably, George Abbot and Bob Baldwin. There followed another year of active service in France and afterwards in Germany (with the Army of Occupation) in the Second Division. Returning to this country with that division, I decided that I had had enough of the "old army game," and secured an honorable discharge in August, 1919.

Following my years of military service, I obtained a job with the Guaranty Trust Company of New York, from which drudgery I was rescued by Ted Stebbins in the beginning of 1924. I then spent two happy years in Boston with the foreign department of Lee, Higginson & Company, and much of my leisure in the excellent company of such stalwarts of our Class as Red Davison, Bob Young, Stearns Poor, and our greatly esteemed Secretary. I left Boston, believe it or not, because New York wanted me more. At this point matrimony also claimed me, plus two ready-made stepchildren. All this and my continued job at Lee, Higginson & Company left me pleasantly busy with fair reward. After eight and a half years with the company, I met the fate of the majority of Lee, Higginson employees and found myself at the height of the Depression more or less on "the dole." (Actually, I soon found myself spending a summer in Bermuda until a new job could be lined up.)

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After some delay, I found that the only job available in my line was with the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, where I had lots of practice in counting other people's money, but received far too little myself. Fortunately, at the end of this period another classmate, by now the president of the American Viscose Corporation, had a job for me with his organization. This has proved a very happy and interesting experience. My work there is of a financial nature.

It has been impossible for me to visit Cambridge frequently for various reasons. In spite of that fact, I have derived great satisfaction from the decision of my stepson to follow my Harvard tradition, abandoning in so doing the Badger tradition for Yale, but following his mother's artistic tradition by making the *Lampoon* during his Sophomore year. He was graduated with the Class of 1941.

My hobbies have been following athletics from grandstands, particularly Harvard teams. Now that I have had to give up riding in Harvard Club baggage cars, I do not seem to get to the games! Instead I have recently taken up some very absorbing social service work, which supplies the human touch and takes up most of my spare time. Since my Wellesley-graduate stepdaughter got married in September, perhaps I can do more for the Class and less for the "college shops."

EDWARD TROUTMAN

HOME ADDRESS: 274 Elm Drive, Wooster, Ohio.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Troutman & Taggart, 112 $\frac{1}{2}$ W. Liberty St., Wooster, Ohio.

BORN: April 23, 1896, Shreve, Ohio. PARENTS: Otto Troutman, Effie Van-Niman.

PREPARED AT: Shreve High School, Shreve, Ohio.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1915-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; LL.B., 1923.

MARRIED: Phyllis Jane Higgins, Oct. 28, 1931, Gates Mills, Ohio.

OCCUPATION: Lawyer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled quartermaster 1st class U. S. Naval Reserve Force May 9, 1917; assigned to Naval Aviation Detachment, Mass. Inst. Tech., July 23; transferred to Naval Air Station, Hampton Roads, Va., Sept. 18; to Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Fla., Jan. 11, 1918; appointed ensign March 18; served as instructor, Naval Air Station, Pensacola; promoted lieutenant (junior grade) Oct. 1; released from active duty Aug. 16, 1919.

MEMBER OF: Masonic Lodge (A. F. & A. M.).

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ALL we know about Edward Troutman is that in 1927 he was a member of the same law concern he is with now.

MORDAUNT VERNE TURNER

PRESENT ADDRESS: c/o Q. M. O., Army & Navy General Hospital, Hot Springs National Park, Ark.

PERMANENT ADDRESS: c/o Adjutant General, U. S. Army, War Dept., Washington, D. C.

BORN: Sept. 8, 1893, Trinidad, Colo. PARENTS: Charles Freman Turner, Hattie May Wight.

PREPARED AT: Trinidad High School, Trinidad, Colo.; Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, N. H.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Ethel Gwendolyn Schwab, Oct. 11, 1919, Houston, Texas.

OCCUPATION: Lieutenant Colonel, United States Army.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Cavalry Troop, First Officers' Training Camp, 1917; 2d lieutenant Cavalry, O. R. C., Aug. 15, 1917; 1st lieutenant Cavalry, O. R. C., (temporary) and 2d lieutenant Cavalry, Regular Army, Oct. 26, 1918; captain Cavalry, U. S. Army, Oct. 28, 1918; 1st lieutenant Cavalry, Regular Army, July 2, 1919; captain Cavalry, Regular Army, July 1, 1920; Q. M. C. Aug. 23, 1928, to Feb. 1, 1933; major Cavalry, Regular Army, Aug. 1, 1935; Q. M. C. Sept. 1, 1939, to date; lieutenant-colonel, Cavalry, Aug. 18, 1940.

MEMBER OF: Charity Lodge, A. F. & A. M., Cambridge, Mass.; San Antonio Consistory, Scottish Rite, San Antonio, Texas; Alzafar Temple, A. A. O. N. M. S., San Antonio, Texas; Hot Springs, Arkansas, Lodge No. 380, B. P. O. E.; Hot Springs, Arkansas, Chapter No. 70, National Sojourners.

MORDAUNT TURNER, as a regular Army man, hopes that we will never again neglect our profesisonal armed forces. He writes:

MY ancestors on both sides were early colonial of whom a paternal forebear crossed the Delaware with Washington and a maternal sire donated to the then impotent and struggling Harvard College a considerable share of his meagre means wrung from the reluctant Massachusetts soil. Faith in such a heritage attracted me to the venerable institution on the Charles.

I was born and reared in a part of the pioneer West which had been a part of Old Mexico until the Mexican War. From such beginnings I early acquired a belief in the ultimate recognition of demonstrated human capacity and merit as an important tenet

of the American code. However, experience has demonstrated the fallibility of such a hope.

My transition direct from College to the profession of arms, in which I have remained, seemed entirely natural although not anticipated. Having learned to ride on western ranches almost before I could walk, my preference was for the mounted service and so I requested the Cavalry and assignment to Fort Riley, Kansas, where the only unit of that arm for the first officers' training camps was located. My first commission was that of second lieutenant of Cavalry in the Reserve Corps, on August 15, 1917, and I joined my first regiment, the 13th Cavalry, on Pawnee Flat, Fort Riley, shortly thereafter. On November 26, 1917, a commission as provisional second lieutenant, Regular Army, was tendered me. In January, 1918, my regiment was ordered to Mexican Border duty in the lower Rio Grande district and I remained on that duty during the remainder of the war, with temporary promotion to the rank of captain of Cavalry.

Although border patrol and guard duty were not as exciting and dangerous as that in France, it was considered necessary and important service. During that period the only skirmishes in which I participated were the fictitious although frequently lively ones designated as Mescal, Tequilla, and Aguardiente, for which no battle clasps were ever authorized.

In the fall of 1918, after an overland march of some five hundred-odd miles, up the Rio Grande, my regiment took station at Fort Clark, Texas, an old frontier Indian post.

During the intervening years I have been stationed successively at Rochester, New York, on allocated recruiting duty; again at Fort Clark, Texas, with the 13th and 5th Cavalry regiments; in Cambridge, Massachusetts, on student detail at the Harvard Law School; at Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont, with the 3d Cavalry; at the Cavalry School, Fort Riley, Kansas, as a student in the troop officers' course (Class of 1927) and later as an instructor; at Fort Robinson, Nebraska, on detail in the Remount Service; at Schofield Barracks, Oahu, Hawaii, on detail as officer in charge of the quartermaster general sales store which provided subsistence for 13,000 troops and 7,000 dependents; at Fort Bliss, Texas, with the famous Seventh Cavalry of Garry Owen and General George Custer fame; also at the same post, in command

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of the 26th Wagon Company of the First Cavalry Division and with the Arizona-New Mexico district (the largest in the country) of the Civilian Conservation Corps during which I assisted in the construction and operation of the original and first expansion series of camps in that district which also included Texas west of the Pecos; at Washington, D. C., as a student in the Army Industrial College, Class of 1937; at Fort Knox, Kentucky, again with my old regiment, the 13th Cavalry, which had then become mechanized, and, with the 1st Cavalry, formed the 7th Mechanized Brigade, the nucleus for the present First Armored Division and later of the Armored Force; and, since 1939, without my request, as quartermaster, constructing quartermaster, and until July, 1941, disbursing finance officer, for the Army and Navy General Hospital of Hot Springs National Park, Arkansas.

During all these approximately twenty-five years of regular army service there have been many interesting experiences, a wealth of unusual as well as routine events, and, all in all, an abundant and satisfying career, during which my rank has periodically advanced to that of lieutenant colonel of Cavalry. No doubt before the present difficulty is terminated, an opportunity will again be afforded me to serve with combat troops, probably with a unit of the armored force which will surely mean field action, the goal and hope of every professional soldier.

If there is one lesson and precept which all patriotic Americans should write indelibly upon the pages of our national history, never again to be neglected and forgotten, that lesson is the paramount importance and necessity that we always maintain balanced professional armed forces of such size and equipment that no international brigand or scoundrel shall ever again dare to either threaten or attack our national security.

ROGER BROWNE TYLER

HOME ADDRESS: 350 Waverley Ave., Newton, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Rackemann, Sawyer & Brewster, 53 State St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: July 19, 1896, Bernardston, Mass. PARENTS: William Johnson Tyler, Susie Noyes Browne.

PREPARED AT: Public Latin School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; LL.B., 1920.

MARRIED: Margaret Lois Blakely, Oct. 4, 1924, Boston, Mass. CHILDREN:

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William Blakely, Sept. 24, 1925; Martha Ann, Feb. 20, 1928; Margaret Connable, Nov. 26, 1929.

OCCUPATION: Lawyer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled seaman 2d class, U. S. Naval Reserve Force May 27, 1918; assigned to Naval Training Camp, Hingham, Mass.; transferred to Naval Training Camp, Bumkin Island, Mass., July 15; to Commonwealth Pier, Boston, Mass., July 30; promoted chief boatswain's mate Aug. 19; entered Officer Material School, Cambridge, Mass.; appointed ensign Dec. 17; released from active duty Jan. 3, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Vice-president and director, Workingmens Coöperative Bank; trustee, Warren Institution for Savings, Rivers Country Day School, Thomas Thompson Trust; corporator, Massachusetts Savings Bank; member of council, Bar Association of the City of Boston; member Board of Appeal, City of Newton; director, Bunker Hill Monument Association.

MEMBER OF: Union Club of Boston; Harvard Club of Boston; Brae Burn Country Club; Hamilton Association; Hunnewell Club; Eight o'Clock Club; Middlesex Club; Massachusetts Club; Abstract Club; American Philatelic Society; Massachusetts Bar Association; Middlesex County Bar Association; Bar Association of the City of Boston; Massachusetts Conveyancers Association; American Legion.

TO Rog Tyler a conveyance is also a vehicle of business and of interest. He writes:

AFTER graduation my work in the Law School was interrupted by service in the United States Naval Reserve Force, which took place wholly within the confines of the First Naval District. Although a rumor had had it that a few of us who were graduating as ensigns from the Officer Material School at Cambridge in the fall of 1918 were to be sent to Siberia, I was not fortunate enough to obtain any travel at Uncle Sam's expense.

With the help of the special session at the Law School, I completed my course there in June, 1920, and was admitted to the Massachusetts Bar the following September. For a short time I was in the office of William F. Garcelon and then became an associate in the office of Goodwin, Procter, Field & Hoar, where I had an excellent opportunity to participate in a general practice. Contacts with men like Robert E. Goodwin, Fred T. Field (who is now chief justice of our Supreme Judicial Court), and Samuel Hoar have been of great benefit to me.

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In 1926 my work seemed to be largely in the field of conveyancing and probate law and in that year I was invited to become associated with Rackemann, Sawyer & Brewster, a conveyancing firm whose history goes back to the seventies with Francis V. Balch. I became a member of the firm in 1929. We have since lost by death our senior partners, Charles S. Rackemann, Frank Brewster, and Joseph Sargent, but are carrying on under the leadership of Henry Hixon Meyer and Edward C. Thayer, both of the Class of 1915. Conveyancing is not a spectacular part of the law business but for those who have a bent for it, it is most interesting and the responsibility involved does not permit one to take it lightly. Equal in responsibility with conveyancing is probate work, particularly in trusts. For some years now I have been serving with Richards M. Bradley and John F. Moore as a trustee under the will of Thomas Thompson, a rather well-known charitable trust for the benefit of indigent seamstresses in Brattleboro, Vermont, and Rhinebeck, New York. After application of the "cy-près" doctrine, income from this trust is used in part for the benefit of the hospitals in each of these two towns and for other public health work in their vicinities. It has been a privilege to work with men like Bradley and Moore and to observe at first hand the striking similarity in the thrift and strong moral fibre of the Vermont Yankee and the descendants of the Hudson River Valley Dutch of Dutchess County.

My marriage to Margaret L. Blakely on October 4, 1924, gave us both our first opportunity for a trip to Europe, where our memories of the gaieties of Paris contrast so sharply with the more drab atmosphere of London, probably because our money was spent largely in the former, leaving little available for the other side of the English Channel. The customary trip to the battlefields around Rheims at the time impressed us both with the futility of war, and we then felt sure it could not happen again.

We have three children. Bill, who is sixteen, attended for a number of years the Rivers School in Brookline and is now at Phillips Exeter Academy, headed, I believe, for Harvard. Marsie and Pegsy are enjoying life at Beaver Country Day School and acquiring an education in the process.

For a number of years we spent our summers at North Chatham, but of late, with the children in summer camps, we have made

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our year-round headquarters at home in Newton with occasional trips for vacations to Nova Scotia, to Erie, Pennsylvania, and to quiet spots in Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont.

Last year I was elected to the Council of the Bar Association of the City of Boston and am now serving on the Grievance Committee, which hears complaints brought against our legal brethren, founded and unfounded. Service on the executive committee of the Massachusetts Conveyancers Association is proving most interesting in the consideration of so many questions continually confronting our conveyancing bar.

Many problems of safety and construction, particularly of buildings used for the housing of a considerable number of people, are brought before the Board of Appeal of the City of Newton. This is my only connection with government or politics, except for service as an auxiliary policeman in what we Newtonites take great pride in proclaiming as one of the pioneering municipalities in this country in the matter of organization for Air Raid Precaution.

I wish I had more time to build up my golf game, more time to work on my stamps, and more time to see and visit my classmates and friends, but every moment seems so full and engaged that a disproportionately large part of the time has to be given to what we ought to do and so little is left for what we wish to do.

JOHN PANTELEMON VAKHLIOTES

BORN: Aug. 15, 1890, Tripolis, Arcadia, Greece. PARENTS: Pantelemon Vakhlotes, Georgia Bacopoulon.

PREPARED AT: Greek Gymnasium.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREE: S.B., 1918.

JOHN PANTELEMON VAKHLIOTES was known for a time as John Pantelemon Otis, the change being a phonetic adaptation of the last two syllables of his name. We know very little about him other than the facts that his address in 1920 and 1923 was the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in 1927 it was a Boston address, and in 1940 it was c/o Helenic Power & Traction Company, Athens, Greece. An inquiry made through the treasurer of the Harvard Club of London, Stuart D. D. Pearl, brought the following reply:

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"I am now writing in reply to your letter of December 2, 1941, having instituted enquiries at the Greek Legation and Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies.

"I am advised through a Mr. L. C. Kemp, who up to the time of the German occupation of Greece was managing director of the Athens Piraeus Electricity Company, that Mr. Vakhliotes was employed by that company as assistant to the head of the sales department. In that capacity, he dealt with the applications and complaints of consumers of electricity for industrial and all domestic purposes.

"To the best of Mr. Kemp's knowledge, Mr. Vakhliotes remained in Athens at the time of the evacuation of British residents from Greece, and it is concluded that in all probability he is still there.

"Another source, contacted through the Society mentioned above, confirms that Mr. Vakhliotes was in Greece at the time of the invasion and that it is almost certain that he remained there thereafter. It is definitely known that Mr. Vakhliotes' parents are still in Athens."

FREDERIK FRANCIS VAN DEN AREND

ADDRESS: American Consulate, Surabaya, Netherlands East Indies.

PERMANENT ADDRESS: c/o Dept. of State, Washington, D. C.

BORN: Oct. 5, 1894, The Hague, Holland. PARENTS: Nicolaas van den Arend, Lily Belt McGrath.

PREPARED AT: Kent School, Kent, Conn.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

OCCUPATION: Consular Service.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Driver, Norton Harjes Ambulance Corps, June to November, 1917, with French Army. Driver, American Red Cross Ambulance Service, Nov., 1917, to June, 1918, with Italian Army.

FRANCIS VAN DEN AREND was in Colorado Springs in 1920 and in 1923 he was with a firm of exporters in Madagascar. By 1927 he had entered the Consular Service and his address was simply c/o Department of State, Washington, D. C. In 1937 the Department reported that he could be reached in care of the American Consulate at Surabaya, Netherlands Indies. This year the Department of State reported merely that he was out of the country.

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WILFORD ALMON WALKER

HOME ADDRESS: 53 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

PRESENT ADDRESS: Headquarters, 101st Quartermaster Regiment, U. S. Army, A. P. O. 26.

BORN: April 21, 1895, Cambridge, Mass. PARENTS: Samuel Edward Walker, May Rosa Pooler.

PREPARED AT: Woburn High School, Woburn, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; ED.M., 1931.

MARRIED: Bertha E. Emery, Aug. 21, 1917, Woburn, Mass. CHILDREN: Barbara Wingate, Nov. 9, 1918; Miriam Ellerton, Jan. 15, 1922.

OCCUPATION: School Teacher (until called into Federal Service); now Quartermaster 26th Infantry Division and Commanding Officer 101st Quartermaster Regiment, United States Army.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Second lieutenant Infantry Reserve Corps when United States entered the war; called to active duty May 6, 1917, and detailed to Officers' Training Camp, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., as instructor; promoted captain Aug. 15; attached to 302d Infantry, 76th Division, Dec. 15; to Headquarters 151st Infantry Brigade, 76th Division, Jan. 10, 1918, and appointed inspector; assigned to Company C, 302d Infantry, 76th Division, March 12; sailed for France July 4; transferred to 163d Infantry, 41st Division, Nov. 13; to 308th Infantry, 77th Division, Dec. 17; to Company F, 318th Infantry, 80th Division, Feb. 5, 1919; discharged June 5, 1919. Commissioned captain Infantry Officers' Reserve Corps Jan., 1920. Captain and major 182d Infantry, Mass. National Guard, 1923-1935; lieutenant colonel Infantry, 26th Division, Inspector, 1935-1936; lieutenant colonel Quartermaster Corps, executive officer, 101st Quartermaster Regiment, 1936-1941; commanding officer June, 1941, to present; called into federal service Dec. 30, 1940.

OFFICES HELD: Representative, Mass. Legislature, 1927, 1928, 1929, 1930; post commander, George A. Campbell Post 101 (Mass.) American Legion, 1922-1923; vestryman, Trinity Episcopal Church; director, Woburn Y. M. C. A.; treasurer, Woburn Red Cross.

IN February, 1941, Wilford Walker wrote, "Both my children being girls, in order to uphold the military tradition of the Class of 1917, I have dug out the old uniform. It is a tight fit as I am much wider than I was in 1917-1918." His story:

FOLLOWING World War I, I was one year in business, but did not like it. I discovered real enjoyment when I began teaching in the Woburn High School in 1921. I remained in the same place teaching American history and government until Hitler caused me to leave in December, 1940.

Teaching did not bring me wealth but did bring me consider-

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able satisfaction as well as leisure time to devote to my family, reading, and hobbies. In trying to teach good citizenship to the youth of my community, I found it necessary to take part in all types of civic activities (I'm kidding myself when I say necessary, because I enjoyed it anyway). My hobbies were so varied and took so much of my time that I often wondered what was my main occupation. They were small town civic activities — politics, horticulture, and military science.

Having lived through World War I, my pet aversion has been pacifists. For over twenty years I have been preaching the need for national defense. I made a study of military history and besides stressing it in my high school teaching, I also taught a course in the Massachusetts Military Academy, the National Guard training school for officers.

I have been an officer in the Massachusetts National Guard since 1923. While the greater part of my military career was in the Infantry, since I have been in the Quartermaster Corps, I have found that supply, transportation, and motor maintenance are intensely interesting. I have now been in federal service for over a year and, while I long to return to my quiet small town life, I expect to remain until the job is done or my number called.

VAN WORMER WALSH

HOME ADDRESS: 128 E. Seventh St., Erie, Pa.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 418 S. 20th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

BORN: Oct. 5, 1893, Ceres, N. Y. PARENTS: Frank Alfred Walsh, Edith Van Wormer.

PREPARED AT: Central High School, Erie, Pa.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914-1917. DEGREE: S.B. † 1917 (19).

MARRIED: Edith Weston, Aug., 1917, Weston's Mills, N. Y. (divorced 1922).

CHILD: Van Wormer, Jr., July, 1918.

OCCUPATION: Lecturer on World Travel.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Served two years with the A. E. F. in France at Base Hospital No. 1.

MEMBER OF: International Alumni, Oxford University, England; Art Alliance, Philadelphia, Pa.; Travel Club, Cincinnati, Ohio.

PUBLICATIONS: Various magazine articles.

FROM a circular, describing Van Wormer Walsh's illustrated lectures, we learn that he has travelled over 500,000 miles through nearly every country of the six continents. It further states that

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"he has gone through the world finding that friendliness, tact, and a sense of humor offer to the traveler the hospitality of palaces and peasants' cottages. His cosmopolitan point of view, his accurate stories, his humor, and his illustrations in color take you on journeys which are never forgotten." He writes:

I SPENT two years in France with the American Expeditionary Forces — 1917–1919. Then I spent several years travelling to most parts of the world. Next, with a camera, I continued to travel, bringing back my reels of color movies, which I have for fourteen seasons been presenting to the American public in the form of lectures, which I give from coast to coast.

Other time is spent in work on radio and in writing articles for periodicals.

I have a home in the heart of Philadelphia which I call "Driftwood" because I find that friends and acquaintances from all parts of the world come to ring the front doorbell. They drift in and on.

My hobby is to attempt to understand the next man's point of view and, in doing so, to try in my lectures to present the countries I visit from the light of the inhabitants of that land, which is so often a reverse report from those one reads in press articles.

JAMES PAUL WARBURG

HOME ADDRESS: Bydale, North Greenwich, Conn.; 34 E. 70th St., New York, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 36 E. 70th St., New York, N. Y.

BORN: Aug. 18, 1896, Hamburg, Germany. PARENTS: Paul M. Warburg, Nina Jenny Loeb.

PREPARED AT: Middlesex School, Concord, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913–1916. DEGREE: A.B. *magna cum laude*, 1917.

MARRIED: Katharine Faulkner Swift, June 1, 1918, New York, N. Y. (divorced 1934); Phyllis (Baldwin) Browne, April 13, 1935, Mt. Kisco, N. Y.

CHILDREN: April Carlotta, April 8, 1919; Andrea Swift, Sept. 29, 1922; Kathleen, Nov. 26, 1924.

OCCUPATION: Ex-banker and Writer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled seaman 2d class U. S. Naval Reserve Force April 30, 1917; assigned to Naval Air Station, Hampton Roads, Va., Aug. 26; transferred to Bureau of Navigation (Aviation), Washington, D. C., Nov. 18; appointed ensign Dec. 11; promoted lieutenant (junior grade) Oct. 1, 1918; released from active duty Dec. 27, 1918.

OFFICES HELD: Trustee, New York Post-Graduate Medical School and Hos-

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pital, Institute of Musical Art; director, Philharmonic Symphony Society of New York, Juilliard School of Music, Bank of the Manhattan Company, Polaroid Corporation; director and member executive committee, Union Pacific Railroad Company, Los Angeles & Salt Lake Railroad, Oregon Short Line, Oregon Washington Railroad and Navigation Company.

MEMBER OF: Phi Beta Kappa; Economic Club; Academy of Political Science; Council on Foreign Relations; various social clubs.

PUBLICATIONS: *The Money Muddle*; *It's Up to Us*; *Hell Bent for Election*; *Still Hell Bent*; *Peace in Our Time*, 1940; *Our War and Our Peace*, 1941.

JIMMIE WARBURG has had many interesting experiences, perhaps more than anyone else in the Class, but he gives us only a taste of them. Perhaps there is something in what Emerson said about geniuses having the shortest biographies. Jimmie speaks:

MY first mistake was to be born in Germany. I protested at the time but could not get my parents to come home until after I had shown up over there.

My second mistake was to go through college in three years — thus missing a lot of fun and gaining only a few months of experience at railroading before we all quit whatever we were doing to join up.

Willie Willcox and I joined up together in the Naval Reserve Flying Corps. And there I made my third mistake, by inventing an air-compass. I did this purely for my own convenience, but somebody saw it and liked the damn thing so well that for the rest of the war I was no longer flying planes but looking after gadgets for navigating them.

After being mustered out in December, 1918, my one idea was to follow the family tradition and become the seventh generation in the banking business. I began as a clerk in Washington, then spent two years in the First of Boston, and finally joined my father when he founded a new bank in New York in 1921. My father died in 1932. That, and world events, made a lot of other things seem more important than banking. A few years later, having been pretty much everything from runner to president, I got out of banking altogether. My chief interest in banking had always been as a student of economics, and particularly international economic affairs. In ten years I had crossed the Atlantic over thirty times.

In February, 1933, somebody told Mr. Roosevelt that I knew a lot of things about money, which I didn't know. So I became one of his financial advisers. I was sent in this capacity to the London Economic Conference. My advice wasn't much good. I came home and for a while tried to argue about such things as gold and exchange and inflation. Failing in that, for three years I made many speeches and wrote four books attacking the administration's monetary and fiscal policies. (*The Money Muddle, It's Up to Us, Hell Bent for Election, Still Hell Bent.*) But these questions, no matter how important, seemed to me to pale into insignificance alongside world developments and the question of our policy in relation thereto. When in 1936 the Republican party under Landon assumed a position of economic nationalism and political isolation, I supported the President for reëlection. This brought me a lot of brickbats at the time, but subsequent events have only confirmed my view.

Holding the belief that, if we assumed our share of world responsibility in time, a war could be avoided, I wrote and spoke wherever I could against the twin illusions of "neutrality" and "isolationism." But these illusions prevailed.

Once war broke out, it seemed to me that our participation was inevitable and that the sooner we got in the sooner it would be over. I wrote two books (*Peace in Our Time?* in 1940, and *Our War and Our Peace* in 1941), campaigned for the President's reëlection in 1940, was one of the founders of Fight for Freedom, and spent most of my time speaking and writing in favor of our intervention.

When Colonel Donovan was appointed Coördinator of Information in July, 1941, I joined his staff as a special assistant and since that time have been working with Bob Sherwood in the field of psychological warfare.

I've written two books of verse under the name Paul James. Also, under the same pseudonym, lyrics for popular songs, such as *Can't We Be Friends?*, and a whole show for Joe Cook in 1930. None since then.

I'm a hobby painter. I think I'm a damn good one, but no one else does. Oh well, I've got some nice carved frames, anyway!

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CHARLES LAKEMAN WARD

HOME ADDRESS: 15 Monument St., Concord, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: The Fenn School, Concord, Mass.

BORN: Dec. 3, 1895, Brookline, Mass. PARENTS: Charles William Ward, Mabel Brace Saunders.

PREPARED AT: Brookline High School, Brookline, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: S.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Pauline Bell Dillingham, June 11, 1926, Boston, Mass. CHILDREN: Charles Lakeman, Jr., March 17, 1927; Thomas Dillingham, March 24, 1929.

OCCUPATION: Teacher and Business Manager in Boys' Sub-preparatory School.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry in August and assigned to Company E, 301st Infantry, 76th Division, Camp Devens, Mass.; detailed to School of Military Aëronautics, University of Texas, March, 1918; to School of Military Aëronautics, Princeton University, N. J., in June; to Aviation School, Chanute Field, Ill., in July; qualified as Reserve Military Aviator in October; detailed to Aviation School, Love Field, Texas, in November; discharged Dec. 13, 1918. Commissioned 2d lieutenant Air Service Officers' Reserve Corps March, 1919.

MEMBER OF: Concord Country Club.

CARL WARD writes, "This is short pay for five well-written 'goads.'" Like his life, Carl is "considerate." He writes:

LIFE has been very considerate these twenty-five years. On my list of possessions are two sons, one wife, and a job, each better than I deserve. The boys already show more promise than their old man ever did, so why should I complain?

JAMES REED WARREN

HOME ADDRESS: Cedar St., Ashland, Mass. (P. O. Address, R. D. 2, Framingham, Mass.)

OFFICE ADDRESS: 31 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: April 21, 1896, Cambridge, Mass. PARENTS: Herbert Langford Warren, Catharine Clark Reed.

PREPARED AT: Cambridge Latin School, Cambridge, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B. † 1917 (19); C.L.U., 1936.

MARRIED: Leslie Frances Cobb, Aug. 17, 1918, Boston, Mass. CHILDREN: Elizabeth McMurray, Jan. 2, 1920; Anne, April 4, 1924; Catharine Charlotte, Aug. 9, 1925.

HARVARD BROTHER: Arthur Broadfield Warren, '15 (deceased).

OCCUPATION: Assistant to the General Agent and Office Manager, Boston Agency, Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company.

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MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled gunner's mate 1st class U. S. Naval Reserve Force May 3, 1917; assigned to Naval Torpedo Station, Newport, R. I.; transferred to S. S. *Philadelphia*; to Officer Material School, Pelham Bay, N. Y.; appointed ensign May 18, 1918; assigned to U. S. S. *Rijndam* as deck officer on transport duty; transferred to Office of Supervisor, Naval Overseas Transportation Service, New York, N. Y.; released from active duty Jan. 14, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Secretary, Norumbega Council, Boy Scouts of America, 1926-1927; member Executive Committee, Massachusetts Branch, National Economy League, 1938; member Executive Committee, Boston Chapter of Chartered Life Underwriters, 1939; secretary-treasurer, Airedale Terrier Club of New England, 1937-1939, president, 1940-1941.

MEMBER OF: Airedale Terrier Club of New England; Airedale Terrier Club of America; North Shore Kennel Club; Eastern Dog Club; Boston Chapter Chartered Life Underwriters; Boston Life Underwriters Association; Boston Life Insurance and Trust Council.

PUBLICATIONS: "A few insignificant articles in life insurance journals."

JIMMIE WARREN finds satisfaction and profit in "man's best friend." His story:

AFTER working for two rubber factories and an oil company, I entered the life insurance business in 1925. For a few years I concentrated on selling and then began training new men. Gradually more and more managerial duties came my way until now my work touches about all phases of management in an active life insurance agency.

In 1936 I passed the necessary examinations and was awarded the designation of Chartered Life Underwriter by the American College of Life Underwriters. In the life insurance field this designation is not unlike that of Certified Public Accountant in accounting. As yet the public has not given it the recognition accorded the Certified Public Accountant, but in time no thoughtful man will want his life insurance affairs handled by anyone who is not a Chartered Life Underwriter.

From time to time I have addressed various groups of life underwriters, and taught for several years at Boston University in a course which attempts to review Economics A, Government 1, and Sociology 1. That is a large order to fill in sixty hours in the classroom, but it has been a stimulating experience.

In the early '20's I made Boy Scouting my hobby, first as a scoutmaster, and then as an active member of Norumbega Coun-

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cil. When my daughters asked me when I was going to play a game they could play, I switched my interest to a hobby which they could share. My eldest had been brought up with an Airedale pup which turned into such a grand dog that we wanted more like him. Thus we began breeding Airedale terriers, which has been a family enterprise ever since.

It was a long time before we exhibited at dog shows, but after I sold my place in Waban and bought the neglected eighty-acre farm in Ashland which is now our home, breeding and showing became a major activity.

The house at Broadfield Kennels was built about 1750. It was in bad condition when we bought it, and for six years we have been restoring it, doing a lot of the work ourselves. In my spare time I am carpenter, painter, electrician, and gardener — if I am not at a dog show. Living in the country with my nearest neighbor half a mile away suits me vastly better than the suburban life I once indulged in.

The past twenty-five years have been without sensational achievement, but I find myself now with a grand family, a happy home, and a satisfying mode of living. For me that is achievement enough.

GEORGE WASSER

HOME ADDRESS: 6382 Jackson St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 1105 Grant Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

BORN: July 23, 1895, Pittsburgh, Pa. PARENTS: Joseph Wasser, Ida Kadis.

PREPARED AT: Central High School, Pittsburgh, Pa.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREES: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917; LL.B., 1919 (29).

MARRIED: Rose Tauber, Nov. 15, 1921, Pittsburgh, Pa.

OCCUPATION: Attorney.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered service private July 24, 1918; assigned to Mustering Office, Camp Lee, Va.; discharged Feb., 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Secretary and treasurer, Porcelier Manufacturing Company; secretary, Sterling-Wasser Box Company; director, Young Men and Women's Hebrew Association.

MEMBER OF: Masons; American Legion; Zeta Beta Tau Fraternity; Westmoreland Country Club.

ABOUT the only information that we can add to the above about George Wasser is that our records show that he has lived in Pittsburgh since he was discharged from the Army.

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RODERICK HENDERSON WATKINS

HOME ADDRESS: 14 W. Elm St., Chicago, Ill.

BORN: July 22, 1890, Columbus, Ohio. PARENTS: Paul Emanuel Watkins, Florence Henderson.

PREPARED AT: Winona High School, Winona, Minn.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: S.B., 1917.

MARRIED: June 16, 1938. CHILD: Paul Roderick, Sept. 30, 1939.

HARVARD BROTHERS: Joseph Ray Watkins, '16, LL.B., '20; William Benson Watkins, '20.

OCCUPATION: Retired.

MEMBER OF: Sons of American Revolution.

ROD WATKINS says, "Eventually hope to take time out to invent." His story:

UPON graduation I became associated with J. R. Watkins Company in Winona, Minnesota, as branch house and traffic manager. In a few years I became purchasing agent and assistant secretary. I was employed for twenty years and then retired. I was married in 1938 and have a son, Paul Roderick Watkins, who at this early age shows promise of being a Quiz Kid. I have a workshop for a hobby and am interested in the design and manufacture of gun-type oil burners.

I am probably the only member of the Class who entered by the back door, so to speak. During my high school education, I never took a language and am confident that I could not have passed Harvard entrance examinations. However, by attending the University of Wisconsin and Carnegie Institute of Technology, I was able to enter as an unclassified student.

Looking backward, I cannot realize where the years have gone since graduation. I have always regretted that I did not attend Business School. I attended the Tercentenary and tried to relive the old days. There were so many changes in the Square that I did not feel at home.

I wonder who started the rumor that Harvard isn't the institution it used to be. I miss John, the Yard cop, Dean Yeomans, and Registrar G. W. Cram.

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JAMES SIBLEY WATSON, JR.

ADDRESS: 6 Sibley Pl., Rochester, N. Y.

BORN: Aug. 10, 1894, Rochester, N. Y. PARENTS: James Sibley Watson, Emily Sibley.

PREPARED AT: Groton School, Groton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREES: A.B., 1917 (16); M.D. (New York Univ. and Bellevue Medical School), 1921.

MARRIED: Hildegard Lasell, Oct. 14, 1916, Whitinsville, Mass. CHILDREN: Michael Lasell, Jan. 2, 1918; Jeanne, Dec. 14, 1921.

HARVARD SON: Michael Lasell Watson, '41.

HARVARD BROTHER: James George Averell, '99 (half-brother, deceased).

OCCUPATION: Associate in Medicine, University of Rochester School of Medicine; Educational Film Producer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Private, 1918.

MEMBER OF: American Society of Cinematographers; Harvard Club of New York.

PUBLICATIONS: Learned magazine articles.

WE sympathize with the P.M. in Jim Watson's story. He writes:

IN a book by Kenneth Burke I came across a familiar anecdote which I seem to remember as a favorite of the Reverend Endicott Peabody's. An Englishman was recommending a political aspirant to the Prime Minister. He said that his protégé was inexperienced but "very modest."

"What has he done to be modest about?" inquired the Prime Minister.

MELVILLE FOLSOM WEBBER

ADDRESS: Dock Lane, Great Neck, Long Island, N. Y.

BORN: Oct. 8, 1895, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: James Wilbur Webber, Agnes Birmingham.

PREPARED AT: Public Latin School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917; A.M., 1922.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private 1st class Aviation Section, Signal Corps June 23, 1917; detailed to School of Military Aëronautics, Mass. Inst. Tech.; ordered to Mineola, New York, in August; sailed for France in September; commissioned 1st lieutenant Aviation Section, Signal Corps April, 1918; attached to Royal Air Force (British); later assigned to 20th Aëro Squadron, 1st Day Bombardment Group, A. E. F.; discharged March, 1919.

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✦ WALLIS WHITING WEBBER

BORN: July 17, 1894, Brighton, Mass. PARENTS: Frank Wallis Webber, Mary Angeline Whiting.

PREPARED AT: Public Latin School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry in August; assigned to 304th Infantry, 76th Division, Camp Devens, Mass., in Sept.; promoted 1st lieutenant Nov. 3; discharged Feb. 15, 1919.

DIED: May 9, 1931, Schenectady, N. Y.

FOR many years Webber was associated with the Whiting-Adams Company, a brush-manufacturing company in Boston founded by his grandfather. At the time of his death he was associated with the insurance firm of Barker-Meader & Company, also in Boston. An enthusiastic yachtsman, he was a member of the Eastern Yacht Club and the Union Boat Club. His death was the result of injuries received in an automobile accident which occurred while he was on a trip through the Catskill and Adirondack Mountains.

In College or at Plattsburg, whenever there was a group of men gathered to sing, you could generally find Wally in the middle strumming his ukulele and always ready to oblige with a ballad of one kind or another. Next to music, he loved water, rowing or sailing, and of course on a sail boat his ukulele was always handy. He was a wandering minstrel who was always welcome at any gathering. His was an unselfish and gregarious spirit which will long be remembered.

WALTER WRIGHT WEBSTER

HOME ADDRESS: 3 Lenox St., Worcester, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Vellumoid Co., 54 Rockdale St., Worcester, Mass.

BORN: Aug. 22, 1896, Syracuse, N. Y. PARENTS: Frederick Probst Webster, Anna Thusebe Dewey.

PREPARED AT: Central High School, Syracuse, N. Y.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917.

MARRIED: Mabel Claire Randall, Nov. 27, 1917, Cambridge, Mass. CHILDREN: Walter Wright, Jr., Oct. 10, 1918; Margaret Randall, Nov. 1, 1921; Richard Bradford, Aug. 14, 1927.

HARVARD SON: Walter Wright Webster, Jr., '39.

HARVARD BROTHER: Frederick Seth Webster, M.ARCH., '36.

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OCCUPATION: Treasurer, Vellumoid Company.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., Aug., 1917; commissioned 1st lieutenant Infantry Nov. 27; assigned to 153d Depot Brigade, Camp Dix, N. J., Dec. 15; detailed to Small Arms Firing School, Camp Perry, Ohio, Aug. 20, 1918; transferred to Headquarters 95th Division, Camp Sherman, Ohio, Sept. 25th; to 3d Battalion, 380th Infantry, Camp Sherman, Nov. 8; appointed adjutant; discharged Dec. 13, 1918.

OFFICES HELD: Treasurer, Vellumoid Company, Worcester Y. M. C. A.; treasurer and trustee, Worcester District New England Conference Methodist Church; trustee, Worcester Junior College; president, Worcester Kiwanis Club, 1941; director, Worcester Chapter, American Red Cross; Worcester Chamber of Commerce; Worcester Civic Music Association; Worcester University Club.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of Worcester; Worcester Foreign Policy Association; Worcester County Light Opera Club; Players Club; Devens Post, American Legion.

WALLY WEBSTER of Lake Webster, Webster, Massachusetts, values not only his Harvard education, but also the acquaintances he made at College. He writes:

THIS attempt in H. M. Pulham fashion to look back over the twenty-five years makes me feel just as he looked in the movie version when he sat at a desk and tried to concentrate on all that had happened. Any similarity, however, ends right there.

Since these "lives" will be read, if at all, within the Harvard family, may I first of all express deep appreciation to Mr. Pennock, the father of our classmate, Win Pennock, for steering me from a New York State and Syracuse background to Massachusetts and Cambridge. His influence and help were entirely responsible for my coming to Harvard. That step in turn brought about the entire course of things in my own life since 1913, and I have always been very grateful to Mr. Pennock.

Mrs. Webster is a New York Stater who also migrated to Cambridge when her brother went to Harvard, and it is natural that the two of us with middle-class, upper New York State backgrounds should have had much in common.

After getting back from the service, I spent a short time in the stockroom of the Boston Optical Company — long enough to learn that I did not like wholesaling but definitely liked manu-

facturing. Through the efforts of Harvard's Miss Mork, who helped so many of the returning army officers, I made a connection with Mr. George Beals, Harvard '98, treasurer and general manager of the Fibre Finishing Company. This connection has been a very happy one and has also had a continued Harvard background, as several members of our executive and selling staff are Harvard men. Our offices were in the old Equitable Building on Milk Street and later in the Tremont Building on Tremont Street.

After living in Cambridge and in Belmont until 1927, duplication of effort between factory and office made it wise to center activities at the main plant here in Worcester, and although Mrs. Webster misses Boston more than I do, we have lived here now so long that Worcester is definitely home.

The corporation changed its name to the Vellumoid Company some years ago in order to conform with the name of our principal product. We manufacture sheet packings and gaskets and operate plants, in addition to the main plant here at Worcester, in Taunton, Massachusetts, and in Detroit, Michigan. Our products have been used widely in the automotive and aircraft industries and as a result we are now almost completely tied up in the war program, supplying gaskets for aircraft engines, motive equipment in tanks, tractors, gun mounts, instruments of all types, and other Army or Navy equipment.

My home and family life has been most pleasant and our children have been a source of satisfaction to us. The "war baby," Walter, Jr., was graduated from Harvard in 1939 with honors, and has just recently completed the business training course with General Electric Company in Schenectady. On March 11 he reports for military service. Our daughter, Peggie, is in the midst of her junior year at Wellesley. The youngest, Dick, approximately six feet tall at fourteen years, is a lower middler at Exeter and talking Harvard, though not definitely committed.

A long illness laid me low in 1933 — rheumatic fever. This meant complete inactivity for eight months and left me with a muscular heart damage that has restricted my physical activity. Together with a close call in 1935 with erysipelas followed by surgery for streptococcic poisoning, the two experiences have left me with a tremendous respect for doctors and nurses, and a

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considerable degree of thankfulness for improving health since that time, to the point where I can now lead a reasonably normal life.

Any opportunities for travel have been exceedingly limited. In 1937 Mrs. Webster and our two older children did have a chance to go to Europe and England. They appear to have picked the right year in which to do it and it looks as if they have had their one and only chance to sail on the *Normandie*. In 1938 I had a Caribbean cruise that at least whetted my appetite to travel when and if the occasion ever arises.

We have a very pleasant summer home on Lake Webster, Webster, Massachusetts, near enough so that I can go back and forth to the office daily. Perhaps this should be put in the past tense, as with rubber and gasoline shortages, no one can foresee what will be happening even in July and August of this year.

I have been definitely counting on and looking forward to pleasant reunions with classmates at the Twenty-fifth in June. Many times have I thought of the unique relationship brought about by our attendance at Harvard. Most man-made alliances can be broken. Children are disowned and names are changed with ease these days. Even a year at Harvard, however, sets up a relationship that is never broken. Even those lost members of the Class for whom Clem is searching so diligently are still members of the family. I have looked upon this relationship as one of the finest things that has happened to me in a busy and eventful life.

I have felt very grateful also for the brief exposure to the influence of men like Bliss Perry, Hocking, Taussig, and others on the faculty, and for friendship with men like Arthur Beane.

Many times have I envied the feeling of having accomplished something worth while that must come to those who are engaged in work with young people or those who have achieved distinction in fields that contribute to the public good. Nineteen Seventeen has some members who have so contributed and I hope those of us who have been working for a living in rather prosaic ways since graduation may have a chance to not only meet again, but to hear something from these men. I hope, too, that our gathering together in June will renew for many of us our devotion to the ideals we held up in 1917. The twenty-five years in retrospect

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may in that way bring us new assurance of progress in friendship and understanding for the future.

WALTER HERBERT WEDGER

HOME ADDRESS: 500 Dedham St., Newton Center, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: B. B. Chemical Co., Memorial Drive, Cambridge, Mass.

BORN: Sept. 26, 1892, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Walter Libbey Wedger, Rebecca F. Dodge.

PREPARED AT: Newton High School, Newton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916.

MARRIED: Mrs. Mary Folsom (Greely) Harper, Jan. 7, 1936, Boston, Mass.

CHILD: Nancy Folsom Wedger, April 18, 1929 (stepchild).

OCCUPATION: Chief Chemist, B. B. Chemical Company.

MEMBER OF: American Chemical Society; Harvard Club of Boston.

WALTER WEDGER fears that advancing years have changed his sport from shooting targets to shooting pictures. He writes:

WELL, Clem Stodder insists upon having my life and history for the 1917 Anniversary Report, so here are a few of the highlights. Following College I looked over the various fields where I might apply my chemical training and finally decided upon the dyestuff industry. I was employed at the Essex Aniline Works in Middleton, Massachusetts, as chief chemist until they were taken over by the Calco Chemical Company of New Jersey. There I continued the same line of work for two years or so. But New England, and doubtless better opportunity, preyed heavily upon me and in 1928 I returned to Cambridge and the B. B. Chemical Company, which had decided to organize a chemical research department. While at first the application of chemistry to the shoe industry seemed rather remote, I have found it to be intensely interesting and am still with this company.

Late in the thirties I found myself a wife and daughter and now regret that I had not forsaken the life of a bachelor earlier in my career. My hobbies have been rather varied. In the twenties I divided most of my spare time between match shooting at the local revolver clubs, squash at the Harvard Club, and occasional tennis. But lately I have followed the warnings of advancing years and resorted to golf and photography.

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HERBERT AMES WEIS

ADDRESS: 1075 W. Fourth St., Williamsport, Pa.

BORN: March 13, 1893, Williamsport, Pa. PARENTS: Charles Willard Weis, Caroline Diener.

PREPARED AT: Pawling School, Pawling, N. Y.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: S.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Ruth Kimball, June 26, 1917, Boston, Mass.

OCCUPATION: Employed at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa.

WE did not hear from Herb Weis for our Triennial and Sexennial Reports, but in 1927 we did learn that he was living in Cambridge and was a salesman for a tire company in Boston. He is now back in Williamsport, where he was born.

STUART CARY WELCH

HOME ADDRESS: 1193 Delaware Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 524 Franklin St., Buffalo, N. Y.

BORN: Aug. 7, 1895, Buffalo, N. Y. PARENTS: Thomas Cary Welch, Jean Augusta Baker.

PREPARED AT: St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.M., 1917; M.ARCH., 1922.

MARRIED: Harriet Taggart Mack, Jan. 10, 1924, Buffalo, N. Y. CHILDREN: Harriet Mack, April 4, 1926; Stuart Cary, Jr., April 2, 1928.

OCCUPATION: Architect.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private 1st class Aviation Section, Signal Corps June 2, 1917; detailed to School of Military Aëronautics, Mass. Inst. Tech., June 5; sailed for overseas service Aug. 18; attached to Royal Flying Corps, British Army, for training in England; commissioned 1st lieutenant Aviation Section, Signal Corps Feb. 22, 1918; attached to Squadron No. 211, British Expeditionary Forces, June 2; detailed to 7th Aviation Instruction Center, Clermont-Ferrand, Sept. 12 as instructor; discharged Feb. 24, 1919. Mentioned in despatches by General Sir Douglas Haig, 1918.

OFFICES HELD: Member board of directors, Albright Art Gallery, since 1940; State Reconditioning Supervisor, H. O. L. C., 1933-1937; Group Commander, Civil Air Patrol, since 1942.

MEMBER OF: Buffalo Tennis & Squash Club; Country Club of Buffalo; Pack Corporation; Aëro Club of Buffalo; Quiet Birdmen; American Institute of Architects.

BASIL WELCH, who designed our Class seal, recently decided to start flying again and is now in action with the Civil Air Patrol. A more dashing aviator we do not know. He writes:

IN reviewing the past twenty-five years, certain events come at once to mind and compel their recording. There was, of course, the war. I was sent to England with the first group of American aviation cadets. We went to Oxford for a ground school course and there followed that never-to-be-forgotten midnight parade which proved with finality that the worshippers of Bacchus were more than a match for the minions of Mars. Then there was that first dizzy flight, and the gaiety of London (no blitzes then!) and the first astonished realization when over the lines, that people were actually trying to shoot one.

Then came the Armistice and boredom. Later I returned to the Architectural School, enlivened by the antics of Carey, of Johnny Ames, and of Denny Holden. Then there were the Olympian evenings at 60 Brattle Street, where Phil Barry disputed with Ken Simpson and Kenefick wrangled with Chic Stewart, while Bill Boyden umpired.

Paris, too, came alive again, basking in the golden (or were they only gilded?) rays of the mythological twenties. One became engaged; one married and discovered that adjusting one's life to the needs and tempo of another's was not only a duty but a joy. Contemporaneous were the delights of prohibition, affording a sense of superiority to the humblest and a Niagara of perfectly fascinating conversation to the greatest.

So, I practised architecture in Buffalo and built reminiscent houses for my friends. They were lovely, those houses. If you didn't look too hard, you could easily fancy yourself in the Cotswolds, or in Normandy, or on a hillside in Italy. Then either I ran out of friends, or my friends ran out of money, so I went to work for my father-in-law on his newspaper. The paper was eventually sold to a large chain, but it didn't do so well under the new management. The bright young men from Cleveland, Detroit, and points west who were moved in changed its make-up and features to such an extent that the public failed to recognize it, and circulation fell off. They also thumbed their noses at the Leading Citizens and advertising fell off, and that is not a healthy condition.

So I went to New York in a job working for the government, and there was much excitement about apartments, children's

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schools, summer houses, entertainments, and all the *chi-chi* that makes life in New York so delightful and so absurd.

This went on for five years and might have gone on indefinitely had it not been for a gradual realization of the fact that people are happiest where their roots are. Since there were no insurmountable difficulties, we packed up and returned to Buffalo, where we have now been living for some four years with increasing satisfactions.

About a year and a half ago I decided to start flying again and picked up a private license after a little refresher work. Last spring, knowing that this war was on its way, I tried to get back into the Air Corps, but it didn't work because of what I consider certain mediaeval prejudices on the part of the Army Medical Corps.

Recently, however, the formation of the Civil Air Patrol has snatched me from the contemplation of architectural magazines and an empty drafting room to an active part in organizing that particular branch of the civilian effort in this corner of the state.

These days it is imprudent to prophesy, and philosophically-inclined amateurs are not to be encouraged. However, notwithstanding, it is my firm conviction that in this World War II the Class of 1917 will contribute as fully, as freely as it did in 1917, and that in so doing it will again profit in character and in spirit, as no one can deny it did in the earlier war.

FRANCIS MINOT WELD

HOME ADDRESS: Common St., Dedham, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: G. M.-P. Murphy & Co., 35 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: July 5, 1895, Milton, Mass. PARENTS: Christopher Minot Weld, Marian Linzee.

PREPARED AT: Milton Academy, Milton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Elizabeth Burgess, May 26, 1928, Dedham, Mass. CHILDREN: Patricia, April 20, 1929; Christopher Minot, July 20, 1931.

HARVARD BROTHER: John Linzee Weld, '18, M.B.A., '20.

OCCUPATION: Investment Banker.

MILITARY OF NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Headquarters Company, 2d Massachusetts Field Artillery, July 5, 1917; promoted corporal and later sergeant; sailed for France in September with 102d Field Artillery, 26th Division; detailed to Artillery School, Saumur, Dec. 1; commissioned provisional 2d lieutenant Cavalry, Regular Army, Dec. 9, transferred to General Headquarters, A. E. F., Chaumont, April 15, 1918,

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for duty with Chemical Warfare Service; promoted temporary 1st lieutenant and transferred to 311th Field Artillery, 79th Division; appointed regimental intelligence officer; with Army of Occupation; resignation accepted June 30, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Treasurer, Social Service Department, Boston City Hospital.
MEMBER OF: Dedham Country and Polo Club.

FRANNY WELD feels that all irritants should be forgotten in an all-out war effort. He writes:

AFTER leaving the Army in 1917, I worked in a cotton mill in Nashua, New Hampshire, for a year and then was associated with a firm of cotton merchants for three years in the South, Philadelphia, and New England. Since then, interrupted by trips to Europe in 1925 and 1931, I have been connected with the investment banking business in Boston.

My chief hobbies are working on my place in Dedham and playing outdoor games. For the past year most of my spare time has been taken up by my activities in the State Guard. The mental confusion caused by the unsound political experiments of the last few years has been superseded by the definite conviction that for the present everything must be subordinated to winning this war. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof" is my present philosophy.

WILLIAM EDWARD WELLINGTON

HOME ADDRESS: 631 Pleasant St., Belmont, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 31 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Sept. 14, 1889, Fall River, Mass. PARENTS: Joseph Oliver Wellington, Helen Lavinia Locke.

PREPARED AT: Browne and Nichols School, Cambridge, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Jessie Dennett, Dec. 15, 1917, Belmont, Mass. (divorced Oct., 1929).

CHILDREN: James Ellis, July 9, 1921; William Edward, Jr., Jan. 29, 1925; Joseph Oliver, Dec. 5, 1926.

OCCUPATION: Investment Banking.

BILL WELLINGTON modestly and succinctly sums up his twenty-five years:

LIFE since graduation — not worth telling about. Travels — none to speak of. Hobbies — trying to hold on to what hair I have left. Pet aversion — New Deal, particularly Mr. Ickes.

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Connected with Arthur Perry & Company in the investment banking business, covering banks in New Hampshire and western Massachusetts. I have one son in the Navy and two in private school.

YU CHING WEN

ADDRESS: Ministry of Communication, Nanking, China.

BORN: Nov. 12, 1895, Hongkong, China. PARENTS: Bing Yee Wen, Wen Tung Fen.

PREPARED AT: Tsing Hua College, Peking, China.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914-1917. DEGREES: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917; A.M., 1918; PH.D., 1920.

OCCUPATION: Chinese Government Service.

YU CHING WEN was a teacher in the Peking National University in China from 1923 through 1927. In 1937 he was reported in the Ministry of Communication, Nanking, China.

✦ HUNT WENTWORTH

BORN: Oct. 24, 1895, Chicago, Ill. PARENTS: Moses Jones Wentworth, Elizabeth Shaw Hunt.

PREPARED AT: Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, N. H.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Fort Sheridan, Ill., May, 1917; commissioned captain Infantry Aug. 15; assigned to Headquarters Company, 343d Infantry, 86th Division, Aug. 29; sailed for France Sept. 8, 1918; transferred to 59th Infantry, 4th Division, Nov. 8; with Army of Occupation, Germany; returned to United States April 17; discharged April 27, 1919.

HARVARD BROTHER: John Wentworth, '14.

DIED: Dec. 16, 1929, Chicago, Ill.

MOTHER: Mrs. Moses J. Wentworth, 1240 N. Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill.

IN 1923 Wentworth reported that he was president of the American Automobile Underwriters in Chicago, a company which he helped to organize. Four years later he was secretary of the Illinois Indemnity Company, dealers in automobile insurance. In 1929 he was with the Curtiss Flying Service of Illinois, Incorporated, but had retired from that position before his death.

While he was in College Wentworth was prominent in College activities. He was a member of the Student Council, the Exeter Club, the Chicago Club, the Institute of 1770, the D. K. E.

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(President, 1917), the Signet Society, the Hasty Pudding Club, the Fox Club (President Senior year), the Harvard Regiment, and the O. K. Society. He was captain of the University Swimming Team and was a member of the University Second Football Squad in 1914. In 1916 he was president of the *Lampoon*, and on Class Day was Ivy Orator.

A companion as entertaining as Hunt Wentworth could not easily be found. He had a nimble mind and a facile pen. His use of the English vocabulary was astounding, as he squeezed unusual meanings out of words. As a toastmaster he was always in demand. After College he was successful in whatever he undertook.

Our classmate, M. Patrick Geraghty, writes of Wentworth:

"Hunt Wentworth had superb mental equipment, and great powers of concentration. In any approach to a new subject or field of thought he outdistanced others by superior application, and by valuable qualities of mind which made it possible for him to absorb and retain a multitude of facts all properly organized.

"He was by nature a student, and an interested one, though he disguised this by his lively interest in worldly things and activities. All through college he continued to apply himself to his studies with concentrated and regular effort. The result was that he was given an A.B. degree with distinction, which surprised even his most intimate friends, who were not aware that he had given scholarship more than a casual amount of his attention.

"Among his classmates he was best known as a good companion, a wise and witty commentator on human foibles with a gift for original and humorous expression. In another age, when learning was held in greater worldly repute, he could have progressed very far in literature, history, or economics. As it was he took life — his life — as it was offered to him and preferred to follow a more conventional road.

"As long as he lived he retained his interest in good writing, whether prose or verse, and brought a wide and authentic culture to anything he wrote himself."

HENRY WHARTON, JR.

HOME ADDRESS: 27 W. 44th St., New York, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 52 Broadway, Room 1011, New York, N. Y.

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BORN: July 23, 1895, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa. PARENTS: Henry Wharton, Francis Willing Lockwood.

PREPARED AT: Chestnut Hill Academy, Philadelphia, Pa.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREES: A.B., 1917 (20); LL.B. (Univ. of Pennsylvania), 1929.

MARRIED: Constance Binney (divorced).

HARVARD BROTHERS: Thomas Wharton, '20; Bayard Wharton, '22.

OCCUPATION: Lawyer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Ambulance driver, American Field Service, Section 16, March 12 to Sept. 13, 1917, with French Army on Argonne front, Verdun front (Avocourt, Hill 304). Enlisted private Nov. 15, 1917, in France; detailed to Artillery Training School, Le Valdahon; assigned to Battery A, 17th Field Artillery, 2d Division, Jan. 11, 1918; promoted corporal March 12; transferred to Headquarters Company, 17th Field Artillery, in September as private; with Army of Occupation, Germany, Dec., 1918, to March, 1919; detailed to American Students' Detachment, University of Nancy, March 8; rejoined 17th Field Artillery July 1; discharged Aug. 15, 1919. Engagements: Toulon-Troyon sectors, Aisne defensive (Bouresches, Belleau Woods, Vaux), Marne-Aisne offensive (Soissons), Marbache sector, Saint-Mihiel offensive, Champagne offensive 1918 (Blanc-Mont Ridge), Meuse-Argonne offensive. Cited in general orders Headquarters 2d Division, A. E. F. Awarded Croix de Guerre.

SOLDIER, banker, coal miner, lawyer, and investment counselor — Henry Wharton has had a diversified life. He writes:

AT some time in the summer of 1916 I decided to do what a good many Harvard men had already done — go over to France in the Ambulance Service. Instead of going back to Cambridge that fall I went out to a ranch in New Mexico for a few months to get in training. I sailed for Bordeaux in February, 1917. Of course, we showed no lights at night, but we were not molested by submarines. From the day we sailed, however, we seemed very much nearer the war. Every day the French communiqué was posted on the bulletin board and, before we arrived in France, we had learned of the French disaster on the Chemin-des-Dames. The war had taken one of its many bad turns from the point of view of the Allies, and by the time we arrived we all had a serious view of the war. The night before we landed, of course, ended up in a big party, so that the first sight of the coast of France and the muddy waters of the Bay of Biscay at the mouth of the Gironde were not all they might have been. However, with the

help of the hair of the dog we got through the day in which the ship steamed its stately way up to Bordeaux. The country seemed incredibly green and very peaceful. But as soon as we got to Bordeaux we got our first view of a country at war.

When we arrived in Paris, it appeared that it would be some weeks before our section, No. 16, could get cars, but we found much to do and see in the meantime. Everyone said that Paris was not what it used to be, but there seemed plenty from the point of view of the young ambulancier — the Folies-Bergère, Maxim's, Ciro's, but why go on — it was mainly a question of how long your money held out. The problem was solved for me in a very unpleasant, very unwarlike, very unromantic way. I got measles. Fortunately, I recovered in time to go out to the front with the section.

We were stationed in a little town named Raricourt, just east of the Argonne, later well-known to the American Expeditionary Forces. A few months later my father and both of my brothers, who were in the Norton-Harjes Ambulance Corps, were stationed a little further to the east, but I was able to get over to visit them only once.

Our stretch at the front was the average experience of an ambulance section. That summer there was a limited French offensive in our sector and great quantities of artillery were moved up. In the meantime our country had entered the war and I felt like getting into some combat service. I enlisted in the Regular Army in Paris and was sent out to the headquarters of the 1st Army Artillery, which was located at that time at Le Valdahon, Doubs, formerly a French artillery school. When I arrived there were no troops except the chauffeurs and "dog-robbers" of General March and his staff, but later the 12th, 15th, and 17th Field Artillery regiments, to become the artillery brigade of the 2d Division, arrived from home and, as I had not joined the Army to be a "dog-robber," I asked to be transferred. In a short time I had my wish, sometimes regretted later on, and I found myself assigned to duty in Battery A, 17th Field Artillery. I served with this regiment from then on to the end of the war.

From our training sector we were sent to a pleasant country, somewhere north of Paris, to take part in Army Corps maneuvers. This pleasant life was rudely interrupted. One night we were

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ordered to entrain in the good old 40 hommes-8 chevaux and the next day we were dumped out in a country of wheat fields. Before we had unloaded all the horses, guns, caissons, fourgon wagons, etc., word got around somehow that we were on the way to Château-Thierry. All day we passed refugees who had been driven from their homes. It is horrible to think of these poor people going through the same thing, and worse, all over again.

When the Armistice came we were in a little town named Beaumont, not far from Sedan, and I can remember how curious it seemed to see camp fires all around and to have it quiet again. We followed up behind the retreating German army and took over the Coblenz bridgehead. The occupation was a bore, and I was lucky enough to escape most of it by being sent to the University of Nancy for about three months.

After I returned from service in France my first objective was to get a job. I had no very definite idea of what I wanted to do and took the first chance which offered, which was with the Philadelphia Trust Company. This job I obtained through Harry Brengle, '87, and I have always been grateful to him for helping me, as jobs were not easy to get at that time.

It would be tedious to go into all the different jobs I have had and I'll skip a good many of them. About 1924 I went down to West Virginia to learn the coal business and it certainly was very different from banking in Philadelphia. My first job was track-helper, and on my first day at work I arrived at a heavy "fall" of rock; an enormous slab completely filled the "entry," the mining term for any kind of underground passage. My associate, for my edification, pretended that there was a man under it. Upon arrival of the section boss they discussed with gusto the question of who should have his shoes and other belongings.

Logan County was completely non-union in those days, and I never saw any signs of unrest. I always got along first rate with the miners and as far as I could make out most of them felt that the coal companies had been a benefit to them, as life had been pretty hard in that country before the companies went in there.

For about two years I remained with the Logan County Coal

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Corporation. I did not get rich, but made some very good friends. The rest of my business career has been more or less conventional and can be boiled down to the study and practice of law in Philadelphia from 1926 to 1931, and more recently investment counsel work in New York.

Looking back a few years, it is very hard to realize that in our Freshman year the first World War had not even started. Things have turned out a little different from what we expected. I can remember very clearly a hot day in August, 1914. It was about noon, and we were all sitting around on a raft in Narragansett Bay. We were talking about the war, which had just started. Everybody agreed, citing bankers, etc., as authority, that it couldn't last more than two or three months at the most. Well, in a sense, it has been going on ever since. We've got to fight it through and hope that there is enough wisdom somewhere in the world to straighten things out.

✦ THOMAS WISTAR WHITALL

BORN: Nov. 16, 1894, Newport, R. I. PARENTS: Thomas Wistar Whitall, Sarah Olcott Murdock Whitmore.

PREPARED AT: Milton Academy, Milton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917.

MARRIED: Josephine L. Coster, April 25, 1917, Katonah, N. J. CHILDREN: Frances S. (Mrs. John L. Calvocoressi), Feb. 7, 1918; A. Lovice (Mrs. John Moffat), April 30, 1919; Gertrude L., Nov. 5, 1926. GRANDCHILD: Josephine Zelig Calvocoressi, July 26, 1941.

HARVARD BROTHERS: John Whitall, '11 (deceased); Charles Whitmore, '13, S.M., '16; Richard Whitall, '15.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Volunteer Tank Corps.

DIED: April 1, 1932, Katonah, N. Y.

THOMAS WHITALL died on April 1, 1932. To those of us who knew him well, it marked the passing of one deep of feeling, quick of wit, full of love, and blessed with an unusually brilliant mind.

Tom attended Milton Academy for five years before entering college, his earlier youth having been spent in the West. From the moment he entered Milton he led his class in scholastic ability and graduated with the highest marks that had ever at that time been achieved by a Milton graduate. His athletic career consisted

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mostly of tennis, and he captained the school team in that sport during his final year.

During his college years Tom was a genial, lighthearted student, taking an extremely difficult course and receiving marks that were the envy of his friends. He played on his class tennis team for three of the four college years, and had he not left College in April, 1917, he would certainly have graduated with high honors.

Immediately upon leaving College, Tom was married and enlisted in the Tank Corps though he was never sent abroad. Upon being discharged from the Army, he settled in Katonah, New York, where he raised his three daughters, tilled the soil, kept hens, played tennis, and wrote. As well as playing in many open tournaments, he was the tennis champion of his club for ten years and was playing at the top of his game just prior to his death. His writings were not for publication, but rather for the edification of his own mind, for Tom was a constant reader and persistent seeker of further literary knowledge.

We shall remember him as a brilliant student, a lover of his home and family, and a lovable friend.

L. W. P. '17

CHARLES HENRY WHITE

ADDRESS: 1185 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

BORN: NOV. 21, 1893, Cambridge, Mass. PARENTS: John Elliott White, Martha Ellen Wiley.

PREPARED AT: Cambridge Latin School, Cambridge, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1915.

MARRIED: Lillian Marguerite Steele, May 31, 1927, New Rochelle, N. Y.

HARVARD BROTHER: William Wiley White, '08.

OCCUPATION: Hotel Management.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Quartermaster 1st class U. S. Naval Reserve Force; called to active duty April 24, 1917, and assigned to Naval Training Station, Marblehead, Mass.; appointed ensign Sept. 18; assigned to Navy Yard, Boston, Mass., Oct. 2; transferred to U. S. S. *Charleston*, Atlantic Fleet; to U. S. S. *Aphrodite* on patrol duty overseas; transferred to Harwich, England, for inspection duty; to Northern Germany for inspection duty; to Nucleus Crew No. 13 for German ships; to U. S. S. *Prinz Friedrich Wilhelm*; released from active duty July 7, 1919.

ONE of the things that always intrigued us about Charlie White

was that his address in our Senior Class Album was "The Snake House, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada." Some day we are going to ask him about this as it sounds full of excitement. His "Life":

PRELIMINARY to my career in the hotel business, I was for a period of five years assistant general sales manager of a State Street food firm whose greatest volume of business in any one single item was that gelatinous mass of red-colored, shaky substance with which jelly doughnuts are injected.

The public likes to think of the hotel man as somehow above the battle, living without worries in the pure world of leisurely comfort. Now the hotel man is very likely to be a person of raw, scratchy nerves, jealous of his prerogatives, and irritated by the nonchalance of his guests who toss cigarette stubs through the windows on awnings below or who make half-hearted efforts when they try to stamp out butts on his carpets and rugs. Burning the ivory on the keys of a piano is of little importance, by contrast, because a hotel piano is never supposed to be found properly tuned anyway.

Hotels have a most romantic story which its guests seldom hear. There is romance and drama in their construction, growth, maintenance, and operation. Most people go to a hotel, walk in and register, but never stop to think, or find out, how that hotel happened to be there when they wanted it — all the long-time study, the planning, and the hard work that created that particular hotel. Hotels have built up a service of courtesy and convenience which is unmatched by any other enterprise catering to the American public's welfare and pleasure. Sometimes people live almost next door and you never know them or see them. Sometimes people come from the far corners of the earth and by chance cross your path and you are glad it happened that way. So some hotel men take the attitude that guests have been attracted by their good food. Generally this is not so. It is only incidental that the guests come to like the food.

There was an era, not so long ago, when most hotel men went wacky, like many individuals, in acquiring crests for their establishments in order to embellish their stationery. There was one sturdy non-believer, however, who declared that if he ever ar-

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rived at that point where he must have a crest, he would have two cold Philadelphia squabs, *couchants*, resting comfortably on a stack of griddle cakes surrounded by a wreath bearing the legend "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," which in his flamboyant language meant, "*Guests without baggage must pay cash in advance.*"

Oldtime hotel men, who include, incidentally, some of the greatest free-style, ten-goal liars and schemers the game has ever produced, sometimes tell of a cruel and unusual stratagem by which hotels wrung work from the yielding staff, who already had long hours and little pay. Those were the days of limited variety of food for the help, when one good gas attack of high-octane porterhouse fumes would reduce a whole household to passive resistance and surrender-point to any of the bosses' schemes for added work beyond hours without extra pay.

A sense of humor is one of the saving graces of the hotel man. Perhaps some of you heard of the signs near the semicircular drive in front of one of our New England hotels: "PLEASE DRIVE CAREFULLY. WE HAVE LIVED THROUGH WAR, PROHIBITION, HURRICANE, AND THE NEW DEAL, AND WE WANT TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS NEXT."

Lillian and I have no children, yet it is no longer a complete surprise to reach home to find an unexpected increase in the family in the form of a Welsh terrier pup or a Boston. Jerry, a Welsh terrier of roving disposition, had the unique distinction of being the only living creature ever published in the news for breaking *into* Sing Sing. Jerry's telephone number was printed on his collar, yet, with Jerry still among the missing, fantastic thoughts race through the mind when a telephone call from one of the keepers of that famous New York State endowed hotel overlooking the Hudson River briefly announces that you are to report at once to the Warden's office.

Bud I — a Boston Terrier — and I usually made the rounds together on the morning watch and on the night shift, the last detail of which was always a check on the ice-box. Late one night Bud and I took a new direction in search of a delicatessen store, which was closed, but there were bright lights burning next door. Bud had a snack of liverwurst from the end of the bar while his "Pop" indulged in a few beers. The next day Bud, in characteristic fashion, led Lillian to the new location and couldn't

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understand being deprived of another tidbit. The thought hadn't occurred to me at the time to tell Lillian of our visit, so, with this incriminating evidence offered on the part of my silent pal, the incident has been duly chronicled and perpetuated in family history.

JAMES CLARKE WHITE

HOME ADDRESS: 32 Mt. Vernon St., Boston, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston, Mass.

BORN: Feb. 6, 1895, Vienna, Austria. PARENTS: Dr. Charles James White, Olivia Alger Richardson.

PREPARED AT: Groton School, Groton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917; M.D. *magna cum laude*, 1923.

MARRIED: Camilla Leonard Morgan, July 21, 1917, Cohasset, Mass. CHILDREN: Patricia, April 27, 1918; Camilla, Sept. 25, 1920; Michael, June 10, 1925.

HARVARD BROTHER: Richardson White, '27.

OCCUPATION: Neurosurgeon and Chief of Neurosurgical Service, Massachusetts General Hospital.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Appointed ensign U. S. Naval Reserve Force April 6, 1917; assigned to U. S. S. *Birmingham* on escort duty overseas in May; commissioned ensign (temporary) U. S. Navy March 15, 1918; promoted lieutenant (junior grade, temporary) Sept. 21; resignation accepted March 1, 1919. In Naval Medical Corps Reserve (lieutenant commander) since 1939, now (December, 1941) in charge of neurosurgery at Chelsea Naval Hospital.

OFFICES HELD: Assistant professor and tutor in surgery, Harvard Medical School.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of Boston; Tavern Club; India Wharf Rats; various medical and surgical societies.

PUBLICATIONS: *The Autonomic Nervous System*, textbook published by the Macmillan Co.; various articles on surgery and neurology.

JIM WHITE, besides being the father of the Class Baby, is an eminent Boston surgeon. He writes:

TWENTY-FIVE years ago most of us were more concerned with defeating Germany than graduating from Harvard College. For a number of us in the Class of 1917 who had spent our college summers on the water, the opportunity of spending two years at sea in the Navy was perhaps a psychological escape from the realities of war. But for me the situation was complicated somewhat by getting engaged on the eve of sailing on a convoy

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with the first division of United States troops to Europe in June, 1917, and married six weeks later, when I returned for ten days before the cruiser *Birmingham* left to join the England-Mediterranean convoy service. The Navy lived up to its reputation of "Serve your country and see the world" — 75,000 miles of North Atlantic, Irish Channel, Bay of Biscay, and Mediterranean. By the time the war was over and it was possible to get home again after a year and a half's absence, Patricia, the Class Baby, was nine months old.

On discharge from the Navy a mountain lion hunt with my wife and one of the last of the old-time "plainsmen," and four months of biochemical research with Professor Lawrence J. Henderson, helped in my rehabilitation for family life and the beginning of the study of medicine. The latter, including the period spent as surgical intern and resident, accounts for the eight ensuing years. Medical faculties and hospital staffs often debate the question as to whether a medical student or intern is helped or handicapped by matrimony. Much depends of course on the wife, but if she is willing to cook in a camp or drive a buckboard in the country while her husband studies medicine, or edit his scientific papers for him while he does the driving, she can be the greatest help in the world.

The autumn of 1927 saw all the Whites (now five head) leaving for another year in Europe, sponsored this time by the Moseley Travelling Fellowship in Medicine. The only string attached to this generous bequest is that the holder must study medicine wherever the spirit may move him, but that he must keep out of the United States for a year. Thanks to the stimulating influence of Professor Leriche in Strasbourg, this was a great opportunity. The year got stretched to include six weeks of anatomy in Paris, a mule trip across the mountains of Andalusia, and visits to the clinics of most of the great European surgeons.

Since 1929 I have been working in surgery on the so-called "full-time" system at the Massachusetts General Hospital, and teaching and doing research for the Harvard Medical School. My special investigations have been on chemical changes that lead to death in intestinal obstruction, methods of improving blood flow in the extremities, and how to stop the pain of incurable diseases like angina pectoris. Since the last two depend

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fundamentally on the transmission of impulses through the nervous system, their pursuit has led me to concentrate in the specialty of neurosurgery. If one has the desire to explore unknown territory and experience the excitement that goes with it, neurosurgery is certainly an ideal profession.

A deep sense of gratitude for the stimulation derived from the French and English neurologists and neurophysiologists has made me very conscious of the lack of interest in world affairs shown by this country. I was preparing to leave for Paris to work with Dr. de Martel when that brilliant brain surgeon committed suicide as France surrendered. The ensuing year, with the delusions of our isolationist friends, was a difficult period to stomach. Upon the retirement of my surgical chief, I became head of the Neurosurgical Service at the Massachusetts General Hospital, a situation which prevented my joining the British for active service overseas. Fortunately for my peace of mind, the United States Navy called me out for a temporary period of active duty, this time as medical observer with the American Embassy in London. I spent two intensely interesting months with British scientists at work in the university laboratories and hospitals, and with their fighting services, and have recently returned to this country wondering how long we can maintain interest in society columns, World Series, and twenty-fifth reunions.

THOMAS HOLDEN WHITE

HOME ADDRESS: 2335 Delamere Drive, Cleveland, Ohio.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Commonwealth Securities, Inc., Cleveland, Ohio.

BORN: Aug. 4, 1894, Cleveland, Ohio. PARENTS: Windsor Thomas White, Delia Bulkley Holden.

PREPARED AT: University School, Cleveland, Ohio.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1912-1917. DEGREE: S.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Kathleen York, Aug. 16, 1917, Cleveland, Ohio. CHILDREN: Windsor Thomas, 2d, Nov. 28, 1918; Robert York, Aug. 28, 1921; Thomas Holden, Jr., Aug. 5, 1926.

HARVARD SONS: Windsor Thomas White, 2d, '42; Robert York White, '43.

HARVARD BROTHER: Windsor Holden White, '28.

OCCUPATION: President of Commonwealth Securities, Incorporated, an investment company with headquarters in Cleveland.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Coast Artillery Aug. 15; assigned to 13th Coast Artillery, Fort Hamilton, N. Y.; at-

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tached to Air Service and assigned to Aëronautical Experimental Station, Langley Field, Va.; promoted 1st lieutenant Aviation Section, Signal Corps and assigned to 368th Aëro Squadron; later transferred to Headquarters Langley Field; to Personnel Dept., Headquarters Air Service, Washington, D. C.; discharged Dec. 31, 1918.

OFFICES HELD: Councilman, Hunting Valley Village, Ohio; member and treasurer Board of Trustees, Hawken School for Boys, Cleveland; trustee and member Executive Committee, Western Reserve University; member and president, Board of Trustees, Cleveland College; member, former secretary, now president, Board of Trustees, Cleveland Museum of Natural History; member Board of Control, Cleveland Zoölogical Park; president, Harvard Club of Cleveland, 1939-41; director, Cliffs Corporation, Cleveland, Perfection Stove Company, Cleveland.

MEMBER OF: Chagrin Valley Hunt Club, Cleveland; Union Club, Cleveland; Harvard Club of Cleveland; University Club, New York; Harvard Club of New York; Downtown Harvard Lunch Club, New York.

TOM WHITE expresses the sentiments of most of the Class in his concluding remarks: "So I come to the end of my first twenty-five years as a Harvard graduate a bit battle-scarred; but ready and hopeful that the next twenty-five won't be too tough on me." His story:

MY first twenty-five years as an alumnus of Harvard began in a war era, and appear to be ending that way. In the interim I have been up and down on the roller coaster of life, taking in two economic booms and depressions, viewing the first from a seat in a manufacturing organization, and the more recent one in the halls of the financial industry. The trips up have both been very pleasant, but the slides down showed I still had something to learn. So perhaps after all the storms I am better off spiritually, but with many dents otherwise.

During these main-line trips I have grabbed numerous opportunities for side excursions to see something of the social and economic world outside this country, and to enjoy many hours participating in the adult educational and natural history movements in my home territory. Photography, dog-raising, big game-hunting, polo, book-collecting, and a home work-shop have brought me many pleasant moments.

My family is almost raised — three boys. The oldest will graduate in the Class of '42, the second a year later; the youngest has several years before he arrives in Cambridge. If it hadn't been

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for them, some of the jolts of the past quarter of a century would have been of the knockout class.

WILLIAM MERRILL WHITE

HOME ADDRESS: 490 Chestnut St., Waban, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: National Life Insurance Co., 50 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: July 31, 1894, Brookline, Mass. PARENTS: William Henry White, Fannie W. Merrill.

PREPARED AT: Brookline High School, Brookline, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Frances Mildred Atwood, March 30, 1918, Annapolis, Md. CHILDREN: Merrill Atwood, Dec. 10, 1921; William Merrill, Jr., May 30, 1926.

OCCUPATION: Agent, National Life Insurance Company; Broker, General Insurance.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled seaman 1st class U. S. Naval Reserve Force April 27, 1917; assigned to Torpedo Station, Newport, R. I.; transferred to Naval Radio School, Newport, Sept. 15; to Naval Radio School, Cambridge, Mass., Nov. 15; appointed ensign Feb. 8, 1918; entered Reserve Officers' Training Class, U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md., Feb. 11; graduated and commissioned ensign (temporary) U. S. Navy May 29; assigned to U. S. S. *Kansas*, Atlantic Fleet, June 9; resignation accepted March 6, 1919.

MEMBER OF: Naval Order of the United States.

QUITE a few classmates have shown their interest in a farm. Merrill White thinks that a farm would be a fine place for retirement but doubts that it is a good cyclone cellar. He writes:

WHERE did the time go? In twenty-five years it seemed that we would have built a fortune swapping dollars, mining, beano, or something; but here we are with our nose still, as last reported, on the grindstone.

Family life? Oh, yes. There are my Mrs. and two sons, one completing his second year at Williams. The second son, with two years to go in prep school, may yet choose ours as his Alma Mater, but for the purposes of this report, there are no Harvard sons.

I am happy to observe that it no longer seems disgraceful to do well scholastically, as it used to. This augurs well for the fellows coming along, I believe.

There have been no travels outside of the United States and Canada, no books published and no degrees.

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After fifteen years of wanting to take up life in a Vermont valley, I am now witnessing a rush of farm-buying in northern New England by the city folk hereabouts. It makes me wonder. I have felt that it would be the ideal way to spend our autumn years, but I doubt that it would do well as a way to hide out while some wave of confusion might sweep by.

For the present, and for the future, I am convinced that we must become accustomed to much more hard work and that a return to the so-called homely virtues will be necessary.

It took Clem's Goad No. 4 to get me to release the above. I have no hope that I could do any better if I should wait till June, so here it is.

WILLIAM PENN WHITEHOUSE, II

HOME ADDRESS: 334 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 75 State St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Aug. 9, 1895, Portland, Maine. PARENTS: Robert Treat Whitehouse, '91, Florence Brooks.

PREPARED AT: Portland High School, Portland, Maine; Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, N. H.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; LL.B., 1921 (22).

MARRIED: Dorothy Case, June 21, 1919, Auburn, N. Y. (divorced 1938); Mary Starks, Dec. 24, 1938, Boston, Mass. CHILDREN: Willard Case, July 22, 1923; William Penn, 3d, April 15, 1940.

HARVARD BROTHERS: Robert Treat Whitehouse, Jr., '19; Brooks Whitehouse, '25, LL.B., 1928.

OCCUPATION: Lawyer; Investment Counsel.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled seaman U. S. Naval Reserve Force April 16, 1917; assigned to Naval Dirigible School, Akron, Ohio, June 11; qualified as Naval Aviator; appointed ensign Oct. 31; sailed for overseas service Nov. 13; attached to French Centre d'Aérostation, Rochefort, France, Nov. 28; transferred to U. S. Dirigible Station, Paimboeuf, Jan. 4, 1918; promoted lieutenant (junior grade) March 28; special duty in England in June; transferred to Paimboeuf, France; promoted lieutenant Oct. 1; transferred to U. S. Naval Aviation Headquarters, Brest, Dec. 19, for duty in connection with compilation of Naval Aviation History; released from active duty March 28, 1919; resignation accepted Nov. 22, 1920. Awarded Navy Cross.

OFFICES HELD: Member, Maine Board of Accountancy, three years, Portland School Board, nine years.

CONCERNING that Navy Cross that Penn Whitehouse lightly mentions, the official citation shows that it was "For distinguished

service in the line of his profession as Commanding Officer of a dirigible engaged in patrol and convoy flights in the War Zone, in which operations he did exceptional work and pushed his flights to the limits of physical and material endurance." Whitehouse writes:

IN setting down the record of twenty-five years of storm about the Whitehouse of William Penn, I am steadied to that task beyond even the goads of the Class Secretary by the certainty that no suffering classmate can look on this chronicle as he reads and not be heartened down the years to our fateful Fiftieth, saying, "There, but for the grace of God, go I."

Just as another peace-loving Democratic President bids fair to spoil our Twenty-fifth, so the first of the breed was responsible for dumping me into the terrors of the deep as seaman 2nd class in April, 1917. After hunting subs for six weeks in Boston Harbor, I was transferred to "lighter than air" in Akron, Ohio, where I received my ensign's commission in time to go to France in November with the first United States Naval Dirigible contingent. The years have agreeably colored the torment of those twenty-two months in France and left me with a Navy Cross to give to my grandchild, some old full lieutenant uniforms for the 1960 bonus march on Washington, and divers bedtime stories of the vicissitudes of being chief pilot of the only United States Naval Dirigible Station in France. Detailed to fly the English Zepelin ZR-2 back to America, I waylaid a dispatch from the Secretary of the Navy authorizing my discharge from service to resume study at Harvard Law School, so I was not aboard that ill-fated ship when it carried my co-pilot and classmate, Charles Gray Little, and many friends to their deaths in August, 1921, over the Humber River in England.

Entering the special law class at Harvard in March, 1919, I spent the next two years alternately cramming for examinations and battling the threat to my father's life from his overwork during the war for the League of Nations. I was admitted to the Bar in Maine in 1922, and entered my father's law firm of Woodman, Whitehouse & Littlefield. Within three years my father, Woodman, and Littlefield had all died and I was in business for myself. Portland, Maine, was a small place and

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everybody was a kind of jack-of-all-trades; moreover, I soon found that in the law everybody was unreasonable — sometimes the judge, often the jury, always my opponents, and (very, very rarely) myself. Father had always remarked that the law was a “good business to get out of,” meaning that it led easily to other pursuits, and so, insidiously, I soon found myself with other classmates in business in a company which had discovered a new source of mahogany in the upper reaches of the Amazon. Unfortunately, we passed many of the benefits to the Astoria Mahogany Company, but Peruvian mahogany is now nearly half of American importation and most of it comes from our old mill.

Again with classmates we developed pita fibre from the Atrato River in Colombia, South America, in the exuberant South American aftermath of the last war (how history repeats itself!), but we took too many Yale men into the company, and it failed. I took over the Ford agency in Portland as I thought it would be such fun always to have the latest model, but discovered that the customer always gets those and the owner drives the second-hand car. Then Henry went out of business with the old “Model T” and before we could get into the Chevrolet, I dropped nearly a Ford day’s payroll. To wind things up, I built the biggest office building in Portland in 1929, just in time to turn it over to the bondholders’ committee, along with my last shirt, when Franklin closed the banks in 1934.

Through all this, like the “late George Apley,” I never failed to perceive the incalculable benefits of a Harvard education. During my first year at Law School I had married Dorothy Case of Auburn, New York, and three years later my first son, Willard Case Whitehouse, was born. As this is written he is a senior at Middlesex, headed towards Harvard and a medical career. He is at that delightful age where I have to make his acquaintance all over again, and I’m surprised at how his Dad’s old failings seem to crop out in him now and then. We are working on them together, which is more fun than trying to eradicate them alone. I can tell him all the cures which don’t work, and I think Bill will survive. But the struggle was too much for my good wife and after years of medical care she sought relief in the Florida divorce courts in 1938. Bill says she is now better than she has

been for years, and I am glad to report that we are still good friends.

My gentle and affectionate nature never was noted for its monastic tendencies and in 1938 I married Mary Starks of Boston, a Wellesley graduate of the Class of 1933. She was headed even then for a career in modern dance, partly teaching but mostly professional performing, and her constitution seems sufficiently vigorous to cope with my shortcomings. I find that at my advanced age I can keep in good physical condition watching her practise in her studio. We have a valiant son of nineteen months, burdened with my long name, plus a "3rd," for life. We call him Buffie (short for Buffalo) and he is Harvard backfield material for 1958. Our life together is extremely happy and I find marriage to a "career woman" exciting and completely satisfying.

It was natural that the turbulent thirties should also bring to me a change of business and residence. The outstanding characteristic of the last ten years seems to me to be a sense of poverty—not only of money, but of courage, initiative, and spiritual belief. Certainly in my own life, and seemingly in the life of the United States, there has been no concept of money in a sacramental sense, and yet many things beside "lend-lease" point to a new responsibility of United States money and the mighty part Fort Knox gold will play in world rehabilitation. I wanted to study and test certain laws inherent in money; a long interest in the stock market plus the low ebb of public participation seemed a propitious combination, and in 1939 I gave up law and undertook in Boston the management of stock market funds in accordance with those principles.

In the midst of the prevailing gloom, I want to voice a note of optimism. It is my firm belief that a mighty era of peace lies ahead—a peace Anglo-Americana (if you will) dignified by the navies and air power of peoples awake to their international responsibilities. Dictatorship suffered by apathetic and weary countries "passing the buck" to selfish leaders is on the way out. It has served its only purpose in tempering the resolution of free peoples. Communism with its clear insistence on material "rights" for the forgotten man is virile and on the increase. But the real hope for our world lies in those philosophies of universal brother-

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hood now beginning to wax in the fertile freedoms of the democratic countries which emphasize individual "responsibilities," of which the Oxford movement is perhaps the most powerful example. It is my hope that America's destiny in the twentieth century will point the way with her own individual contribution in that field as in the field of freedom in 1776.

In the face of such problems in 1941, I am saddened as I look back on myself, my classmates and our world of 1917, to see how many of our faults still abide with us. Twenty-five years — and what can we show for it but another war? The greatest pleasures have become the simplest, like marmalade for breakfast and a sail under summer sun. I've even learned to sit cross-legged like Gandhi, and at our Fiftieth I'll do it for you when there's no more marmalade.

GEORGE CLARKE WHITING

ADDRESS: Pascagoula, Miss.

BORN: Jan. 28, 1894, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Walter Rogers Whiting, Gertrude Winifred Clarke.

PREPARED AT: Stone School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1915.

MARRIED: Martha Stone Gay, Aug. 4, 1917, Hingham, Mass.; Mrs. Elizabeth (Cushing) Carleton. CHILD: Eben Gay, Dec., 1926.

OCCUPATION: Lieutenant Commander, United States Navy; Officer in Charge, Ingalls Shipbuilding Corporation.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private 1st class Aviation Section, Signal Corps April 17, 1917; detailed to Curtiss Flying School, Miami, Fla.; to School of Military Aëronautics, Austin, Texas; sailed for England Aug. 18; detailed to Royal Flying School, Oxford, Sept. 1; later attached to 43d Training Squadron, Royal Flying Corps; detailed to Turnberry and Ayr, Scotland, in December; commissioned 1st lieutenant Aviation Section, Signal Corps March 2, 1918; attached to 43d Aëro Squadron, Royal Flying Corps; went to France March 12; assigned to 148th Aëro Squadron, A. E. F., July 1; wounded Oct. 4; discharged Feb. 4, 1919. Officially credited with the destruction of one enemy airplane.

CLARKE WHITING was an aviator in the last war, but in this war he is in the Navy. His story:

AFTER spending two years at Harvard, I left to seek more active occupation in what was then known as "The Great War." I was associated with the formation of the Harvard Fly-

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ing Corps, whose name was later changed to Undergraduates Flying Corps, and which sent about forty pilots overseas. As a result, I was attached to the Royal Flying Corps for training in September, 1917. I attended Queen's College, Oxford, and flying schools at Stamford, Croydon, Turnberry, and Ayr. I was ordered to the 43d Pursuit Squadron as a combat pilot at La Gorge, France, on March 12, and served with the British until July, 1918, transferring to the newly formed 148th Pursuit Squadron, U. S. A. S. I served with the 148th until hospitalized in September, 1918, the latter part of duty as flight commander.

I returned to Washington and after about a year left the service to enter business in Santo Domingo, West Indies, exporting tropical hardwood with the firm of Orme & Whiting.

I returned to the United States in 1924 to establish an architectural firm. I continued until 1931, at which time I closed my architectural office and engaged in work as a consulting engineer until 1940. During this period I assisted in development work connected with an internal combustion type of steam boiler and also developed certain features of automatic ordnance.

In December, 1940, I accepted a commission as lieutenant commander and the job of assistant supervisor of shipbuilding, United States Navy, at Pascagoula, Mississippi. I have served at this station since, acting at present as officer in charge.

EDWARD ALLEN WHITNEY

HOME ADDRESS: R. F. D. 5, Augusta, Maine.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Henry E. Huntington Library, San Marino, Calif.

BORN: Feb. 24, 1895, Augusta, Maine. PARENTS: Arthur Warren Whitney, Florence Allen.

PREPARED AT: St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; A.M., 1922.

MARRIED: Margaret K. Busk, April 14, 1917, New York, N. Y. CHILDREN: Edward Allen, Jr., March 28, 1918; Carlotta Hamilton, May 3, 1927.

HARVARD SON: Edward Allen Whitney, Jr., '40.

OCCUPATION: Permanent Research Staff, Henry E. Huntington Library; Visiting Lecturer, California Institute of Technology.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Aug. 15; assigned to 23d Infantry, 2d Division; sailed for France Sept. 5; commissioned provisional 2d lieutenant Infantry, Regular Army, Oct. 26; promoted temporary 1st lieutenant Oct. 26; detailed to 1st Corps Schools, Gondre-

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court, in November; transferred to Headquarters 2d Division March, 1918, and appointed intelligence officer; detailed to Army Intelligence School, Langres, Aug. 2; returned to United States Oct. 1; ordered to Camp Sevier, S. C., for duty as intelligence officer 20th Division; also appointed director Intelligence School, Camp Sevier; transferred to Office of Chief of Staff, Military Intelligence Division, General Staff, Washington, D. C., Feb., 1919; resignation accepted May 1, 1919. Engagements: Champagne-Marne defensive, Aisne-Marne offensive.

OFFICES HELD: Trustee, Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Mass.; former trustee, Wellesley College (resigned 1939).

MEMBER OF: Harvard Clubs of New York and Boston; Tavern Club (Boston); Club of Odd Volumes (Boston); American Historical Association; Economic History Association; Mediaeval Academy of America; Modern Language Association; Military Historical Society of Massachusetts; The Athenaeum (Pasadena); Sons of American Revolution.

PUBLICATIONS: Various articles in professional journals.

ED WHITNEY has served his College and his Class with distinction. He writes:

THE Class of 1917 is indeed the "war class." Our Commencement was spoiled by one war and our Twenty-fifth Reunion will certainly be interfered with by another. Furthermore, many of us find our sons now in the Army or Navy immediately after their graduation from college, just as we were in 1917. It may be true that history rarely repeats itself, but in our case the pattern seems painfully familiar. I once wrote, in the first Report which I edited for the Class as secretary, that we were grateful to Harvard "for the training which made evasion of the issue unthinkable." During the disillusioned twenties, a classmate said to me that such a remark seemed a little fatuous; perhaps it did then, but the response of the next generation to the challenge and the uncompromising attitude of the University to the totalitarian menace give us assurance that Harvard stands in 1942 where it stood in 1917. And for that we can continue to be grateful.

Save for my participation in the last war, my life since graduation has been the relatively uneventful, but thoroughly satisfactory, career of a college professor. As soon as my resignation from the Army was accepted, I became an assistant at Harvard and began work there in September, 1919. I served in both the history and English departments, eventually becoming tutor and instructor in history and literature, and later chairman of the

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Board of Tutors in that field. For several years, too, I was an assistant dean of the College, as well as secretary of the then important Committee on the Choice of Electives. I also had an interesting time starting the World War Collection in the Library, at the request of Professor A. C. Coolidge, then director of the University Library. For some years I served on the Graduate Board of the *Crimson* and so continued an undergraduate contact apart from formal teaching. I was on various committees to investigate the possibilities of dividing the College into smaller units and, when the House plan became a reality, was appointed the first Master of Kirkland House, serving in that capacity from 1931 to 1935.

Professional work took me to Europe for two sabbatical leaves. The first, in 1923-1924, was spent largely in work at the École des Hautes Études in Paris, with some time at the British Museum and at Oxford, and was one of the most interesting periods of my life. During our second trip, in 1932-1933, my son attended the Lycée Descartes at Tours, where I had been a student myself twenty-two years earlier.

In 1935 my health made it necessary for me to reduce my work to some extent so, much to my regret, I resigned as Master of Kirkland House, a job I had found extremely interesting and stimulating. In 1938 I was invited to spend a year in research at the Huntington Library and I accepted with enthusiasm. At the end of the year an offer to join the research staff of the Library, with an opportunity to give certain courses at the California Institute of Technology, resulted in uprooting the family from Cambridge and Harvard, where we had been for twenty years, and moving to Pasadena. I have had a most enjoyable and profitable three years there amidst delightful surroundings, working with a most congenial group of scholars, among them Professor E. F. Gay and Dr. Allan Evans, both formerly my colleagues at Harvard. This year my work has been interrupted by the long illness and death of my father, which has necessitated my presence in the East for the time being.

My chief avocation has been my farm in Maine, where I raise Ayrshire cattle and Hampshire swine. Apart from the joy of farming, which seems to be bred in my bones, I am the seventh generation on this land, which came into the possession of my

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family during the reign of George I. Fortunately, my wife and son are almost equally interested in it.

My son is at present in the Signal Corps of the United States Army, having resigned his position with the National Broadcasting Company in order to enlist the first of December. My daughter is at St. Timothy's School, Catonsville, Maryland. My war activities this time are confined to local defense work here in Maine, where the calm sanity with which the Maine farmer faces the crisis is as inspiring as anything I have seen.

Among the most satisfying jobs I have ever had was the secretaryship of the Class of 1917. It was with real regret that I had to give it up when I went to California, though, in the best interests of the Class, I should have given way to Clem Stodder long before!

EDWARD TRACY WHITNEY

HOME ADDRESS: 30 Crabtree Rd., Quincy, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 587 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Feb. 25, 1894, Townsend, Mass. PARENTS: Edward Gilman Whitney, Esther Jane Mansfield.

PREPARED AT: New Bedford High School, New Bedford, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914-1917. DEGREES: A.B. † 1917 (19); A.M. (Brown Univ.); M.D. (Harvard Univ.), 1924.

MARRIED: Lillian Gertrude Betts, June 26, 1922, Middleboro, Mass. CHILD: Edward Tracy, Jr., July 12, 1928.

OCCUPATION: Surgeon.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private U. S. Army Ambulance Service June 9, 1917; assigned to Section 48; transferred to Section 510 in July; sailed for France in August; discharged April 15, 1919. Engagements: Argonne, Verdun, Vesle and Aisne fronts.

OFFICES HELD: Chief of Rectal Clinic, Boston Dispensary, since 1938; in charge of courses on proctology, Tufts Postgraduate School.

MEMBER OF: Massachusetts Medical Society; American Medical Association; Eureka Lodge, A. F. & A. M., New Bedford, Mass.

PUBLICATIONS: Several articles on rectal diseases and varicosities in medical magazines.

EDWARD WHITNEY is fascinated by the unsolved problems of his specialty. He writes:

JUST before graduation I enlisted in the United States Army, Ambulance Service, went to Allentown for two months' drilling, and then shipped to St. Nazaire, France, where we put Ford

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ambulances together for another two months. We were then assigned to the 25th French Division in the Argonne where we had a delightful autumn. We worked out of the east side of Verdun during the winter of 1917-1918 and north of Verdun during the spring of 1918. Then in the summer we went in on the Aisne-Vesle front and after the Armistice gradually worked up into Germany with the Army of Occupation. All in all it was a grand two years of experience and travel.

During 1919-1920 I obtained an A.M. degree in biology at Brown University while getting practical experience in bacteriology at the City and State Laboratories. I then entered Harvard Medical School and after what seemed quite a struggle (and still does), graduation duly arrived in 1924. Following graduation I took a surgical internship under Dr. John T. Bottomley at the Carney Hospital in Boston, followed by an obstetrical and gynecological service at the same hospital. I then put out my shingle in obstetrics and gynecology and soon, by day, was assisting one of Boston's busier surgeons, working as accident surgeon for the New England Telegraph Company, and examining for some of the casualty insurance companies, and by night was delivering babies. But it couldn't last, and as a result of ill-health, I gradually dropped the obstetrics and worked into rectal surgery. This last specialty is a fascinating one in that it not only has several interesting unsolved problems, but in it most patients leave the office or the hospital with definite relief from previous distress, which is very satisfying to the physician. I am chief of the very active rectal service at the Boston Dispensary, rectal consultant at various hospitals and I conduct postgraduate courses in proctology for Tufts University Medical School. My days are full.

In 1922, while still in the Medical School, I married Lillian G. Betts, and in 1928 we had a son, E. Tracy Whitney, Jr. In 1930 I attempted (and with some success) to settle the problem of having a combined winter and summer home within easy reach of the office and the hospitals. I built on the shore of Wollaston Bay on the Crabtree Estate in Squantum, Quincy, when that island was mostly country and shore line.

I have the usual hobbies.

To me a Class life history seems like man's greatest opportunity to recite his success in obeying that instinct "to be great." It is

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all about his accomplishments, whether they are his life work, his family, his travels, his athletic endeavors, or his hobbies. The failures are forgotten or overlooked: Well, personally, I have occasionally found the other fellow's pasture to be greener than my own, but of late years this hasn't happened anywhere near as often as it used to.

ROBERT WHITNEY

HOME ADDRESS: Round Hill Rd., Lexington, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 40 Broad St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Dec. 8, 1895, Somerville, Mass. PARENTS: Arthur Cephas Whitney, Ella Abbott.

PREPARED AT: Volkmann's School, Boston, Mass.; Stone School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1915.

MARRIED: Ramona Gwin, Jan. 5, 1920, Boston, Mass. CHILDREN: Robert, Jr., Nov. 10, 1920; Arthur Emerson, Dec. 6, 1923.

OCCUPATION: Insurance.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Ambulance driver, American Field Service, Section 68, June 9 to Sept. 20, 1917, with French Army on Champagne front. Enlisted private 1st class Aviation Section, Signal Corps Oct. 11, 1917, in France; detailed to 2d Aviation Instruction Center, Tours; to 3d Aviation Instruction Center, Issoudun, May 18, 1918; commissioned 1st lieutenant Air Service, Military Aeronautics June 5; discharged May 5, 1919.

MEMBER OF: Masons; various social and professional clubs.

BOB WHITNEY shows the right business spirit — one of service — and he has found that it gives him great satisfaction. His "Life":

CERTAINLY we who have lived the past forty-odd years have seen and are seeing so much history in the making that to write an autobiography seems almost presumptuous. Clem Stodder insists, however, so here is the story.

My two years at Harvard developed an interest in engineering and geology, which, on Dean Yeoman's advice, I pursued with two years of hardrock work in the Copper Country at the Michigan College of Mines, where a Harvard man was somewhat of a geological freak. Then in April came the war and, being told that I was too young for the First Plattsburg Camp, I was off to France in the American Ambulance Service. Thence I went into the Air Service for a year and a half and ultimately came home in

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1919, intact and sound. Memories of my associates, many of them Harvard men, are very precious things.

Copper mining was flat in 1919. So I went to work as an engineer and construction superintendent with my father in Boston, building several banks and hospitals, and incidentally doing a lot of fire-loss settlement and reconstruction. Three years of that brought the realization that not only was I adding nothing to the general family income by working with him, but that since his work was all on a fee basis, on his retirement similar work would not come to me because of my comparative youth. So I entered the insurance business, with which I had become somewhat familiar. And here I am still.

I have been for twenty years in the insurance business. While listed as "fire, casualty, and marine," it is far from being as dull as that might sound. The actuality means the continuing study of every industry served, in order to fit my goods to its needs properly. There is a real pleasure in this, part coming from the continuous education obtained, and part from the concurrent feeling, sometimes proved, of having done a good job. (No ad, please.) I have been very fortunate in having had to work with, and so learn about, more different industries than falls to the lot of one man in my trade very often, and this has kept up my interest. Something new is always arising — a good recompense for not having had part in a more active field where results might have been more visible and tangible.

Ramona and I have had a lot of good years rearing our two boys. Perfectly healthy specimens (1-A to you, Uncle Sam), they've given us a grand store of memories. You who have had similar privilege need no story on this subject.

One privilege we all have shared is that of having friends. Here my fortune has been so good that this would not be complete without its mention. No small part of that fortune is that many are classmates as well.

I have no intention of letting the story stop with the publication of this book, but from here on can guess no better than any of you how it will run. Certainly dark days are ahead, and just as certainly our Class will meet them as it did twenty-five years ago. If Clem wants our stories "continued" in 1952, I want to be here to read what we should be able to write.

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ARTHUR EASTERBROOK WHITTEMORE

HOME ADDRESS: 189 Gardner St., Hingham, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Nutter, McClennen & Fish, 220 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: June 3, 1896, Reading, Mass. PARENTS: Frederic Ellsworth Whittemore, Edith Lillian Easterbrook.

PREPARED AT: South Hadley High School, South Hadley, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: S.B. *cum laude*, 1917; LL.B., 1922.

MARRIED: Suvia Lanice Paton, Oct. 11, 1924, Hartford, Conn. CHILDREN: Suvia Edith, July 21, 1925; Arthur Paton, June 22, 1928; Elizabeth Bayles, Sept. 12, 1933.

OCCUPATION: Lawyer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Aug. 15; assigned to Company B, 168th Infantry, 42d Division, in September; sailed for France Oct. 16; detailed to British 7th Corps School, Foucaucourt, Jan. 1 to 18, 1918; promoted 1st lieutenant May 15; wounded July 30; wounded Oct. 15; with Army of Occupation, Germany, Dec. 15, 1918, to April 8, 1919; discharged May 9, 1919. Engagements: Baccarat Sector, Champagne defensive, Marne-Aisne, Saint-Mihiel, and Meuse-Argonne offensives.

OFFICES HELD: Moderator, Town of Hingham, since 1939; president, Trustees of Derby Academy, Hingham (member since 1932); member President's Fact-Finding Board under U. S. Railway Labor Act (dispute at Duluth, Minn., May, 1941); government appeal agent, Selective Service Act, 1940; trustee, Massachusetts Memorial Hospitals, since 1938, Hingham Institution for Savings, since 1940; district director, Massachusetts Committee on Public Safety, since 1941; member and secretary, Hingham Town Advisory Committee, 1928-1936.

MEMBER OF: Union Club of Boston.

ARTHUR WHITTEMORE thought that he was going to become a chemist, but changed his mind and became a lawyer. He now analyzes situations without the aid of test tubes. His story:

MY introduction to Harvard directness was in the words of a senior whom I met in the Yard when I came to take an entrance examination. "Do you smoke? [No.] Chew? [No.] Swear? [Well—] Drink? [No.] What in heaven's name are you going to do here?" Now, after twenty-nine years, Harvard asks another personal question: "What in the world have you been doing?"

I majored in chemistry and but for the war it is likely that I should have become a chemist. This might have imposed desirable

restraint on a tendency to talk too much. After two years in the Army, however, I took a fresh look at the problem of earning a living and enjoying a life, and set out to be a lawyer. This has always been considered an interesting profession, one reason being the unlimited variety of the applications of the basic rules and principles. With the recent crop of new rules and restyled principles there has been a considerable addition to the number of possible combinations of fact and law which make a question or a case. A lawyer has had no right to be bored, and I have not been.

Upon marriage in 1924 my wife and I found an old house in Hingham which has been our home ever since. Planning and carrying out together various alterations have been frequently recurring pleasures. A home at the country end of town has meant an orchard and woods, as well as a garden — off and on. It has also made advisable within the last month the purchase of more bicycles. There is a small boat for the salt water, but the family enthusiastically agrees that Vermont is the place for vacations. As a family living in the country both winter and summer, we have enjoyed doing many things together. One summer the project was the construction of a cabin, with my wife as architect and boss carpenter, the children and their friends as workers, and I as weekend consultant and extra hand. Since October, 1940, John and Doreen Wright of Otford, Kent, England, have been members of the family.

Outstanding in my recollection of Harvard affairs are two meetings in the Yard. The first was the Alumni Association meeting in June, 1935, when William Allan Neilson, who that day received an honorary degree, and Charles C. Burlingham, president of the Alumni Association, both delivered rousing speeches on intellectual freedom. They were in the best Harvard tradition. They were clearly inspired by the expected action of the then governor of Massachusetts on the teachers' oath bill. The Governor was on the platform. Mr. Burlingham announced that he felt so strongly on President Neilson's subject that he had decided to speak on it too. As the orators warmed to the theme and became more specific the Governor's face recorded a consciousness of the words spoken and their application. No notice, however, was taken of these remarks in the urbane greeting from the Com-

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monwealth which followed. The bill was approved within a few days. I believe, however, that the answer came at the Tercentenary exercises in 1936. At that meeting the same head of the State included in his remarks, with such skill that the point was well concealed, the observation that the Constitution of the Commonwealth not only confirms the powers and privileges of the University, but also provides that "nothing herein shall be construed to prevent the legislature of this Commonwealth from making such alterations in the government of the said university as shall be conducive to its advantage and the interest of the republic of letters, in as full a manner as might have been done by the legislature of the late Province of Massachusetts Bay."

The Tercentenary celebration is, of course, chiefly recalled for its own unique significance. As a common and appreciated experience of many Harvard men, it should not be dwelt on here, but nevertheless I should like to record the deep impression made on me by the brilliant conception and execution of the plan, the dignified and fitting recognition which it gave to the institution, and the serene assurance of the supremacy of free minds which it demonstrated.

It is pleasanter today to look back than just ahead, but the mind returns to the tremendous united effort needed to get the present job done, and to thoughts of how the world can be decently and fairly ordered. Eventual defeat is unthinkable, notwithstanding present reverses. The world is being completely made over and it appears that all of us will be very busy; some at difficult but interesting new work.

This is written on March 16, 1942. What has happened to each of us in twenty-five years seems of smaller than usual moment. But realization that the future will bring great changes makes it appropriate to count the blessings which the past has brought. Probably the list is much the same for most of us. For me, a happy marriage, sound and reasonably intelligent offspring, stimulating associations in an interesting profession, and some participation in the affairs of a New England town and school, resulting friendships, summer weeks in the hills of Vermont, and, not least, a great pride in Harvard University for its unfailing insistence on the right and duty of each to seek truth and stand with it as he finds it; and for its notable leadership, preëminently through

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its president, in bringing the nation currently to an awareness of its destiny, and helping to achieve it.

IRVING CHAMBERLIN WHITTEMORE

HOME ADDRESS: 71 Orchard St., Belmont, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: College of Business Administration, Boston University, 685 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass.

BORN: NOV. 11, 1895, Cambridge, Mass. PARENTS: Frank Irving Whittemore, Frances Maria Chamberlin.

PREPARED AT: Cambridge High and Latin School, Cambridge, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917; A.M., 1921; PH.D., 1923.

MARRIED: Alice Mary Day, June 26, 1923, Morristown, N. J. CHILDREN: Irving Chamberlin, Jr., Aug. 1, 1924; Andrea Day, Sept. 22, 1925.

HARVARD BROTHER: Edwin Chamberlin Whittemore, '19.

OCCUPATION: Professor of Psychology.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Coast Artillery Aug. 15 and assigned to 32d Company, Boston; transferred to 55th Coast Artillery; sailed for France March 24, 1918; detailed to Heavy Artillery School, Mailly; promoted 1st lieutenant Oct. 11; detailed to A. E. F. Gas Defense School, Chaumont; discharged Feb. 8, 1919. Engagements: Aisne-Marne, Aisne-Oise, and Meuse-Argonne offensives. Served through all grades to lieutenant colonel, Coast Artillery Reserve; resigned 1934.

OFFICES HELD: Chief Marshal, Boston University; chairman, Boston University Committee on Selective Service; representative of Boston University, Massachusetts Committee on Public Safety; member, Belmont School Committee; former secretary, Boston University Chapter, American Association of University Professors; former member of council, Sachem Council, Boy Scouts of America.

MEMBER OF: American Psychological Association; former member, American Association of University Professors.

PUBLICATIONS: Two articles on the effects of the competitive attitude on behavior and mental content, in the *Journal of Abnormal and Social Psychology*; a few reviews.

IRVING WHITTEMORE has written his own introduction far better than we could have done. He writes:

A PSYCHOLOGIST is more keenly aware of the deficiencies of a self-portrait than anyone else. But he knows, too, that the truth is discoverable to others. Here, then, is the case-history of "X" (*read Whittemore, Irving C.*):

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Our clinical material comes from a respectable middle-class family of old New England stock. To those who knew Old Cambridge it is enough to say that his family successfully avoided contamination by the "muckers" on one hand, and the Brattle Street literati on the other. They were comfortable, self-contained, and followed the current *mores* without known conflict of soul or body, for they lived in what Canby calls "The Age of Confidence." "X" grew to manhood in the local schools. He went on into Harvard with the same inevitability with which he has continued to live, for almost half a century, within the sound of the clock-tower on Memorial Hall. Recognizing in himself a disposition to indolence, he "concentrated" in chemistry for its disciplinary value, and at last achieved an education by abandoning the plan and enjoying himself with liberal electives in his Senior year. He rowed at College as he had in high school (*no better*), toured with the Musical Clubs, and seemed acceptable, if not indispensable, to his generation. Over the years, from childhood on, the shield with the three little books had come to symbolize for him a way of life and a set of values as precious as they were at first naive. In that respect he has never really changed.

There came a war, the purpose of which nearly disappeared in the mists of history. Because it was the thing to do, "X" went to Plattsburg. He hated the thought of dying, but dreaded worse the censure of his fellow-men. A compromise took him into the long-range artillery! After the war he experienced persistent and discouraging dreams of being in France once more with the job to do all over again. This surprised him, for he had thought his own military experience unusually lucky and remarkably interesting. He had no idea dreams could be prophetic.

In 1919 it seemed necessary to save the world with a League of Nations, and the Science of Human Engineering. He voted for the one and studied to practise the other. The beginning of a teaching career proved accidental but completely natural.

In accordance with custom he fell in love and married in his early twenties. The inertia of a reserved and tranquil personality is easily disturbed by a family of much individuality and prodigious energy. To the best of his ability he has learned to pull a vigorous oar himself, although still inclined to open-mouthed

wonder at the spectacle of the family craft in full career over a stormy sea. Some experience is too precious to be shared.

The fortunes of employment carried "X" into the service of a neighboring university in Boston. He has continued therein, characteristically, for twenty-two years. As a scholar he is known to be sound but negligible. When, as occasionally happens, he finds himself applauding his own efforts on the lecture-platform, he is brought quickly to earth by the realization that a good classroom performance is due more to showmanship than learning. By his students he has sometimes been called self-assured, conceited, domineering. In point of fact he is still frighteningly self-conscious in most social situations.

In 1926 he and his family joined the trek of Cantabrigians to nearby Belmont, by then more like Cambridge than the city itself. Here he undertook to assume the responsibilities of citizenship by running for a town office. Success was supposed to guarantee some flattery to the ego. Six years later most fellow-townsmen still ask who he is when his name appears on a ballot.

Since the circumstances of life have a habit of providing inadequate self-gratification in domesticity and a profession, "X" has pursued the usual hobbies, and some not so usual: calligraphy, printing, dramatics, even the writing of verse. Music he long since gave up, being here a follower rather than a leader. There are too few Doc Davisons in the world.

A quarter-century should breed some variety of *Weltanschauung*. To "X"'s way of thinking, personal growth implies increasingly refined discriminations, and the fundamental virtue may be a kind of long-run adaptability. Yet the astonishing fact is the invulnerability of his intellectual convictions. Either his stability is remarkable or he suffers from a deplorable stagnation of the mind. Perhaps the clock-tower on Memorial Hall has something to do with it.

Thus the case-study to 1941. Our hero would willingly close out the source of material only in its normal course, in 1942 as might have happened in 1918. Thus, at least, one would live brightly in memory. But is glory an alternate to wisdom? And what does wisdom teach? "*To do all over again* —." Or, perhaps, better?

[On May 16, 1942, Whittemore wrote, "I have just been ap-

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pointed a major in the Coast Artillery, Army of the United States. I report May 30 for duty with the New York Regional Anti-Aircraft Command." — *Secretary.*]

JOSEPH EDWARD WHOLEAN

ADDRESS: House of Wholean, Delray, Fla.

BORN: Nov. 1, 1894, Westfield, Mass. PARENTS: William Charles Wholean, Norah McCarthy.

PREPARED AT: Westfield High School, Westfield, Mass.; Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Beatrice Van Rensselaer Henderson, Aug. 5, 1926, Bar Harbor, Maine.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 1st lieutenant Infantry Aug. 15; assigned to 302d Infantry, 76th Division, Aug. 31; sailed for France July 4, 1918; transferred to 163d Infantry, 41st Division, in December; discharged Feb. 19, 1919.

JOE WHOLEAN, pricked by one of our goads, rebuked us but did crash through with the following epic:

I LEFT Harvard in May, 1917, to get into uniform, and twenty-five years later I am leaving here on March 11, to go back into uniform again, as I am ordered to report in Washington on March 18 for orders.

NATHANIEL WHITE WILCOX

HOME ADDRESS: 917 N. Granada Ave., Alhambra, Calif.

OFFICE ADDRESS: California Institute of Technology, Pasadena, Calif.

BORN: June 8, 1893, Norwalk, Conn. PARENTS: Walter Lowery Wilcox, Kate Carson Bailey.

PREPARED AT: Woburn High School, Woburn, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; A.B. IN DESIGN (Boston School of Fine Arts), 1924.

MARRIED: Josephine Ford, Nov. 26, 1931, Pasadena, Calif.

OCCUPATION: Teacher, California Institute of Technology, in Departments of Engineering, Draughting, and Industrial Design.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Delaware Coast Artillery Corps.

EVENTS and achievements do not interest Nat Wilcox as much as people. He writes:

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MY aim has been to understand Life — to try to live it according to my highest concepts; to live with people and to be at peace with them; to teach them and in turn to be taught by them. Events and achievements have been of interest only insofar as they have changed or broadened my concepts of Life. Hence to write a Life in terms of events seems utterly futile.

ROSS FREDERICK WILKINS

HOME ADDRESS: 1608 W. 39th St., Los Angeles, Calif.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 608 Washington Bldg., 311 S. Spring St., Los Angeles, Calif.

BORN: May 18, 1894, Kansas City, Mo. PARENTS: Frederick Kerby Wilkins, Louise Le Suer.

PREPARED AT: Paw Paw High School, Paw Paw, Mich.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREE: LL.B. (Univ. of Mich.), 1921.

OCCUPATION: Attorney-at-Law.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Medical Dept. July 28, 1917; assigned to Base Hospital No. 26; sailed for France Oct. 27; promoted private 1st class; attached to American Red Cross service Nov. 12; discharged May 14, 1919.

MEMBER OF: Ann Arbor Chapter, Sigma Delta Kappa Legal Fraternity.

AFTER Ross Wilkins obtained his law degree at the University of Michigan in 1921, he became a lawyer in Denver, Colorado. In 1937 his address was Newark, New Jersey, and in 1942 Los Angeles. Besides practising law he is engaged in a book project.

WESTMORE WILLCOX, JR.

HOME ADDRESS: 1801 K St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 115 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

BORN: Oct. 23, 1894, Norfolk, Va. PARENTS: James Westmore Willcox, Louise Price Collier.

PREPARED AT: Groton School, Groton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Esther Leavens Jenkins, Sept. 17, 1917, Norfolk, Va. CHILDREN: Westmore, 3d, April 13, 1919; Esther MacKenzie, Nov. 9, 1921.

HARVARD SON: Westmore Willcox, 3d, '41.

OCCUPATION: Banker.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled seaman 2d class, U. S. Naval Reserve Force, May 1, 1917; appointed ensign Nov. 5; assigned to Naval Air Station, Hampton Roads, Va.; transferred to Office of Naval Operations, Washington, D. C. as lieutenant (junior grade) in charge of Advanced Training Section; promoted lieutenant Oct. 1; released from active duty Jan. 9, 1919.

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OFFICES HELD: Partner, Dillon, Read & Company, 1925-1932; financial vice-president, Federal Water Service Corporation, 1932-1936; partner, Jackson & Curtis, 1938-1941; vice-president (at large), Associated Harvard Clubs; director, Old Colony Trust Company, Beneficial Industrial Loan Corporation, Cities Service Power & Light Company, Fisk Rubber Company, Schulte Real Estate Corporation; member, National Executive Committee of National Economy League.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of New York; Downtown Association; Downtown Harvard Lunch Club; Aviation Commandery; Federal Grand Jury Association; Fight for Freedom Committee; National Economy League.

PUBLICATIONS: Miscellaneous verse, in past years; column in the *Yarmouth Register*.

IN College Willie Willcox was a member of the track, baseball, and football teams; also an editor of the Advocate, and our Class Poet. No wonder that a man of such versatility should write, "Altogether I have had a great deal of fun and my share of excitement in the twenty-five years since leaving Cambridge for Newport News and World War I." His story:

THIS seems to be an appropriate time to attempt an outline of the life of a member of the Class of 1917, for we seem at the moment to be coming to the point of completion of the cycle — from world war back to world war.

Militarily, the cycle has been from Harvard to second class seaman in Naval Aviation, to lieutenant senior grade, stationed in Washington at the end of World War I, and now, at the beginning of World War II, to captain, 4th Regiment, New York Guard. This is a job to be done with the left hand while the right hand continues to feel around for gold in the canyons of Wall Street. We had a small group of Harvard men at the Newport News Curtiss Aviation Company before war was declared by the United States, who were learning to fly, and that group, with the addition of some engaging outsiders, served more or less together throughout the war, and up to now have always thought of themselves as the "home team."

Professionally, I entered the investment banking field after the war, with tours of duty in the South, then back to New York, then to Boston as a partner of Dillon, Read & Company, which was very much like the return home after a long absence. Then again to New York, with foreign duties which kept me much abroad in England, France, and the land of our enemies

of the first World War and the second World War. I had the interesting experience of arranging many major loans to the Germans, but before Mr. Hitler overthrew their attempt at democratic government. I knew well Fritz Thyssen in those days, the head of the great German steel works and the leading and most powerful supporter of Hitler, financially and spiritually, in those early days when he sought to create a Party. The last word I had of Mr. Thyssen was that he had been taken from the Riviera by the Germans when they occupied France, and I think he is incarcerated in some concentration camp. He did not know, at that time, what Hitler intended (and perhaps Hitler himself did not), but only sought a strong government to control the Communistic element which he feared might envelop the Germany he loved. Due to those happy years' experiences in Germany, I, who am a rabid interventionist and associated with the Fight for Freedom Committee, still mentally disassociate the Germans I knew and liked — and, indeed, then sympathized with — from the Nazi element which today controls the nation by a combination of bayonet and whip and fraudulent ideology. The great fault of the Germans seems to me to be a mass psychology which demands and idealizes leadership without power to discriminate between good and bad leadership.

Came the Depression, since which professional experience has been more varied — too much so, perhaps, for placidity. Investment banking of late has taken on very drab colors, and one begins to wonder if there are any other businesses in which can be found either more pleasure or more money, or, in some degree, both. I am presently searching, but if I find it, I shan't mention it because I know there would be a rush of panic proportions.

As to family, it has consisted of four since 1921, and remains at that level, but the "little wings are stronger." A daughter, nineteen, has finished her liberal education, and her début, and studies at a professional school of design. A son, twenty-one, finished Harvard with the Class of 1941. His footsteps there, in at least three fields — Soldiers Field, the *Advocate*, and the classrooms — were superimposed upon mine. On the track alone mine were not obliterated by him, but as president of the *Advocate* and in the classrooms his wiped mine off the map. There is nothing, fortunately, that a father, as you all know, enjoys more

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than seeing the son far outdo the parent. Taking advantage of the military science courses, he was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Field Artillery upon graduation, and has received his orders to report for active duty this August. It looks as if these boys of ours may have very much the same cycle of experience of war, deflation, and inflation that we had, but let us hope that they avoid the final catastrophic depression.

Hobbies are, perhaps, a continuing interest in football and track. I sometimes think Bill Bingham regrets this, for he is the constant recipient, and has been for many years, of letters from me about his football teams and track teams. Also, I maintain a continuing interest in domestic and national politics, and am an inveterate writer of letters to the newspapers, senators, the State Department, and occasionally the President. With my friend, Simpkins, I collaborate in writing for the *Yarmouth Register* on any and every matter of current interest. The best hobby of all, if it can be so classified, is those all-important friendships which I suppose all of us make here and there as we progress. Of all the experiences which have come my way, none has compared in satisfaction with the rare good fortune of finding, and maintaining through all the ups and downs and trials and good fortune, certain friendships. In difficult periods there are always the already established ones to fall back upon and, most unexpectedly, new ones, equally essential, which come "out of the nowhere into the here." Travel is a hobby more easily indulged in in the 1920's than nowadays. As a family we had many long trips abroad, the last two of which, though done by third-class across the ocean, included unforgettable automobile trips, in one instance through the lovely countryside of England, and in the other instance France, Austria, and Italy. Whether the war will ever allow such things again is a question, and the memories are doubly precious. Harvard, too, is a hobby I keep up with through the Harvard Club of New York, upon the Board of Managers of which I presently have the pleasure of serving, and through the Associated Harvard Clubs, of which I am, happily, a vice-president-at-large for the second year.

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SHEPARD FISHER WILLIAMS

HOME ADDRESS: 612 Chestnut St., Waban, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Old South Photo Engraving Corp., 99 Bedford St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Oct. 1, 1895, Newton Highlands, Mass. PARENTS: Arthur Shepard Williams, Carrie Almira Fisher.

PREPARED AT: Newton High School, Newton, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Florence E. Sawyer, Aug. 13, 1938, Waban, Mass.

HARVARD BROTHER: Robert Osgood Williams, '29, M.B.A., '31.

OCCUPATION: Photo Engraving.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., Aug., 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Nov. 27 and assigned to Company D, 315th Infantry, 79th Division; sailed for France July 9, 1918; promoted 1st lieutenant Sept. 6; wounded Sept. 29; detailed to American Students' Detachment, Trinity College, Dublin, Ireland, March 18, 1919; discharged Aug. 15, 1919. Engagement: Meuse-Argonne offensive.

OFFICES HELD: Vice-president, Old South Photo Engraving Corporation.

MEMBER OF: Middlesex Club; Weston Golf Club.

SHEP WILLIAMS is another classmate who, despite the fuel shortage, likes to dabble in oils. He writes:

TWENTY-FIVE years ago I gave up plans for law school to enter the Army. Then, after two years' service, including a year in the American Expeditionary Forces, business appealed to me more than books, so I entered the textile business.

About two years later the opportunity came to leave a small mill town for a position in Boston with a photo engraving concern and that has been my work ever since. Now, as an officer and part owner, I find myself very busy, especially since the war and priorities.

For many years I enjoyed the carefree life and habits of a bachelor. Then suddenly the right girl came along, one whose tastes from sports to theatre, from food to friends, fitted with mine. Life took on a new meaning, witness our house and the garden where I was surprised to find much pleasure.

Like many others I have shared inconspicuously in suburban life, collecting funds, serving as a vestryman in my church, and now filling the position of air raid warden. Meanwhile, golf and bowling have replaced tennis and hockey of younger days, but I

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have also taken up color photography and oil painting. The latter appeals to me decidedly, and I hope some day to have leisure time for study and practice.

As a last word, may I say that I have firm faith in this country and believe we shall finally come out of this war to much better days.

JOHN PRESTON WILLS

HOME ADDRESS: R. D. 1, Wilmington, Del.

OFFICE ADDRESS: c/o E. I. duPont de Nemours Co., Nemours Bldg., Room 7458, Wilmington, Del.

BORN: July 1, 1896, Newark, N. J. PARENTS: John Purdum Wills, Helen Mary Wish.

PREPARED AT: Berkeley Preparatory School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914-1917. DEGREE: S.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Margaret Lucile Welty, Oct. 11, 1917, Allston, Mass. CHILD: John Welty, May 15, 1921.

OCCUPATION: Export Sales Manager, Organic Chemical Department, E. I. duPont de Nemours Company.

MEMBER OF: Circumnavigators' Club; New York Export Managers' Club; DuPont Country Club.

JOHN WILLS specialized in chemistry. His father was an export manager. What could be more logical than that John should become export sales manager of the largest chemical company in this country? His "Life":

ALTHOUGH I entered College with the Class of 1918, I decided to speed up my college work and, fortunately, was able to complete the courses required for a science degree in three years, and consequently, transferred to the Class of 1917. In May, 1917, I was called to the Dean's Office and asked if I would accept a position with the duPont Company immediately as they were in urgent need of chemists who knew something about explosives. I was, therefore, in the unique position of having a job seek me instead of looking for it. As I had specialized in explosive study, I was very glad to accept their offer, and I was released from further college work, including the final examinations, in order to accept the position offered by duPont. Of course, I came back for graduation and received my diploma with the others. Promotions came rapidly in war days, and

within a few months I became chief chemist of their High Explosives Works at Deepwater, New Jersey.

After the war I served as chief chemist in the organic chemical laboratory at our newly constructed dye works, but later tired of the confinement of laboratory work and was transferred to the dyestuffs sales department. After spending a few years in New York and the home office in Wilmington, I was offered the opportunity of opening a new office in Bombay, India. Having in the meantime married, and having one son, we packed up for the long trip to a strange country. We lived and travelled throughout India for three years and enjoyed our stay there very much indeed. While in India, I set up a speed record for the 900-odd-mile trip from Bombay to Delhi as a publicity stunt for a motor car dealer who was a friend of mine. The trip took twenty-seven hours non-stop through jungles and fording rivers where no bridges existed.

On our return to the States for a holiday, we decided to make the most of the long trip and we spent considerable time in Ceylon and stopped over in the Straits Settlements, Hong Kong, Shanghai, and Japan, making the journey a circumnavigation for the Wills family. It was decided that I should not return immediately to India, and I remained in Wilmington on export sales work. From that time, 1927, until now I have been associated exclusively with the export work and, in the course of supervising our foreign offices and agencies, I have travelled through practically all of the countries of Europe and South America. Most of the time I was accompanied by my wife, who not only enjoys travel, but who has been of great assistance in the social side of our foreign work.

Motoring is my favorite hobby, and we have enjoyed extensive trips in our annual vacation periods to Yellowstone, the Canadian Rockies, and throughout the southern states. I presume that we would be termed restless, but having come from an export family, my father being in charge of the foreign business of the Dennison Manufacturing Company, I believe it is only natural that we should have acquired a taste for seeing new places and new people.

Our last trip to Europe was in the fall of 1938 at the time of the Munich Conferences, and it was our privilege to visit every

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country in Europe with the exception of Spain, Albania, and Roumania, so that we may carry with us memories of these countries as they were before the war. Our trip, which was made partially by motor, enabled us to see at first hand the preparations for war which was to come the following year. We journeyed from Portugal to Oslo to Moscow to Athens covering everything in between, and although the journey was tiring, it nevertheless has given us an opportunity to appreciate some of the political situations which constitute the daily news.

My son, who is now twenty, has completed a course in aviation and will more than likely begin his military service next year when he becomes of age. He is in his third year of college at Princeton.

I am at present export manager of the organic chemicals department of the duPont Company and if all goes well, 1942 will bring me twenty-five years' service with the duPont Company, twenty-five years out of College, and we shall celebrate our twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. Therefore we look forward to the coming year.

BUTLER ROLAND WILSON, JR.

HOME ADDRESS: 28 Anderson St., Boston, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Miller & Co., 80 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Nov. 11, 1896, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Butler Roland Wilson, Mary Elizabeth Evans.

PREPARED AT: Public Latin School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Esther Kennedy Hawkins, Oct. 9, 1922, Washington, D. C.

HARVARD BROTHER: Edward Ware Wilson, Sp.

OCCUPATION: Real Estate Broker.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Jan. 26, 1918; assigned to 325th Field Signal Battalion, 92d Division; commissioned 2d lieutenant Signal Corps April 1; appointed divisional instructor of liaison May 15; sailed for France June 10; appointed radio officer 167th Field Artillery Brigade, 92d Division, July 28; personnel adjutant 325th Field Signal Battalion Nov. 16; discharged April 8, 1919. Engagement: Marbache sector.

MEMBER OF: Watertown Post No. 99, American Legion.

IN 1927 Butler Wilson was in the building construction business in Boston, and in 1937 he was in the real estate business with the company with which he is still associated.

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FREDERICK COLBURN WILSON

ADDRESS: 19 N. Main St., Ipswich, Mass.

BORN: Oct. 21, 1894, Andover, Mass. PARENTS: Rev. Frederick Arthur Wilson, Florence Nightingale Nason.

PREPARED AT: Punchard High School, Andover, Mass.; Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917; S.T.B. (Union Theol. Sem.), 1922.

MARRIED: Esther Ryerson Gregory, June 1, 1921, Boston, Mass. CHILDREN: Jane Ryerson, April 1, 1922; Ruth Bigelow, June 18, 1924; John Frederick, April 1, 1933.

OCCUPATION: Minister of Congregational Church.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Secretary, Army Y. M. C. A., Camp Devens, Mass., 1917-1918; entered service private April 29, 1918; assigned to 151st Depot Brigade, Camp Devens, Mass.; transferred to Company C, 301st Field Signal Battalion, 76th Division, June 15; promoted private 1st class June 21; sailed for France July 11; discharged July 2, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Member, Ipswich School Committee; chaplain, American Legion of Ipswich, Congregational Men's Club of Ipswich; trustee, Ipswich Public Library; scribe-treasurer, Essex South Association of Congregational Churches.

FREDERICK WILSON has found his "work in the ministry rewarding," especially in times like these. He writes:

I AM hoping to be present for at least a part of the Reunion program, along with my wife and our three children. Jane is a junior at Smith College, Ruth is a senior at Ipswich High School, and John is a lively boy in the fourth grade, already able to throw a forward pass nearly as far as can his father.

Phillips Brooks House has happy associations for our family, for it was there, on a May evening in 1917 at a Student Volunteer meeting, that I first met Esther Gregory, Simmons 1917, who later became my wife.

We have found our work in the ministry rewarding, first at Richmond (in the Berkshires) and for the past eleven years at Ipswich. Here we are serving a church which was organized in 1634 — even earlier than Harvard College. This year I feel more strongly than ever before the tremendous importance of the spirit and ideals for which the church stands, and I am finding heightened joy in my parish and pulpit ministry.

Our Class graduated from college at a crucial time in history.

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Another critical hour has arrived as we approach our twenty-fifth anniversary. May a great many of us be able to gather for the Reunion, and may we all find in our fellowship together new strength and zeal to carry forward the highest ideals of our College!

FORREST BOND WING

HOME ADDRESS: 1117 Avon Pl., South Pasadena, Calif.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 2570 Mission St., San Marino, Calif.

BORN: April 25, 1896, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Almond Morse Wing, Nellie Alberta Adams.

PREPARED AT: Roxbury Latin School, Roxbury, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917.

MARRIED: Margaret Williams Haddock, June 22, 1922, Wellesley, Mass.

CHILDREN: Robert Adams, Sept. 1, 1923; Alan Wolcott, Oct. 28, 1925;

Larry Dickinson, Oct. 17, 1928; John Fiske, Sept. 10, 1931.

OCCUPATION: Real Estate.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Camion driver, American Field Service, Motor Transport Unit 526 (Réserve Mallet), July 23 to Nov. 21, 1917, with French Army on Chemin des Dames front. Enlisted private Feb. 1, 1918; assigned to Machine Gun Company, 302d Infantry, 76th Division; detailed to Officers' Training School, Camp Devens, Mass., May 15; to Machine Gun Central Officers' Training School, Camp Hancock, Ga., June 20; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Sept. 15 and assigned to 28th Company, Machine Gun Training Center, Camp Hancock; appointed exchange and statistical officer to staff 3d Group, Machine Gun Training Center, Oct. 15; discharged Dec. 13, 1918.

FORREST WING began his business career as a claim examiner for a Boston bonding company. In 1923 he was a teacher in the Park School of Brookline and for the next four years he was headmaster of the Kingswood Country Day School of Hartford. He has since gone West and into the real estate business.

CHARLES PAINE WINSOR

HOME ADDRESS: 110 Prospect Ave., Princeton, N. J.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 20 Nassau St., Princeton, N. J.

BORN: June 19, 1895, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Frederick Winsor, Mary Anna Lee Paine.

PREPARED AT: Middlesex School, Concord, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1915, 1916-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; S.B., 1921; PH.D., 1935.

MARRIED: Agnes L. Allen, Sept. 23, 1927, Baltimore, Md.

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OCCUPATION: Statistician, Princeton University.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Ambulance driver, American Field Service, Section 1, Aug. 14, 1915, to Aug. 22, 1916, with French Army on Yser, Aisne, Somme and Verdun fronts. Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., Aug., 1917; commissioned provisional 2d lieutenant Infantry, Regular Army, Oct. 26; assigned to Supply Company, 22d Infantry, Dec. 16; promoted provisional 1st lieutenant March, 1917, to date from Oct. 26, 1917; attached to Military Intelligence Division, General Staff, Washington, D. C., Nov. 4, 1918; resignation accepted Aug. 1, 1919.

CHARLIE WINSOR'S dislike of a big organization led him to other fields, the cultivation of which has taken him around the country. He writes:

LIKE others, I had a spell in the Army. On recovering, I went through a spell of engineering. This included Harvard Engineering School and five years with the New England Telephone Company. Finally I got fed up with working for a well-run concern and quit to go to work for Raymond Pearl, the biologist and statistician in Baltimore. (I managed to acquire his best laboratory worker for a wife.)

We spent the year 1929-1930 studying at Munich (pre-Hitler, and we were more surprised than anyone when Hitler came to power). In 1932 I decided that a Ph.D. was essential, and came back to Harvard, working under Crozier in physiology. I took my Ph.D. in 1935, and was jobless for a time. Finally, I went out to Iowa State College with a job in mathematics and statistics. In 1941 I was signed up to go to a job at Johns Hopkins in September, but got mixed up with a national defense research project at Princeton, which has me signed up until July, 1942.

✱ PLENYONO GBE WOLO

BORN: Grand Cess, Liberia. PARENTS: Plenyano Gbe Wolo, Wle Jle.

PREPARED AT: Mount Hermon School, Mount Hermon, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; A.M. (Columbia Univ.), 1919; B.D. (Union Theol. Sem.), 1922; LL.B. (Liberia Bar), 1929.

MARRIED: Mary Elizabeth Hansford.

DIED: June 2, 1940, Monrovia, Liberia.

NEWS of Wolo's death of pneumonia in Monrovia, Liberia, on June 2, 1940, reached the Class through the Phelps Stokes Foundation, which had long been interested in his African

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work. His widow, Mary Elizabeth Wolo (née Hansford) survived him. There were no children.

Plenyono Gbe Wolo was born at Grand Cess, Liberia, the son of Plenyano Gbe Wolo, a Kroo chieftain who at one time was "paramount chief" of all the surrounding tribes. Like many aboriginal tribesmen, he did not know the date of his birth. He prepared at missionary schools in Liberia and later studied at Mount Hermon Preparatory School in Massachusetts. He attended Harvard throughout our four years, receiving the degree of A.B. in 1917. Teachers College (Columbia) granted him the A.M. in 1919, and Union Theological Seminary the B.D. in 1922.

In 1919-1920, before completing his theological studies, Wolo made an economic survey in Liberia for American commercial interests. This preliminary visit to his native land, after an absence of nearly a decade, enabled him to map out his future work with reference to actual conditions and pressing needs. On his final return to Africa in 1922, his first enterprises were the establishment of a day school in his native village of Grand Cess, and the training of a village choir, for whose benefit he translated many hymns and anthems into the Kroo dialect. In 1926 he became an assistant divisional manager in the Firestone Rubber Company, serving on two different plantations, where he helped to solve labor problems, and collaborated in the establishment of a plantation school system. In 1929, after some years of private law study, he was admitted to the Liberia Bar, and became an attorney and counsellor at law in Monrovia. While devoting himself mainly to legal practice, he continued to be concerned with the educational, economic and social advancement of his people. He developed a Kroo choir in Monrovia whose concerts did much to create respect for the talents of the aborigines. In 1930 he served as secretary to the International Commission of Inquiry which investigated conditions in Liberia. In 1937 he was made professor of economics at the College of West Africa; in 1939, assistant secretary of the Educational Board of Liberia, and a director of the Banking Corporation of Liberia.

The dominant motive of Wolo's life, as evidenced in many remembered conversations and letters still extant, was a princely sense of responsibility to his country and his people. Son of a chieftain and popularly known at Harvard and Columbia as "the

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African prince," he regarded his studies in America as a first step in the education of his tribe, and as a preparation for serving Liberia. He lived up to his father's charge that "if God gave him light and understanding in any way, he should share these with his people, and never spend his life in a foreign country." More than once he abandoned a course of study in which he had attained excellence (*e.g.*, higher mathematics) because he saw that no benefit to his people would accrue from its further pursuit. His three-year service in the Firestone Company and his other commercial activities were inspired by the conviction that the introduction of large-scale industry was a crucial event in his country's history. He felt that industrialism might be as disastrous to Liberia as to the Belgian Congo, but on the other hand might turn out to be generally beneficial if Liberians would intelligently collaborate with the right kind of industry instead of merely viewing it with alarm. His life was full of sudden shifts, ragged incompletions, and tragic personal frustrations, but in its one dominant aim it never wavered. Wolo was a living refutation of the charge that the black man is incapable of higher education and that to try to educate him is to make of him an irresponsible wastrel! Dr. Johnston Ross, who knew him intimately for many years, considered that he had "an intellect of the first magnitude," which would have made him a great scientist had he been free to follow a scientific career. The Kroom people of Liberia will never forget the man who was the first of their sons to receive higher education, and Harvard may be proud to have had a share in his training. President Lowell, who followed his career closely and assisted him in many ways, once said that Wolo was "one of the finest men, black or white, who had passed through Harvard in fifty years."

W. M. H. '17

CORNELIUS AYER WOOD

ADDRESS: Arden, Andover, Mass.

BORN: Oct. 9, 1893, Andover, Mass. PARENTS: William Madison Wood, Ellen Wheaton Ayer.

PREPARED AT: Middlesex School, Concord, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: S.B. *cum laude*, 1917.

MARRIED: Muriel Prindle, Dec. 15, 1915, Duluth, Minn. CHILDREN: Cornelius Ayer, Jr., June 11, 1920; Muriel Prindle, Feb. 8, 1924.

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HARVARD SON: Cornelius Ayer Wood, Jr., '42.

OCCUPATION: Trustee for numerous trusts; Lieutenant Commander in the United States Naval Reserve on active duty at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled chief quartermaster U. S. Naval Reserve Force June 7, 1917; assigned to Scout Patrol *Cigarette* June 15; appointed ensign Sept. 21; graduated Reserve Officers' Training Class, U. S. Naval Academy and commissioned ensign (temporary) U. S. Navy Jan. 31, 1918; assigned to Navy Yard, Boston, Mass.; served as aide to commandant; transferred to U. S. S. *Sierra* on transport duty June 8 as gunnery officer; promoted lieutenant (junior grade; temporary) Sept. 21; transferred to Hydrophone School, New London, Conn.; to State Pier, New London, Jan., 1919; resignation accepted May 26, 1919. Rejoined the U. S. Naval Reserve Feb., 1931, being recommissioned as lieutenant; now lieutenant commander D-V (S) U. S. N. R.

OFFICES HELD: Vice-president, American Woolen Company, 1923-1924; vice-president and purchasing agent, Shawsheen Mills, 1922-1924; director, First National Bank of Boston, 1928-1932, Old Colony Trust Company since 1922, Andover Unit National Economy League, 1933-1936, American Bureau for Medical Aid to China, 1940-1941; director and vice-president, Park Square Building, Incorporated, Boston; member Executive and Investment Committees, Old Colony Trust Company; honorary director, Andover Spitfire Fund to present a Spitfire fighting plane to Andover, England, 1941.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of Boston; North Andover Country Club; New Bedford Yacht Club; Naval Order of the United States; United States Naval Overseas Cruiser and Transport Society; United States Naval Reserve Officers' Association.

PUBLICATIONS: *The Last Gepuire*, a play published by Bakers Plays, Inc., Boston, Mass.; numerous articles in newspapers and magazines on economics and politics; some poems.

CONNIE WOOD was always active, and we can see that he still is. His is an inquiring mind which leads into many fields. He writes:

IBSEN might condense twenty-five years into three pages, and Shakespeare might do so in a world-resounding phrase, but the dear Class Secretary asks each of us to do something of that sort. Or, failing that, at least not to cramp one's style. This is a compliment. Some of us may have style to cramp! An idea. And here are the things of chief interest that each may enlarge upon in three pages: one's family life, hobbies, travels, political or religious convictions (if any). I ask, who can form a religious or political conviction that will stand up, when all the world has not yet succeeded in uniting upon any? And yet, how

strongly each holds to his beliefs and what a spineless lot we should be had we none. For it is through the clash of beliefs that this world forges forward, if at all. It is through a fastening on the Truth that we maintain our positions. In this struggle those who hold no beliefs are more surely swept under than are even those on the losing side that perish in line of fire. I am still forging convictions and probably never will complete the process. Of this much I am sure: that a normal family life is the nucleus of all that is worth while, and that it takes high qualities and sacrifice and coöperation from all members to produce the best that family life can offer. This means planning and wisdom and affection and patience in varying degrees from the mother and the father down to the youngest child. Another of my convictions is that only that which is perfect is immortal. Our bodies are not immortal because they are subject to corruption and decay. Thoughts and love only are immortal. No thought is perfect without affection. Even if one's mind should become pure mathematics, it would be very incomplete and such a man would be a narrow edge, like a line with no space in being. Such thoughts, rounded with application, due to love, might well be worth immortalizing, might well be the immortal man. When one thinks over one's thoughts how few of them survive the test of trial and error. But any thought, translated into action, however tiny, though it be right, is immortal. In these ways we can take the measure of how much of us we want to have survive, how much of us can survive. A right deed never dies. It is a part of us through all futurity.

After thinking this way, politics and religious sects lose much of their significance; for neither is fundamental. Both represent confusion. They are mostly disguised, material, and selfish ambitions.

Of my travels, I could write volumes for I have visited some twenty-one different lands, some of them many times. From this, however, I shall spare both you and myself. One thing, wherever I have been, I find common to all peoples: they ask one universal question of themselves about you — how much money can I separate this man from in the quickest time? But despite this, there is a great loveableness in the people of every land. Nor can I say that any one class or race has a monopoly on that which

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we admire in men or women. Some races, certain classes, have the qualities more widely spread than others do, or possess certain characteristics in greater concentration than others do, but this is usually in inverse proportion to what one might expect from hearsay or belief.

I believe that war is as normal as peace and that history will show that perhaps 50% of the years are given to each. In fact, much time during peace years is spent in preparation for war and vice versa. That is one reason why I have two vocations: a peace-time one and a war, or national emergency, one. That is why I counseled my son to take up, along with his academic pursuits, either military or naval science while at Harvard. Now he is in the Reserve Officers' Training Corps on the way to becoming an officer.

And just as I have two vocations, so also have I two avocations: one for the body and one for the mind; or, if you prefer, for the intellectual and physical pursuits, my indoor and outdoor hobbies. My indoor hobbies consist of filling the gaps of my college education and of extending, on occasion, my knowledge in other lines. For example, in 1927 I went back to Harvard and took postgraduate work in writing and in art. I had had no art in College and I had majored in English. I discovered that I enjoyed water-color painting as a hobby far above writing and that it is a most refreshing and demanding occupation, to which there are almost no limits for carrying it toward perfection. More recently, I have pursued studies in mathematics, of which I had had none in College, except what I took voluntarily, on the side, with the Widow Nolan in person, God rest his soul for a worthy man and friend of the sub-D college applicant. Despite what has been said recently of the tutorial schools I still maintain that some of them can teach a subject successfully where the regular college staff has failed miserably to make a dent in the solid ivory presented to it.

Another of my convictions, after reading more than my share of every type and manner of literature, from the classics to the modern technical magazines on finance and political economy, is that too much reading is a sin. It dulls the edge of quick decision and slows the hand to strike in action. This is the great cause of the apathy of youth today — they have read out of all pro-

portion to their deeds. For a thing to be known it must be practised. Book learning is no learning at all until one has done the thing that one reads about. Theory and practice should go hand in hand. They should work together as do the blind giant and the bright-eyed dwarf that he carried on his shoulders. Failure to provide for this joint functioning, except in certain laboratory courses, is my greatest criticism of education as conducted today in nearly every great university. This is not the same thing as to counsel the giving up of the classics in favor of vocational training, nor can it be applied to every course. To abandon the classics would be to skim the cream and leave only the milk of college education, and most of us appreciate a little cream in our coffee in these days of clanking metal, hot steam, and lubing oil.

As to my outdoor hobbies, they, too, come and go. After one is exhausted, or sufficiently so, I turn to another. Once, sailing had first place with tennis second. Now tennis has eclipsed sailing and stands predominantly first in my affection, with badminton (I only play doubles in either game now) as a winter substitute. I have also enjoyed horseback riding and do some swimming. Golf I thought had some possibilities until it gave me up as having none. Tennis has been more tolerant of my shortcomings, but with little more excuse to be so. I also like rowing, and, in prehistoric times, stroked the school crew.

But of all these hobbies, avocations, and vocations there is one greater than the rest, for it contains them all and gives purpose and background to my life as a whole. That is my family, more particularly my wife, children, and grandparents, and also our cousins, nieces, nephews, uncles, and aunts. This group is an harmonious unit. Thanks more to my wife's good sense of proportion, her normal striving toward this end, and to her delightful sense of humor, it is likely to continue to be the jolly center of the most important things in life, even though active duty with the Navy has caused physical separation that may continue in my case for the better part of several years to come.

In 1938 I received a gold honorary medal from the Alumni Society of Massachusetts State College for numerous plays produced there in different years and for connected activities for the dramatic department of the college.

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PHILIP DUDLEY WOODBRIDGE

OFFICE ADDRESS: Temple University Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

BORN: NOV. 11, 1895, Brookline, Mass. PARENTS: Samuel Homer Woodbridge, Adele Reed Taylor.

PREPARED AT: Newton High School, Newton, Mass.; Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B. *cum laude*, 1917; M.D., 1921.

MARRIED: Marion Crane Maercklein, March 15, 1924, Hartford, Conn. CHILD: Dudley Hooker, June 3, 1928.

OCCUPATION: Professor of Anesthesia, Temple University Hospital and Medical School.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered service private Oct. 5, 1917; assigned to 151st Depot Brigade, Camp Devens, Mass.; transferred to Sanitary Detachment, 401st Telegraph Battalion, Camp Devens, in December; honorably discharged Jan. 15, 1918. Enlisted private Medical Enlisted Reserve Corps Jan. 15, 1918; not called to active duty; discharged Jan. 15, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: President, Boston Society of Anesthetists, 1934 and 1936; head of Department of Anesthesia, Lahey Clinic, Boston, 1940.

MEMBER OF: American Society of Anesthetists; American Medical Association; New England Society of Anesthesiology; International Anesthesia Research Society; National Economy League; Federal Union; American Veterans' Association.

PUBLICATIONS: About twenty articles in medical journals on various clinical aspects of anesthesia.

PHIL WOODBRIDGE is a specialist from whose skill his clients are unconscious. He writes:

TEN days after starting work at the Harvard Medical School in the fall of 1917 I was drafted into four months of physical recreation and mental loafing at Camp Devens, only to be plunged back into the intricacies of physiology and biochemistry at mid-years. During the dull grind of the preclinical courses and then the welcome introduction to clinical medicine, I continued to enjoy the atmosphere of the Yard, as proctor of Matthews Hall. There followed brief periods of work in tuberculosis and contagious diseases in Boston hospitals, and then internship at the Hartford, Connecticut, Hospital—a period among the most pleasant to look back upon, two years of the best working conditions in the chosen profession, of congenial companionship, and of no burdening responsibility.

Then came four years of general practice in Portland and Middletown, Connecticut—a plunge into the home lives of a

cross section of society, for which the select environment of college and medical school afforded poor preparation. The first bit of independence and income offered the opportunity of long-postponed marriage. The partner, Marion Crane Maercklein, before marriage was a textile artist of no mean attainments, and since marriage she has proved herself an artist in the creation of a home and of a circle of firm friends, with all the qualities that these demand.

The work that I did in anesthesia at the local hospital brought the pleasure and increasing interest that come with a job felt to be well done. When an offer came from the section on anesthesia of the Mayo Clinic, I therefore accepted, and since 1917 my work has been limited to that specialty. After a year in Rochester, Minnesota, life on the eastern coast looked very attractive to both of us, and I joined the department of anesthesia of the Lahey Clinic in Boston in 1928. The following twelve years were very busy and productive ones. I helped to bring about various developments in the organization and practice of the department, was co-designer of the new Connell anesthetic gas machine and of other apparatus, had numerous articles on anesthesia published in medical journals, and was president of the Boston Society of Anesthetists and helped to build it up from a small local organization to one embracing New England generally. I worked in conjunction with a committee at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology to develop means of preventing explosions of anesthetic gases, and was made a member of the American Board of Anesthesiology, a national organization to examine and certify physician anesthetists. The anesthesia department of the Lahey Clinic grew as work increased, and during 1940 I served as head of the department.

Our life among a circle of friends in Waban was most enjoyable. Mrs. Woodbridge's Christmas parties for the whole neighborhood, with candlelight and with many hundreds of home-made cookies artistically decorated, and my meetings of the Musical Amateurs, at which each one did his bit in filling out the musical program, came to be well-known neighborhood institutions.

I left the Lahey Clinic at the end of 1940, spent the next fifteen months in the private practice of anesthesia in New Haven, and from May, 1942, on, I am to be in charge of the department of

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anesthesia at Temple University Hospital, Philadelphia, with appointment as professor of anesthesia in the Temple University School of Medicine.

Music continues to hold my interest. While in Medical School I kept on playing viola in the Pierian Sodality Orchestra, and since then have played in amateur symphonic orchestras in Minnesota, Newton, Boston, and New Haven. In recent years string quartet playing has proved far more alluring than orchestras, and in addition to the Musical Amateurs I kept a string quartet going for a few years in Waban. But the piano (which I regard as a mechanical crudity of this age) is still the instrument on which I feel most at home — with Brahms, Chopin, Sinding, and Schumann.

Dudley, our one child, now in his fourteenth year, seems to have some interest in music and in art, and to be heading towards civil engineering as his vocation. For his college work I should prefer a smaller institution than Harvard and a smaller city than Boston.

Vacations have offered many a highlight in our lives. One New Year's medical meeting in Los Angeles led to a tour of the western coast, with a call on Shreve Ballard at Santa Barbara, trips into Sequoia and Yosemite in deep snow, and to Banff at thirty below. Other vacations have taken us to the Wisconsin lakes, the Colorado mountains, Youth Hosteling on bicycles in New Hampshire, and wandering over some of the White Mountains from the Appalachian Club's Cold River Camp with Fe Ranlett, '21, Percy Symonds, '15, and Wolcott Cutler, '13. The breaking out of the war caught us in England on a 600-mile bicycling trip. The English belied their reputation — we found them most friendly, hospitable, and kind.

Clem asks about social, religious, and other views. Industrial warfare would be largely wiped out, I believe, by the general adoption of profit-sharing by employees. International warfare would be abolished by a Federal Union of Nations. Those who have stood for high tariffs and for Buy American campaigns and against our joining a League of Nations and a World Court have themselves to thank for bringing this war upon us. And religion? Sure, I'm an expert on that, too. Each man or group builds religious concepts according to his stage of development and his individual characteristics and needs. This view makes proselyt-

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ing meaningless and bigotry amusing. Humanism has appealed strongly to me — but it would be a complete washout if a man should lose faith in himself. Except for its theories about physical ailments, Christian Science probably has something very much worth while to offer — and that's a lot for an M.D. to say!

It's pretty evident that I'm still serious-minded — but I get a lot of enjoyment out of life, either in spite of it or through it.

ARTHUR WILLIAM WRIGHT

HOME ADDRESS: 497 Western Ave., Albany, N. Y.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Dept. of Pathology, Albany Medical College, Albany, N. Y.

BORN: July 20, 1894, Windsor Locks, Conn. PARENTS: Arthur Wright, Elizabeth Hayes.

PREPARED AT: De Witt Clinton High School, New York, N. Y.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913–1917. DEGREES: A.B., 1917; M.D., 1923.

MARRIED: Mrs. Henrietta Stephenson Bratton, June 25, 1929, Nashville, Tenn.

HARVARD BROTHERS: Richard Lionel Wright, '24; Edmond Fleming Wright, '24, M.B.A., '26.

OCCUPATION: Physician; Cyrus Strong Merrill Professor of Pathology and Bacteriology at Albany Medical College.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May 1917; commissioned 1st lieutenant Infantry Aug. 15; assigned to 301st Infantry, 76th Division, Sept. 3; detailed to Infantry School of Arms, Fort Sill, Okla., Sept. 15 to Oct. 28; to Headquarters 76th Division Nov. 13, 1917, to June 30, 1918, as instructor; sailed for France July 4; transferred to Company I, 163d Infantry, 41st Division, Aug. 4; appointed officer in command; transferred to Renting, Requisition and Claims Service, Base Section No. 1, Saint-Nazaire, Feb. 19, 1919; discharged Oct. 9, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Vice-president and president, New York State Association of Public Health Laboratories, 1934–1936; member of Council since 1932; examiner in pathology, New York State Board of Medical Examiners, since 1940.

MEMBER OF: American Medical Association (Fellow); American Society of Clinical Pathologists (Fellow); Section N (Medicine) of the American Association for the Advancement of Science (Fellow); American Association of Pathologists and Bacteriologists; Society of American Bacteriologists; American Society for Cancer Research; American Society of Experimental Pathologists; International Association of Medical Museums; New York State Association of Public Health Laboratories; Medical Society of the State of New York; National Geographic Society; Torch Club.

PUBLICATIONS: Many articles on various subjects in the field of pathology.

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ARTHUR WRIGHT'S "Life" contains interesting sketches of several other people, one of whom is a classmate's brilliant wife. He writes:

FOR me, as for many members of our Class, the fourth year at College ended abruptly in the early springtime. Along with many others, I took my final examinations in April, soon after war had been declared, and within a week or so I was at the First Officers' Training Camp at Plattsburg, New York — cold, frigid Plattsburg on the shores of Lake Champlain. But the cold did not keep us down. Neither did the excessive heat which came with summer. We drilled and marched and fought and studied, quickly becoming adapted to the new life of the Army. August came and we received our commissions. I was a first lieutenant of Infantry.

My first assignment was with the 301st Infantry in the 76th Division at Camp Devens, Massachusetts. In September I was detached and sent to the School of Small Arms at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, for special training as a grenadier. I returned to Camp Devens as an instructor in this art. It wasn't long, however, before the 76th Division left for France, and I went with it. Soon after our arrival I was transferred to the 41st Division with which organization, as commanding officer of Company I, 163rd Infantry, I served until well after the Armistice. When the division left for home I was assigned to the Renting, Requisition, and Claims Service (the R. R. and C. S., too often referred to by our colleagues in the other services — and inaccurately, I might say — as the Rest, Recreation, and Comfort Society!). I thus remained in France for some months longer, chiefly at Tours, St. Nazaire, and Nantes, closing camps formerly occupied by United States troops. In the late fall of 1919 I came home and was finally discharged.

Thus for me ended the interlude of World War I — those crucial, historic days into which we were graduated and which for some of those we knew and lived with and worked with as students, were to be their last.

I had always wanted to study medicine and was fortunate enough to be admitted to the Class of 1923 at the Harvard Medical School, a class in which, incidentally, there were several

other men of '17. The new work in the Medical School, even though it was a tremendous change from life in the Army, was interesting and absorbing. I enjoyed every one of the four years, especially those in which laboratory work occupied a major part of the time. Because of my interest in the laboratory I went immediately upon graduating into the field of pathology. I was fortunate enough to be accepted as an intern in the Department of Pathology at the Boston City Hospital. There for more than two years I worked under the supervision of the late Dr. Frank B. Mallory, one of the greatest of American medical scientists, whose death in September, 1941, is mourned by all. Happy and valuable years those were, for Dr. Mallory was no ordinary "chief." He was a critical and exigent supervisor who made his young assistants toe the line. But he was much more than a mere disciplinarian. To each one of us he was a counsellor, adviser, and friend. The lessons we learned as we sat at his feet were not limited to pathology. They covered the innermost activities of our lives—honesty, manners, deportment, fairness, thoroughness, tolerance, adherence to one's convictions, etc. No teacher has left a greater impress upon my life than that made by the beloved "chief."

In the fall of 1925 I was appointed assistant professor of pathology at the Vanderbilt University School of Medicine in Nashville, Tennessee. My senior was Dr. Ernest W. Goodpasture, who had formerly taught pathology at the Harvard Medical School. An outstanding investigator and teacher, Dr. Goodpasture was a kindly, sympathetic supervisor, and I learned much from him during our four years of pleasant association.

In 1925 the Medical School at Vanderbilt had just been reorganized and a group of outstanding men had been brought to Nashville to head the various departments. In new, superbly-equipped buildings they were able to work under ideal conditions, and the younger men, like myself, were stimulated and encouraged. Never have I been associated with more active, keen, able men than were there at Vanderbilt in those early days of the reorganized school. In addition to Goodpasture in pathology, there were R. S. Cunningham in anatomy, Paul Lamson in pharmacology, W. S. Leathers in preventive medicine and public health, the late Glenn Cullen in biochemistry, and among the younger men,

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C. S. Burwell, now dean of the Harvard Medical School, in medicine, T. R. Harrison in medicine, and Alfred Blalock in surgery.

All of these men, except Dr. Cullen whose untimely death a few years ago ended a promising career, are today outstanding in their respective fields and many of them have left Vanderbilt for teaching posts of major importance in other schools. Surrounded by such men, it was impossible not to be stimulated and encouraged. I don't suppose a more happy, productive, enthusiastic faculty was ever brought together in any United States medical school than the Vanderbilt group during those active years. It was a privilege to be numbered among them, even though I was only a junior member of the faculty.

The years at Nashville were happy ones in other ways, too. Even though I was a damnyankee, I came to know intimately many Southerners who have remained fast friends during all the years that have passed since I left the South. No Northerner was ever made to feel more at home than I was in that hospitable city of the Southland, and today I look upon Nashville as a second home. In Nashville, too, I wooed, won, and wed my wife. If there were no other reason for giving thanks to the kindly fate which sent me to this Tennessee city, this one alone would be ample justification, for the years we have spent together have been happy and precious ones indeed. We have no children, to our great regret, but my greatest inspiration and help have come from this southern girl, who is now transplanted to the North, which, incidentally, she loves.

In 1929 I was offered the directorship of the Bender Hygienic Laboratory in Albany, New York, and since I had always liked public health laboratory work, we left Nashville and came north. At the Bender I worked hard for five years, developing and enlarging the scope of the activities of the laboratory. In 1934, however, the opportunity to teach again presented itself. I was offered the professorship of pathology and bacteriology at the Albany Medical College and I promptly accepted. In July of that year I was installed in the new post.

I am still at the Albany Medical College. Teaching I have always liked and I find it a constant and stimulating challenge. However, in addition to teaching, there is much other work of a routine nature to be done, for I am charged with the supervision

of all laboratory work for the Albany Hospital, a six-hundred-fifty-bed institution with which the medical school is associated. This is in itself no small task. It occupies the full time of a sizable corps of workers. Incidentally, one of my most important and helpful colleagues in all phases of the work is Dr. Mabel S. Ingalls, the wife of one of our classmates, Abbott Ingalls. Dr. Ingalls is assistant professor of bacteriology. Under her supervision are the teaching of bacteriology to medical students and the direction of the bacteriological laboratories of the hospital.

Finally, together with colleagues in my own department and the department of anatomy, I am taking part in a number of investigations, the most important of which is the study of the endocrine abnormalities present in a strain of rats in which mammary tumors are appearing spontaneously in large numbers of the females. Already a number of reports of these studies has been published and the "Albany Strain" of rats is already well known in cancer-research circles.

The work at the school is really challenging and I enjoy it greatly. I know of nothing I should rather do than just what I am doing. The school is small but active and productive. Its present dean is an old friend of Vanderbilt days, Dr. R. S. Cunningham, who in 1937 came to Albany as professor of anatomy and was promptly made dean. Under his wise and tactful direction the school is making steady progress. We look forward confidently to the future.

All in all the years since graduation have been busy and happy ones. Most of my time has been spent in the laboratory or at home. In these environments I seem to be happiest. I am not a club man, nor am I by nature or inclination a golfer, a fisherman, or even a bridge enthusiast. I like the sea and spend part of each summer on the rugged Maine Coast. In April we sometimes go to Tennessee — a lovely spot when blossoms and buds burst forth to paint the countryside with the fresh colors of spring. In these simple ways I get variety from the activities of the school and the laboratory.

My hobby for years was music, especially singing, and I once gave much time to this pleasant pastime. I have also enjoyed directing choruses. When I was in College, and even while I was a student at the Medical School, I sang with the Harvard Glee Club

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and in the Choir at old Appleton Chapel. Singing with these groups, especially the Choir, is among my most cherished memories of the years at Harvard. Through Doc Davison, that genius of choral music at Harvard, I, along with a host of others, came to know and to love good music. Harvard owes a lot to Doc. So, too, does an entire generation of students who sang under his inspiring direction. I am glad to be numbered among them.

Three times during the years since I left College I have had choruses under my own direction — the Freshman Glee Clubs at Harvard while I was a medical student, the Vanderbilt Singers, a mixed chorus which was organized while I was teaching at Nashville, and the Albany Choral Club which my wife organized and which flourished for some years after we first came to this city. Then pressing duties forced me to give up this pleasant diversion.

Now, instead of making music ourselves, in the manner so enthusiastically proposed by the late Dr. Richard Cabot, who felt that to make music should be as natural an expression as to laugh, my wife and I listen to music made by others. Especially do we enjoy the concerts given every summer by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at nearby Tanglewood in the Berkshires. Choral music we hear all too infrequently, I am sorry to say.

I have taken no active part in politics, though I am an inveterate liberal, a lover of freedom, and a sincere supporter of the foreign policy of President Roosevelt. I hope that the weight of our national influence in the present world struggle may tip the balance in favor of victory for the defenders of the democratic way of life, and that we, as a nation, may be a potent means of helping to bring about the sort of world in which men may live in freedom and in peace. To help achieve that end I would willingly give all I possess, including life itself.

We come now to the time of our quarter-century celebration. Again our country, as well as the entire world, is at war and already the peaceful days of yesterday seem to have ended such a long time ago. Our Class was apparently picked by fate to be a war class. If we are not ourselves going this time as we did in 1917, then many of our sons are, and a cloud again darkens our celebration horizon. It is my hope that the Reunion will bring together a group of happy but serious men, anxious to find in this fellowship of kindred minds new strength and new courage.

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Let us accept the challenge of those who would have us live in a world of chains and of slavery. Let us go forward confidently to victory, holding high those ideals and traditions of freedom and of truth which have placed the name of Harvard high in the roll of those universities which have fought through the centuries that we might be forever free.

JOHN IRTON WYLDE

HOME ADDRESS: Dover, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Patterson, Wylde & Co., 177 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Aug. 26, 1893, Jamaica Plain, Mass. PARENTS: John Wylde, Kate Irton Robertson.

PREPARED AT: Noble and Greenough School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B. † 1917 (23).

MARRIED: Mary Harrison, Aug. 25, 1931, Lockberbie, Dumfriesshire, Scotland.

CHILDREN: John Harrison, April 2, 1938; Mary Helena, Oct. 27, 1941.

HARVARD BROTHER: Cecil Irton Wylde, '27.

OCCUPATION: Steamship Business.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Seaman 1st class U. S. Naval Reserve Force, on duty on Scout Patrol *Lynx I* when United States entered the war; rating changed to gunner's mate 1st class July 1, 1917; transferred to Scout Patrol *Lynx II*; appointed ensign Sept. 14; entered Reserve Officers' Training Class, U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.; graduated and commissioned ensign (temporary) U. S. Navy Feb. 1, 1918; assigned to U.S.S. *Mississippi*; promoted lieutenant (junior grade, temporary) Sept. 21; resignation accepted Jan. 30, 1919.

OFFICES HELD: Partner, Patterson, Wylde & Company.

MEMBER OF: Cumberland and Westmorland Antiquarian and Archaeological Society; Dedham Country and Polo Club; Somerset Club; The Country Club, Brookline, Mass.

WHEN Jack Wylde was goal guard on the hockey team there probably was many a time that he prayed for a rubber shortage. Now he isn't and there is. He writes:

TWENTY-FIVE years ago the present seemed a long way off and yet as I look back now those twenty-five years are very short. That short time of mine has been built up of the 1917 World War, shipping business throughout, some civic jobs, travel — mostly in the British Isles and on the Continent — shooting upland and water-birds, golf, curling, gardening, plus — at the moment — slowly completing a small and to me interesting house in Vermont.

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It's been a period of good health, few sorrows, much happiness, and incidentally, acquiring three fairly important items in any man's life, namely, a wife, a son, and a daughter.

✠ EDWARD CYRIL WYNNE

BORN: March 29, 1889, Oakland, Calif. PARENTS: Ernest Wynne, Carmelita Mezes.

PREPARED AT: University of California.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1914-1917. DEGREES: LL.B. (Univ. Calif.), 1911; A.B. *cum laude* (Harvard Univ.), 1917; A.M. (ibid.), 1925; PH.D. (ibid.), 1927.

MARRIED: Louise French, Jan. 7, 1920, Cambridge, Mass. CHILDREN: Edward Cyril, Jr., July 24, 1923; Louise French, July 13, 1929.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Infantry Aug. 5; assigned to Office of Division Judge Advocate, 76th Division, Aug. 30; transferred to 1st Army Headquarters Regiment Dec. 17; sailed for France March 15, 1918; promoted 1st lieutenant Oct. 16; attached to American Commission to Negotiate Peace, Paris, Jan. 5, 1919, and appointed assistant to director Territorial, Economic, and Political Intelligence; transferred to General Court Martial, District of Paris, July 15 and appointed trial judge advocate; returned to United States Oct. 30; discharged Oct. 30, 1919. Commissioned 1st lieutenant Infantry Officers' Reserve Corps Jan. 7, 1920. Engagement: Haute-Alsace front. Cited for gallantry in action. Awarded Étoile Noire du Bénin.

DIED: Sept. 26, 1939, Washington, D. C.

WIDOW: Mrs. Edward C. Wynne, 14 Aberdeen Rd., Wellesley, Mass.

IN spite of the mature age at which he entered Harvard and despite the many dignities which he deserved and won, Major Wynne, or Dr. Wynne, is remembered by most of his friends as "Dutch." His years, his legal experience, his ample height and girth, gave him rather a commanding presence when he joined our Class in Sophomore year, but his modesty, his natural friendliness, his quick sympathy more than offset these characteristics. Once established in Cambridge, he took an active part in undergraduate life. He was a member of our Sophomore eleven, rowed on the varsity crew squad in our Junior year, played on the second varsity football team the following autumn. He was a member of the K. G. X. Club and the Diplomatic Club, and vice-president of the latter in our Senior year. With all these varied interests, he yet attained the first group in scholarship rank.

Along with so many other 1917 men, Wynne entered the Offi-

cers' Training Camp at Plattsburg the month before Commencement. He received his commission as second lieutenant of infantry in August, 1917, and was shortly thereafter assigned to the office of Division Judge Advocate, 76th Division. In December he was again transferred, to the 1st Army Headquarters Regiment, with which he sailed for France three months later. He saw action on the Haute-Alsace front, was cited for gallantry in action, and was promoted first lieutenant in October, 1918. After the Armistice he was attached to the American Commission to Negotiate Peace, where he served as assistant to the Director of Territorial, Economic, and Political Intelligence. In July, 1919, he was transferred to the General Court Martial, District of Paris, and appointed trial judge advocate. He did not return to this country until nearly a year after the Armistice. For his services he was awarded the Étoile Noire du Bénin.

While on duty with the Peace Commission, Wynne had taken the examinations for appointment to the office of Secretary of Embassy or Legation of the United States. These he passed without difficulty and, upon being demobilized, proceeded at once to Washington, where he took oath as diplomatic secretary. In December, 1919, he was assigned to duty at the Embassy at Tokyo, Japan. Before leaving for his post, he returned to Cambridge, where he was married.

Wynne's term of duty in Tokyo lasted nearly two years — a busy two years, since they included the period of Naval Disarmament Conference and the "California Question." In 1920 he visited Manila during an agitation on the part of the Filipinos for independence. In 1921 he was ordered to special duty in Vladivostok, at that time a completely disorganized city, due to the Russian collapse.

In 1922 Wynne was recalled to Washington, where he shortly became assistant solicitor to the Department of State. He gave up this position two years later to return to the Harvard Graduate School. After completing his work for the doctorate, he became an instructor in government and collaborated with Professor George Grafton Wilson on a compilation of immigration laws, published by the Institute of Pacific Relations.

Returning to Washington in 1929, Wynne soon became an important cog in the machinery of the State Department. He

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held in rapid succession the posts of assistant to the solicitor of the Department, assistant historical adviser, acting historical adviser, and chief of the Division of Research and Publication. He was a member of Department boards on Appeal and Review, Publications, and Archives. He represented the Department of State on the Interdepartmental Publications Committee. He also held a professorship in constitutional law and legal history at the Columbus University Law School in Washington and served as review editor of the *American Foreign Service Journal*. In the meantime he continued to hold his commission in the Military Intelligence Service, first as a major and, after 1936, as lieutenant colonel.

During 1939, at a time of international stress and when his health had been precarious, it became imperative that Wynne give up his work and go to a hospital. On September 26, while arrangements for this change were being made by an assistant, he suddenly took his own life.

Secretary of State Hull, in announcing Wynne's death, referred to him as "one of my valued assistants during my entire tenure of office," and said that the Department had lost "one of its outstanding, greatly loved officials."

"His indifference to his personal welfare," continued Mr. Hull, "was actuated by his complete devotion to his duties. Under Dr. Wynne's wise supervision, the research work and publications of the Department have become widely and favorably known, not only to the press, but to scholars and institutions of learning all over the country. His vision and intelligence are responsible for widespread dissemination of this government's policies in foreign affairs, especially among those seeking to understand and intelligently support our democratic form of government."

These words of praise were for the Wynne of later years, but those of us who knew him intimately in Cambridge will recall in the younger man the traits of full maturity. "We became quite intimate as Juniors," writes one of them, our classmate Summerfield Baldwin, 3d, "partly because in that year we both passed through the arduous discipline imposed by Professor Wilson on his international law students. Since 'Dutch' had already taken his law degree, the case-system technique employed did not have for him the terrors that it held for me and others in the Class. He

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found me not infrequently in the newly-opened Widener Library Reading Room, worrying my way through problems in diplomatic immunity, the law of prizes, or belligerent rights, and helped me to discover the appropriate literature or to interpret correctly the material I had found. After class we frequently engaged in discussion of the transactions — discussion which, because of his earlier training, always had a good deal more of solidity to it than the average undergraduate rehash.

“Twice afterwards he reappeared in my life at moments most auspicious for me: once in the fall of 1926, when my own graduate studies had reached something of an impasse and his encouragement and confidence were doubly welcome; again some years afterwards when only untoward circumstances prevented me from enjoying the privilege of an actual association with him in his work with the Publications Division. It is not strange that I find it very hard to write about ‘Dutch’ Wynne without emotion. His death has left a wound in my memory which will not heal rapidly.”

ARTHUR RUSSELL WYZANSKI

HOME ADDRESS: 3 Glenoe Rd., Chestnut Hill, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: 199 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: March 3, 1897, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Max Elmer Wyzanski, Jeanette Waxman.

PREPARED AT: Public Latin School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913–1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Frieda Taub, April 1, 1938, New York, N. Y. CHILD: Janet, Aug. 29, 1940.

HARVARD BROTHER: Henry Norton Wyzanski, '23, M.B.A., '25.

OCCUPATION: Real Estate Operator.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled storekeeper 2d class U. S. Naval Reserve Force June 22, 1918; assigned to Naval Training Camp, Hingham, Mass., July 2; transferred to Naval Training Camp, Bumkin Island, Mass., July 23; to Navy Yard, Boston, Mass., Aug. 1; released from active duty Dec. 31, 1918.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of Boston; Putnam Lodge, A. F. & A. M.; Boston Real Estate Exchange.

WE always thought that Arthur Wyzanski was a confirmed bachelor. In 1938 he took a West Indies cruise and now he is married and the head of a family. He writes:

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AFTER graduating I tried my hand in mercantile affairs. Then I spent six months in volunteer service in the Ordnance Department of the United States Army at Washington headquarters. This not being to my liking, I enlisted in the United States Navy, serving from July 1, 1918, until discharged December 31, 1918.

I went into the real estate business in 1919 under the parental wing. In 1926 I formed a partnership with H. R. Saftel, a classmate, which continued until it was dissolved in 1940. Now I am engaged in the real estate business as an operator on my own account.

Outside the shock of the Depression, nothing of great moment occurred in my life prior to 1938. However, according to legend, "Life begins at forty," which I proved when I took a West Indies cruise in February, 1938. On April 1, 1938, a ship romance culminated in my marriage to Miss Frieda Taub. Our daughter, Janet, was born in August, 1940. My family since then has supplanted golf and bridge as my chief interests.

I recently saw some federal statistics which stated that the average American family consists of three and one-half persons. This, oddly enough, at the time of writing the report, is the exact size of my family. However, I hope by Reunion time to have broken away from the norm and to be able to present a united front four strong.

✦ JOSEPH PHILIP YAFFE

BORN: Nov. 27, 1895, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Hyman Yaffe, Anne Frankle.

PREPARED AT: English High School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1914. DEGREES: PH.G. (Mass. Coll. of Pharmacy), 1918; M.D. (Tufts Coll.), 1922.

MARRIED: Mabel Pill, Oct. 29, 1926, Brookline, Mass. CHILD: Howard Stanley, Oct. 14, 1927.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled hospital apprentice 1st class U. S. Naval Reserve Force Dec. 10, 1917; assigned to Tufts Naval Unit, Medford, Mass., Oct. 18; released from active duty Dec. 18, 1918.

DIED: Sept. 24, 1931, Boston, Mass.

WIDOW: Mrs. Joseph P. Yaffe, Strathmore Rd., Brookline, Mass.

JOSEPH PHILIP YAFFE spent only one year with our Class, entering the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy in September, 1915. In 1918 he received his Ph.G. degree from that college

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and entered Tufts Medical School. After he took his M.D. in 1922, he served internships at the Jewish Maternity Clinic in Boston, St. Joseph's Hospital in Pittsburgh, and the Evangeline Booth Hospital in Boston. He practised medicine in Boston and served as an instructor in pharmacology at Tufts. He was a member of the staff of the Boston Dispensary, and a member of the staff of the Dispensary for Women. He was also a physician for several of the Boston public schools.

Yaffe was a member of the Massachusetts Medical Association, the American Medical Association, the American Pharmaceutical Association, the Phi Delta Epsilon Fraternity, the Massachusetts College Pharmacy Alumni Association, and the 32d degree Masons.

Dr. Harold A. Chamberlin, with whom Yaffe was associated at the Boston Dispensary, writes:

"Dr. Yaffe was a member of our Urological Staff at the Boston Dispensary for about five years. Outstanding in my memory of him are his pleasing personality, his enthusiasm, and his loyalty to his friends. He was a well-trained, conscientious, and able physician."

EARNEST RENSIEN YIN

ADDRESS: c/o Commissioner of Finance, Changsha, Hunan, China.

BORN: Jan. 19, 1887, Changsha, China. PARENTS: Chih Feng Yin, Ben Chen.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1915-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

AFTER graduation Earnest Yin began his business career in the First National Bank of Boston. Then, in the summer of 1919, he attended the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration. In the fall of that year he returned to China and became the secretary to the general manager of two Chinese cotton mills. In 1923 he was assistant general manager of those mills and in that year he wrote, "I like to play tennis and enjoy horseback riding, and indulge in physical exercises daily, and serve in the Shanghai Volunteer Corps." In 1937 his address was as given above.

ROBERT TURNER YOUNG

HOME ADDRESS: 9 Penniman Rd., Brookline, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: John D. Young & Sons Co., 146 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.

BORN: March 23, 1896, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Arthur Harris Young, Annie Eldredge Turner.

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PREPARED AT: Brookline High School, Brookline, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Esther Helen Baker, Sept. 22, 1923, West Falmouth, Mass. CHILDREN: John Dexter, April 7, 1925; Elisabeth Ferriday, June 2, 1933.

OCCUPATION: Merchant.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enrolled seaman, U. S. Naval Reserve Force April 13, 1917; honorably discharged May 2, 1917. Entered Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., May, 1917; commissioned 2d lieutenant Field Artillery Aug. 15; assigned to 303d Field Artillery, 76th Division; sailed for France July 16, 1918; regiment supported action of 33d Division at the front; discharged May 2, 1919. Engagements: Troyon sector, Meuse-Argonne offensive.

OFFICES HELD: Treasurer, John D. Young & Sons Company.

MEMBER OF: The Country Club, Brookline, Mass.

ON looking back, Bob Young is disturbed by "the tremendous intellectual waste of college years." He reports:

LEAVING College in the spring of 1917, I continued my education at Plattsburg, emerging that August as one of the first crop of "ninety-day wonders," a fledgling artillery lieutenant. I served at home and abroad for nearly two years, entirely without distinction, and, I fear, a source of more trouble to my superiors than to the Germans.

After spending three years in the banking business in Boston and New York, I returned to Boston in 1922, entering my family mercantile business with which I am still associated.

My life at home has been tranquil and happy, in business moderately prosperous. Living in Brookline at present, my leisure time is spent at such standard diversions as golf, fishing, curling, over-eating, etc.

Such is my story, and I feel that even the casual or curious reader is entitled to more than a drab recital of the insignificant outline of an average career. As in any class, there will be only a handful of men who have made significant contributions to the welfare or improvement of society. A somewhat larger number will have acquired fortune and strings of directorships. Most of us, although dubiously gilded by varying lengths of residence at Harvard, are interesting chiefly to ourselves.

Attempting to make this of more than fleeting personal interest, may I contribute the opinions of an average man con-

cerning his education as viewed from the perspective and perhaps through the haze of twenty-five years?

The most impressive fact to me now, but unappreciated then, was the tremendous intellectual waste of college years. Alma Mater kept the letter of the bargain — brilliant minds spread their pearls before us. We picked up a few. I feel that she did not keep the spirit of the bargain. By her very expansion and size she invited the attendance of average minds but made little attempt to expand or guide them. The present tutorial system may perhaps be tacit admission of previous error.

In attendance during years of world-shaking events, I can recollect no attempt by our mentors to correlate instruction with the current history. For example, I learned much about the influence of sea-power upon the American Revolution but can recollect no professional detours concerning the mighty influence the British Navy was bringing to bear daily on the then current war. The teachings of classical economics did little to prepare us for a world where the rules were going to be changed from day to day. Few of us learned anything thoroughly, not being under the compulsion of the technical school. Whether a groundwork of hazy general culture is preparation for a mechanistic world of specialization may be debated endlessly, but no further by this writer.

However, in all fairness to Alma Mater, may I admit that she was quick to adapt herself to certain signs of the times — witness the military science courses and the encouragement of the Harvard Regiment. Further, in fairness to ourselves, we were probably neither better nor worse than any college class of our generation — we had many opportunities and accepted a few. We should feel grateful to Harvard for the profusion of opportunities offered us. Unfortunately, we were taught to believe that there were rules to the game and then were turned out into a world where the rules were abruptly changed from time to time.

As a father of a son nearing college age, I am tempted to enquire if there can be a required senior course in mental elasticity. Current events of a contentious nature should be debated. Many lecturers rather than one should conduct affairs. Certainly some of them should be chosen from that group who are about to be removed from university precincts as dangerous radicals.

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JUAN CLEMENTE ZAMORA

HOME ADDRESS: Belgica 2, Alturas Almendares, Havana, Cuba.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Facultad de Ciencias Sociales, Universidad, Havana, Cuba, or Prado No. 116, Havana, Cuba.

BORN: Dec. 30, 1894, Santa Clara, Cuba. PARENTS: Juan Clemente Zamora, Consuelo López-Silvero.

PREPARED AT: Instituto de la Habana, Havana, Cuba.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1915. DEGREES: Dr. Public Law (Universidad de la Habana), 1917; D.C.L. (ibid.), 1924.

MARRIED: Rosario Munne, July 24, 1929, New York, N. Y. CHILDREN: Juan Clemente, May 14, 1930; Esteban Manuel, Feb. 29, 1932; Antonio Rafael, Jan. 18, 1941.

OCCUPATION: Professor of Constitutional Law, University of Havana; Director of the Study Center of the Institute of Social Reforms (Workers' Study Center); Lawyer.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Drafted under Cuban Conscription Law of 1917; became Secretary to the Postal Censorship Board, 1917-1919.

MEMBER OF: National Academy of the Social Sciences (Cuba); Institute of Social Reforms (Cuba); Committee on Comparative Legislation (Cuba); Havana Bar Association; American Association of University Professors; American Association of Political Science; Institute of Intellectual Cooperation (Geneva); Panamerican Institute of Public Law (Argentine); Panamerican Institute of Municipal Law (Argentine).

PUBLICATIONS: *State and Army*, 1917; *Constitutional Law of Japan*, 1921; *Constitutional Law: Cuba*, 1925; *A Zollverein with the U. S.*, 1930; *The Age of the Common Man*, 1932; *The New Deal*, 1937; *A New Interpretation of Latin American History*, 1938; *The Process of History*, 1939; *New Trends in Constitutional Law*, 1939; *Socialism*, 1940; *Calixto Bernal*, 1940; *Manual of Constitutional Law*, 1941; *Cuba and the War Crisis: a Program for Action*, 1941.

JUAN ZAMORA'S association with Harvard convinced him that the United States was not an imperialistic country. He writes:

LIKE most Latin-American boys of my age, I was furiously anti-imperialist. Interpreting the problem of America at that time seemed easy. A powerful, greedy, and unscrupulous industrial nation lay in perpetual watch, like some gigantic beast of prey, ready to attack the helpless lambs to the south of the Rio Grande, who were rich in sentiments and culture, but who did not possess the might of arms; and all our troubles and misfortunes, whether collective or individual, could be attributed to Yankee imperialism. Then I became a freshman at Harvard.

I took my first-year course in slang in the dining room at

Memorial Hall and learned, much to my surprise, that the vast majority of my Yankee friends (good boys after all!) knew so little about Cuba that they hardly realized it existed. At home we knew as much about Australia or New Zealand as those fellows knew about Latin America. My pride was naturally hurt, but I had to rectify some concepts. Obviously, such complete ignorance and indifference on their part did not support my theory of the ever-watchful American Eagle, and its preying attitude. The girls of that remote pre-flapper age did not know about my country any more than the boys did. They, however, seemed to develop a much greater degree of interest and were quite willing to learn, in that sweet and unsophisticated way which constituted the irresistible charm of the maids of 1915. That, of course, was of great help.

Some courses under William B. Munro, Arthur N. Holcombe, George Wilson, and Charles McIlwain also made a lasting impression on my mind and very definitely affected all my future life. When I left Harvard I was distinctly pro-American and very much devoted to the study of political science.

While at Harvard I met a Hindu, Dr. Kosambi. He was an ascetic and a vegetarian. The Lord did not permit that I should be affected by either one of these two aberrations, so I can still enjoy an Old-Fashioned and a couple of pork chops with the heavenly side-dish of Boston Beans. But he had an Oxford education and a passion for Socialism. He gave me numerous talks and a large collection of books and pamphlets published by the British Labor Party, and I have been a convinced, though moderate, Socialist ever since.

Soon after graduation from the Havana Law School I was given a teaching position there. I started as instructor, then became assistant, and have been full professor since 1926. Like most professorships in the Latin universities, it is a part-time job, so I have had time to work in a few sidelines — in the Postal Censorship when I was drafted during World War I; writing for newspapers and reviews; practising law; directing a night school for workers; taking an active interest in politics occasionally; attempting, most unsuccessfully, to induce our boys to go in for football, my favorite game; and, of late years, lecturing on Pan-Americanism and Good Neighbor coöperation with the United

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT

States — all of which goes to show how lasting and deep-rooted were Harvard's influence and that feminine touch!

In 1921 I spent a year at the Paris Law School, taking some postgraduate work, and in 1934 I did the same thing at Columbia. For two years I taught political science at the University of Miami, and my debt of gratitude, to both the authorities of that university and the people of Miami at large, would remain unpaid if on this brief record of my life I should omit a reference to the infinite kindness which I met there.

One of Harvard's most distinguished professors who visited Havana some time ago made a cruel remark about career women. "Of those who go to a university," he said, "the brighter ones get married." Granting his wisdom, my wife is extremely intelligent, because, although she made a *cum laude* course, she has never practised. We have three boys. The oldest is eleven, and they are all doing very well, both at school and at home. She and I are as happy now, or perhaps more so, as the first day I met her as a student in my class on constitutional law.

My books are beginning to bring in some royalties, and life at Havana, with an occasional trip to Europe or the United States to meet old acquaintances and to keep up with the gossip of the larger towns, is satisfactory enough for a modest and absent-minded professor. I have been quite happy, therefore, in my life experience, even though the dramatic crisis which Humanity at large is suffering makes me particularly conscious of the tremendous responsibilities which our generation must still bear, if we hope to survive and to preserve for our children an opportunity to enjoy Life and Liberty, and to pursue Happiness.

As a foreigner, American party politics should be none of my business. But I am, nevertheless, an ardent New Dealer, and an enthusiastic and sincere admirer of President Roosevelt. With him, and with other great men, I have one thing in common — my chief hobby is the reading of detective stories.

SYDNEY ZANDITON

HOME ADDRESS: 96 Wolcott Rd., Chestnut Hill, Mass.

OFFICE ADDRESS: S. S. Pierce Co., 133 Brookline Ave., Boston, Mass.

BORN: Nov. 19, 1896, Boston, Mass. PARENTS: Jacob Zanditon, Bertha Rosenthal.

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917

PREPARED AT: Public Latin School, Boston, Mass.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1916. DEGREE: A.B., 1917.

MARRIED: Minnie Ruttenberg, Dec. 25, 1929, Boston, Mass. CHILD: Edith, March 18, 1933.

HARVARD BROTHER: Arthur Zanditon, '34.

OCCUPATION: Retail Sales Manager, S. S. Pierce Company.

MILITARY OR NAVAL RECORD: Enlisted private Aug. 5, 1918; assigned to Company E, 9th Ammunition Train, Camp McClellan, Ala., Aug. 11; promoted sergeant Sept. 9; detailed to Field Artillery Central Officers' Training School, Camp Zachary Taylor, Ky., Nov. 4; discharged Feb. 1, 1919, and commissioned 2d lieutenant Field Artillery Officers' Reserve Corps.

IN this case one of the worst puns to make would be to say that Syd Zanditon "knows his groceries" so we shall omit that and merely call your attention to the fact that he certainly knows his epigrams. He says:

SHORTLY after graduation I went to work for S. S. Pierce Company and have been there ever since. I started in putting up orders and, after a varied experience, finally became retail sales manager. S. S. Pierce Company, wholesale and retail distributors of groceries, wines, candies, cigars, and cosmetics, has about 1200 employees, of whom 350 are in the retail sales division. I could write a good-sized book about S. S. Pierce's and my experiences there, but since it would be of interest chiefly to myself, I shall content myself with something less. I was exceedingly fortunate in getting into work I liked early in my business life and in becoming associated with a concern of high principles, rich in fine tradition, justly proud of its business ethics, honorable and humane in its employee relations and, at the same time, progressive, far-sighted, and successful.

My initial advancement came largely as the result of an ability to see things that others did not and to find ways of doing those things better. Later, some aptitude in getting along with people, fortified with the required knowledge for the job, gave me my present position. I have found invaluable the training I received at Harvard in learning to write clearly and to the point, and to gather and sift facts. The writing of compositions and theses, on which I spent untold laborious hours in College, provided me, as other forms of study might provide others, with the ability to recognize a problem and the courage to attack it.

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The pattern of my personal life has been a simple one. A wife who is a perfect companion and a nine-year-old daughter are my immediate family. Good friends, a home, and a garden plot are my chief possessions. Just to be out in the open, looking at a well-branched tree and a white-clouded sky provides enough pleasure for one day. A view from a New England hilltop is always good for a lift. My philosophy of living, based on my own experience and my observation of others, stresses the importance of today and the uncertainty of tomorrow in the short, hazardous span of a human life. Expressed in inadequate epigrams, it might run as follows:

"Don't put off until tomorrow the good you can do today.

"Live today in such wise that you can live with your conscience tomorrow.

"Don't be blinded by the brilliance of your wishes for the morrow to the many good things the Lord has given us to enjoy today.

"Do everything you can to steer the course of future events within the sphere of your concern and influence, and when you have done that, stop worrying."

I asked a friend to read this Class Life. His reply amused me. "By reading between the lines," he said, "anyone could tell you had kept your nose close to the grindstone. However, you have omitted the most important thing of all, your interest in people."

I was surprised to learn that an interest in people was anything to write about. It is true that I am interested in people, mostly little people. I have listened to their troubles and problems, and have tried to help, mostly just by listening, sometimes by advice or other means. At one time I was a bookworm; I don't read as many books as I once did, perhaps because the true stories of people I know are more fascinating than fiction.

I have always enjoyed listening to music, even before the days I would guiltily slip into Holden Chapel and peddle the player-organ or hand out programs in Sanders to get admission to the symphony concert. For relaxation I like to work in a garden (my wife says I don't know when to quit) and during the indoor season a hammer and saw arouse my keen interest. Friends around the dinner table or dropping in to sit around the fire and talk — what more could one ask?

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917

MAX MASER ZINNINGER

HOME ADDRESS: 2532 Observatory Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

OFFICE ADDRESS: Cincinnati General Hospital, Cincinnati, Ohio.

BORN: Aug. 18, 1895, Paris, Ohio. PARENTS: George Frederick Zinninger, Kittie Marie Maser.

PREPARED AT: Canton High School, Canton, Ohio.

YEARS IN COLLEGE: 1913-1917. DEGREES: A.B. *magna cum laude*, 1917; M.D. (Johns Hopkins Univ.), 1921.

MARRIED: Elizabeth Archer Kennedy, Aug. 24, 1922, Bel Air, Md. CHILDREN: Jane Moore, Nov. 27, 1923; George Frederick, Aug. 26, 1933.

OCCUPATION: Surgeon; Associate Professor of Surgery, University of Cincinnati College of Medicine.

MEMBER OF: Harvard Club of Cincinnati; University Club of Cincinnati; American Medical Association; American Surgical Association; Western Surgical Association; Central Surgical Association; Society of University Surgeons; Ohio Society of Pathologists.

PUBLICATIONS: A number of periodical articles on surgical subjects.

MAX ZINNINGER says, "Beyond my teaching and professional interests I take life pretty much as it comes along." Here's how:

AFTER graduation from Harvard I entered Johns Hopkins Medical School. The next four years were spent busily and profitably in studying to become a doctor. During this period my ideas changed. Instead of desiring to practise internal medicine, I developed a conviction that I should enter the field of surgery. At the end of the four years in medical school I received an appointment as an intern in surgery at the Hopkins Hospital. During this same period I met and wooed Elizabeth Archer Kennedy, and we were married the day I completed my internship.

I had received an appointment to the Ransohoff Fellowship in Surgery at the College of Medicine of the University of Cincinnati, so my wife and I went to Cincinnati in the fall of 1922. Dr. George Heuer had been appointed professor of surgery at the Cincinnati school in 1922, and it was my good fortune to have the privilege of being trained in surgery by him and his associate, Dr. Mont R. Reid, both pupils of the later renowned William S. Halsted. I stayed as assistant resident and finally resident surgeon at the Cincinnati General Hospital till the summer of 1927, and then became a member of the surgical staff in the college.

In 1928 I was appointed professor of surgery at the then Peking

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT

Union Medical College at Peking, China. It is now known as the Peiping Union Medical College, Peiping, China. My wife and daughter, then four years old, left San Francisco June 8, 1928, and after a short stop at Honolulu and a few days sight-seeing in Japan, arrived at Peking on July 5, 1928. The two years in Peking were most enjoyable and very profitable, both in clinical and educational experience, and in the contacts and valuable friendships formed.

We left Peiping in June, 1930, and returned to the United States via Shanghai, Hong Kong, the Philippine Islands, Java, Singapore, Egypt and the Holy Land, Italy, Switzerland, France, and England, arriving in New York City in November, 1930. I received an appointment as assistant professor of surgery at the College of Medicine of the University of Cincinnati beginning January, 1931, and have lived in Cincinnati since that time. Dr. Mont R. Reid was made head of the department of surgery there in 1931, after the resignation of Dr. George Heuer, and I have served as associate professor of surgery under him. For two years, 1936-1938, I also served as assistant dean of the College of Medicine.

My principal interests have been in surgical pathology and in surgery of the gastro-intestinal tract and bile ducts. Teaching students and helping to train young surgeons have taken most of my time.

In 1938 we built a summer home at Racing Beach, a few miles north of Woods Hole on Cape Cod, where we spend the summers swimming, fishing, and having a general good time. This brings me back to Massachusetts at least once each year. Recently we have acquired a small farm just outside Cincinnati, where we raise a little fruit, and have a place of retirement when it is possible to get away. I have no particular hobbies, nor have I taken any particular part in civic, political, or club life.

In Memoriam

They shall grow not old, as we that
are left grow old:

Age shall not weary them, nor the
years condemn.

At the going down of the sun and in
the morning

We will remember them.

— LAWRENCE BINYON

In Memoriam

†BRIGGS KILBURN ADAMS	†BENJAMIN JOSEPH GINSBURG
GEORGE WASHINGTON ALDRIDGE, JR.	WALTER THOMAS EDWARD GLEASON
†OLIVER AMES, JR.	LUTHER PRESCOTT GROVER
†ADAIR PLEASANTS ARCHER	GEORGE DEANE HARTSHORN
CHARLES EDWARD ARNOLD	ABNER HORACE HASTINGS
WILLIAM TORREY BARKER	†WILLIAM JOSEPH HEVER
†PAUL CODY BENTLEY	CHARLES HIGGINSON
LOUIS HASBROUCK BEVIER	WILLIAM CONRAD HIMMER
JOHN STACY BROWN, JR.	†WILLIAM BURCH HINMAN
†RANDOLPH RANDALL BROWN	RANDOLPH HOWARD HITCHCOCK
LAURENCE EMANUEL BULLARD	†DAVID HOFFMAN
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ARVIN EDWARD CASE	PAUL WEBB INGRAHAM
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JOHN COHEN	†SAMUEL JOSEPH ARTHUR KELLEY
ROLAND MILLER COOK	†RODERICK KENNEDY
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†WILLIAM SMITH ELY	RICHARD HASKINS NICHOLS
†CLAUDIUS RALPH FARNSWORTH	GLADWYN KINGSLEY NOBLE
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MARCELLUS FITZHUGH HOWARD FOSTER	ROBERT PERRY RODGERS
†EUGENE GALLIGAN	MAX ROTH
JAMES ALBERT GARLAND	ALBERT KENDRICK RUMSEY

† A dagger prefixed to the name indicates death in service during the first World War.

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LOWELL STARR

†WILLIAM ST. AGNAN STEARNS

BENJAMIN STRAUCH

†GARDINER THOMPSON

WALTER IRVING TIBBETTS

FLETCHER JOHNSON TOWLERTON

WALLIS WHITING WEBBER

HUNT WENTWORTH

THOMAS WISTAR WHITALL

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Santa Barbara: S. BALLARD, H. H. DAVIS

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Windsor: D. H. DORCHESTER

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Winter Park: N. C. STARR

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Terre Haute: C. P. KIPP, A. S. LEVIN

IOWA

Davenport: H. R. BECHTEL
Des Moines: J. W. HUBBELL

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KANSAS

Mission: K. W. JONES

LOUISIANA

Monroe: J. M. CARTER, JR.

MAINE

Augusta: E. A. WHITNEY

Boothbay Harbor: R. A. SCOTT

Bowdoinham: J. M. MELLEN

Brooklin: J. D. PARSON

Cumberland Mills: S. J. ROGERS

Ellsworth: C. M. BUTLER

Georgetown: E. P. NAGLE

MARYLAND

Baltimore: O. G. DALY, L. B. EVERITT, A. GIFFORD, C. P. RICHTER

Chevy Chase: A. R. GINSBURGH

Fort Washington: B. SAGE

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Silver Spring: W. O. BROOKS

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Amherst: C. L. SHERMAN

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Braintree: N. H. SEAVER

Brighton: H. BLOOMBERG, E. L. LEVERONE, F. L. MORTON

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Chestnut Hill: G. E. ABBOT, H. M. BLISS, G. H. CROCKER, JR., P. R. MORSS, R. C. PAINE, H. R. SAFTEL, J. A. SARGENT, R. W. STANLEY

Chilmark: C. D. NORTON

Concord: A. A. CAMERON, H. S. DOLE, G. A. PARSONS, H. SETON, W. J. R. TAYLOR, C. L. WARD

Danvers: G. T. NICHOLS

Dedham: D. R. KENNEY, O. C. NASH, F. M. WELD

Dorchester: C. E. HUMPHREY

Dover: H. B. CABOT

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Falmouth: F. K. BAKER, N. M. GEDIMAN

West Falmouth: W. T. JENNEY

Fitchburg: T. H. ECKFELDT, JR.

Frammingham: J. R. WARREN

Hingham: W. BREWER

Hudson: J. COOLIDGE

Ipswich: F. C. WILSON

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Lexington: R. E. SCRIBNER

Lowell: G. D. DUMAS

Lynn: M. SAFRAN

Malden: G. K. GORDON

Marblehead: F. ROBINSON, JR.

Marblehead Neck: C. F. EATON

Mattapan: P. SLEPIAN

Medfield: J. A. GOLDTHWAIT

Melrose: F. P. AITON

Middleboro: J. S. CUSHING

Milford: E. W. DUGGAN

Milton: E. O. BAKER, T. CLARK, N. P. DARLING, L. W. PIERCE, A. POTTER, J. P. THURBER

Mount Hermon: C. RIKERT

Needham: G. B. HEBB

New Bedford: W. J. BOLES

Newburyport: R. M. DRIVER, J. P. DYER

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Newton Center: J. W. BROWN, M. A. COHEN, W. H. CONN, W. C.
PEEBLES, W. RICHARDSON, W. H. WEDGER
Newton Highlands: G. W. B. HARTWELL
Newtonville: E. A. TESCHNER
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GERSUMKY, W. M. WHITE, S. F. WILLIAMS
West Newton: K. F. JACKSON
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Norwell: M. H. BIRD
Orange: M. S. BUELL
Plymouth: G. R. BRIGGS, JR.
Quincy: C. E. NEAL
Reading: E. W. LONG
Revere: S. G. MITCHELL
Roxbury: B. W. H. DAVIS, A. A. FRAGOPULOS
Salem: H. FREEDMAN, S. N. GARDNER
Somerville: S. C. LANG
South Dartmouth: T. H. RICE
Stockbridge: A. R. SIMMS
Stoughton: H. R. RANDALL
Swampscott: J. ATWOOD, A. S. POTTER
Watertown: P. J. CALLAHAN, C. M. DERRY
Wellesley: W. T. GORTON
Wellesley Hills: H. S. BOTHFELD, J. R. GILMAN, W. F. HAMILTON, W. W.
KENNEY
West Acton: W. S. BLANCHARD
Westfield: T. J. ABERNETHY
Weston: G. F. NOLTE
Whitman: C. S. REED
Winchester: C. GOLDTHWAIT, C. N. LADD
Woburn: W. A. WALKER
Worcester: J. M. LOONEY, S. G. SHUMAN, F. J. SIMON, W. W. WEBSTER

MICHIGAN

Ann Arbor: R. W. BABCOCK
Dearborn: E. A. PEOPLES
Detroit: R. Z. CRANE, J. B. MOYER, H. F. ROYAL
East Lansing: J. E. TOWNE
Grosse Pointe Farms: C. H. HODGES, JR., D. J. HUTCHINSON
Royal Oak: E. B. FLU

MINNESOTA

Elk River: H. R. CALEY
Minneapolis: N. P. JOHNSON, E. S. NELSON
St. Paul: H. M. HAEUSLER, J. L. HOLMAN

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MISSOURI

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St. Louis: N. CHADWICK

Webster Groves: R. L. HOBBS

NEBRASKA

Lincoln: T. M. RAYSOR

NEVADA

Las Vegas: R. C. KELLEY

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Bristol: H. S. BENNETT

Concord: T. K. FISHER

Keene: F. W. DORT

Manchester: C. DOUGLASS, W. R. McALLASTER

Suncook: J. T. BEAL, 2D

NEW JERSEY

Camden: H. W. BROWN

Denville: C. D. HANSCOM

Dunellen: R. BRUCE

Frenchtown: R. B. BROWN

Highland Park: J. M. FRENCH

Leonia: J. F. SEAL

Long Branch: T. B. SMITH

Maplewood: W. L. AVERY

Morristown: R. K. PRENTICE

Newark: W. T. HUTCHINSON, P. KLEIN, L. SCHNEIDER

Princeton: A. E. HINDS, C. P. WINSOR

Summit: A. S. ANDERSON, J. RUSSELL

Trenton: L. RUDNER

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Westfield: R. M. FOSTER

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Albany: A. E. SHAW, A. W. WRIGHT

Baldwin: J. M. CONNOLLY

Bronxville: R. W. SADLER

Brooklyn: N. L. FELDER, B. GROSBAYNE, H. W. SALISBURY, A. L. SCHUR,
G. W. TOBIN

Buffalo: M. BERMAN, L. B. DAY, J. F. FOSTER, JR., D. J. KENEFICK, JR.,

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT

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Cornwall: F. A. INGALLS, JR.
Elmhurst: L. M. LEVIN
Forest Hills: F. J. HEINZ, J. G. HEINZ
Freeport: W. B. MILLER
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Marietta: D. G. POORE
Middleburg: K. M. ELISH
Miller Place: M. C. DAVIS
Mount Vernon: H. W. ROSE
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New Rochelle: E. P. FREEDMAN, R. L. HARVEY, S. N. MORSE
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Greensboro: W. T. GIBBS, J. S. LOVE

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Gambier: W. R. ASHFORD

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Wooster: E. TROUTMAN

OREGON

Clatskanie: H. B. HAGER

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Oreland: F. H. COPELAND

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Stroudsburg: R. HEAD

Swarthmore: W. SILZ

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Williamsport: H. A. WEIS

Wynnewood: G. BURNHAM, 3D, S. B. DOWNING

PUERTO RICO

Cidra: E. M. ELLSWORTH

RHODE ISLAND

East Greenwich: G. B. EMMONS, JR., P. R. LADD

Providence: G. P. SLADE

SOUTH DAKOTA

Sioux Falls: W. H. LOCKE

TENNESSEE

Memphis: L. T. KAVANAUGH

Nashville: H. B. COURTEEN

TEXAS

Corpus Christi: L. BERMAN

Dallas: W. L. HICKEY

Fort Worth: N. D. HIRSCH, J. S. MORAN

San Antonio: O. G. KIRKPATRICK

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VERMONT

Burlington: H. G. BENNETT, R. F. DOANE

White River Junction: E. P. BOGLE

VIRGINIA

Lynchburg: H. H. PARKER

North: F. H. CABOT

Yorktown: T. E. KENDRICK

WASHINGTON

Spokane: A. G. PAINE

WEST VIRGINIA

Huntington: R. D. CAMPBELL

Parkersburg: R. HARTE

WISCONSIN

Milwaukee: R. H. NORRIS, JR.

WYOMING

Riverton: R. T. FRY

Rock Springs: T. O. REAVILL

BRITISH EAST AFRICA

Nairobi: W. Q. STANTON

BRITISH GUIANA

Demerara: W. T. GUNRAJ

CANADA

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Montreal, P. Q.: T. H. CLARK

Toronto, Ont.: C. M. M. BASKIN

CHINA

Changsha, Hunan: E. R. YIN

Nanking: C. T. CHU, Y. C. WEN

Wuchang, Hupeh: H. H. CHUNG

CUBA

Havana: J. C. ZAMORA

ECUADOR

Quito: F. L. STAGG

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Manchester: W. L. BULLOCK

GREECE

Athens: J. P. VAKHLIOTES

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Manila: L. L. ROCKE

Vocational Index

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Acting: W. W. SANDERS

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Architecture: W. D. EWART, E. E. JOHNSON, S. C. WELCH

Art: E. P. NAGLE

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Building: W. L. HICKEY, E. A. PEOPLES

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Chemistry: R. L. DODGE, E. B. FLU, T. E. KENDRICK, W. L. MILLS, G. T. NICHOLS, H. F. ROYAL, W. H. WEDGER

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Christian Science Practice: A. NOWELL

Civil Engineering: R. S. COOK, J. D. CRICHTON

Club Management: C. S. REED

Coal Production: W. STURGIS

Consulting Chemical Engineering: C. C. IRVING

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Engraving: S. F. WILLIAMS

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Judiciary: J. P. HIGGINS

Law: C. ALDEN, H. H. BELL, R. M. BENJAMIN, H. BLOOMBERG, H. S. BOYD, M. BRANDWEN, H. B. CABOT, R. D. CAMPBELL, E. T. CAULEY, C. A. COOLIDGE, A. COOPER, R. H. DAVISON, L. FERBSTEIN, E. P. FREEDMAN, H. FREEDMAN, A. L. GARDNER, JR., J. M. GAZZAM, JR., N. M. GEDIMAN, H. C. GILL, W. GRESSER, F. G. GUILD, HENRY R. GUILD, C. M. HERRINGTON, J. L. HOLMAN, D. J. KENEFICK, JR., P. KLEIN, A. LAWSON, R. S. LELAND, L. M. LOMBARD, A. B. LOURIE, S. J. MANTEL, A. E. MARKS, A. G. PAINE, R. PARMER, G. S. PRATT, H. W. RADOVSKY, L. L. ROCKE, C. A. ROME, L. RUDNER, A. A. SAYRE, H. H. SCHEIER, L. SCHNEIDER, S. P. SEARS, G. P. SLADE, J. C. SULLIVAN, E. TROUTMAN, R. B. TYLER, G. WASSER, H. WHARTON, JR., W. P. WHITEHOUSE, 2D, A. E. WHITTEMORE, R. F. WILKINS

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Music: C. K. MCKINLEY
Naval Service: H. S. BENNETT, H. HUTCHINS, L. P. JACOBS
Oil Producing or Refining: C. M. M. BASKIN, M. GUREN, J. F. SEAL
Packing: E. S. CHILDS
Photography: S. BALLARD, F. J. HEINZ
Priest: L. B. EVERITT
Psychology: N. D. HIRSCH
Public Utilities: J. P. VAKHLIOTES
Publishing and Printing: J. F. FOSTER, JR., W. H. LOCKE, F. ROBINSON, JR.
Radio Engineering: H. L. KERR
Ranching: H. H. DAVIS, W. FLEMING
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Science: H. W. RICKETT
Social Service: L. A. BRUCE, P. SLEPIAN
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Warehouse: A. POTTER
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25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT

WAR SERVICE

Following are the names of certain members of the Class who appear in the previous list under some other occupational classification in civilian life but who — at the time questionnaires were being returned for this Report — had recently transferred to military, naval, or governmental positions directly concerned with the war effort. Men whose primary vocations are in these fields of national service (permanent government officials and professional soldiers or naval men) and who have already been appropriately listed do not appear here a second time. The Secretary realizes that this list is partial and incomplete because of the rapid conversion to a thorough war-time economy which was in progress while the Report was at the press. He hopes later to make available a complete record of 1917's participation in its second world war:

Government Service: M. BRANDWEN, H. F. CABOT, J. C. HARRIS, L. A. MORGAN

Military Service: T. J. ABERNETHY, W. O. BROOKS, C. M. DERRY, W. J. LANG,
P. C. LEWIS, G. E. PUTNAM, H. G. REYNOLDS, R. D. ROQUEMORE, J. H.
TOWNSEND, W. A. WALKER, I. C. WHITTEMORE, J. E. WHOLEAN

Naval Service: C. H. EGGLEE, JR., G. B. HEBB, C. A. WOOD, G. C. WHITING

Harvard Sons of 1917

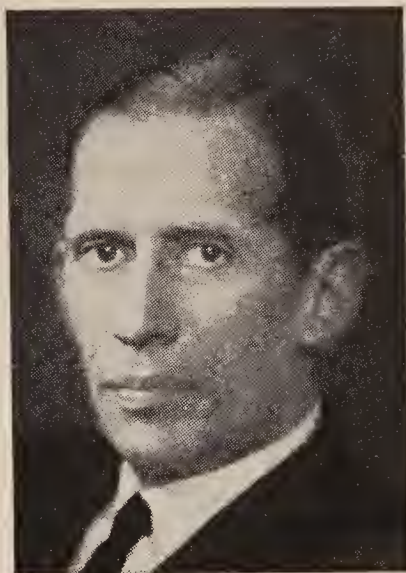
<i>Father</i>	<i>Son</i>	<i>Class</i>
FRANCIS INMAN AMORY	FRANCIS INMAN AMORY, JR.	1944
ROBERT BALDWIN	DAVID BALDWIN	1944
ERNEST BENSHIMOL	ROBERT SINNOTT BENSHIMOL	1943
	ERNEST BENSHIMOL, JR.	1944
GRAHAM BURT BLAINE	GRAHAM BURT BLAINE, JR.	1940
	HARRISON TWEED BLAINE	1942
ALEXANDER ABBOT CAMERON	BRALEY ABBOT CAMERON	1945
ROLLA DACRES CAMPBELL	ROLLA DACRES CAMPBELL, JR.	1941
WILBUR DARE CANADAY	WILBUR DARE CANADAY, JR.	1942
EDMUND STEVENS CHILDS	EDMUND STEVENS CHILDS, JR.	1940
JAMES AVERELL CLARK	THOMAS HITCHCOCK CLARK	1944
THEODORE CLARK	THEODORE LEWIS CLARK	1945
CHARLES ALLERTON COOLIDGE	CHARLES ALLERTON COOLIDGE, JR.	1945
DONALD WILLIAMSON DE COSTER	DOUGLAS MELAND DE COSTER	1944
FRANK WAKEFIELD DORT	WAKEFIELD DORT, JR.	1944
ERIC ALEXANDER DOUGLAS	WILLIAM ALEXANDER DOUGLAS, 2D	1939
	PETER LEEMING DOUGLAS	1939
JAMES PHELAN DYER	JOHN HENRY DYER	1944
HARRY MORRIS FEINBERG	NORMAN FEINBERG	1945
FRANK FREMONT-SMITH	PAUL FREMONT-SMITH	1942
	KENNETH FREMONT-SMITH	1945
RUSSELL THURSTON FRY	RUSSELL THURSTON FRY, JR.	1944
ABRAHAM ROBERT GINSBURGH	ROBERT NEVILLE GINSBURGH	1944
JOEL ADDISON GOLDTHWAIT	JOEL CABOT GOLDTHWAIT	1940
	DAVID ATWATER GOLDTHWAIT	1943
GEORGE KOROLICK GORDON	STANLEY KOTZEN GORDON	1944
JOSEPH GERARD GREEN	JOSEPH GERARD GREEN, JR.	1945
RICHARD HARTE	RICHARD HARTE, JR.	1943
PERCIVAL SPURR HOWE, JR.	WALTER CHANNING HOWE	1945
JAMES WINDSOR HUBBELL	JAMES WINDSOR HUBBELL, JR.	1945
PAUL REVERE LADD	PAUL REVERE LADD, JR.	1941
	DOUGLAS LADD	1944
WILLIAM HENRY LOCKE	WILLIAM BEACH LOCKE	1940
HENRY CARTY LYNCH	ALBERT EDWARD LYNCH	1945
SAMUEL JOSEPH MANTEL	SAMUEL JOSEPH MANTEL, JR.	1944
JOHN EDWARD PARSONS MORGAN	JOHN EDWARD PARSONS MORGAN, JR.	1944
LESLIE ALLEN MORGAN	HUGH BURDICK MORGAN	1943
AMES NOWELL	LAWRENCE AMES NOWELL	1939
WALDO CUTLER PEEBLES	ROBERT MORRIS PEEBLES	1940
	THOMAS CHALMERS PEEBLES	1942

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917

ARTHUR OSGOOD PHINNEY	FREDERICK WARREN PHINNEY	1943
ALLEN POTTER	JOHN TILLINGHAST POTTER	1945
GEORGE ENDICOTT PUTNAM	CHARLES SHERBURNE PUTNAM	1943
	GEORGE ENDICOTT PUTNAM, JR.	1943
CARROLL RIKERT	CARROLL RIKERT, JR.	1938
ARCHIBALD BULLOCH ROOSEVELT	ARCHIBALD BULLOCK ROOSEVELT, JR.	1940
RAYMOND WALKER STANLEY	FRANCIS EDGAR STANLEY	1943
CHARLES PRESCOTT STEWART	CHARLES PRESCOTT STEWART, JR.	1945
WILLIAM DONNISON SWAN	WILLIAM DONNISON SWAN, JR.	1945
HARVEY LOWELL THOMAS	HARVEY LOWELL THOMAS, JR.	1944
WALTER IRVING TIBBETTS	WALTER IRVING TIBBETTS, JR.	1941
	PAUL DREWES TIBBETTS	1945
JAMES SIBLEY WATSON, JR.	MICHAEL LASELL WATSON	1941
WALTER WRIGHT WEBSTER	WALTER WRIGHT WEBSTER, JR.	1939
THOMAS HOLDEN WHITE	WINDSOR THOMAS WHITE, 2D	1942
	ROBERT YORK WHITE	1943
EDWARD ALLEN WHITNEY	EDWARD ALLEN WHITNEY, JR.	1940
WESTMORE WILLCOX, JR.	WESTMORE WILLCOX, 3D	1941
CORNELIUS AYER WOOD	CORNELIUS AYER WOOD, JR.	1942

Portraits of the Class

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



GEORGE EZRA ABBOT



THOMAS JAMES ABERNETHY



ARTHUR WILLIAMS ADAMS, JR.

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



✦ BRIGGS KILBURN ADAMS



CLAUDE ABRAHAM ADLER

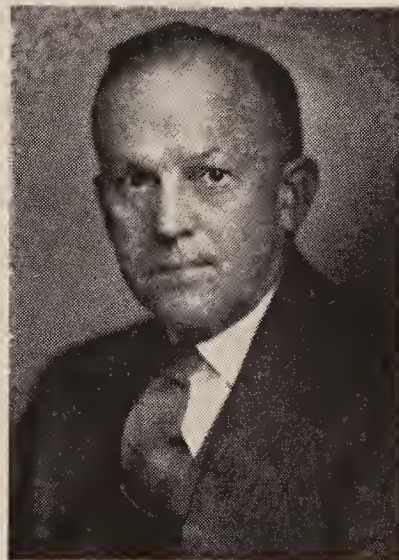


EDWARD FREDERICK ADOLPH

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



FRANKLIN PEVERIL AITON



CRAIG ALDEN



GRAHAM ALDIS

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



✦ GEORGE WASHINGTON ALDRIDGE, JR.



ROBERT HEWINS ALLEN

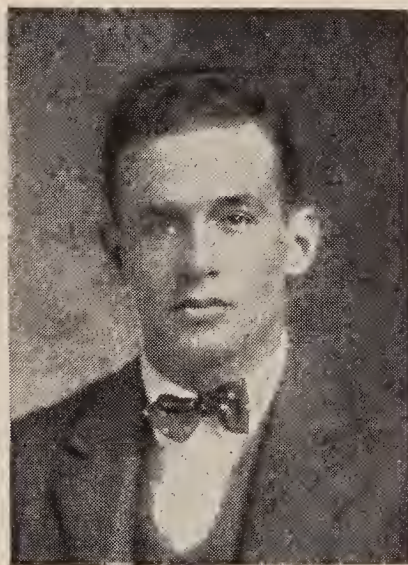


CHARLES EDGAR AMES

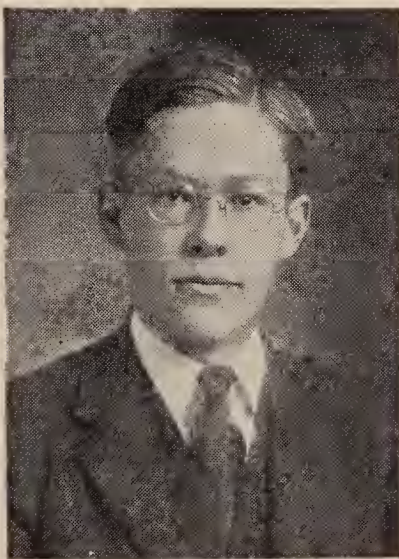
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HUBERT ELMORE AMES



✦ OLIVER AMES, JR.



FRANCIS INMAN AMORY

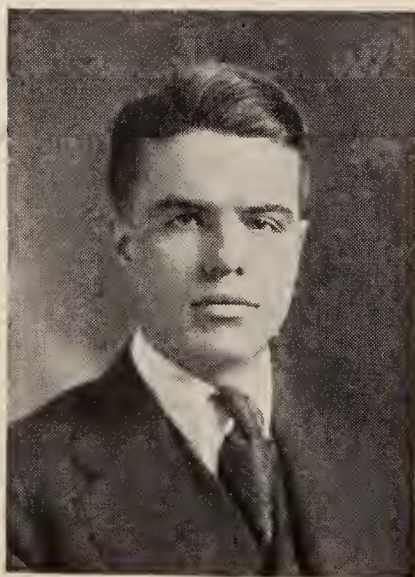
HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



ALFRED SIGER ANDERSON



HAROLD STEPHEN ANDERSON



WILLIAM CHANNING APPLETON, JR.

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



✦ ADAIR PLEASANTS ARCHER

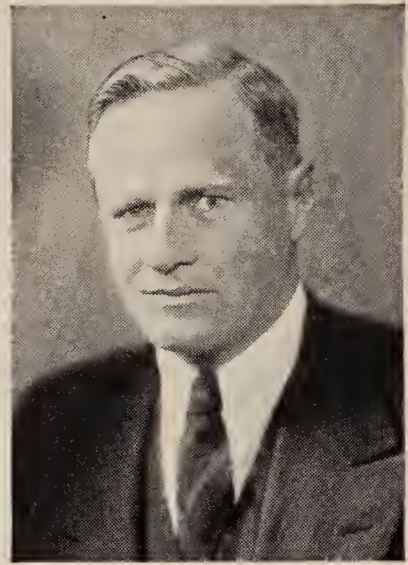


✦ CHARLES EDWARD ARNOLD

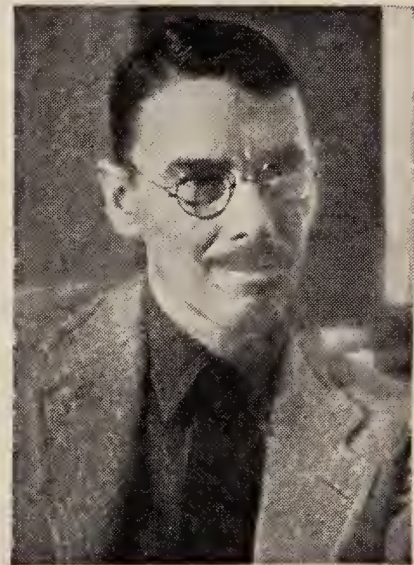


WILLIAM RAY ASHFORD

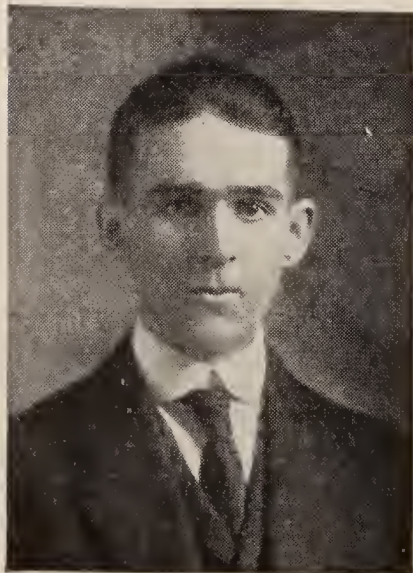
HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



RAYMOND ELLIOT ASHLEY



JUSTIN BROOKS ATKINSON



JOSEPH ATWOOD

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



JOSEPH AUSLANDER

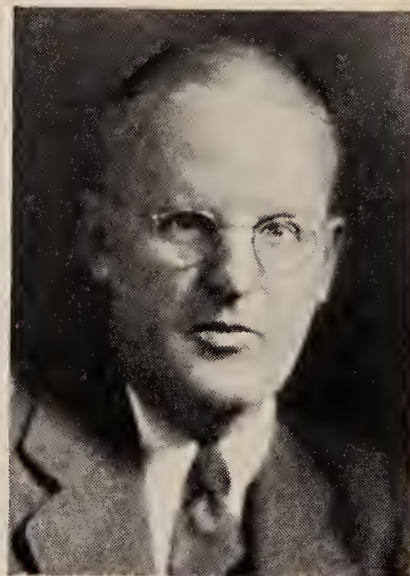


JOSEPH WHITE AUSTIN



WALTER LINDSAY AVERY

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



ROBERT WITBECK BABCOCK

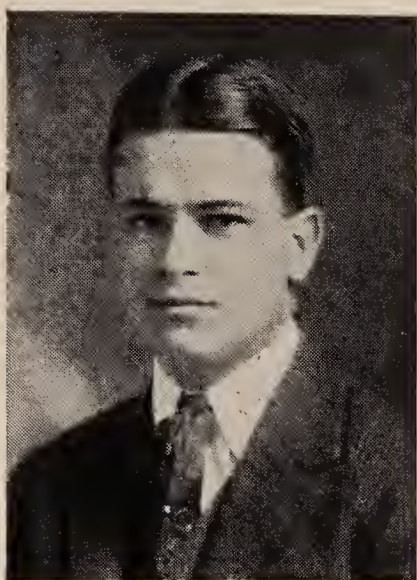


MALCOLM PALMER BAIL

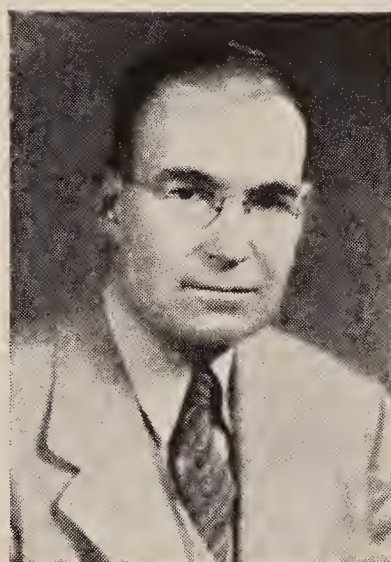
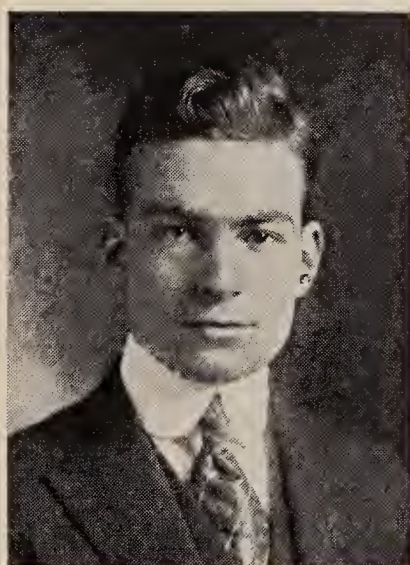


THEODORE LITCHFIELD BAILEY

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



EDWIN OSBORNE BAKER



FARNSWORTH KEITH BAKER



GEORGE FREDERICK BAKER

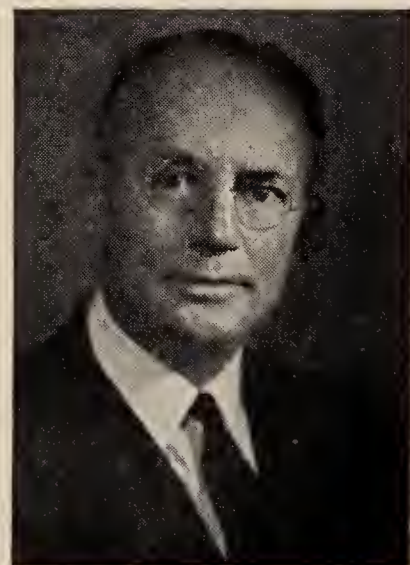
HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



HENRY BAKER



JOSHUA BAKER, JR.



ROBERT BALDWIN

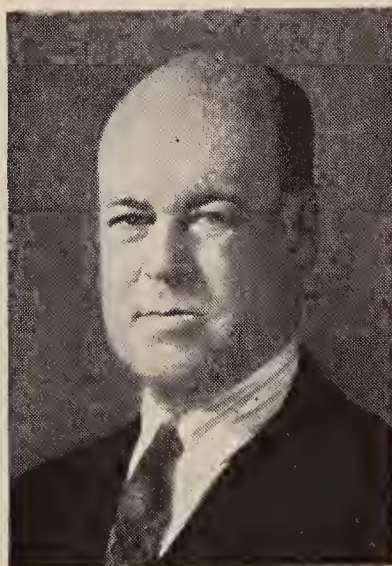
25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



SUMMERFIELD BALDWIN, 3D



SHREVE BALLARD



AMOS ROBERTS BANCROFT

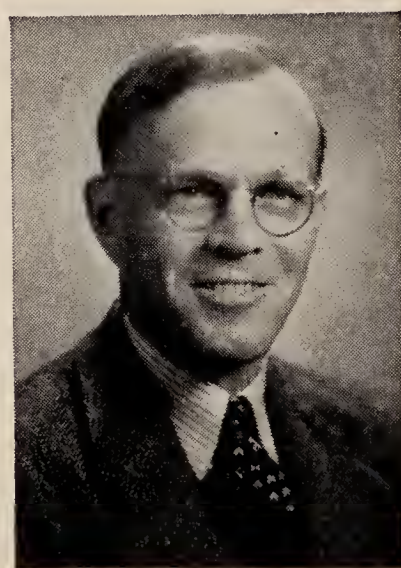
HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



✦ WILLIAM TORREY BARKER



CHARLES MOSES BASKIN



EDMOND ELKINS BATES

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



JARVIS THAYER BEAL, 2D



EARLE HENRY BEAN



HAROLD REIMERS BECHTEL

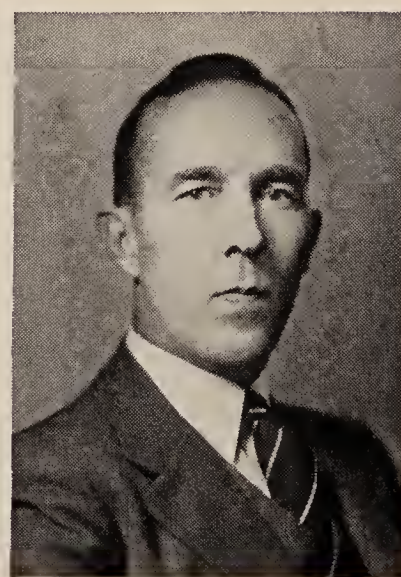
HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



PIERRE BÉDARD



HERBERT HAUGHTON BELL



GEORGE WHEELER BENEDICT, JR.

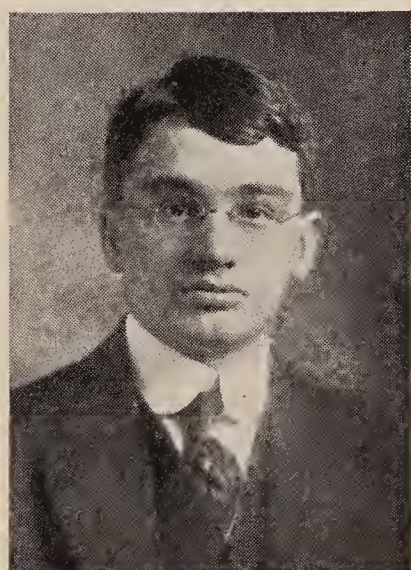
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ROBERT MORRIS BENJAMIN

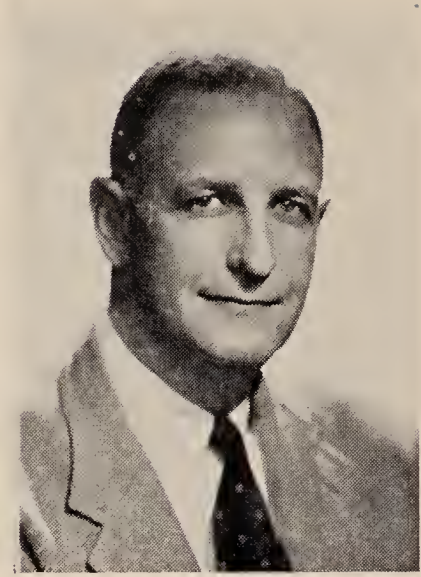


HAROLD SHEPHERD BENNETT

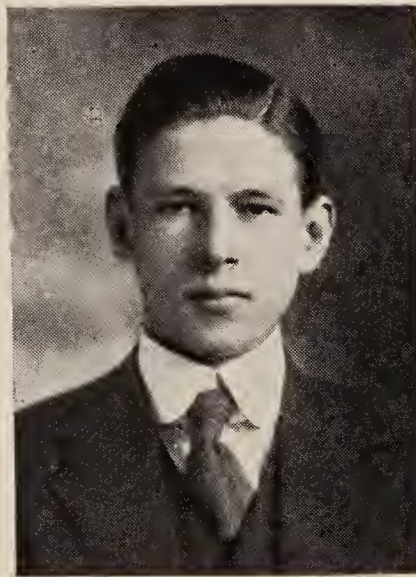


HOWARD GORDON BENNETT

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



ERNEST BENSHIMOL



✦ PAUL CODY BENTLEY



LOUIS BERMAN

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



MICHAEL BERMAN



EMANUEL BERNARD

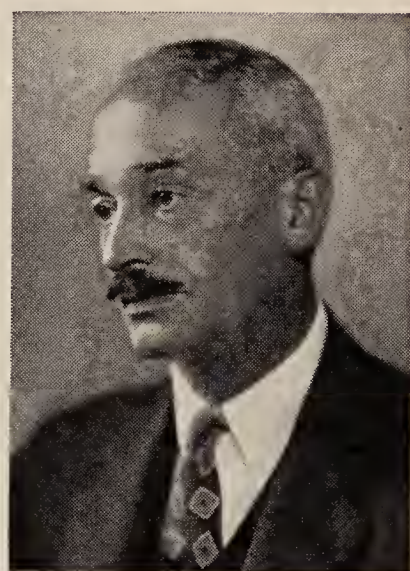
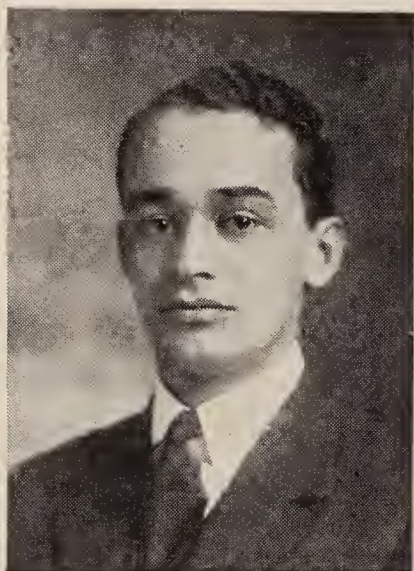


ARTHUR MORRIS BETTMAN

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



✦ LOUIS HASBROUCK BEVIER



MILTON HAWKINS BIRD



GRAHAM BURT BLAINE

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



WEBSTER SANDERSON BLANCHARD



HENRY MATHER BLISS



WILL M. BLISS

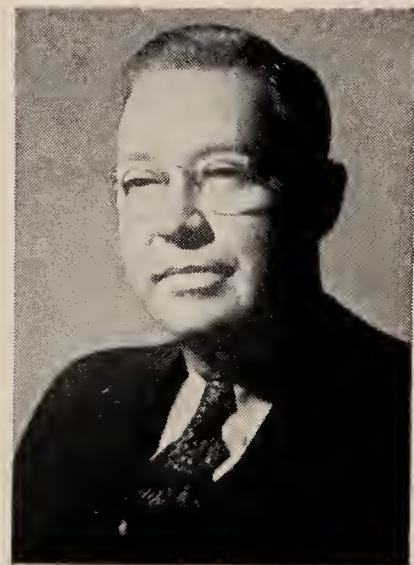
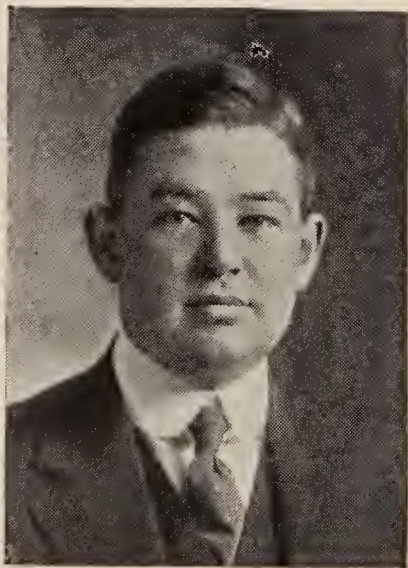
HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



HARRY BLOOMBERG



HERRMAN LUDWIG BLUMGART



ERNEST PAUL BOGLE

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



WILLIAM JOSEPH BOLES



HENRY SOULE BOTHFELD



HUGH SLOAN BOYD

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



JOSEPH EDMUND BRADLEY

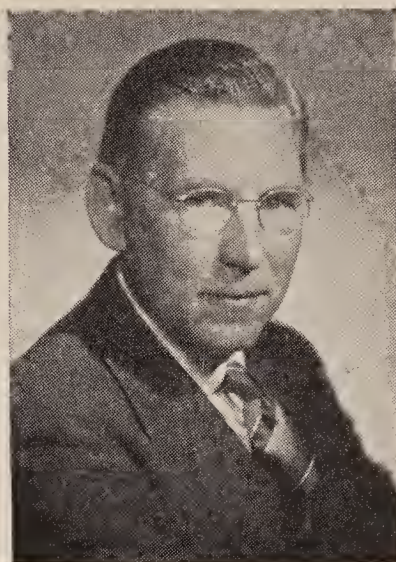


MAXWELL BRANDWEN



HAROLD NATHAN BREGSTEIN

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



LEWIS EDWARD BRETT



WILMON BREWER



HORACE ORLANDO BRIGHT

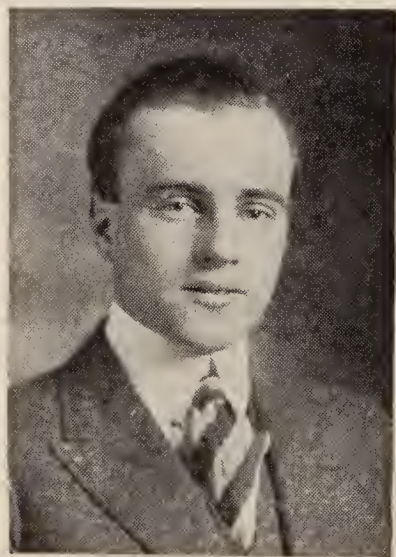
HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



WILLIAM OSBERT BROOKS



✦ JOHN STACY BROWN, JR.



JOSHUA WARREN BROWN

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



RALPH CLEMENT BROWN



✦ RANDOLPH RANDALL BROWN



RAY BAXTER BROWN

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



VERNON HOWLAND BROWN



WILFRED JACOBS BROWN



LYSCOM ALONZO BRUCE, JR.

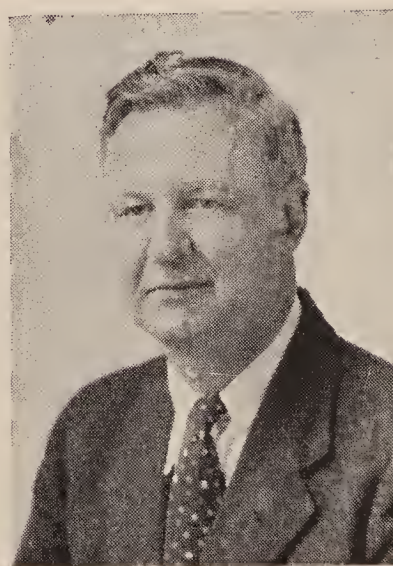
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ROBERT BRUCE



MARSHALL SPELMAN BUELL

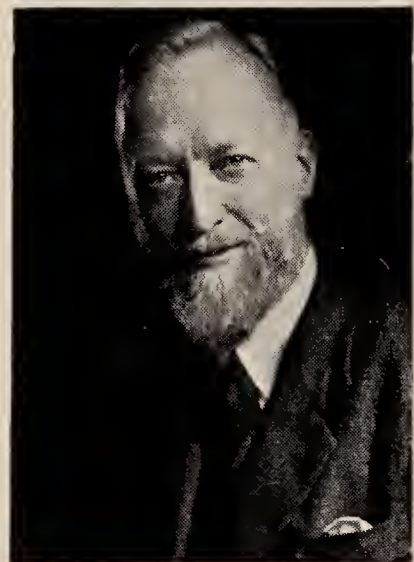


GARDNER WHITMAN BULLARD

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



✦ LAURENCE EMANUEL BULLARD



WALTER LLEWELLYN BULLOCK



GEORGE EDWARD BULWINKLE

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



✦ NORMAN ELWELL BURBIDGE



GEORGE BURNHAM, 3D

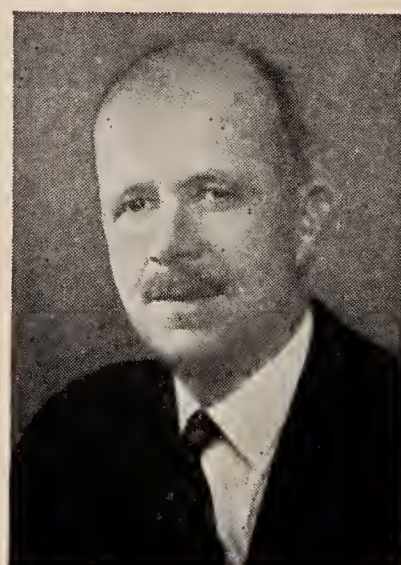


JOHN BRIGHT BURNHAM

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



CHAUNCEY MONROE BUTLER



CHILTON RICHARDSON CABOT

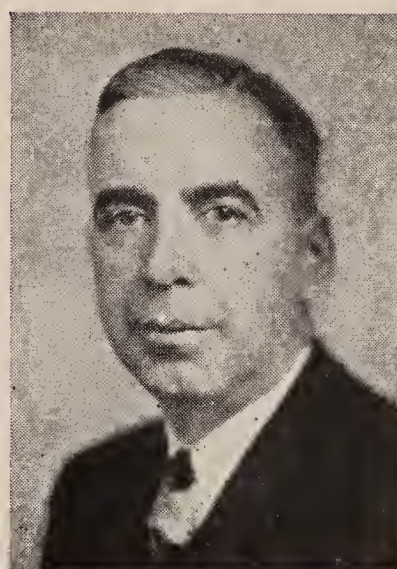


FRANCIS HIGGINSON CABOT

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



HENRY BROMFIELD CABOT



HAROLD RAYMOND CALEY



JAMES FRANCIS CALLAHAN

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



PATRICK JOSEPH CALLAHAN

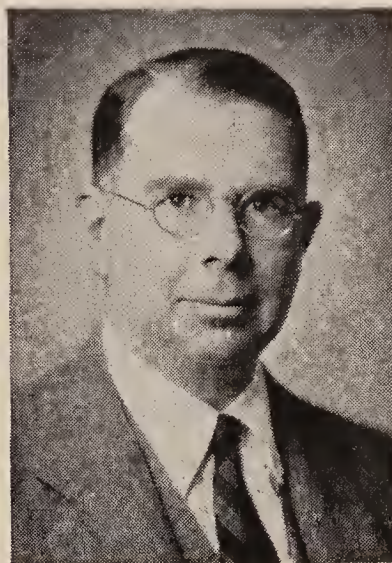


ALEXANDER ABBOT CAMERON



DOUGLAS CAMPBELL

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



ROLLA DACRES CAMPBELL

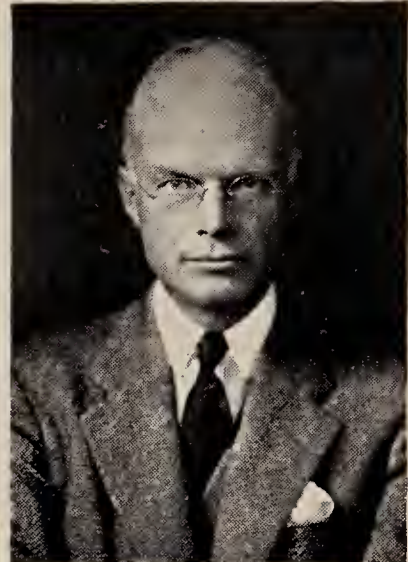


WILBUR DARE CANADAY

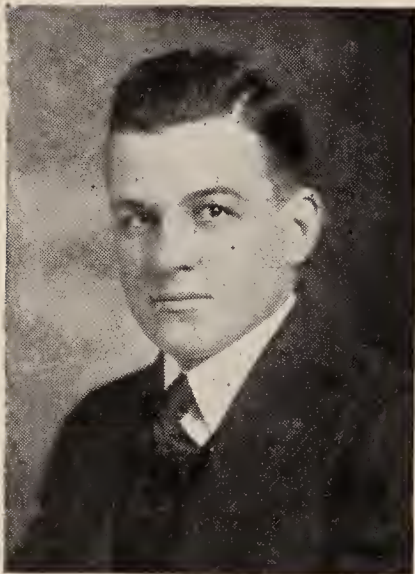


LAWRENCE HENDERSON CANAN

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



GEORGE COLKET CANER



WILLIAM HENRY CANTWELL



PHILIP LORD CARRET

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



HERBERT PAUL CARTER



JACOB MONROE CARTER, JR.



✠ ARVIN EDWARD CASE

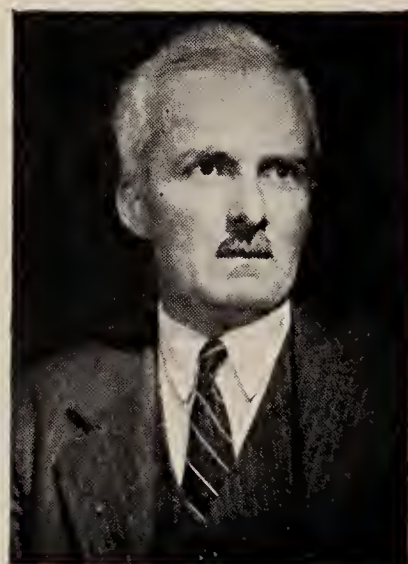
HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



EDWARD THOMAS CAULEY



NOEL CHADWICK



NORMAN BEMIS CHANDLER

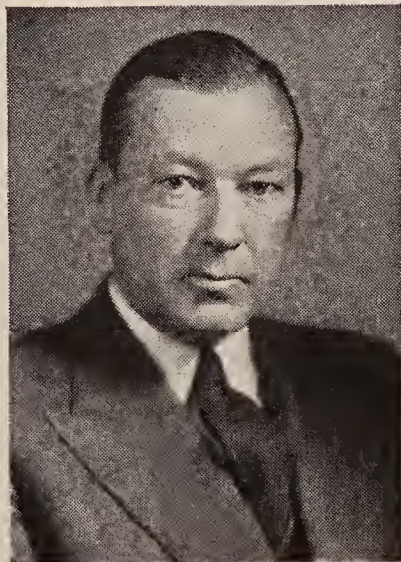
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WALTER SAMUEL CHARAK

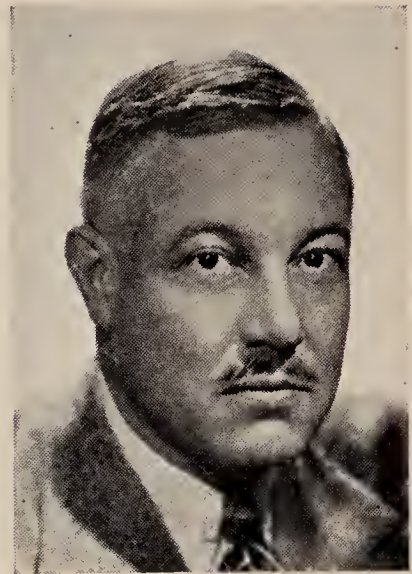


ROY WILLIAM CHESNUT



EDMUND STEVENS CHILDS

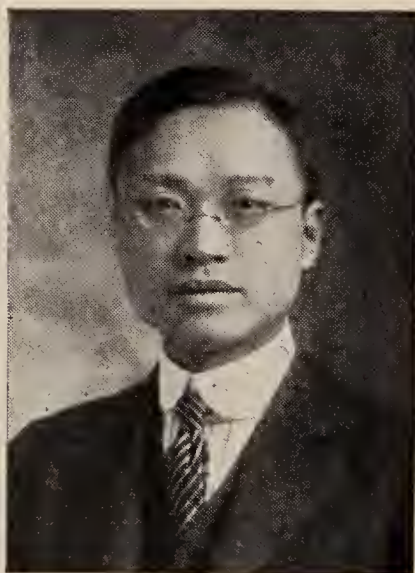
HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



PHILIP MOËN CHILDS



CHUNGTAO TAHMY CHU

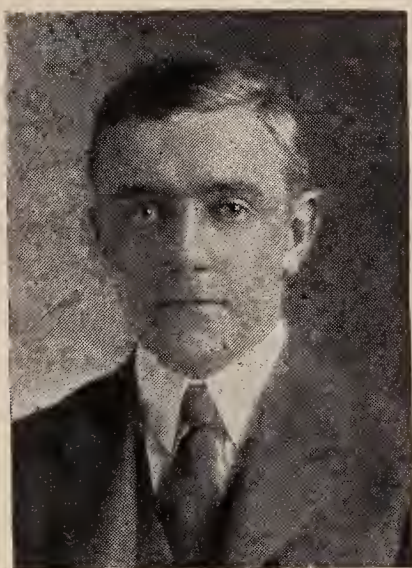


HSIN HSUAN CHUNG

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



✦ ALAN CAMPBELL CLARK



EDWARD STRONG CLARK



JAMES AVERELL CLARK

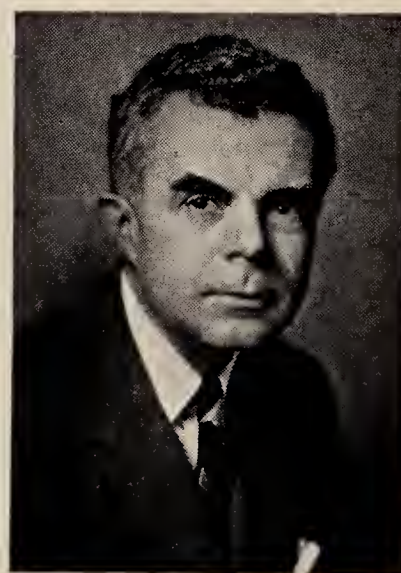
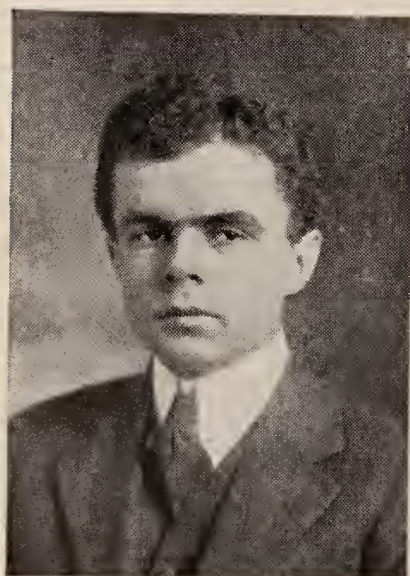
HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



THEODORE CLARK



THOMAS HENRY CLARK



GEORGE WADSWORTH COBB, JR.

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



✦ JOHN DENNIS COFFEY



✦ JOHN COHEN

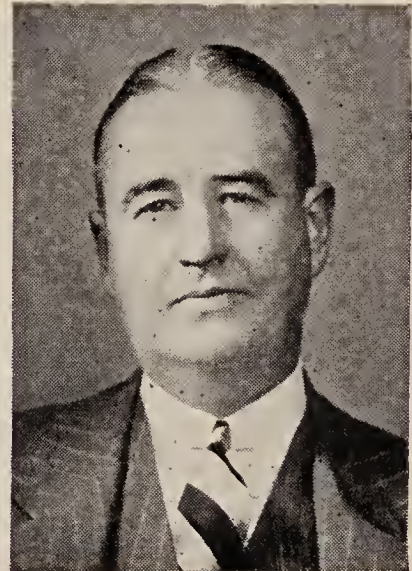


MAXWELL ABRAHAM COHEN

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



CORNELIUS EMMETT COLEMAN



BASIL SANFORD COLLINS



WARREN HATCH CONN

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



JOHN MICHAEL CONNOLLY



ROBERT STRONG COOK



✦ ROLAND MILLER COOK

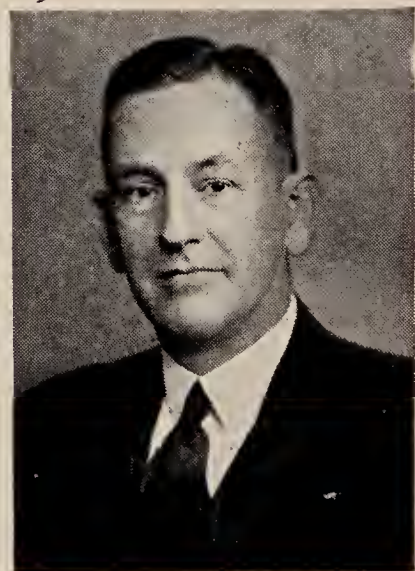
HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



AMORY COOLIDGE



CHARLES ALLERTON COOLIDGE



JOHN COOLIDGE

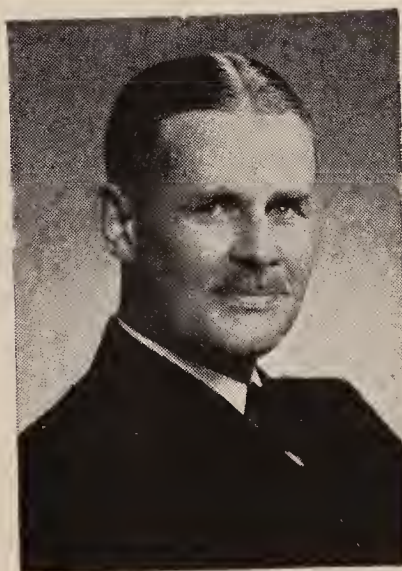
25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



ALEXANDER COOPER



FRANK HAMMOND COPELAND



HERBERT BARTLETT COURTEEN

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



JOHN FRANKLIN COVER



✦ ROBERT NATHAN CRAM



RICHARD ZEIGLER CRANE

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



JAMES DONALD CRICHTON



✦ ALFRED EDWARD CRIGHTON



GEORGE HERBERT CROCKER, JR.

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



✦ CORNELIUS FRANCIS CROWLEY, JR.



JOSEPH LAWRENCE CROWLEY



✦ KENNETH PICKENS CULBERT

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



✦ LINCOLN CLIFFORD CUMMINGS, JR.



WILLIAM GERALD CUMMINGS

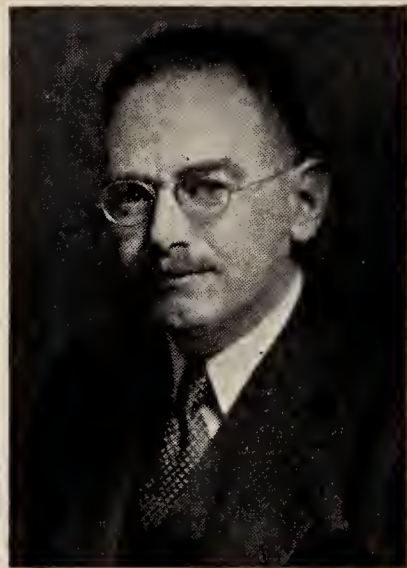


JOE VERN CUMMINS

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



MACKLIN CUNNINGHAM



FRANCIS MORTON CURRIER



JOSIAH STEARNS CUSHING

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



HARRIE HOLLAND DADMUN



O. GORDON DALY



LOUIS PHILIP DANAHY

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



BLAKE DARLING



NEWTON PROUTY DARLING



LELAND GAY DARROW

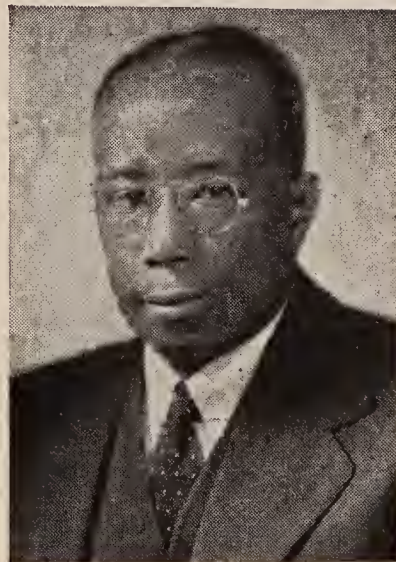
25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



✦ EDWARD CLARK DAVIDSON

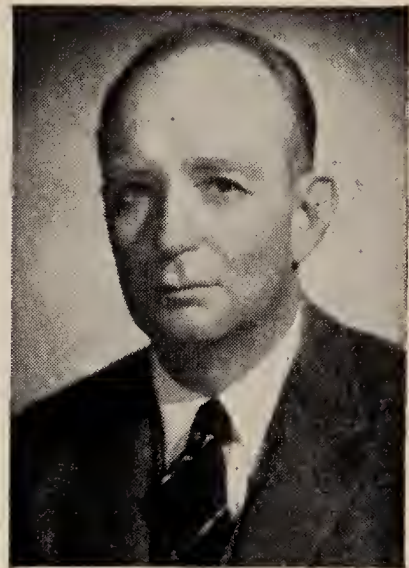


EUGENE LEON COATES DAVIDSON



BERTIE WITLEY HORSFORD DAVIS

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



HAROLD HOMER DAVIS



MILTON CORNWELL DAVIS



ROBERT HOWELL DAVISON

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LORENZO BARRY DAY



HAROLD LEWIS DAYTON



FRANCIS BAYLIES DEAN

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



✦ DONALD WILLIAMSON DE COSTER



WILLIAM HERBERT DERBYSHIRE



THOMAS SIEGER DERR

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



CHARLES MALCOLM DERRY

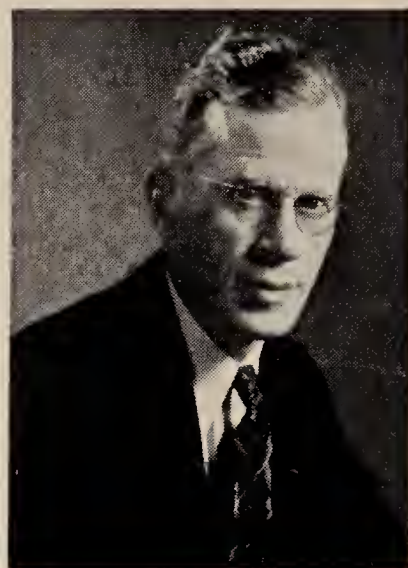


FREDERIC DEWART



✠ LOUIS DLUGG

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



ROLAND FREEMAN DOANE



✝ MALCOLM DODD



RALPH LAURENCE DODGE

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



HAROLD SANFORD DOLE



✠ HAROLD NICHOLAS DONOVAN

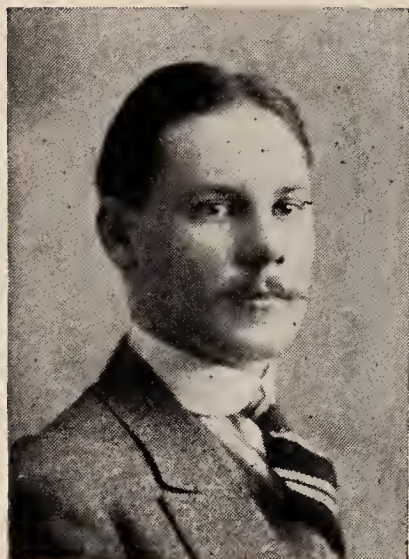


DONALD HARDY DORCHESTER

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



FRANK WAKEFIELD DORT



ERIC ALEXANDER DOUGLAS



CHARLES DOUGLASS

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



SPENCER BROWN DOWNING



ROBERT MARSTERS DRIVER



EDWARD WILFRED DUGGAN

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



GARDNER DAVIS DUMAS



✦ ATHERTON KINSLEY DUNBAR



✦ DAVID DUNCAN

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



✝ ANDREW KERSHNER DUNN

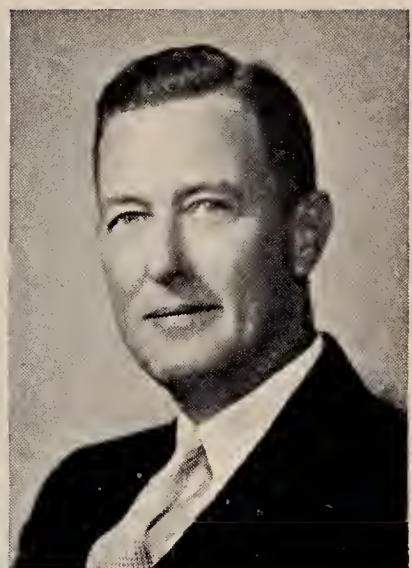


JAMES PHELAN DYER



MADISON PARKER DYER

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



CHARLES FRANCIS EATON



THOMAS HOOPER ECKFELDT, JR.



CHARLES HENRY EGLEE, JR.

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KARL MARX ELISH

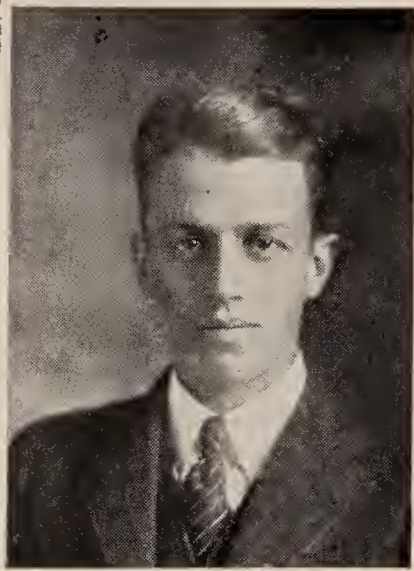


✦ PHILIP HASKELL ELLIOTT



EBEN HOWES ELLISON, JR.

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



ELMER MORRISON ELLSWORTH

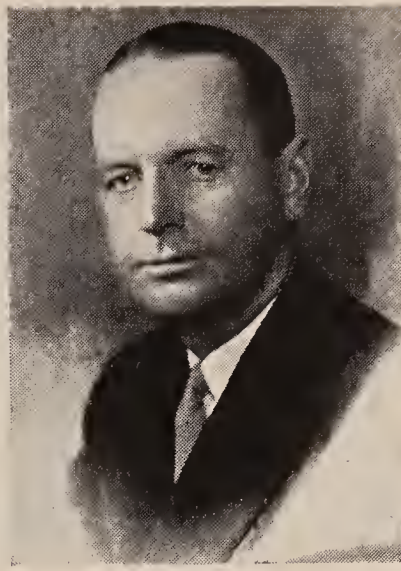
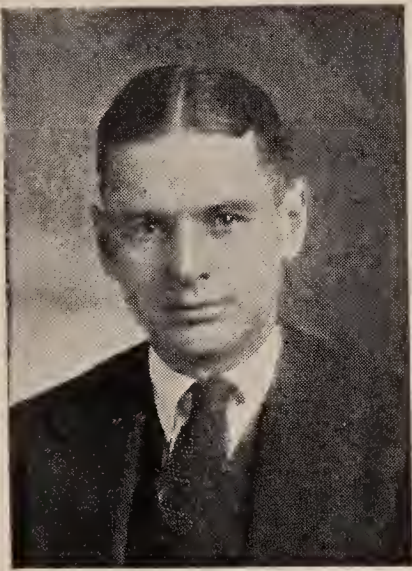


✦ WILLIAM SMITH ELY



JACOB ADAMS EMERY

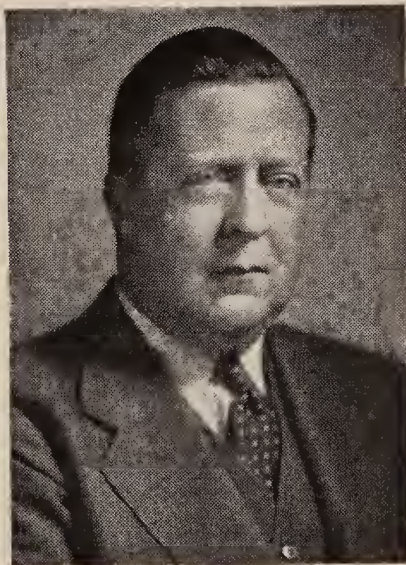
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GEORGE BEALE EMMONS, JR.



LINFORD BLISS EVERITT



WILLIAM DANA EWART

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



SYDNEY FAIRBANKS



✦ CLAUDIUS RALPH FARNSWORTH

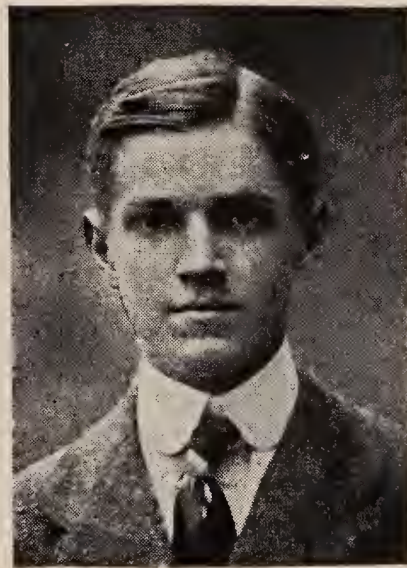


✦ JAMES WARREN FEENEY

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



HARRY MORRIS FEINBERG

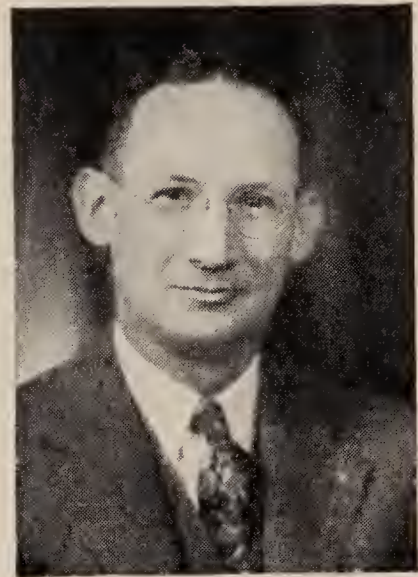


✦ NELSON FELL

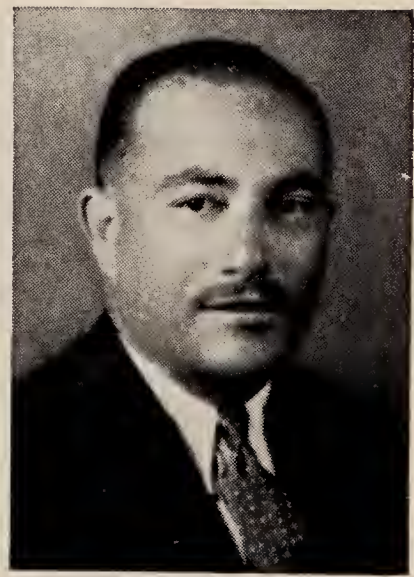


NORMAN FENTON

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



LEE FERBSTEIN



DAVID FISHER



THOMAS KNIGHT FISHER

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



LELAND LEROY FITZ



WALLACE FLEMING

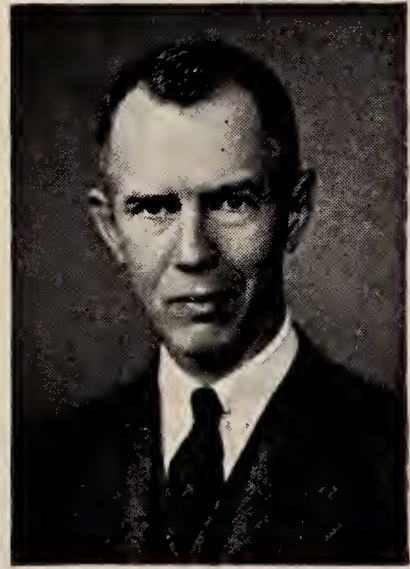


ELDON BRUCE FLU

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



WILLIAM VINCENT JOSEPH FORD



ALDEN SIMONDS FOSS

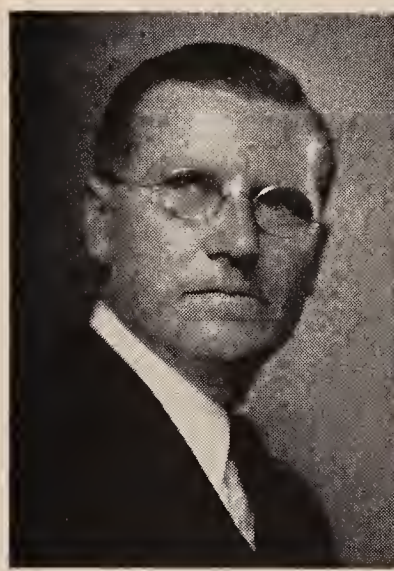


FRANCIS BARING FOSTER

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



JAMES FORSYTH FOSTER, JR.



RONALD MARTIN FOSTER



ARISTIDES A. FRAGOPULOS

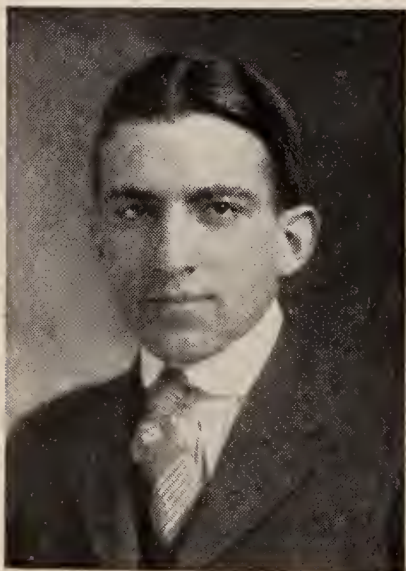
HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



RAYMOND HUGO FRANZEN

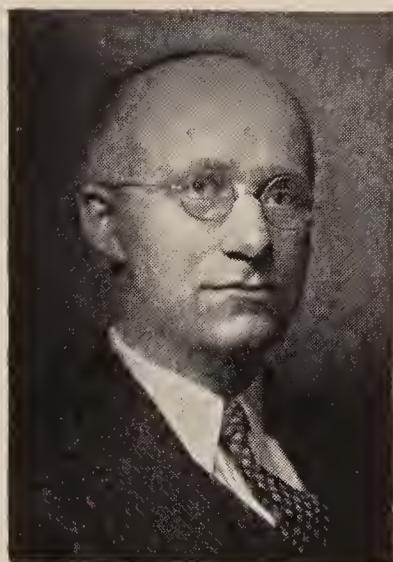


CLARENCE SUMNER FREEDMAN



EDWARD PHILIP FREEDMAN

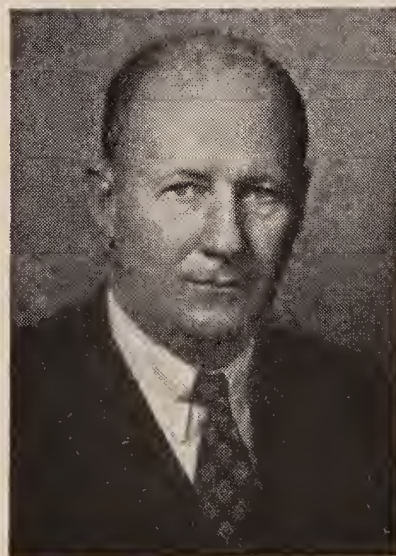
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HARRY SOLOMON FREEDMAN



HIRAM FREEDMAN



FRANK FREMONT-SMITH

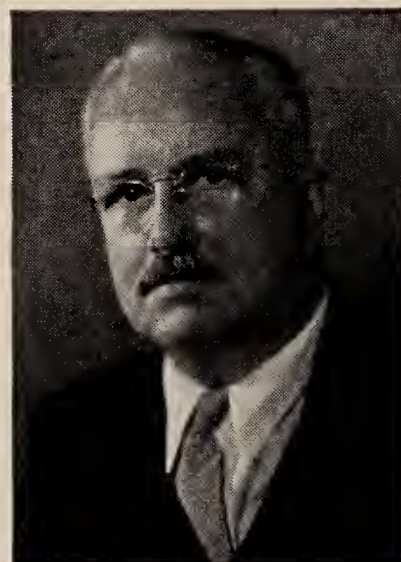
HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



JOSEPH MILTON FRENCH



RUSSELL THURSTON FRY



RICHARD BUCKMINSTER FULLER

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JOHN ELBRIDGE GALE



✠ EUGENE GALLIGAN



ADDISON LEMAN GARDNER, JR.

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



STUART NEEDHAM GARDNER



✠ JAMES ALBERT GARLAND



WALTER GRANT GARRITT

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



DONALD SMITH GATES



HAROLD EMERY GATES



JOSEPH MURPHY GAZZAM, JR.

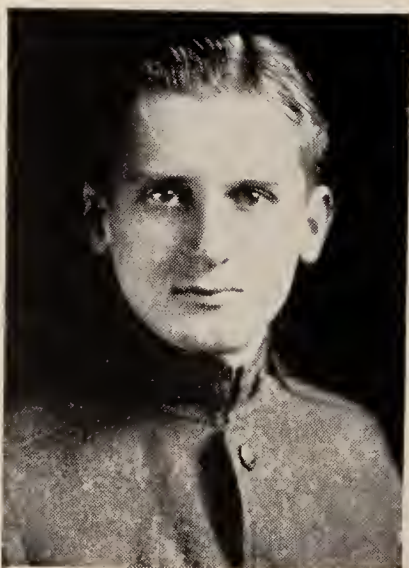
HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



NOAH MOSES GEDIMAN

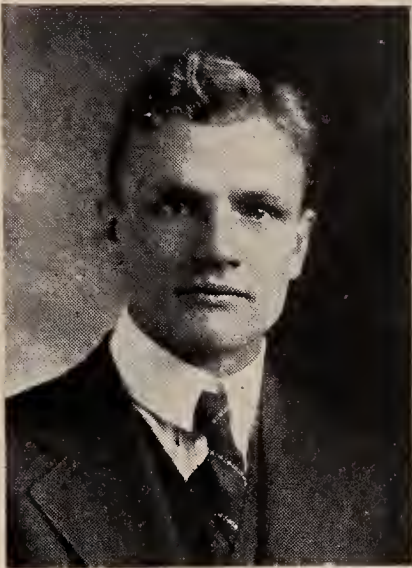


MAURICE PATRICK GERAGHTY



CARL NORMAN GERDAU

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



MAX HANS CHRISTIAN GERSUMKY



EDWIN HUTCHEON GIBB

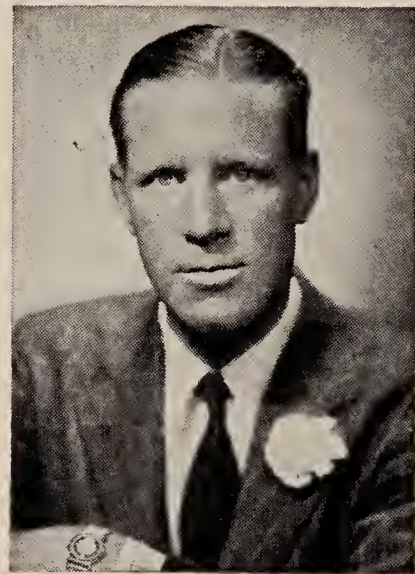


WARMOTH THOMAS GIBBS

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



ALEXANDER GIFFORD



HARWOOD GILDER



CHARLES EMMONS GILL

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



HENRY CLEMENT GILL



JOHN RICHARD GILMAN

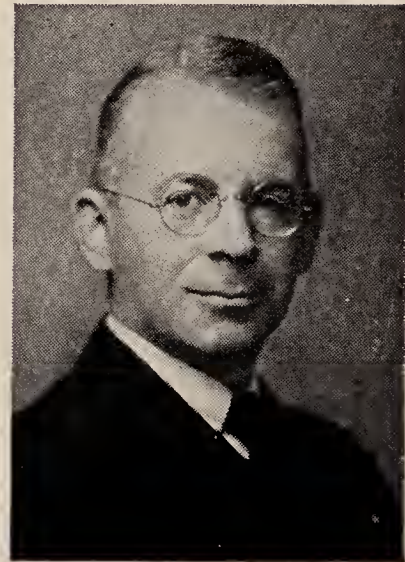


✦ BENJAMIN JOSEPH GINSBURG

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



ABRAHAM ROBERT GINSBURGH



HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON



✦ WALTER THOMAS EDWARD GLEASON

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



LOUIS SAMUEL GOLDBERG



CRAWFORD GOLDTHWAIT



JOEL ADDISON GOLDTHWAIT

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



DU VAL RADFORD GOLDTHWAITE



EDWARD PHILIP GOODNOW



GEORGE KOROLICK GORDON

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



WILLIAM TILLINGHAST GORTON



WILLIAM LATIMER GRAY



JOSEPH GERARD GREEN

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



WILLIAM GRESSER



BENJAMIN GROSBAYNE

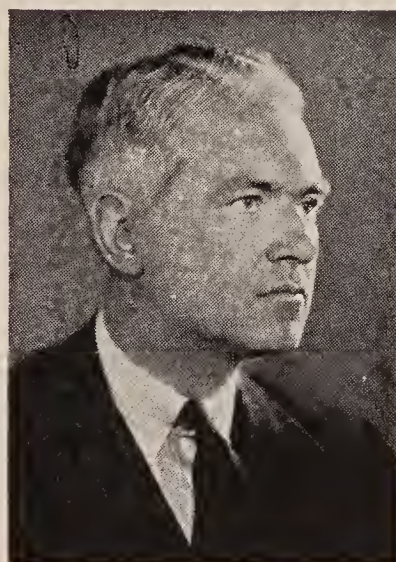


✦ LUTHER PRESCOTT GROVER

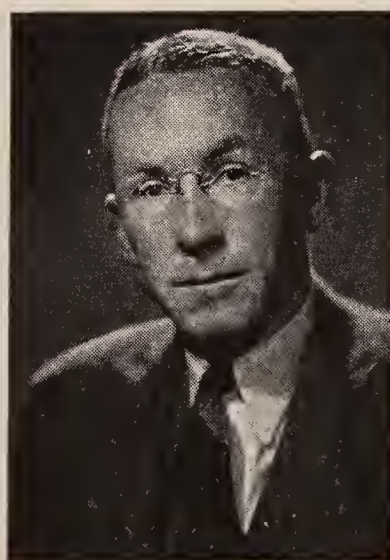
25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



FREDERICK GOODWIN GUILD



HENRY RICE GUILD



HOWARD REDWOOD GUILD, JR.

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



WILLIAM THEOPHILUS GUNRAJ

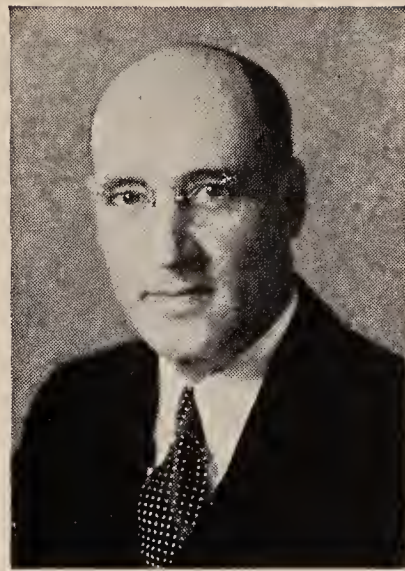


MYRON GUREN



HARRY MILLER HAEUSLER

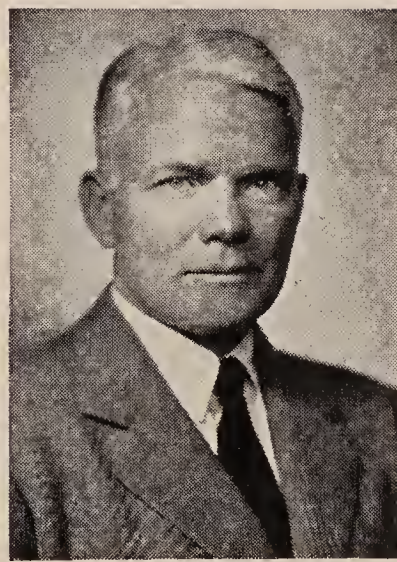
25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



HAROLD BYRD HAGER

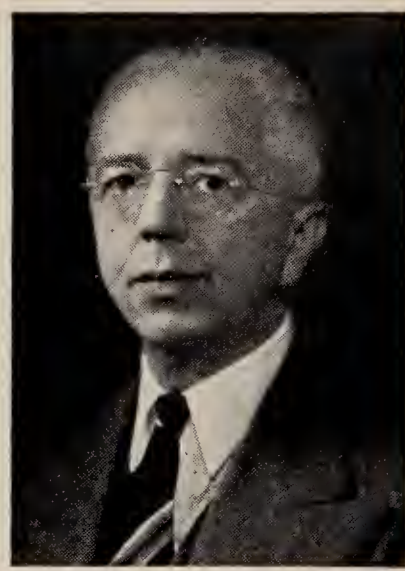


JOHN ROHAN HALEY



ERNEST PHILANDER HALLEY

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



WALLACE FIELD HAMILTON



CLARENCE DEAN HANSCOM

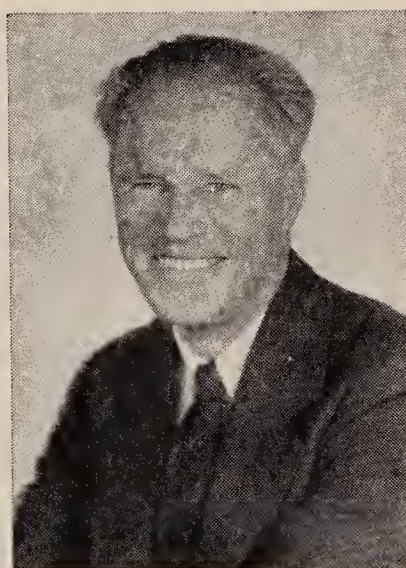


JOHN STANLEY HARLOW

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



JOSE CALDERON HARRIS



GILBERT FREDERIC HART



RICHARD HARTE

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



✦ GEORGE DEANE HARTSHORN



GEORGE WILLIAM BROWN HARTWELL



RALPH LEWIS HARVEY

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



HAROLD WILLIAM HASERICK



✦ ABNER HORACE HASTINGS



ROY HEAD

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



GORDON BEALE HEBB

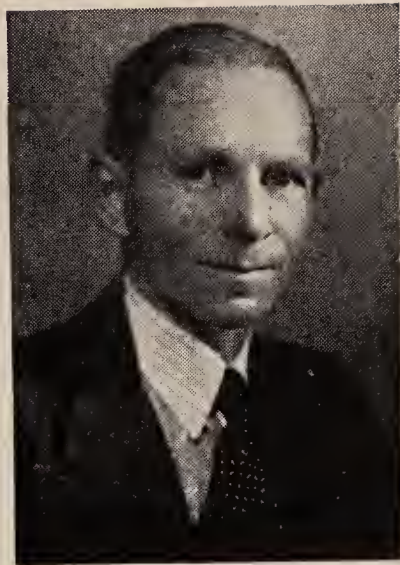


FRANK JOSEPH HEINZ



JOHN GEORGE HEINZ

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



CLAYTON LESLIE HENDERSON



HOWARD HENDERSON



CASS MANNING HERRINGTON

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



✦ WILLIAM JOSEPH HEVER



WILLIAM LAPPEN HICKEY



THOMAS MASON BACON HICKS, JR.

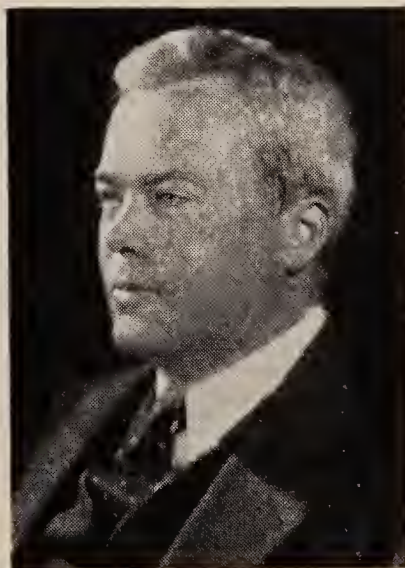
25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



JOHN PATRICK HIGGINS



✠ CHARLES HIGGINSON



ROBERT SILLIMAN HILLYER

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



✝ WILLIAM CONRAD HIMMER



NATHANIEL DAVID HIRSCH



GEORGE DAVID HIRST

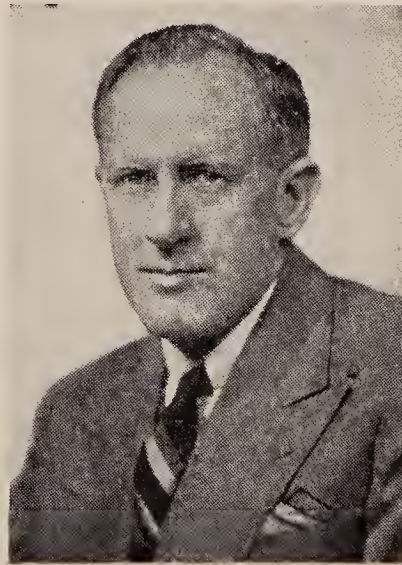
25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



✦ RANDOLPH HOWARD HITCHCOCK



MARLAND COGSWELL HOBBS

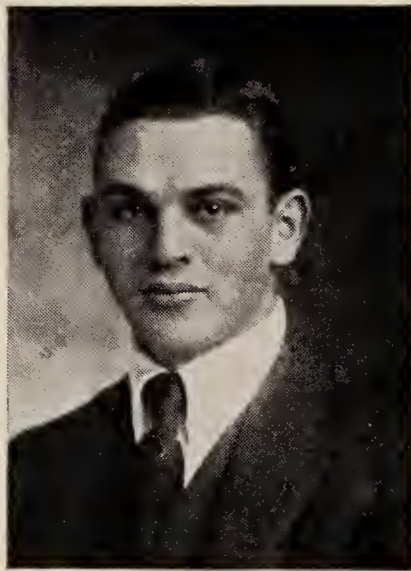


ROBERT LEMUEL HOBBS

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



CHARLES HENRY HODGES, JR.

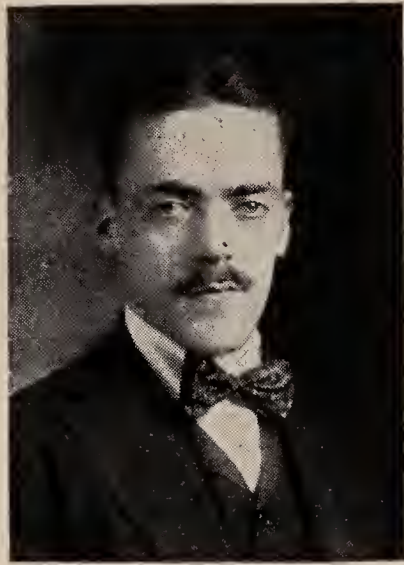


✠ DAVID HOFFMAN



ULMONT WILLIAM HOLLY

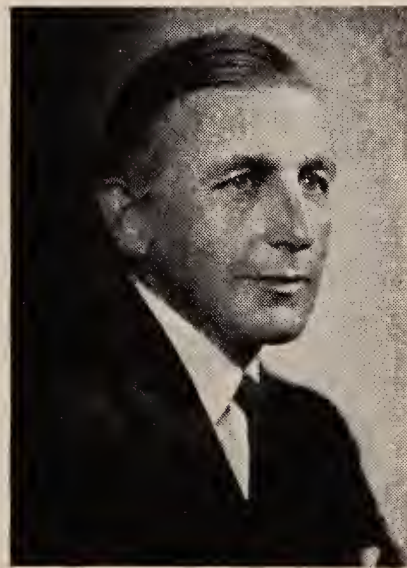
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JAMES LUSK HOLMAN



WALTER MARSHALL HORTON



PERCIVAL SPURR HOWE, JR.

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



JAMES KING HOYT, JR.

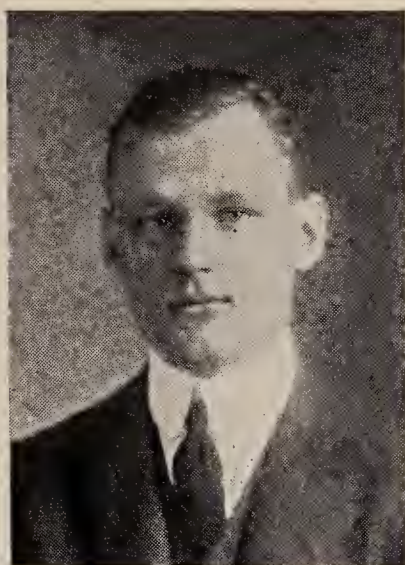


JAMES WINDSOR HUBBELL

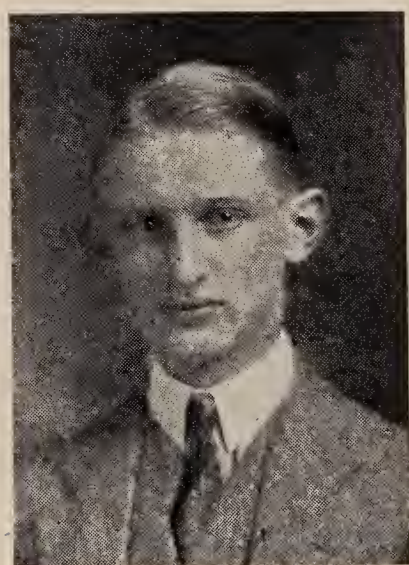


CHARLES EDWARD HUMPHREY

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



✦ ROGER DEFRIEZ HUNNEMAN



HURD HUTCHINS

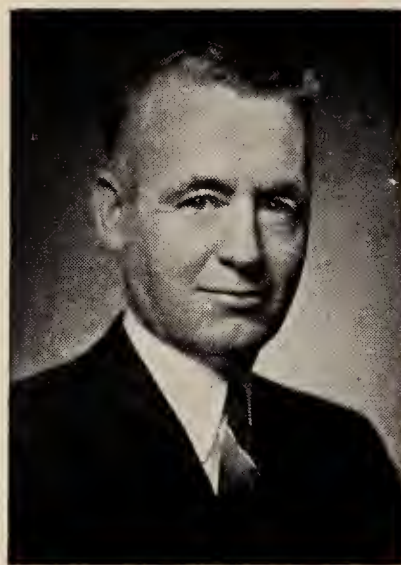


DONALD JOHN HUTCHINSON

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



WALTER KITTREDGE HUTCHINSON



WILLIAM THOMAS HUTCHINSON

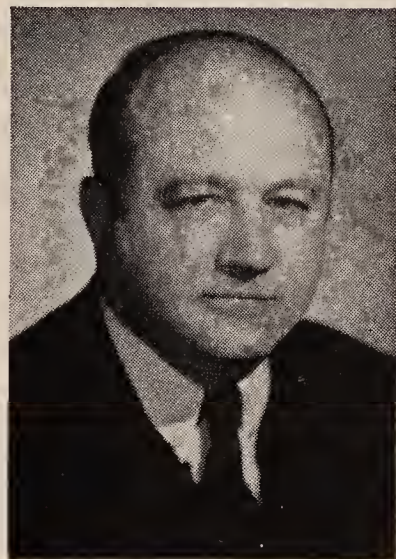


FRANCIS ABBOTT INGALLS, JR.

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



✦ PAUL WEBB INGRAHAM



RODERICK SPEARMAN KIMERER IRVIN



CHESTER CRAIG IRVING

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



STEPHEN BRADSHAW IVES



KARL FREDERICK JACKSON



LESLIE PRICE JACOBS

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



WILLIAM TUFTS JENNEY



ALLAN LUDVIG GUSTAV JENSEN

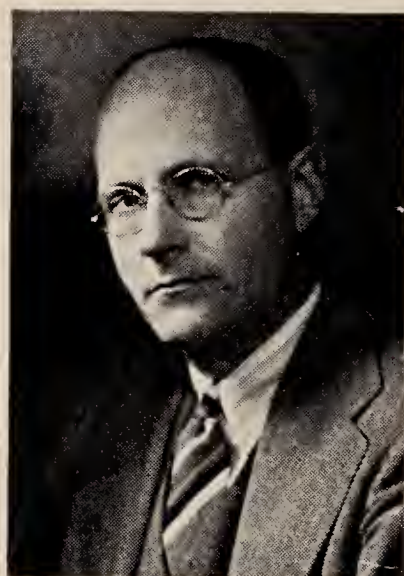


ELLSWORTH EGBERT JOHNSON

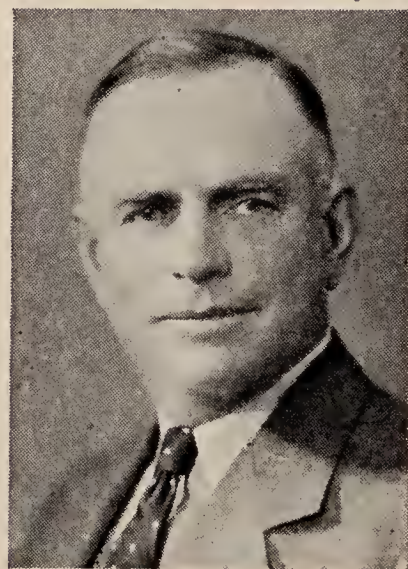
HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



NORMAN PERCY JOHNSON



ROGERS BRUCE JOHNSON



GREGORY JONES

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



KNEELAND WHITE JONES



STEPHEN GEORGE JONES



THOMAS PARKE JOY

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



LEWIS TALBOT KAVANAUGH



✦ ARTHUR CHRISTIAN KECK



JAMES JOSEPH KELLEY

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



ROBERT CHANDLER KELLEY



WILLIAM DARRAH KELLEY, 3RD

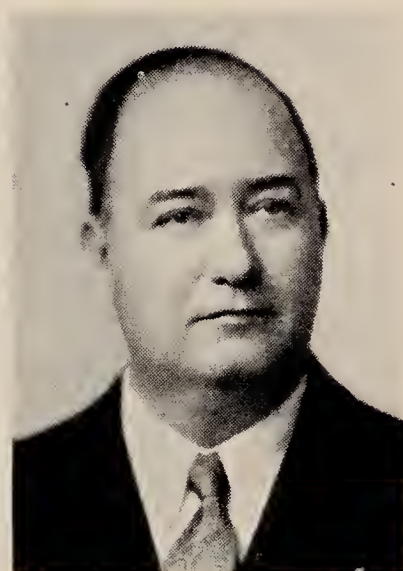


WILLIAM JOSEPH KELLEY

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



ALFRED HUBBARD KELLOGG



THEODORE EDWARD KENDRICK



DANIEL JOSEPH KENEFICK, JR.

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



RICHARD KERENS KENNA

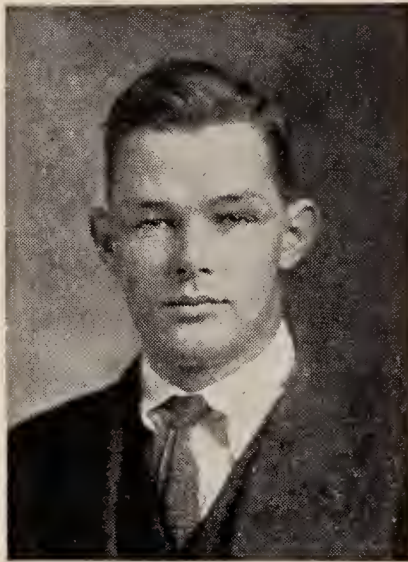


✦ RODERICK KENNEDY



DANIEL ROGER KENNEY

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



WINTHROP WARREN KENNEY



HAROLD ALBERT KENT



JOHN SAXTON KENT, JR.

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



HAROLD LIVINGSTON KERR



✦ ALTON HOWE (JOSEPH) KIMBALL, JR.



✦ GORDON CONGDON KING

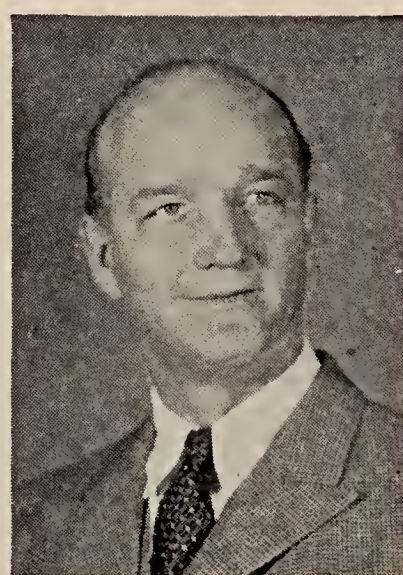
HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



HAROLD SKINNER KING

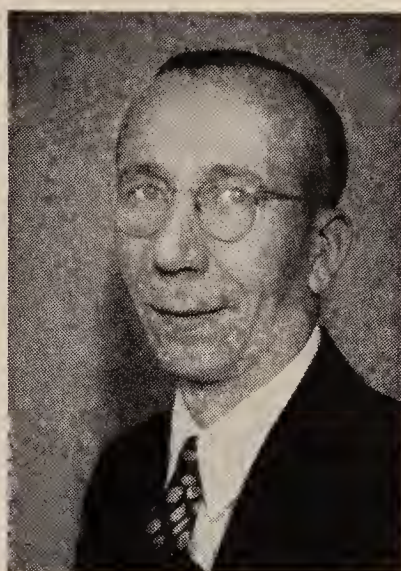


CARL PAUL KIPP



ORAN GOULD KIRKPATRICK

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



VESSELIN GUENOV KIROV



✠ GUSTAV HERMANN KISSEL



PHILIP KLEIN

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



JOSEPH EDWARD KLINE



✦ ROBERT KLOEBER



WILLIAM MORRIS KONIKOV

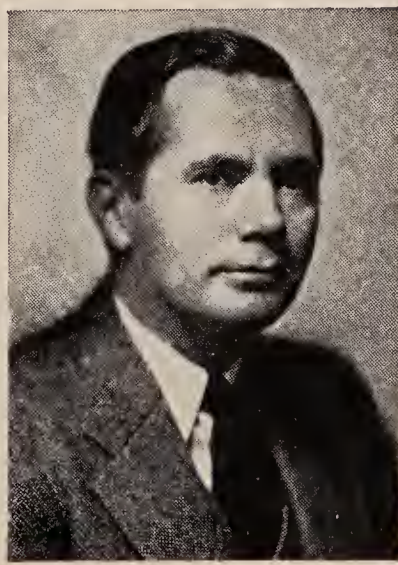
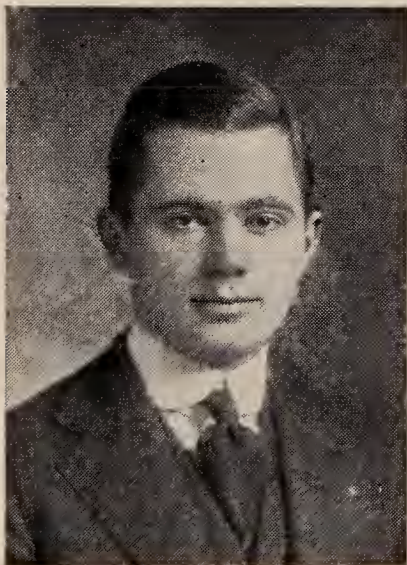
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EDWARD JACOB KRAMER



DAVID ABRAHAM KRIESFELD



CHARLES NEWCOMB LADD

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



PAUL REVERE LADD



HENRY CHESTER LAMOND

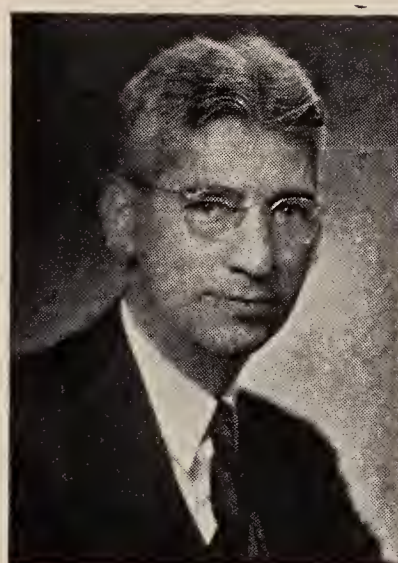


CLARENCE HURD LANE

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



STEPHEN CHRISTIAN LANG



THEODORE LANG



WILBERT JASON LANG

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



ALLEN LAWSON



ROBERT KEITH LEAVITT



RUSSELL LEAVITT

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



LOUIS DU BOIS LE FEVRE



GEORGE ELIOT LEIGHTON

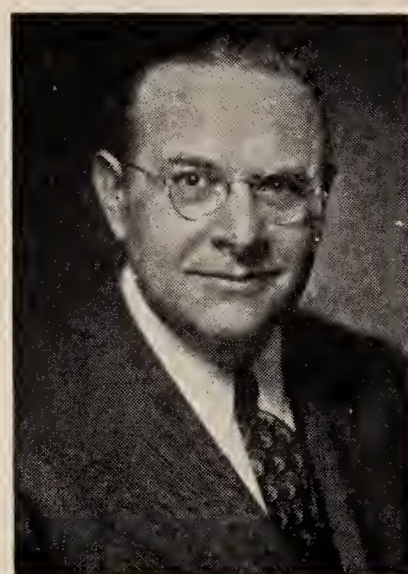


✠ FREDERICK TALBOT LELAND

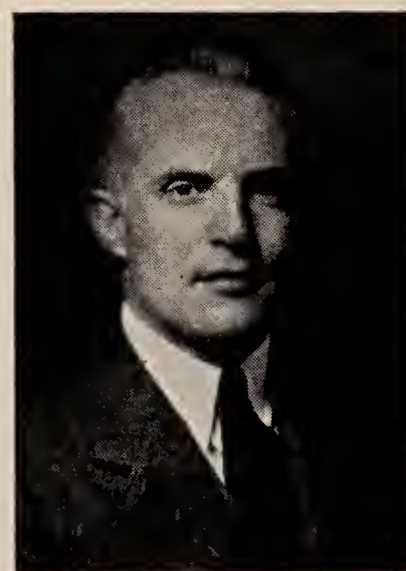
HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



ROBERT SANGER LELAND



ROBERT LEVENSON



ERNEST LOUIS LEVERONE

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



ABRAHAM SIMEON LEVIN

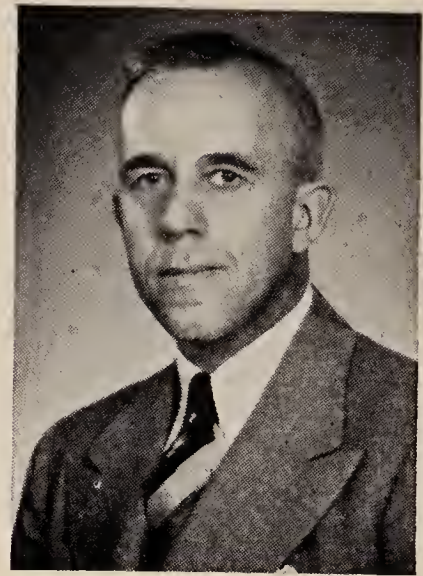


LAWRENCE MEYER LEVIN

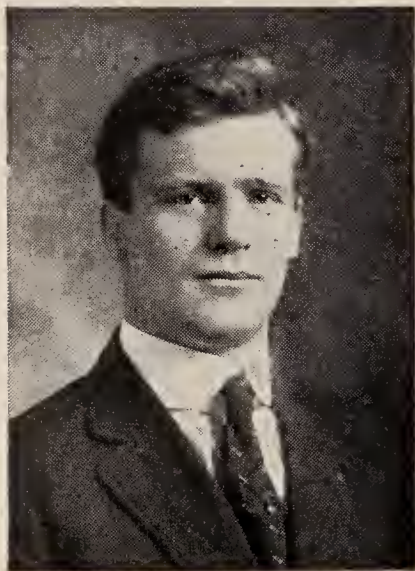


LEONARD SOLON LEVY

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



PHILIP CURTIS LEWIS

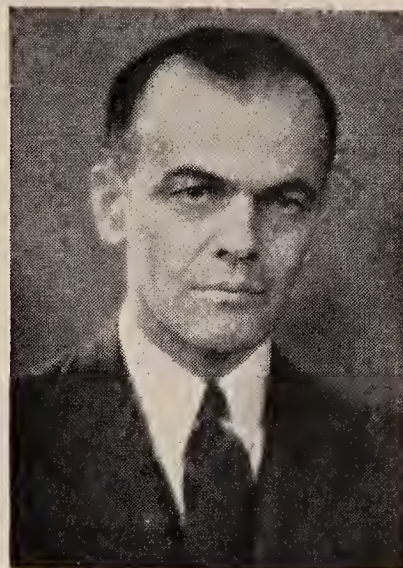


ORLANDO R. LINDESMITH

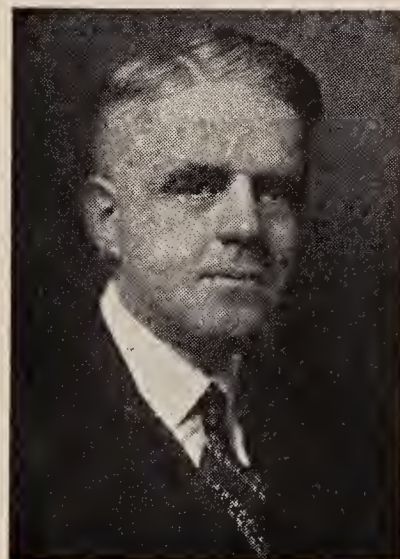


✦ CHARLES GRAY LITTLE

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



WILLIAM LOCKE



EDWARD WHITTIER LOMBARD



LAURENCE MANUEL LOMBARD

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



ELLESLEY WALDO LONG



JOSEPH MICHAEL LOONEY



ARTHUR BENJAMIN LOURIE

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



JAMES SPENCER LOVE



DOUGLAS GORDON LOVELL



HENRY CARTY LYNCH

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



WILLIAM RIDDLE McALLASTER



WILLIAM JAMES McCARTHY



✠ KENNETH PHILLIPS McDEARMOTT

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



✦ ADRIAN JAMES McDONALD



JOSÉ ANTONIO MACHADO, JR.



WALTER STAUNTON MACK, JR.

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



CARL KEISTER McKINLEY

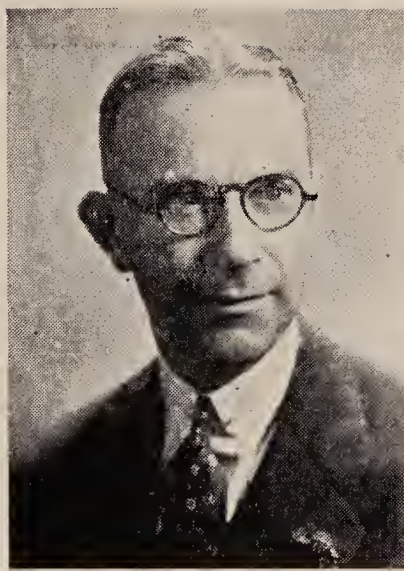


JAMES CAMPBELL McMULLIN, 2D



✠ GEORGE WALTER FRANCIS McPHERSON

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



TABER HASLER MAHLER

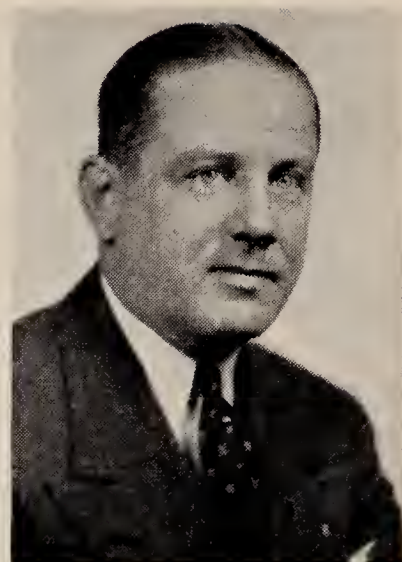


FELIX MANDELSTAM

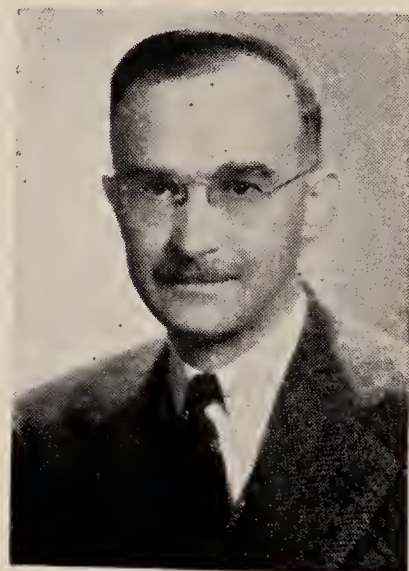


STEPHEN JEWETT YOUNG MANN

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



SAMUEL JOSEPH MANTEL



ALBERT ELMER MARKS



ORVILLE JORDAN MARSH

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



WILLIAM HENRY MEANIX

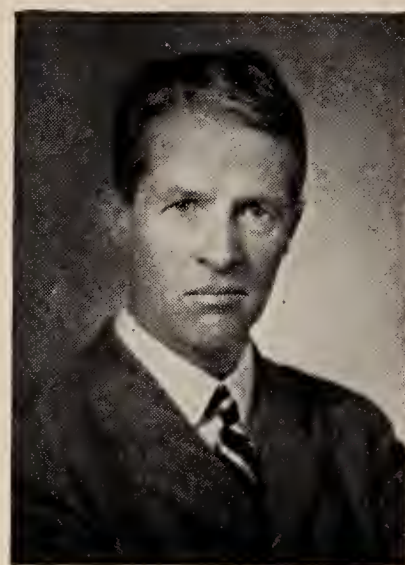


PAUL HOWARD MEANS

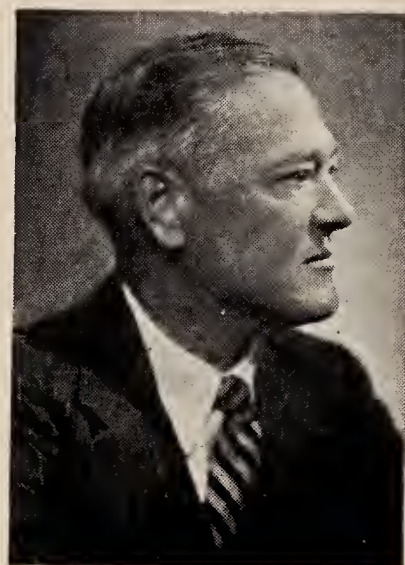


✦ WILLIAM HENRY MEEKER

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



JOHN MELCHER



JOSEPH MANLEY MELLEN



✦ HARRY HUBBARD METCALF

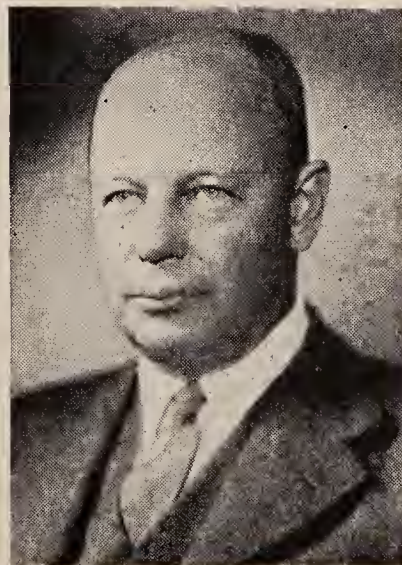
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WESLEY BARRINGTON MILLER



WILLIAM LESTER MILLS

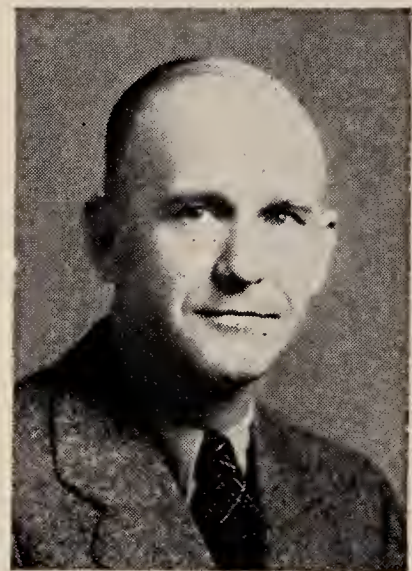


HENRY WHITNEY MINOT

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



SAMUEL GREENWOOD MITCHELL



ROBERT LEE MIXON



✠ JAMES KENNEDY MOORHEAD

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



JOHN STEPHEN MORAN

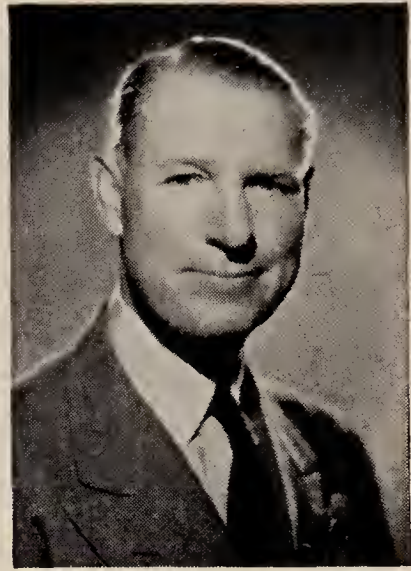
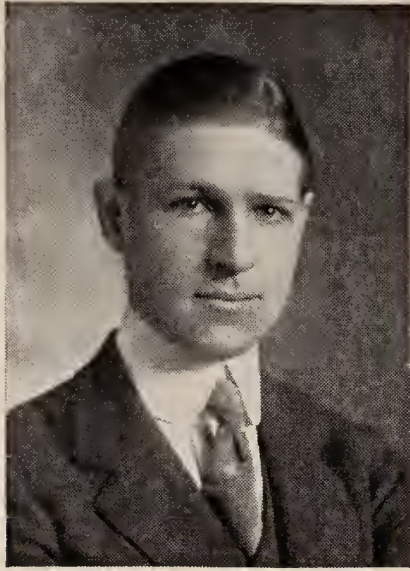


HEWITT MORGAN

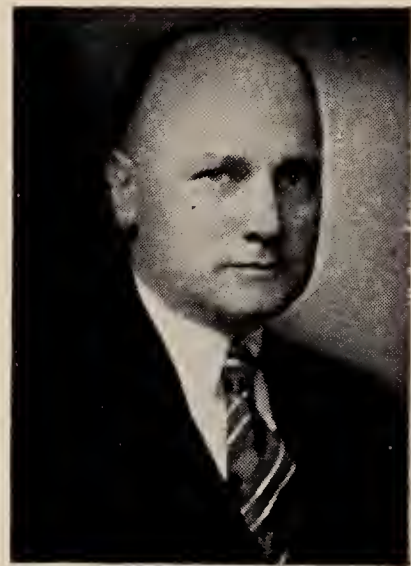


JOHN EDWARD PARSONS MORGAN

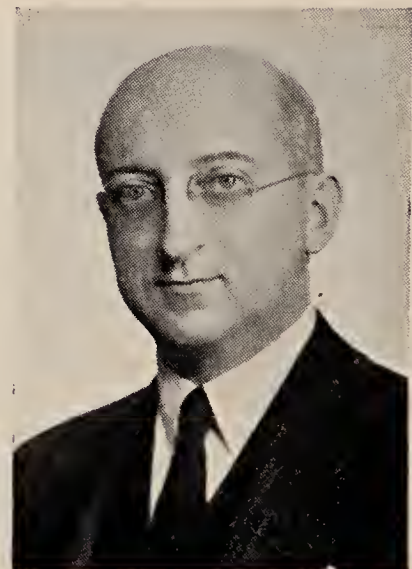
HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



LESLIE ALLEN MORGAN



WILLIAM CAROL MORGAN



JOHN JOSEPH MORIARTY

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



SIDNEY NEUTON MORSE

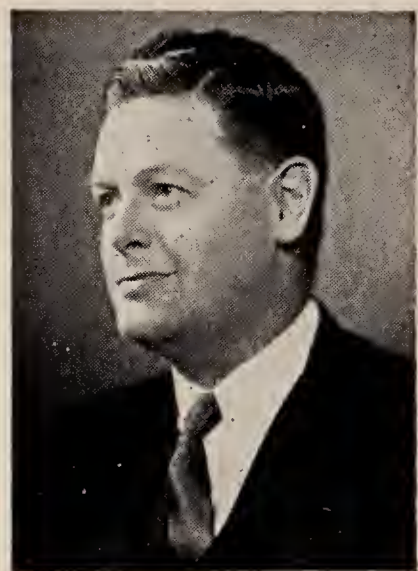


PHILIP REED MORSS



EUGENE EVANS MORTON

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



FRANCIS LINCOLN MORTON

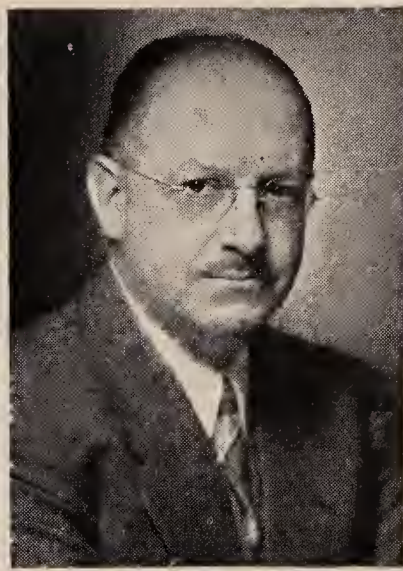


JEROME BAYARD MOYER



KERN MOYSE

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



WALTER KENT MUNROE

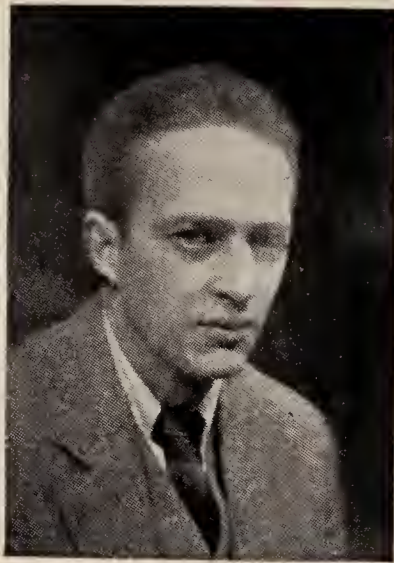


✦ PAUL MYNARD MURDOUGH



✦ WALTER AUGUSTINE MURRAY

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



EDWARD PIERCE NAGLE



OTIS CUSHING NASH



CLIFTON ELLSWORTH NEAL

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



CHARLES HELGE NELSON



ELMER SEVERIN NELSON



ROBERT WARRINGTON NEW

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



GERALD TAFT NICHOLS



✦ RICHARD HASKINS NICHOLS



✦ GLADWYN KINGSLEY NOBLE

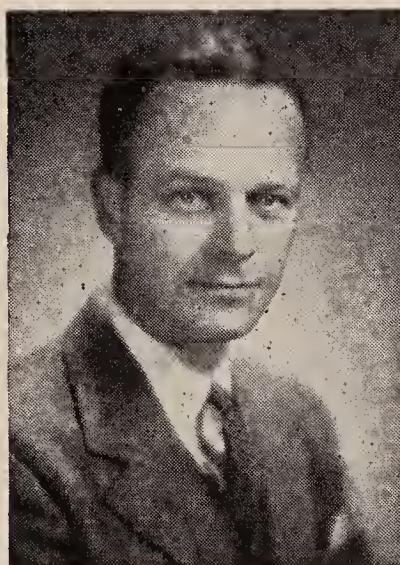
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MARK NOBLE



GEORGE FRANCIS NOLTE



RICHARD HORTON NORRIS, JR.

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



ALFRED BARHAM NORTH



CECIL JUNIOR NORTH



CYRIL DEXTER NORTON

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



RICHARD ALLEN NOTT



AMES NOWELL



IRVING OBERMAN

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



WILLIAM AUGUSTINE O'BRIEN

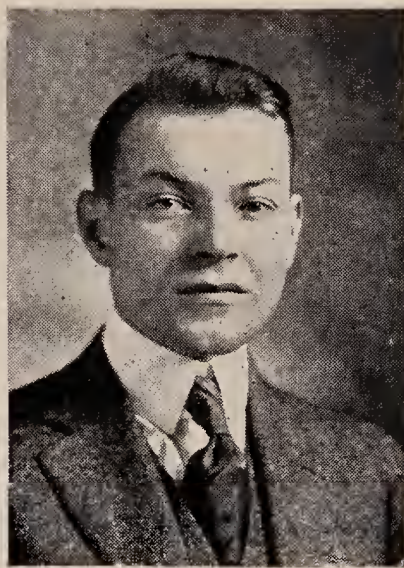


LEONARD OPDYCKE



JOHN PATRICK O'RIORDEN

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



WILLIAM R. OSGOOD



WILLIAM ALLYNE OTIS

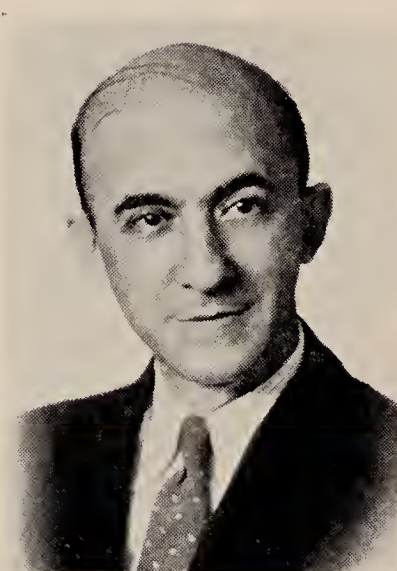


ALAN GRANT PAINE

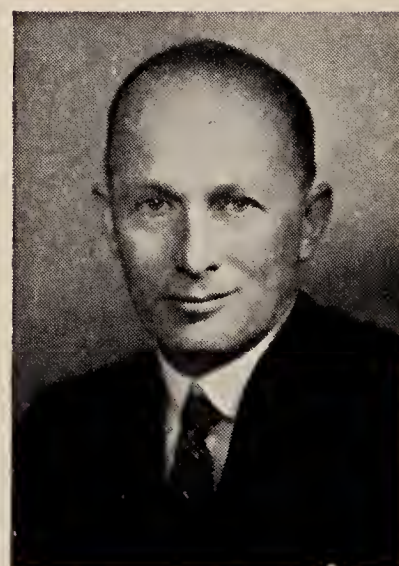
HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



RICHARD CUSHING PAINE

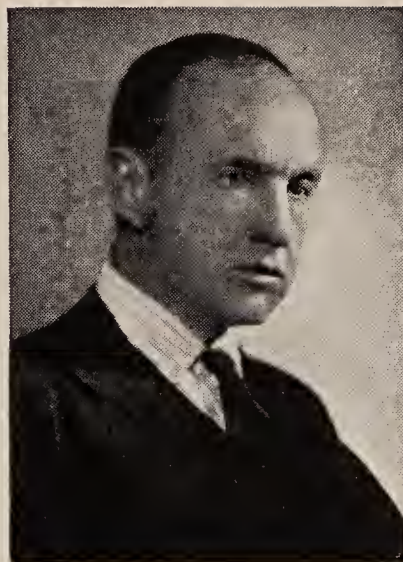


HARRY HAYNE PARKER

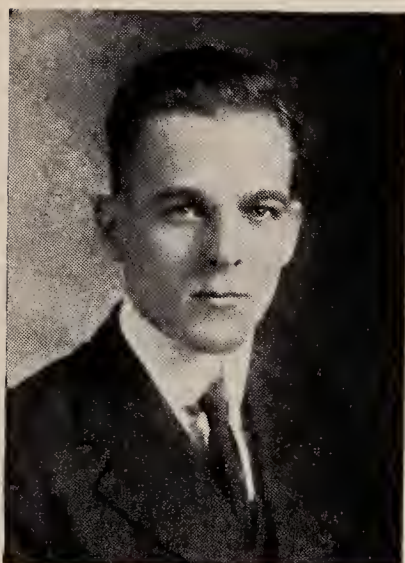


RAYMOND PARMER

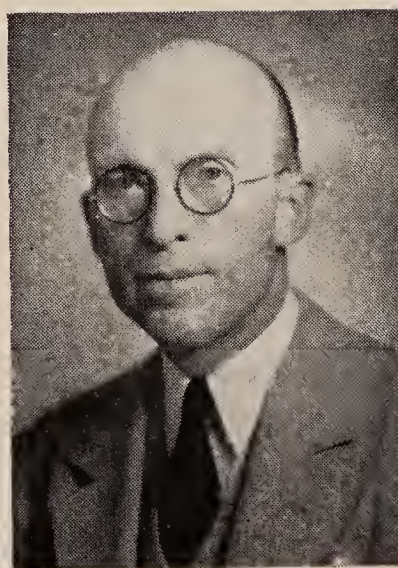
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JOHN DANIEL PARSON



GEORGE AYER PARSONS



NELSON HOWARD PARTRIDGE, JR.

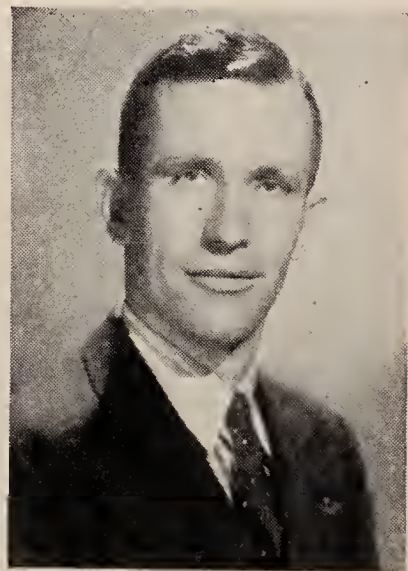
HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



STEPHEN CLOUGH PEABODY



WALDO CUTLER PEEBLES

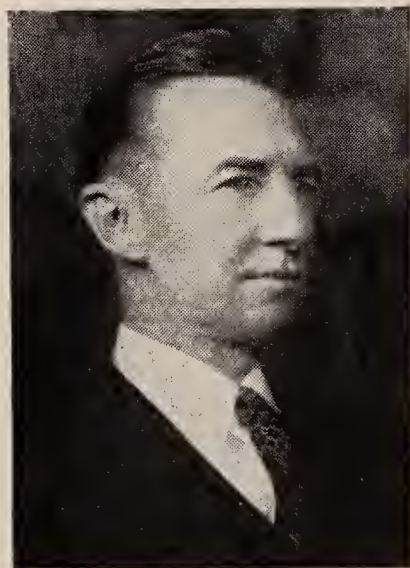


HARRY W. PENHALLOW

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



JOHN WINTHROP PENNOCK



EARL ALPHIA PEOPLES



HAROLD OTIS PHALEN

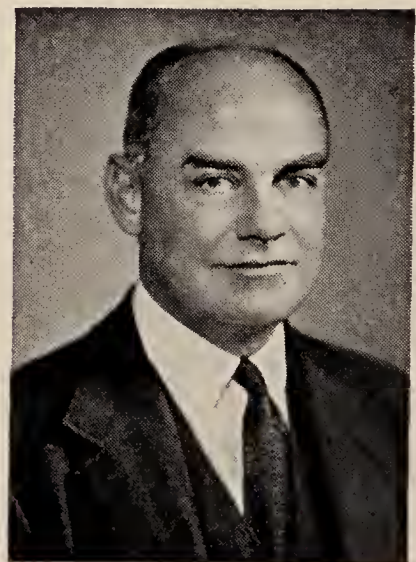
HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



JOHN KENNETH TAYLOR PHILIPS

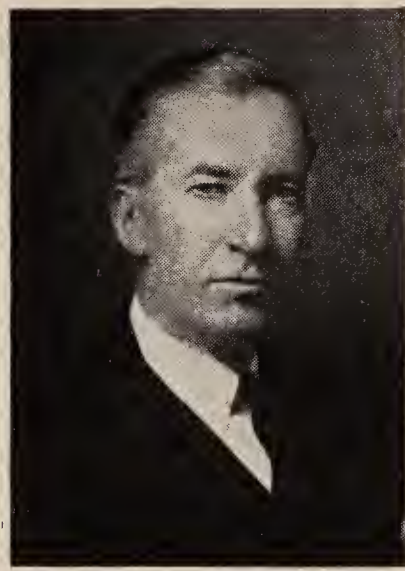


ARTHUR OSGOOD PHINNEY

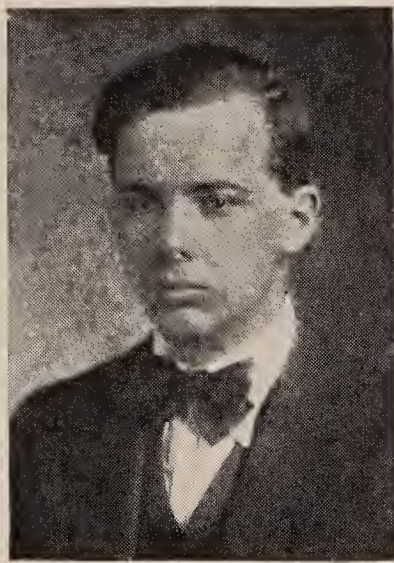


LINCOLN WALLACE PIERCE

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



STEARNS POOR

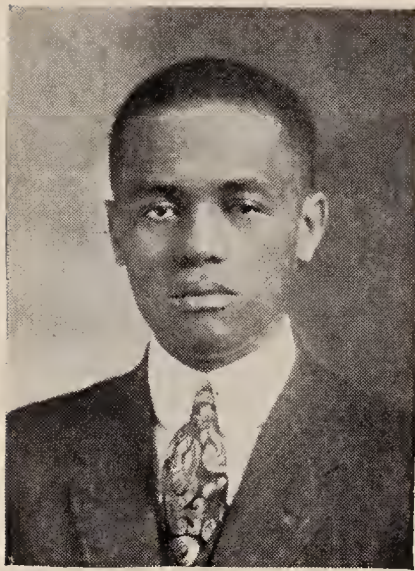


DUDLEY GREENE POORE



GEORGE ERNEST PORTECK

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



HERMAN WILLARD PORTER



ALLEN POTTER



ARNOLD STUART POTTER

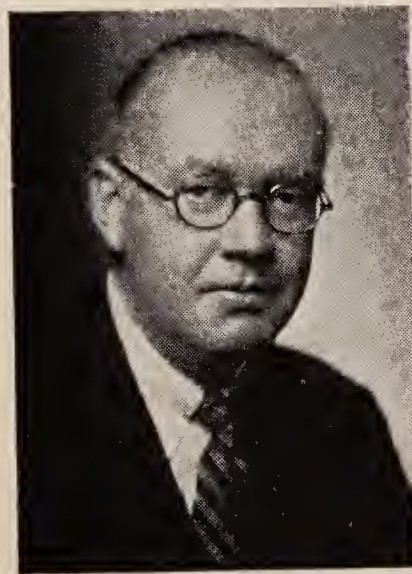
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GERALD SIBLEY PRATT



RICHARD KAHLE PRENTICE



WILLIAM PAYNE THOMPSON PRESTON

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



GEORGE ENDICOTT PUTNAM



HYMEN WILLIAM RADOVSKY



EUGENE PEARSON RAMSAY

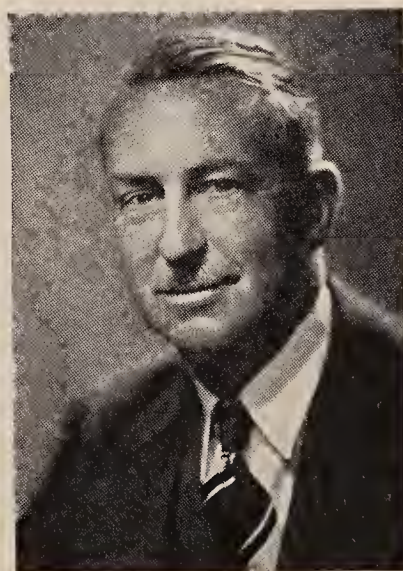
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HOWARD MORRIS RAND



WILLIAM RAND



HOWARD RIDGEWAY RANDALL

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



THOMAS MIDDLETON RAYSOR

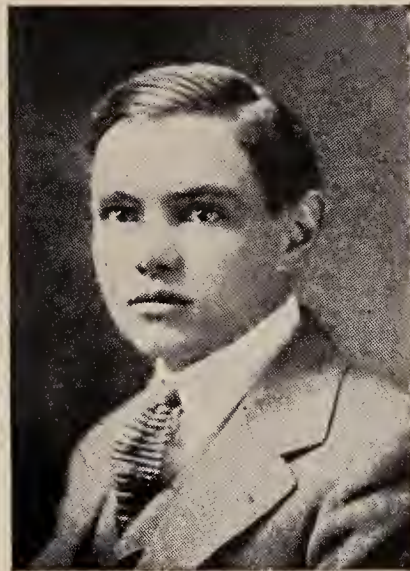


TOBEY OLWIN REAVILL



CLARENCE SEARLES REED

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



✦ LLOYD GEARY EVANS REILLY



HARRISON GARDNER REYNOLDS



THEODORE HOLTON RICE

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



WYMAN RICHARDSON



CURT PAUL RICHTER

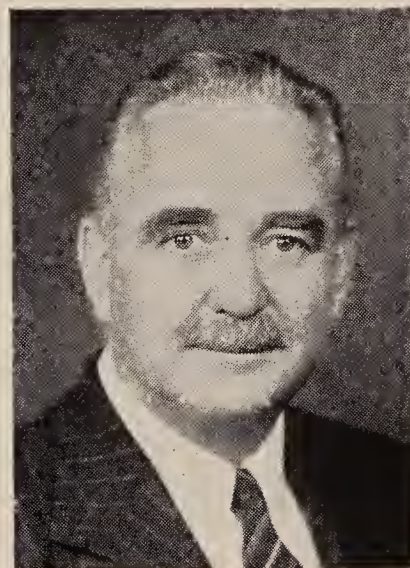


FREDERICK CONVERSE RIEKER

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



CARROLL RIKERT



DANIEL CROSLY ROBINSON



FREDERICK ROBINSON, JR.

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



LUCIAN LORING ROCKE



✦ ROBERT PERRY RODGERS



JOHN MATHER ROGERS

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



SYDNEY JAMES ROGERS



CHARLES ABRAHAM ROME



JOHN JOSEPH ROONEY

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



ARCHIBALD BULLOCH ROOSEVELT



RICHARD DUPREE ROQUEMORE

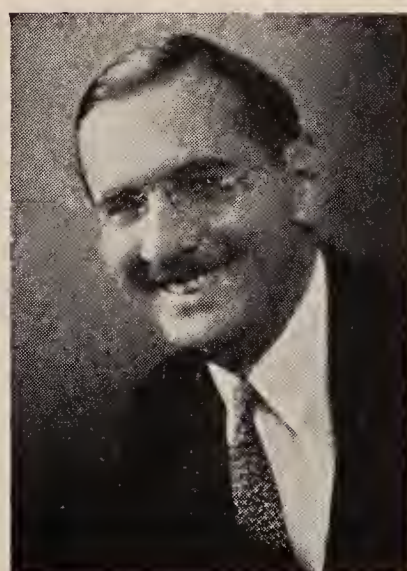
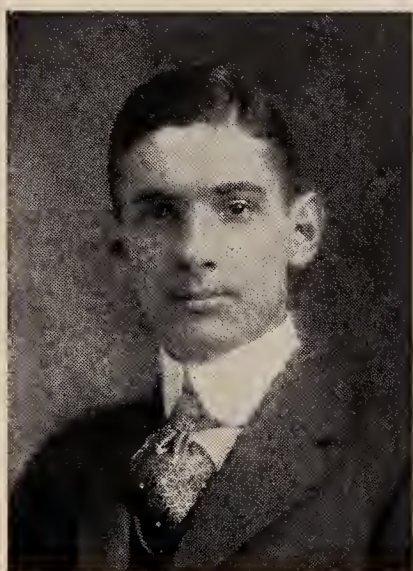


HARRY WYMAN ROSE

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



✦ MAX ROTH



SYLVESTER EDWARD ROTHCHILD



HERBERT FRANKLIN ROYAL

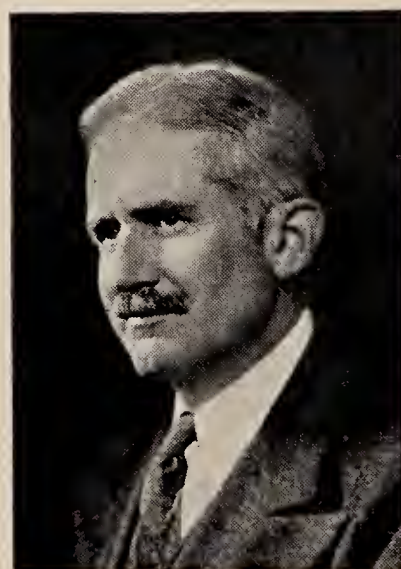
HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



LOUIS RUDNER



✦ ALBERT KENDRICK RUMSEY



JOHN RUSSELL

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



RICHARD WATSON SADLER



MICHAEL SAFRAN

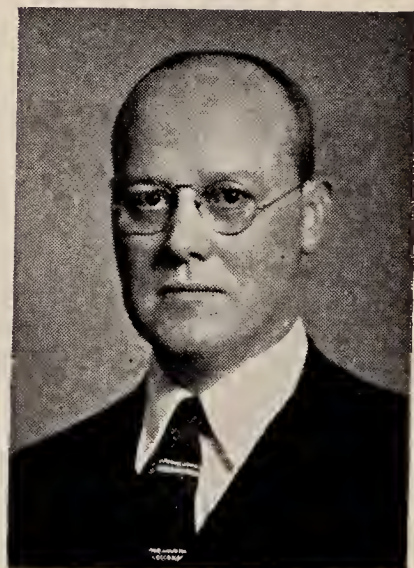


HARRY RAPHAEL SAFTEL

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



GEORGE ALFRED SAGAR



BLODGETT SAGE



HENRY WOOD SALISBURY

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



WILLIAM WEBB SANDERS

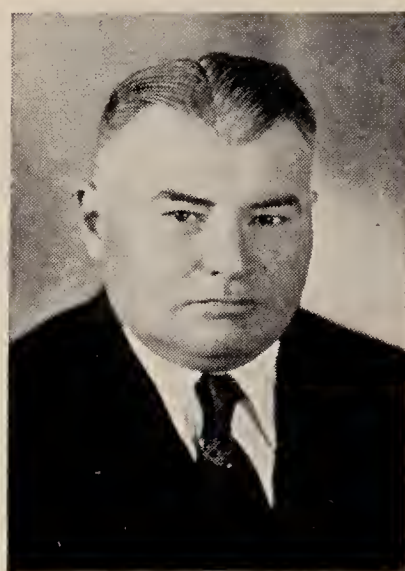
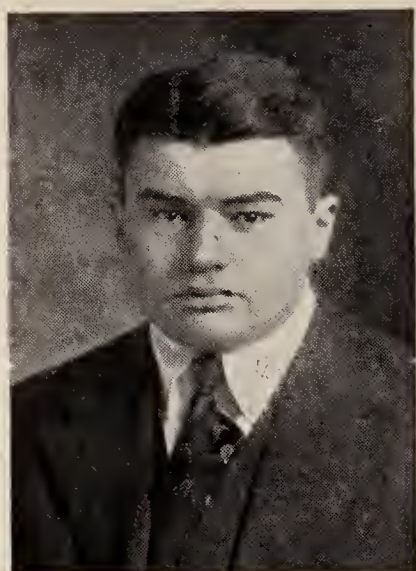


JOHN ALBERT SARGENT



WILLIAM FLEMING SAVALE

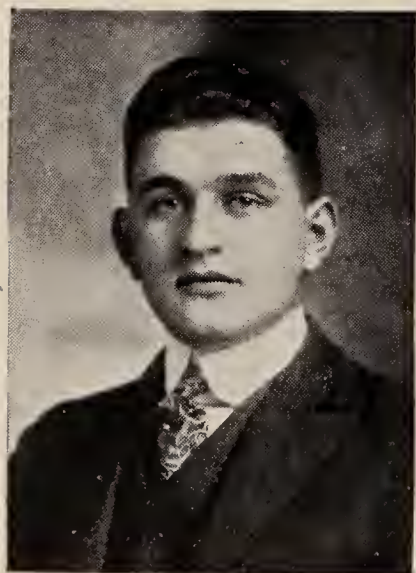
HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



ARTHUR ALAN SAYRE



JOSEPH HALLE SCHAFFNER



HERBERT HENRY SCHEIER

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



HUGO RUDOLF SCHMITT

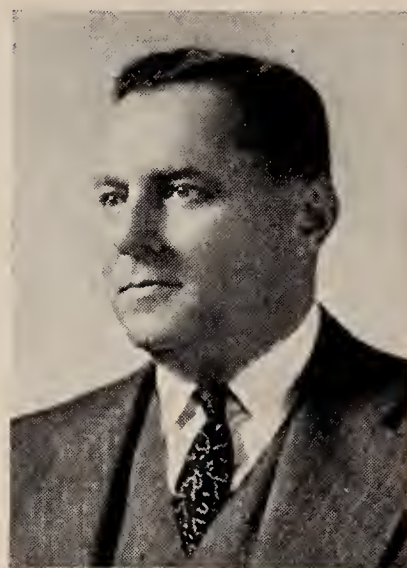


LOUIS SCHNEIDER



ARTHUR LEON SCHUR

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



JAMES FRANK SCHWARTZ



RALPH ATHERTON SCOTT



RALPH EDWARD SCRIBNER

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



JOHN FREDERICK SEAL

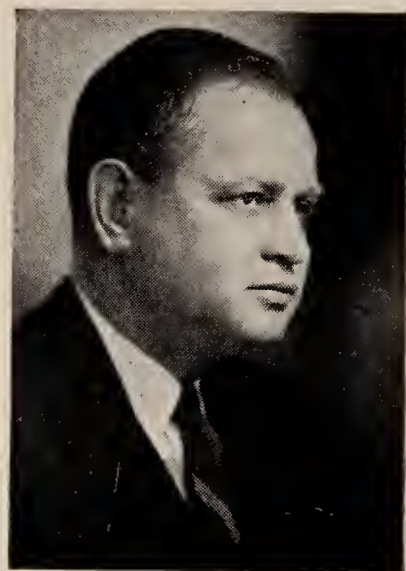


SAMUEL POWERS SEARS



HENRY SEAVER

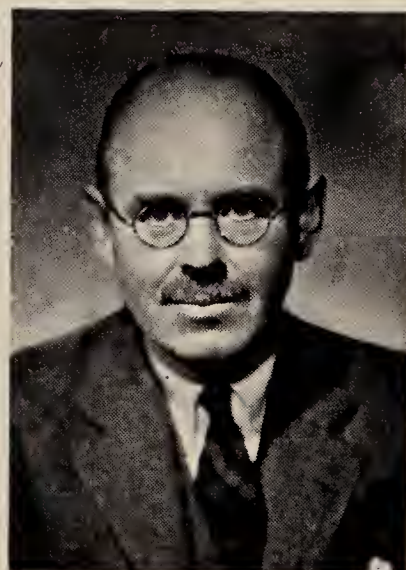
HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



NELSON HATHAWAY SEAVER



SAUL LEO SEINIGER



HENRY SETON

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



JAMES WILLIAM DAVENPORT SEYMOUR



ALPHEUS EDWARD SHAW



CHARLES LAWTON SHERMAN

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



✦ EDWARD ALLEN LOW SHORTT



SOLOMON GLANE SHUMAN

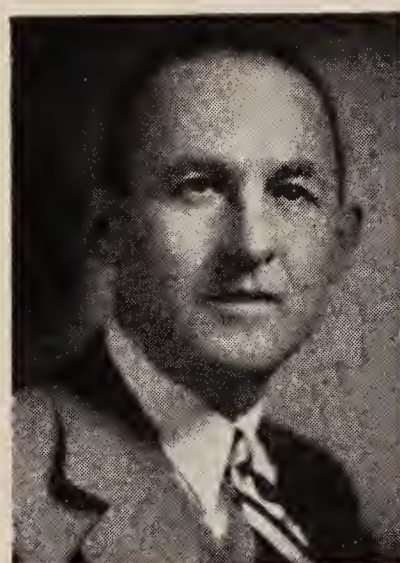


WALTER SILZ

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



ALBERT REGINALD SIMMS



FRANK JOSEPH SIMON

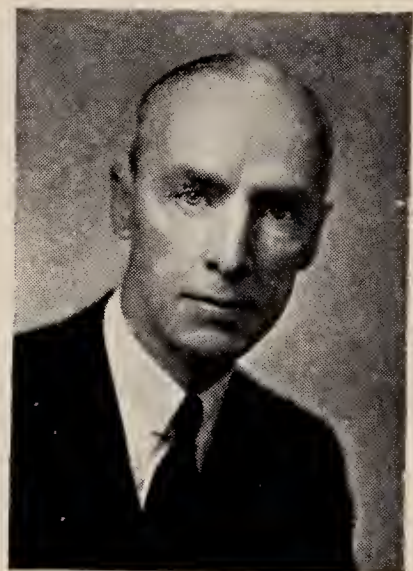


LESTER OTIS SIMONDS

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



WILLARD SEARS SIMPKINS



EDWARD LEO SINCLAIR



EUGENE NATHANIEL SISKIND

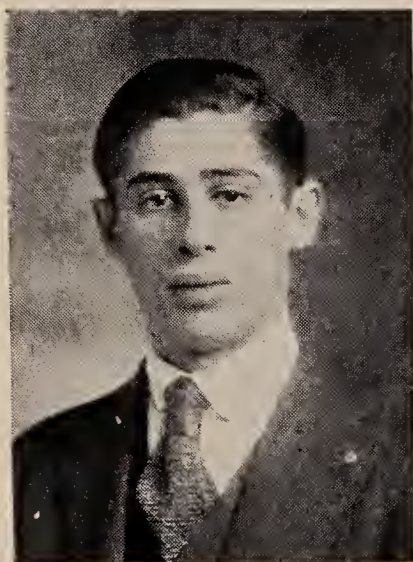
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GEORGE PAUL SLADE



PHILIP SLEPIAN

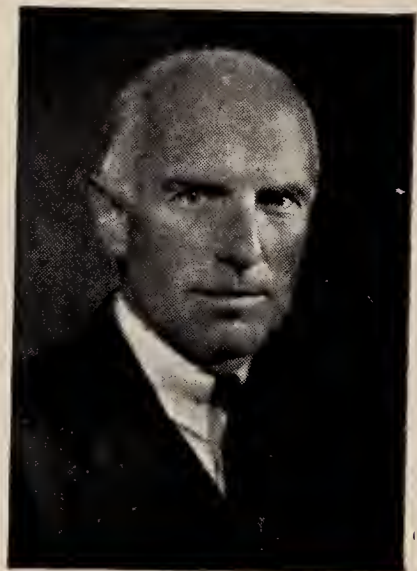


SAMUEL LOUIS SLOSBERG

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



EDWARD FORBES SMILEY

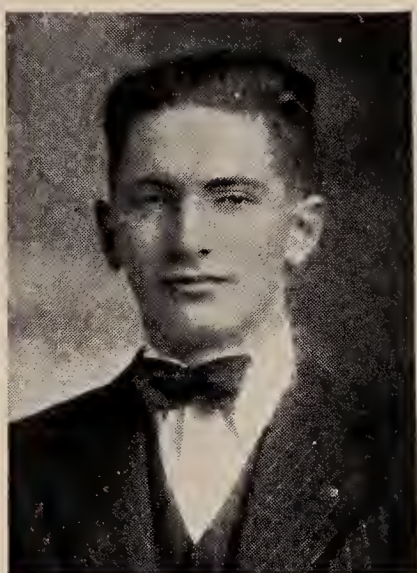


LAWRENCE WELD SMITH



THOMAS BRYANT SMITH

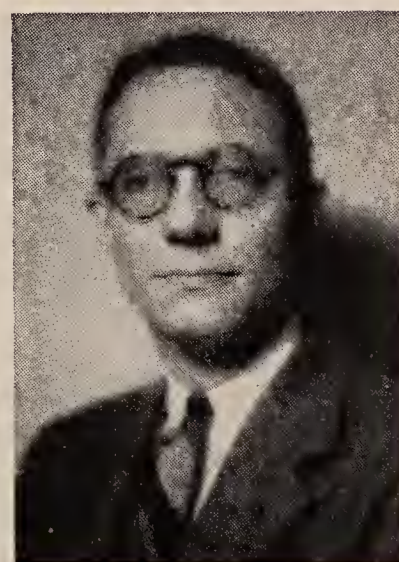
25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



DAVID ELLINGTON SNODGRASS



ABRAHAM MARTIN SONNABEND

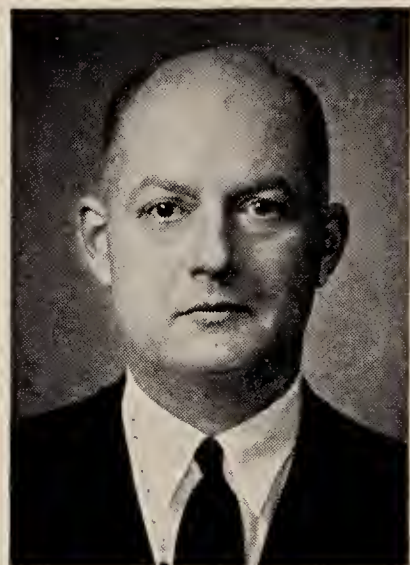


FRANCIS TROW SPAULDING

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



✦ JULIAN HENRY SPITZ



HARRY NEWELL SQUIRES, JR.

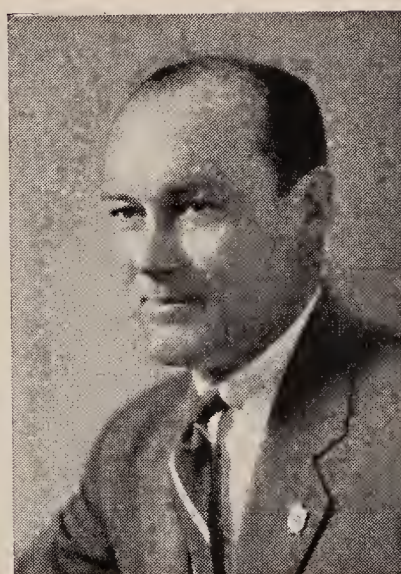


FREDERICK LOUIS STAGG

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



RAYMOND WALKER STANLEY



OTIS COOK STANTON



WILLARD QUINCY STANTON

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



ELDON GUILD STANWOOD



✦LOWELL STARR

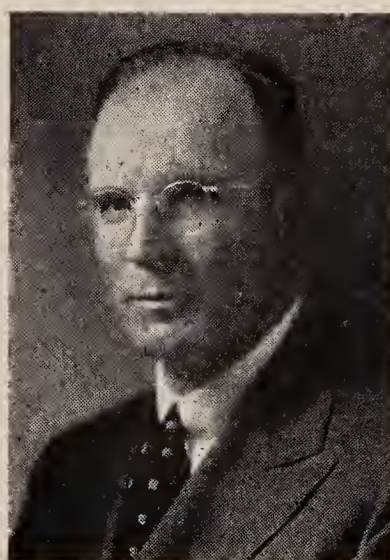


NATHAN COMFORT STARR

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



✦ WILLIAM ST. AGNAN STEARNS

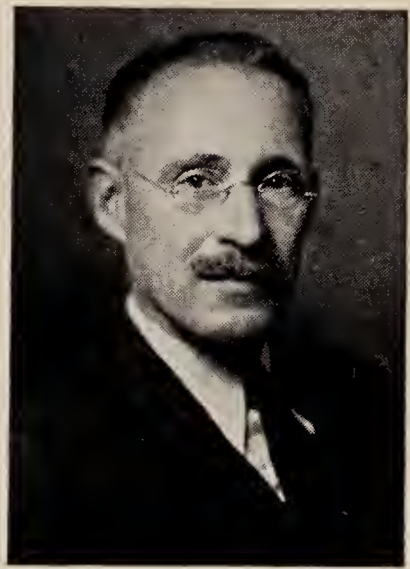


THEODORE ELLIS STEBBINS



CHARLES PRESCOTT STEWART

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



THEODORE FELT STEWART



CLEMENT KIMBALL STODDER



BENJAMIN STOLBERG

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



CLIFFORD JOHN STRAEHLEY



✦ BENJAMIN STRAUCH



WILLIAM STURGIS

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



HERBERT FRANCIS SULLIVAN

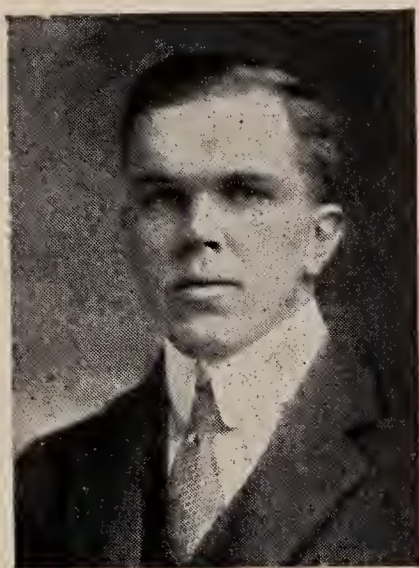


JOSEPH CHARLES SULLIVAN



WILLIAM DONNISON SWAN

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



HOMER LORING SWEETSER



WILLIAM JAMES ROMEYN TAYLOR

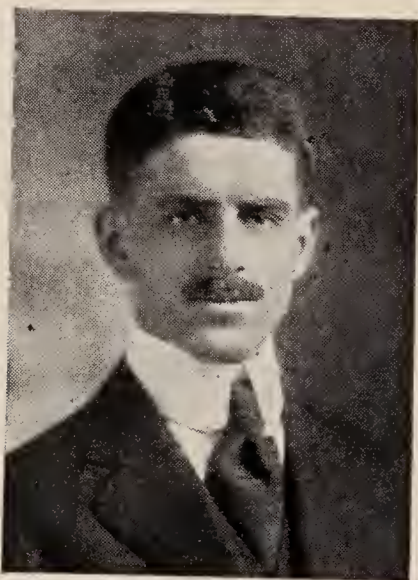


EDWARD AUGUSTUS TESCHNER

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



HARVEY LOWELL THOMAS



JAMES PERRY THURBER



✦ WALTER IRVING TIBBETTS

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



GEORGE WILLIAM TOBIN

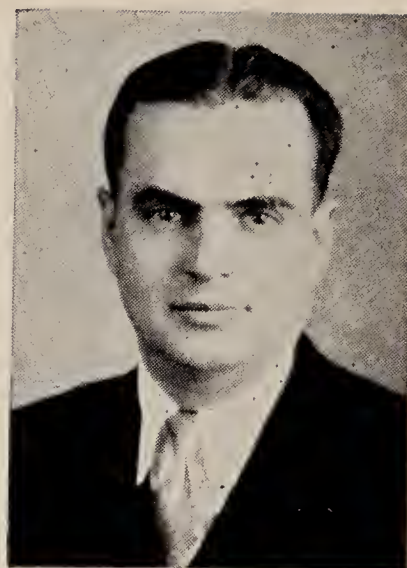
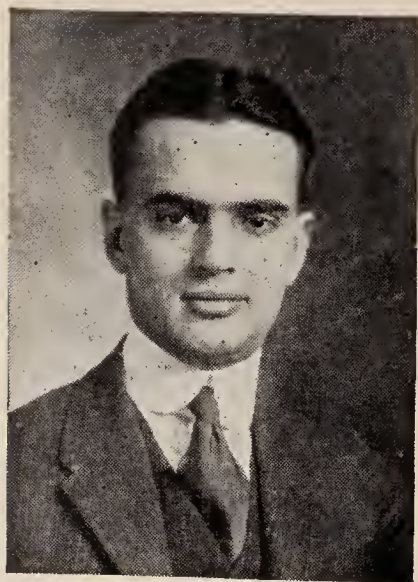


BASCOM HURT TORRANCE

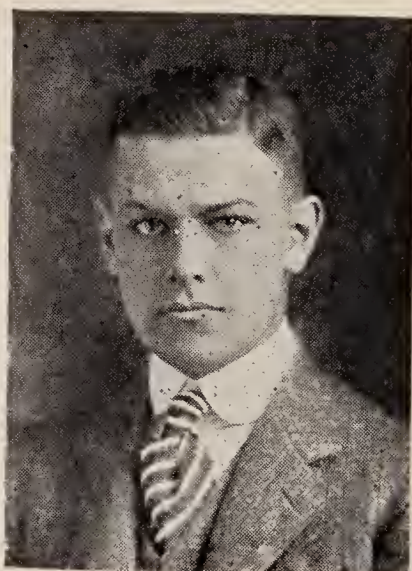


✦ FLETCHER JOHNSON TOWLERTON

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



JACKSON EDMUND TOWNE



GREENOUGH TOWNSEND



JAMES HARVEY TOWNSEND

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



ABBOT TREADWELL, JR.



EDWARD TROUTMAN



MORDAUNT VERNE TURNER

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



ROGER BROWNE TYLER



JOHN PANTELEMON VAKHLIOTES

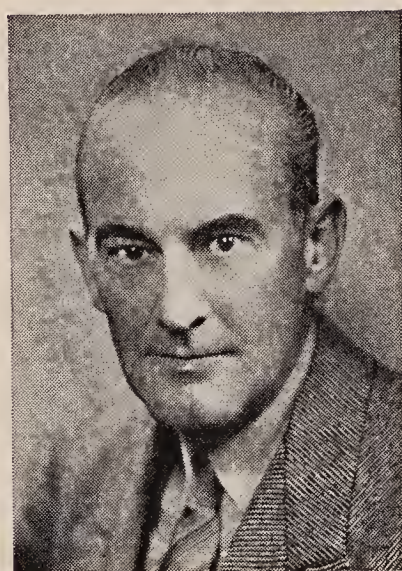


FREDERIK FRANCIS VAN DEN AREND

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



WILFORD ALMON WALKER



VAN WORMER WALSH



JAMES PAUL WARBURG

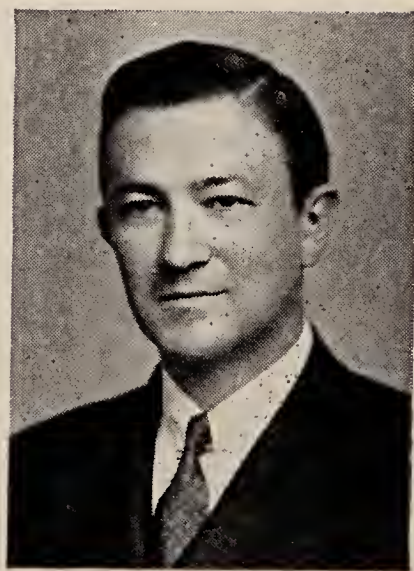
HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



CHARLES LAKEMAN WARD



JAMES REED WARREN



GEORGE WASSER

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



RODERICK HENDERSON WATKINS



JAMES SIBLEY WATSON, JR.



MELVILLE FOLSOM WEBBER

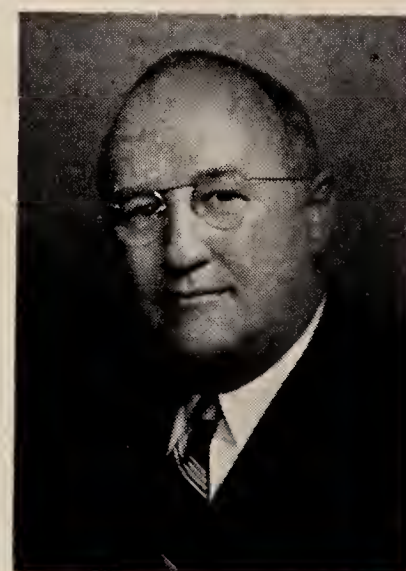
HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



✦ WALLIS WHITING WEBBER

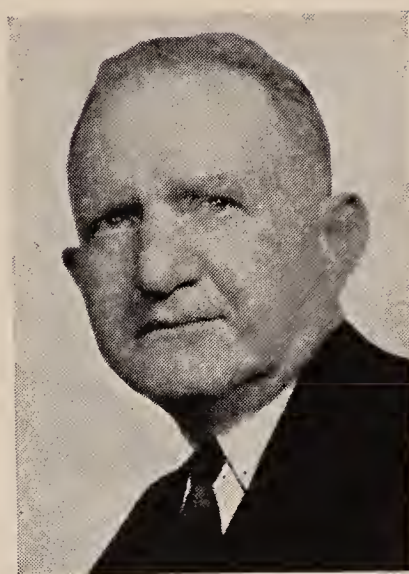


WALTER WRIGHT WEBSTER



WALTER HERBERT WEDGER

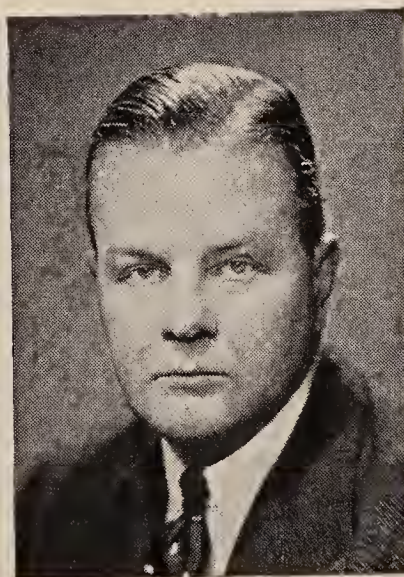
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HERBERT AMES WEIS



STUART CARY WELCH



FRANCIS MINOT WELD

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



WILLIAM EDWARD WELLINGTON

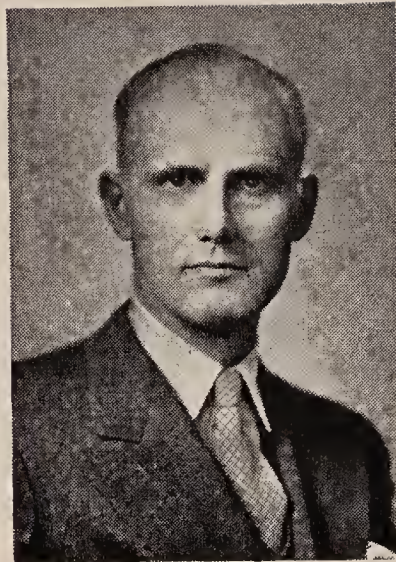


YU CHING WEN



✠ HUNT WENTWORTH

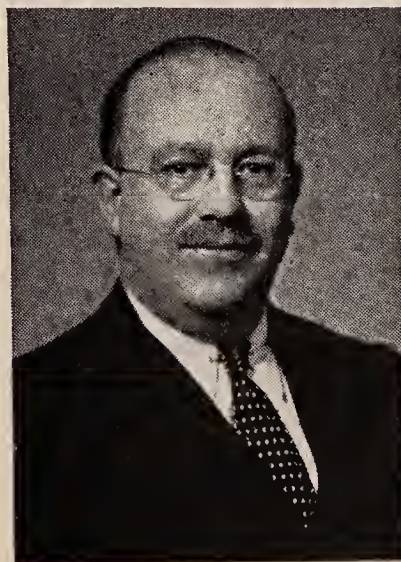
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HENRY WHARTON, JR.



✦ THOMAS WISTAR WHITALL



CHARLES HENRY WHITE

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



JAMES CLARKE WHITE



THOMAS HOLDEN WHITE

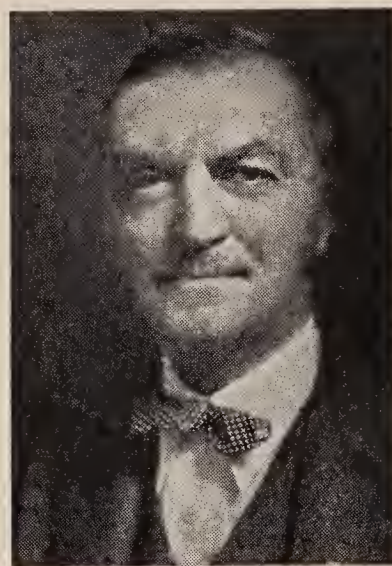


WILLIAM MERRILL WHITE

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



WILLIAM PENN WHITEHOUSE, 2D



GEORGE CLARKE WHITING

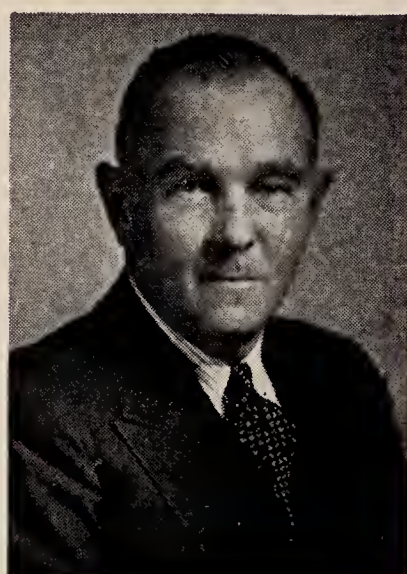


EDWARD ALLEN WHITNEY

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



EDWARD TRACY WHITNEY

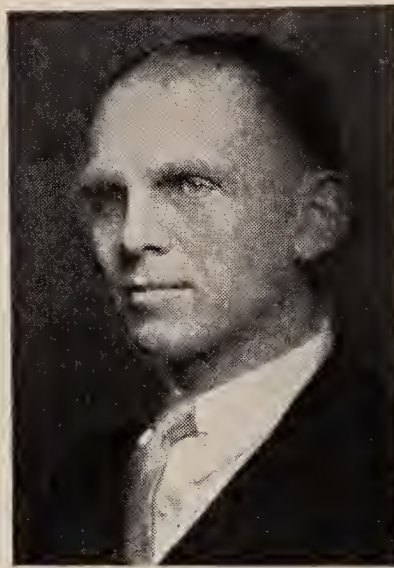


ROBERT WHITNEY



ARTHUR EASTERBROOK WHITTEMORE

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



IRVING CHAMBERLIN WHITTEMORE



JOSEPH EDWARD WHOLEAN



NATHANIEL WHITE WILCOX

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



ROSS FREDERICK WILKINS



WESTMORE WILLCOX, JR.

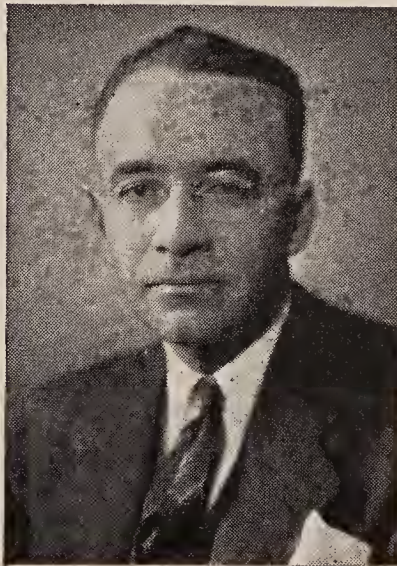


SHEPARD FISHER WILLIAMS

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



JOHN PRESTON WILLS



BUTLER ROLAND WILSON, JR.



FREDERICK COLBURN WILSON

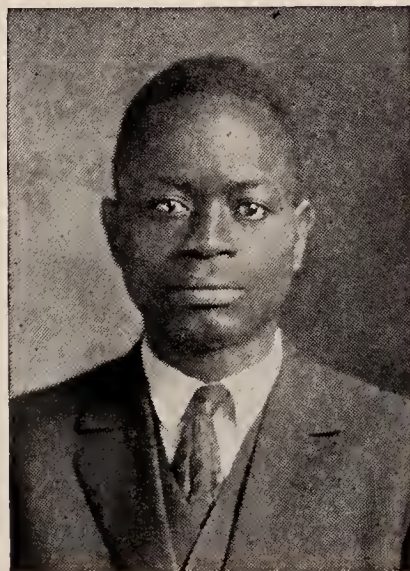
HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



FORREST BOND WING

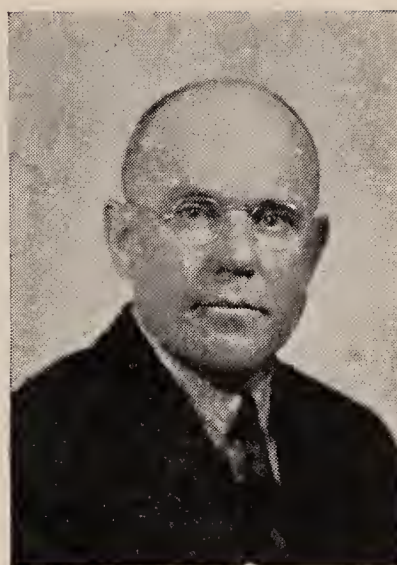


CHARLES PAINE WINSOR



✦ PLENYONO GBE WOLO

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



CORNELIUS AYER WOOD

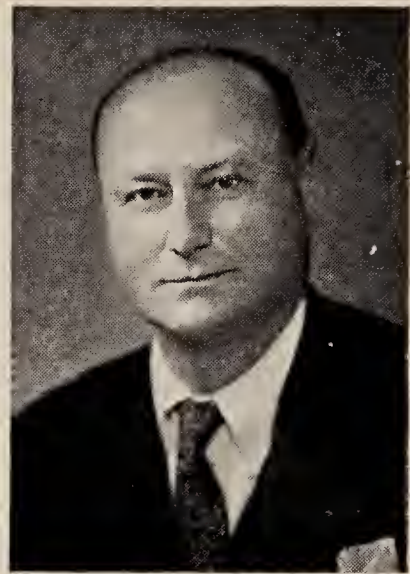


PHILIP DUDLEY WOODBRIDGE



ARTHUR WILLIAM WRIGHT

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



JOHN IRTON WYLDE



✦ EDWARD CYRIL WYNNE



ARTHUR RUSSELL WYZANSKI

25TH ANNIVERSARY REPORT



✦ JOSEPH PHILIP YAFFE



EARNEST RENSIEN YIN



ROBERT TURNER YOUNG

HARVARD CLASS OF 1917



JUAN CLEMENTE ZAMORA



SYDNEY ZANDITON



MAX MASER ZINNINGER

